

R Woman 491

Chapter 491:

The surroundings were filled with the sound of whips slicing through the air.

Everyone's hearts were in their throats, as they all awaited, wondering if it might be Mo Zhixuan or Chu Jin returning. Some time had passed since the hour of the rat, perhaps they had already made it through the Extreme Yin Night.

Unfortunately, there was still no response.

The white smoke grew denser, and the chill in the air intensified.

"Ah!"

Just then, the ghosts let out a series of agonizing screams before disappearing one by one into the ether.

The number of ghosts kept decreasing, and even those with deep-seated grudges clutched their heads and wailed miserably, shaking on the spot as if something invisible was suppressing them.

"Who on earth are you? Come out now!" Seeing the situation turning against her, Zheng Chuyi panicked slightly, squinted her eyes, and whipped fiercely into the air in front of her. This time, no sound followed.

And the whip did not fall due to its momentum. It was as if something had caught it mid-air.

Yet, through the white smoke, nothing was visible, and no sound could be heard.

"Who are you?" Zheng Chuyi gripped the whip tightly, trying to pull it back, but alas, despite her efforts, it remained immobile.

"The one who has come to claim your life!" Suddenly, a ethereal female voice rang through the air. At the same time, Zheng Chuyi's body lurched forward, and in the blink of an eye, she let go of the whip and took several leaps back, stabilizing her stance.

As the white smoke dissipated, tranquility returned to the air, and a slender woman could be seen walking through the entrance. Barefoot, her ankles adorned with silver bells tied with red strings, which rang methodically with her steps.

Dingling ling—

She wore a khaki-colored blouse with an ethnic flair, a long skirt, her hair flowed down to her waist, and an agate pendant adorned her forehead. Feather earrings dangled from her ears, and her beautiful face was free of makeup, making her uniquely recognizable—a rare beauty.

"Qingyao, long time no see. I never imagined that after all these years, you still haven't changed your villainous ways," the woman said as she stepped forward. With each step, the bell at her foot chimed once, the sound becoming louder and louder.

Deafening, enough to shatter bones and skin! It caused headaches and clouded minds.

Zheng Chuyi struggled to stay conscious as she watched the woman approach. When she finally recognized the woman's face, she was shocked and horrified, "How could it be you?" The face was all too familiar.

So familiar it filled her with loathing!

Zheng Chuyi's whole body trembled!

The woman smiled, casually waved her hand, and the Tian Luo net that had been covering everyone vanished into thin air. People regained their freedom, and they immediately went to help up the elderly Mrs. Mo, Tong Zhi, and Qin Qingchen, then started healing their injuries.

The others busied themselves with subduing the remaining unsettled evil ghosts.

It seemed things were nearing an end.

The woman held the whip in her hand, walking steadily forward, a faint smile playing on her lips, but the words she spoke were ice-cold and resounded firmly.

"Qingyao, oh no, I should call you Zheng Chuyi now, your time to die has come. I'm not like Jun Huang, I won't go easy, considering sisterly affection! This time, I will make you 'Scatter Like Ashes,' leaving no chance for reincarnation!"

Those standing around, upon recognizing the woman's face, showed expressions of disbelief. No one had expected that the person who would stand up to defeat Zheng Chuyi, rescuing the Mo family from dire straits, would be her!

Duanmu Zhe was incredulous, his handsome face showing an unreadable expression, but his gaze remained fixed on the graceful woman.

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There, under the light.

In the mist, the figure standing opposite Zheng Chuyi was undoubtedly—

Mo Qingyi.

Though her face was the same, her entire aura had changed, with a slight upward curve of her cat-like eyes, which flickered with intelligent light.

Her beauty did not undermine her heroism.

Had one not seen it with their own eyes, no one could believe that this person was actually Mo Qingyi.

The usually careless, weak Mo Qingyi.

If Duanmu Zhe remembered correctly, this person had once been scared to tears by a mouse.

"Qingyi..." Duanmu Zhe couldn't help but murmur softly.

Upon hearing him, the woman slowly turned her head, squinting slightly, "Duanmu Xiaosi, your goddess has come to save you on a multicolored cloud. Aren't you touched?"

As soon as she opened her mouth, her playful nature was revealed, contrasting sharply with her previous demeanor.

Duanmu Zhe smiled helplessly.

Seizing the moment when the two were distracted, Zheng Chuyi pulled out a sharp dagger from around her waist and stabbed fiercely in Mo Qingyi's direction!

It was slower in saying than in happening.

In that split second, Mo Qingyi's eyebrows lifted slightly.

"Snap!" With a flick of her whip, it landed fiercely on Zheng Chuyi's body.

"Clang," the dagger dropped to the ground, and Zheng Chuyi herself was struck to the floor.

"Snap!" The whip did not stop, hitting the flesh and bone, making a chilling and ear-piercing sound.

Mo Qingyi spoke coldly, "This lash is for my mother! For striking you, who are disloyal, unfilial, unrighteous, and unjust— a white-eyed wolf!"

"Snap!"

"This one is for Aunt Tong!"

"Snap!"

"And this one is for Master Qin!"

After four lashes, Zheng Chuyi's body bore four bloody stripes, and Mo Qingyi had not held back at all, using all her strength.

Her flesh was a blur of blood and pain.

Zheng Chuyi was sprawled on the ground, trembling all over yet without any strength to fight back. It was as if Mo Qingyi was her natural nemesis; apart from the thick unwillingness in her eyes, there was also a hint of fear.

Her plan had been so perfect, she was on the verge of success, yet who could have expected a Cheng Yaojin to come out of nowhere!

And this Cheng Yaojin was no ordinary person, but an Ancient Spirit Speaker, the Moon God!

The spiritual power of the Moon God was the exact counter to the Grand Priest, leaving Zheng Chuyi powerless to fight back.

Unless the Evil Spirit descended to the world, tonight, she feared she would meet her end here!

What surprised Zheng Chuyi most was that the reincarnation of the Moon God turned out to be Mo Qingyi!

A lone star of deadly fate.

An orphan abandoned by everyone.

Such a person turned out to be the reincarnation of the Moon God! How ironic!

She had originally thought that by taking advantage of the extreme Yin night to eliminate Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, she could unify the three realms with her own strength.

Now, it seemed that her plan was likely to fall through.

Thinking of this, Zheng Chuyi's eyes filled with an intense unwillingness.

Mo Qingyi pulled on the whip in her hand and aimed once more at Zheng Chuyi, delivering another lash, then said, "Zheng Chuyi, you've really disgraced the Superpower World! Just look at everyone here today; they're your kin, your people. How could you bear to do them harm? A petty person will always be petty. What you were a thousand years ago, you remain today. A dog never changes its habit of eating shit. Today, I am executing justice on behalf of Heaven, to prevent you from wreaking havoc on others in the future!"

Blood seeped from the corner of Zheng Chuyi's mouth, and her eyes glinted venomously as she glared at Mo Qingyi, as if she wished she could draw a sword and kill her immediately.

"She is not Sister Chuyi!" Just then, Mu Xianxian suddenly stepped out from the crowd, covering Zheng Chuyi with her body and angrily said to Mo Qingyi, "Shut up! I know you and that Chu-named woman inside are in cahoots. I'm telling you, as long as I'm here, you won't be able to take this opportunity to frame Sister Chuyi."

Zheng Chuyi was Mu Xianxian's goddess, a white lotus on a snowy mountain, untouchable by anyone. Naturally, she couldn't stand someone openly insulting her goddess.

Moreover, in her memory, Zheng Chuyi always wore red. When had she ever worn bright yellow clothes?

Not to mention the attire, just the aura alone was completely different.

That was why Mu Xianxian couldn't stand it and rushed to defend Zheng Chuyi.

Mo Qingyi glanced at Mu Xianxian dismissively without a word. The corner of her mouth curved deeper, and with a flick of her whip, she wrapped it around Mu Xianxian's waist, tossing her into the air and sending her falling in a straight line. Luckily, Zhou Xunian swiftly caught her; otherwise, with that force, she would have been gravely injured, if not dead.

Mo Qingyi smiled slightly and said, "When did the Superpower World gain a blind person? Zhou Xunian, you should take this little sister of yours to an ophthalmologist."

To be called blind! Mu Xianxian was fuming, her eyes widened in indignation. She wanted to say more but was silenced by Zhou Xunian's hand over her mouth as he said sternly, "Behave yourself!"

Mu Xianxian felt aggrieved but could only glare resentfully at Mo Qingyi, twisting her hands together in frustration.

What was so special about Mo Qingyi? Was it just because she had made a grand entrance, then coincidentally saved them? Did she really think she was so capable that she could do whatever she wanted?

Zhou Xunian smiled and said, "Sister Qingyi, don't be angry. I'll teach her a good lesson when we get back."

Mu Xianxian pouted, letting out a cold huff of extreme dissatisfaction.

Mo Qingyi ignored her and turned her gaze back to Zheng Chuyi, her tone cold as she said, "Remember, this date next year will be your death anniversary!" With those words, the whip in her hand transformed into a sharp longsword, which she thrust directly at Zheng Chuyi's heart.

"No!" Just at that moment, a cry of alarm came from outside the room.

It was Jiang Mubai!

No matter what Zheng Chuyi had become, she was still the Zheng Chuyi he deeply loved. He couldn't just watch the person he loved die before his eyes.

He couldn't do it! He would rather trade his own life for Zheng Chuyi's!

So, just as the sword was about to pierce through Zheng Chuyi's heart, Jiang Mubai's body turned into an afterimage, acting without thought as he rushed forward, grabbed Zheng Chuyi, closed his eyes, and took the sword for her, fully prepared to make the sacrifice.

Blood quickly dyed his white clothing red.

This white garment was also worn for Zheng Chuyi.

Because she had once said that he looked most charming dressed in white.

From then on, white became his signature.

Adorned in white for her, and also stained red for her.

Everything was already within the cycle of reincarnation.

Time seemed to stand still at this moment.

Everyone was stunned, none had expected Jiang Mubai to suddenly dash out and take the blow meant for Zheng Chuyi.

"Mubai! Mubai!" Zheng Chuyi hugged Jiang Mubai and cried out loud, "Mubai, why are you so foolish, so very foolish..."

Jiang Mubai looked at Zheng Chuyi, his lips slowly spreading into a faint smile, "Chuyi, you're not hurt... that's good... I'm sorry, from now on... I can't... continue to be by your side..."

"You won't die, you won't," Zheng Chuyi, having forgotten the pain in her own body, frantically pressed her hand against Jiang Mubai's chest, where bright red blood kept oozing between her fingers, soon staining her hand red as well, "Mubai, don't scare me, I need you to be okay..."

"Chu...yi," Jiang Mubai made a labored effort to lift his right hand, trying to touch Zheng Chuyi's cheek, but despite using all his strength, he couldn't reach her face, the distance between them seemed as vast as mountains and seas apart.

It had always been so, and it was the same now.

Scalding tears fell drop by drop onto Jiang Mubai's face, burning his cheeks, as he exerted all his energy to bring his hand to Zheng Chuyi's face, tenderly wiping away the tear tracks on her cheeks.

"Don't cry, I'm fine, it doesn't hurt at all, it's just... I can't keep you company anymore," Jiang Mubai's lips maintained a faint smile, "Chuyi, turn back, don't keep making mistakes, sacrificing me is enough..." he said, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

"Mubai! Mubai!" Zheng Chuyi sobbed tragically, never before had she felt so helpless, and she could hardly believe that the boy who had followed her since childhood would one day leave her in such a way.

"Foolish girl, don't cry, listen to me... don't go on with your mistakes, elder brother Zhou and aunt Mo are good people, what you are doing is wrong..." Jiang Mubai gently stroked her cheek, looking at her with loving eyes, wishing he could stay with her like this for a lifetime, even if she couldn't see him, he would be content just to see her happy.

Even if that happiness wasn't provided by him.

Unfortunately, he would not see it.

Jiang Mubai's pupils were gradually dilating, and his pulse was slowly fading; he looked at Zheng Chuyi and, using his last bit of strength, said the three words he had never had the courage to say in his lifetime.

"I love you."

As the words fell, his right hand slid powerlessly from Zheng Chuyi's cheek, slowly closing his eyes, his expression peaceful, a smile still lingering on his lips.

He had finally said those three words.

Until death.

He had no regrets.

Only, until his death, he never got a response from Zheng Chuyi.

To Jiang Mubai, Zheng Chuyi was his life.

And for Jiang Mubai, Zheng Chuyi was just a passerby.

"Mubai!" Zheng Chuyi's emotions completely collapsed. She mostly felt guilty towards Jiang Mubai, and now she could only turn her guilt into torrents of sorrowful tears.

The scene was somewhat moving.

Especially to the people of the Superpower World, where Jiang Mubai was known to be a decent person and the warm-hearted youth of the clan, many eyes reddened.

"Big brother Jiang." Mu Xianxian was the first to rush over.

"Brother Jiang!" Another anxious female voice appeared in the air, mixed with sobbing.

Shangguan Xiaoxiao ran in from outside the door. Seeing Jiang Mubai's bloodied body, her little face turned pale with fear. She walked straight to Jiang Mubai, pushed Zheng Chuyi aside, and embraced him, bursting into tears, "Brother Jiang, what's happened to you? Brother Jiang..."

Jiang Mubai's eyes were tightly closed, and his body no longer showed signs of life.

Zheng Chuyi sat beside him, looking lost and wooden.

"Don't be afraid, Brother Jiang," Shangguan Xiaoxiao said as she pulled Jiang Mubai onto her back. Trembling, she began to walk forward, "I'll take you home, let's go home."

Jiang Mubai, nearly one meter eighty in height, was almost too much for Shangguan Xiaoxiao to handle, yet she continued to carry him step by step outside, leaving a trail of blood with every step.

"Who are you!" Mu Xianxian, who had regained her senses, quickly stood in front of Shangguan Xiaoxiao, blocking their way and demanded, "Where are you taking Big Brother Jiang?"

Shangguan Xiaoxiao suddenly looked up, her eyes radiating an unprecedented fierceness, "Get out of the way!"

A wave of potent spiritual power accompanied those words, rippling out from Shangguan Xiaoxiao and forcing Mu Xianxian to stagger back several steps before she regained her balance.

The crowd could only watch helplessly as Shangguan Xiaoxiao disappeared into the night with Jiang Mubai's body.

It was only then that Mu Xianxian fully came to her senses. She walked up to Zheng Chuyi and began to shake her shoulders vigorously, "Sister Chuyi, tell me why? Why did you do this?"

She had so much faith in Zheng Chuyi, yet Zheng Chuyi had utterly destroyed her belief, her light.

Big Brother Jiang was dead.

Sister Chuyi was no longer the Chuyi she once knew.

In just a few short hours, such a great change had happened in her life.

"Sister Chuyi, tell me it's not true, all of this isn't real, right? Sister Chuyi, speak, why did you do this? Is there something you're struggling with?" Mu Xianxian, her face streaked with tears, would rather believe she was dreaming than face reality.

How could her Sister Chuyi have become what she was today?

Unless there was some compelling reason.

With this thought, Mu Xianxian wiped away the tears on her face and, steadying Zheng Chuyi's shoulders, continued, "Sister Chuyi, I believe you must have a reason, right? Don't be afraid, can you tell us? Is it that woman with the surname Chu who forced you to do this? Speak up, and we will all stand up for you."

A cold viciousness flickered in Zheng Chuyi's drooping eyes. She was determined to avenge Jiang Mubai and make everyone here pay dearly!

She could not be defeated like this!

With that thought, Zheng Chuyi turned her hand into a claw and, with lightning speed, grabbed Mu Xianxian by the throat. Holding her hostage, she quickly retreated a few steps, and lifted her eyes to the crowd, threatening, "Tie up Mo Qingyi for me, or I'll kill Mu Xianxian!"

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Faced with such a sudden change, Mu Xianxian was entirely stunned.

Her eyes widened, gripping Zheng Chuyi's arm tightly, her face filled with disbelief. The sister Chuyi she trusted the most was actually going to kill her one day.

That was something no one could accept.

"Sister Chuyi, you're joking with all of us, aren't you?" Mu Xianxian's voice trembled, and despite the situation having progressed to this point, in her heart, she still chose to believe in Zheng Chuyi.

Even if the whole world betrayed her, she still refused to believe that her sister Chuyi would betray her.

Mu Xianxian cried very sadly.

Even sadder than when Jiang Mubai died.

She couldn't believe everything that was happening before her eyes.

"Did you hear that?" Zheng Chuyi raised her eyes to look at everyone before speaking again, "I told you to tie up Mo Qingyi right now, or else Mu Xianxian is going to lose her life!"

As her words fell, she increased the strength in her hands, and a 'crack' echoed through the air, as if Mu Xianxian's neck could be snapped at any second.

A surge of intense pain hit, and Mu Xianxian realized that Zheng Chuyi was not joking—she really might kill her at any moment.

"Brother Nian, save me..." Mu Xianxian's face turned red with suffocation, and in desperation, she could only look to Zhou Xunian for help. Zhou Xunian had been so kind to her; surely he wouldn't stand by and do nothing.

Zhou Xunian clenched his fists, his eyes filled with anxiety.

He could neither tie up Mo Qingyi for real nor watch Mu Xianxian be strangled to death.

He was caught between a rock and a hard place.

What should he do now?

"I'll count to three, and if you don't act by then, don't blame me for being rude!" Zheng Chuyi's eyes were filled with ruthlessness as she tightened her grip on Mu Xianxian's neck, "Three, two..."

"Go ahead, strangle her," Mo Qingyi said with a smile in her eyes, nonchalantly cleaning her ears, "Just strangle her to death and be done with it. Why bother with all this trouble? It also saves leaving a blind person alive, wasting air on earth."

That attitude was truly infuriating.

"You!" Clearly, Zheng Chuyi had not expected Mo Qingyi to say such a thing, and a look of anger flickered across her face.

Zheng Chuyi had no choice but to turn her gaze to Zhou Xunian, "Zhou Xunian! Tell me, do you want her to live, or to die?"

"Brother Nian, save me, don't listen to that woman; save me, I don't want to die..." Mu Xianxian's face was drained of color with fear. Mo Qingyi was too wicked, actually suggesting she should die.

If she could survive this ordeal, she would never share the sky with Mo Qingyi.

Zhou Xunian raised his eyes to Mu Xianxian and comforted, "Xianxian, don't be scared. I will find a way to save you."

Not to mention the deep affection he had for Mu Xianxian, having watched her grow up from childhood, but her status alone meant he could not stand by and do nothing. Mu Xianxian was the only daughter of the second Elder.

If she encountered any trouble in the secular world, would the Grand Elder forgive him?

But at this moment, he really couldn't think of any other way to save Mu Xianxian.

Left with no choice, Zhou Xunian could only look to Mo Qingyi for help.

Seeing this, Duanmu Zhe stepped in front of Mo Qingyi at once, "Zhou Xunian, I'd advise you not to mess with Qingyi, or I will be the first to let you have it."

In that moment, Mo Qingyi suddenly felt a bit of a palpitation.

She realized that this Duanmu Xiaosi was actually quite manly.

But that feeling was fleeting.

Mo Qingyi pushed Duanmu Zhe aside, walked over to Zhou Xunian, and conjured a rope out of thin air to hand to him, "Go on, tie me up, and exchange for your little blind girl."

"Qingyi, what are you talking about!" Duanmu Zhe hurriedly snatched the rope from her hands. He couldn't let Mo Qingyi take such a risk. Ropes were a spiritualist's nemesis.

Once a spiritualist was bound by a rope, they became no different from a normal person. By then, Mo Qingyi would be completely at Zheng Chuyi's mercy.

"Zhou Xunian, try to tie one up and see if I don't take you down!" Duanmu Zhe angrily pointed at Zhou Xunian.

Zhou Xunian was also helpless. He did not know what to do.

"Zheng Chuyi, wake up. Have you forgotten the last words Jiang Mubai said to you before he died? Turn back," In a dilemma, Zhou Xunian could only look back to Zheng Chuyi, hoping to convince her with words.

"Don't mention Mubai to me!" Zheng Chuyi's face, which had calmed down, instantly twisted with fury as she yelled at Zhou Xunian, "If it weren't for all of you, how would Mubai have died? You better move faster, or I'll send Mu Xianxian down to join Mubai in death right away!"

Zheng Chuyi placed the entirety of Jiang Mubai's death on everyone else, without feeling any guilt herself.

As long as they tied up Mo Qingyi, she would still be the victor.

Zheng Chuyi had planned perfectly.

And she wouldn't allow herself to fall so easily.

"Here, I know you can't bear to tie up that little blind girl, so do it." Mo Qingyi walked up to Zhou Xunian again and passed him the rope.

"Qingqing! Have you lost your mind?" Duanmu Zhe was on the verge of frenzy.

Mo Qingyi gave him a gentle wink, "Don't worry, Duanmu Xiaosi, you're not dead yet. How could I possibly die before you?"

Zhou Xunian's hands trembled as he picked up the rope, gritting his teeth, "I'm sorry, sister Qingyi!" With a determined heart, he tied a death knot around Mo Qingyi's wrists.

"You bastard!" Duanmu Zhe landed a punch right on Zhou Xunian's face. As he tried to strike again, he was subdued by the people from the Superpower World behind him.

The few cannot stand against the many.

Perhaps, in their hearts, Mo Qingyi's life isn't as valuable as Mu Xianxian's.

Just imagine, if at this moment Madame Mo and Tong Zhi were conscious, what would they think?

Compared to Duanmu Zhe's raging anger, Mo Qingyi seemed indifferent, even with her hands tied she didn't look disheveled.

"Hurry and throw the rope over!" Zheng Chuyi's eyes gleamed with triumph, seeming as though even the heavens were on her side.

Her life was not meant to end.

Joy painted Mu Xianxian's face; she knew her elder brother Zhou would not leave her to die.

Zhou Xunian held one end of the rope, hesitating.

Even as Duanmu Zhe was restrained, he struggled, "Zhou, if you dare throw that rope over today, I swear I'll carve you into a thousand pieces!"

"Throw it here, now!" Zheng Chuyi continued to pressure Zhou Xunian from the other side, increasing her grip progressively.

Mu Xianxian's face turned crimson with strain, emitting painful groans.

A look of agony crossed Zhou Xunian's face. He looked up and shouted fiercely, "Zheng Chuyi, you better keep your word. I'll throw the rope over, and you let Xianxian go!"

"Deal!" Zheng Chuyi said coldly.

Zhou Xunian clenched his teeth, as if making a great decision, and threw the long rope over.

At the same moment, Duanmu Zhe roared, "Zhou Xunian, you son of a bitch!"

As she watched the rope flying over, a cold smile touched the corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth. She gathered Spiritual Power in her left hand and struck Mu Xianxian hard in the back. With a 'puff,' Mu Xianxian spat out blood and her body plummeted forward.

Zheng Chuyi caught the thrown rope with her right hand and burst into a triumphant laugh.

Zhou Xunian quickly leaped to catch Mu Xianxian. By the time she fell into his arms, she had already lost consciousness, suffering serious internal injuries and was on the brink of death.

"Zheng Chuyi! You are despicable!" Zhou Xunian's face was filled with irrepressible fury.

Zheng Chuyi snorted coldly, "Tonight, all of you will join Mubai in death!"

"I'll start with this little bastard! Die!" As soon as she finished speaking, Zheng Chuyi aimed her dagger at Mo Qingyi's chest.

"Really?" Mo Qingyi suddenly looked up at her with a shallow smile, "Such big talk!"

As she spoke, she violently raised her hand, swinging the rope. In almost an instant, Zheng Chuyi was entangled by the long rope, struggling and utterly incredulous.

Before she could react, she was bound by Mo Qingyi.

Wasn't this rope supposed to be the spiritualist's nemesis? Why did it fail today?

Zheng Chuyi's face was pale as her smile froze.

Relieved, everyone let out a breath.

And Duanmu Zhe exhaled deeply.

Mo Qingyi had always been one to return an eye for an eye; now holding a whip, she fiercely lashed at Zheng Chuyi, "Laugh, why can't you laugh now? Weren't you so pleased with yourself just a moment ago?"

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With considerable force, Mo Qingyi lashed out with her whip, causing Zheng Chuyi's head to jerk violently to the side as a gruesome bloodstain immediately appeared on her snow-white face!

From her forehead to her left cheek, a long gash tore through her beautiful features.

A pain so intense it felt like drilling shot up from her face, and Zheng Chuyi couldn't help but let out a piercing scream.

Her face, it was probably ruined.

That face she was so proud of!

"Ah!" Zheng Chuyi let out a roar of rage!

"So noisy," Mo Qingyi said as she casually dug into her ear and snapped her fingers. The clamor immediately ceased to exist.

This too was a spiritualist's ability.

To control the hearts of people with words.

Bond to that place, Zheng Chuyi convulsed relentlessly.

Mo Qingyi looked towards her with a faint smile, her left hand grasping the cold-gleaming Longsword and thrust it straight towards Zheng Chuyi's chest. "Zheng Chuyi, farewell forever!"

Zheng Chuyi slowly closed her eyes, prepared to silently endure the thrust.

It was nothing more than death.

However, she was very reluctant, unwilling to lose like this, the Ancient Qing Jun that she was, to a group of useless bums. Countless scenes flashed before Zheng Chuyi's eyes and a tear fell from the corner of her eye.

Mu Bai, wait for me.

I'm coming to join you.

Yet, the anticipated pain did not come. Zheng Chuyi only felt a powerful pressure sweep past her and scatter in all directions—it seemed as if reinforcements had come to her rescue!

With this thought, she suddenly opened her eyes and saw a cloaked figure standing before her, and the ropes that bound her had been undone—clearly, this person had saved her.

"Thank you, kind soul, for saving my life," Zheng Chuyi thanked the stranger.

"Summon your Hundred Ghosts Banner, call upon the hundred ghosts, and wash the Mo family in blood," the person issued a voice that was deep and seemingly genderless, with an ambiguity that made it hard to distinguish between male and female. However, one could sense that this was someone of advanced age, their figure slightly stooped with age.

By the sudden turn of events, everyone was stunned, but Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were the first to recover. Mo Qingyi flicked her whip, aiming to hit the shadow fiercely, but with a swift move, the figure dodged it.

"A bunch of little brats trying to take action against me is laughable!" the shadow said with a cold chuckle and a strange sound.

"Old man, such arrogance, does your mother know about this?" Mo Qingyi lashed out with her whip again, accompanied by a deafening bell sound.

It was as if the earth itself were shaking.

Everyone painfully covered their ears, except for the shadowed figure who ignored the clangor and kept dodging the whip while taking out a round object from his bosom and throwing it precisely into Zheng Chuyi's mouth.

Zheng Chuyi, who had her hands over her ears, came to life instantly. She immediately took up the Hundred Ghosts Banner, "Hundred ghosts heed my command, I, Qing Jun, order a bloodbath upon the Mo family."

As her words dropped, the previously vanished ghosts surged back in.

"Moon God, after thousands of years, your ability remains the same, showing no improvement. Let's see how I break your spiritualist technique tonight!" The shadow waved his hand, and again a tremendous pressure emanated from within his sleeves, enveloping and pressing down on all present.

Mo Qingyi slightly frowned, puzzled—how did this shadow figure know her identity?

"Old man, since that's the case, let us have a proper showdown. If I do not beat you until you're picking up your teeth from the ground today, I would not do justice to the title 'Moon God'!" Mo Qingyi drew a bow and arrow from her pocket.

The Sun Shooting Bow!

It was the Divine Bow used by the hero Houyi for shooting down the suns! The origins of this bow were extraordinary; after being acquired by Houyi who shot down nine suns with it, its fame shook heaven and earth, and it became one of the top ten legendary weapons!

The shadow's expression faltered for a moment, but he soon regained his composure.

Mo Qingyi held her bow and arrows with a valiance reminiscent of the descendants of Houyi shooting down the suns, ceaselessly firing towards the dark shadows and Zheng Chuyi's direction.

Boom, boom, boom—

The golden arrows, piercing through the ghosts, dissipated their souls within three seconds. Gradually, the ghostly aura had greatly diminished. Witnessing the power of the Sun Shooting Bow, the legion of ghosts chose to avoid Mo Qingyi, attacking the others instead.

The dark shadow kept dodging the attacks of the Sun Shooting Bow. Seeing that continuing this way was futile, he raised his hand and made a decision, suddenly creating eight doppelgangers to deal with the arrows, while his true body pulled Zheng Chuyi aside, seeking refuge in the darkness, observing the crowd.

"Benefactor," Zheng Chuyi slightly bowed with her hands clasped, "may I be so bold as to ask your noble name? I shall repay your life-saving grace on a future day."

The dark shadow looked at Zheng Chuyi and sighed softly before taking off the hood of his cloak.

In an instant, an old yet familiar face was revealed, causing Zheng Chuyi to cover her mouth in shock, preventing herself from making any noise.

She had never dreamed that her savior today would be the Grand Elder of the Superpower World.

"Grand Elder, how come it's you?" Zheng Chuyi nearly thought she was hallucinating. Hadn't the Grand Elder always wished for Mo Zhixuan to return to the Superpower World? Why was he now an enemy of the Mo family? It seemed he also wanted to kill Mo Zhixuan.

The Grand Elder nodded slightly, his voice returning to normal, his demeanor kindly, "Child, I am aware of the situation, rest assured. I came here today to seek justice for you."

Zheng Chuyi's voice was choked with emotion, "Grand Elder, thank you." It was as if her grievances had finally been acknowledged.

"Silly child, no need for courtesy with the Grand Elder," he said, patting Zheng Chuyi's head with genuine kindness in his eyes. He then put the hood of his cloak back on.

In a low voice, he instructed, "In a moment, you will draw the attention of the Moon God. Then, I will take the opportunity to seize her Sun Shooting Bow."

"Understood." Zheng Chuyi, having found her pillar of support, nodded earnestly, ready to leap into action.

The Grand Elder gently patted her shoulder, "Remember, everything hinges on this moment. Be very careful."

"Rest assured, I won't disappoint you!" After saying this, Zheng Chuyi leaped up and appeared before Mo Qingyi, provocatively shouting, "You little bastard, here I am. If you have the guts, come and kill me!"

"I'm going to eradicate you today!" Mo Qingyi drew her long bow, squinted with one eye, and took aim at Zheng Chuyi's silhouette.

Just then, the Grand Elder, concealed in the dark, suddenly leapt out. His right hand gathered a mass of dark energy and struck Mo Qingyi's back with fierce force, and simultaneously, a sharp hidden weapon pierced into her back as well.

The Grand Elder, having cultivated for many years, and Mo Qingyi, just newly awakened, coupled with the fact that it was a surprise attack, left her unprepared.

Mo Qingyi hadn't even managed to release her arrow before a mouthful of fresh blood spurted from her lips. The Grand Elder had snatched the Sun Shooting Bow from her, and she, having sustained a severe injury, fell heavily to the ground.

"Qingyi!" Duanmu Zhe cried out, hastily moving to catch Mo Qingyi.

Meanwhile, the Grand Elder, holding the Sun Shooting Bow, shot an arrow at Duanmu Zhe, intentionally targeting his leg. Consequently, Duanmu Zhe knelt on one knee on the ground, holding Mo Qingyi.

The immense power of the Sun Shooting Bow forced everyone back, and soon Zhou Xunian was also seriously injured.

The legion of ghosts had thus gained control over everyone.

Zheng Chuyi, holding the Hundred Ghosts Banner, stood triumphantly behind the Grand Elder, looking down at everyone beneath her, contemplating how best to torment this group of people. Especially Mo Qingyi, she would make sure she suffered a fate worse than death! Zheng Chuyi vowed to torture her viciously, to sever her limbs and turn her into a deprived human, only then could her hatred be appeased!

"Ha ha ha," the Grand Elder laughed heartily, looking down at everyone, "I have long said, a bunch of greenhorns who haven't grown their full feathers yet, daring to contend with this old man. Even if the Phoenix Sovereign returns now, she cannot do anything to me!"

"You are mistaken!" At that moment, a clear, melodious female voice resonated from outside the door. Hidden in the night, her delicate features were barely visible. Dressed in a fiery red gown, she appeared as dazzling as a phoenix returning amidst a surge of flames.

Her black hair danced wildly in the night, lifting in the whirling strong wind.

This was an aura that belonged only to a supreme ruler!

She slowly lifted her gaze to the Grand Elder, her fiery red lips slightly parting, "Since a thousand years ago, I personally sent you to the abyss of hell, then a thousand years later, naturally I can do so again!"

Each word was filled with authority, shaking the hearts of those who heard.

Seeing her arrival, the lowly ghosts that had been controlling everyone panicked, scattering in disarray, no longer caring about the Hundred Ghosts Banner in Zheng Chuyi's hand. The weaker spirits, who couldn't flee in time, were so frightened they knelt and begged for mercy.

Chapter 495:

The sudden twist left everyone stunned.

Even the Elder was momentarily taken aback.

The person outside was—

Jun Huang!?

How is this possible?

Xuanyuan Shangchen went through great lengths to prevent Jun Huang from awakening. Without the help of the Ten Great Divine Beasts, how could she have broken through the seal within her body?

Remembering the ordeal from a thousand years ago still sent a shiver down the Elder's spine.

He watched the figure approaching slowly from outside, swallowing hard, a hint of horror reflecting in his eyes.

It was fleeting.

He was not the same man he was a thousand years ago. Why should he now fear a mere Jun Huang?

Therefore, he must not panic now, nor could he afford to be chaotic.

All he needed to do was seize the right moment to eliminate Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan.

As long as he removed the thorns in his side that were Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan, one day, the three realms would undoubtedly be in his grasp.

Clutching his fist, the Elder's eyes shone with a determined expression.

Zheng Chuyi looked at the figure in red.

A surge of hatred flashed in her eyes, this dazzling red was originally hers!

If it weren't for Jun Huang stealing her world, how could Jun Huang alone be worthy of such fiery red attire?

If it weren't for Chu Jin, how could she have come to this point today?

A thousand years ago, it was Jun Huang.

A thousand years later, it was Chu Jin.

Why must she always be at odds with herself?

Time and again, coming to spoil her plans?

Tonight, she must avenge all the grudges of her past and present lives!

To let her taste the bitterness of despair herself.

Chu Jin's arrival gave everyone trapped a glimpse of hope. Wherever she went, she brought a breath of life.

Step by step, she walked inside, each step glowing brightly, dispelling the darkness where she trod and igniting a dazzling light. The lonely ghosts that had been lurking also vanished without a trace.

It was as if she carried the aura of purification, capable of driving away all evil spirits and demons.

Nearly everyone's gaze was fixed upon her, originally thinking the red was made for Zheng Chuyi.

But unexpectedly, when this person wore red, it reached its true epitome, defining the real meaning of the color.

She could no longer be simply described as "beautiful."

Under the heavens, perhaps no one else could wear red in such a manner.

It was a beauty that could not be adequately conveyed with dry text.

If one must use a word to describe her, it would be—

National Beauty.

Imposing, majestic—truly a haughty demeanor that looked down upon the world.

It made people subconsciously submit.

Summit of the Azure Clouds.

A lofty peak to be revered.

An aura exclusive to her, unable to be replicated! Impossible to imitate!

Little White, upon seeing the newcomer, was overjoyed, letting out a roar to the heavens. Instantly transforming into a little white cat, it swiftly leaped onto the newcomer's shoulder.

Chu Jin walked past the Elder standing opposite, heading straight to Duanmu Zhe and stopped beside him.

Through her journey there, the passage was unobstructed; no one dared to stop her. Even the Elder and Zheng Chuyi could only watch with wide eyes as she passed, not daring to strike hastily.

The empress's dignity was not something that could be digested in an instant.

In Duanmu Zhe's arms lay the injured Mo Qingyi. Chu Jin slowly raised her right hand, placed it on Mo Qingyi's forehead, and a visible red light instantly emanated from her palm. It spread through his meridians, extending to every corner of Mo Qingyi's body.

In his coma, Mo Qingyi felt a warm current gently enveloping him, very comfortable. The pain originating from his limbs and bones vanished in an instant.

His pallid complexion was returning to normal, and the trace of blood at the corner of his mouth was also fading slowly.

Duanmu Zhe lifted his head in happiness, "Thank you, Ninth Sister-in-law." He preferred calling Chu Jin 'Ninth Sister-in-law' rather than the Empress Junhuang, and he was used to it.

At the same time, he was also astonished by Chu Jin's identity.

He had never imagined that Chu Jin could actually be...

The reincarnation of the Empress.

If Chu Jin was Junhuang, then who was the woman that Xuanyuan Shangchen brought with him? Moreover, Xuanyuan Shangchen kept insisting Junhuang was his fiancée!

Looking at him, he didn't seem to be lying. But if Junhuang truly was his fiancée, what would Brother Nine do?

What unknown past did Junhuang and Xuanyuan Shangchen share? Was Brother Nine being cuckolded or usurped?

Suddenly, he felt a profound pity for Brother Nine.

After all, now, Junhuang was Chu Jin, and Chu Jin was also Junhuang.

For a time, Duanmu Zhe's thoughts were in turmoil.

"It's what I should do," Chu Jin said, her eyes lifting slightly, her red lips parting, "No matter if it's the Moon God or Mo Qingyi, she is my dearest sister."

Almost at the same moment, the Elder standing behind them sprang into action, pulled back the Sun Shooting Bow, and the transparent arrow, glowing with blood-red light, shot towards Chu Jin's back.

His eyes revealed a cold, mocking smile.

A thousand years had passed, and Junhuang's influence had long since faded.

An abandoned waste by the Heavenly Dao, even if she were the Empress, how could she survive? In the end, she would still die by his hand.

The arrow, loosed from the bowstring, sped rapidly towards Chu Jin's back!

Fast! Very fast!

Yet Chu Jin, still focused on healing Mo Qingyi, did not notice the looming danger.

Chu Jin was someone whom Brother Nine treasured above all others; she couldn't come to harm! What's more, whether the Mo family could escape their plight tonight all depended on her. She absolutely must not slip up at this time!

Zhou Xunian's expression changed. Without time to think, he leaped forward, throwing himself in front of Chu Jin, his pupils dilating, his eyes reflecting the chilling glint of the incoming arrow!

Was he going to die? Would he see Weiwei again after this? With this thought, he quickly closed his eyes. If sacrificing himself could save the greater situation, then it was worth it!

But then, a second, two seconds passed, and the anticipated pain did not come.

Instead, he suddenly heard a sharp intake of breath beside him.

What just happened? Zhou Xunian opened his eyes, confused, and saw the person he had shielded standing up, unclear when it had happened.

Chu Jin was standing there, her profile highlighted by the cool light of the crystal lamp, her features more prominent, her skin like frosted jade, and an aura of immense strength radiating from her.

Even more unexpectedly, she had actually caught the swiftly flying arrow in her hand!

Zhou Xunian could hardly comprehend how she had moved.

Terrifying, her strength was too terrifying! Truly befitting the reincarnation of an Empress!

"Li Chi, it's been a thousand years, and you still haven't made any progress?" She turned her gaze slowly, a slight cold curve to her lips, "Always resorting to such despicable deeds from behind!" her tone icy, each word resonating with authority.

With those words, she flicked her wrist, and the arrow shot back towards the Elder, laced with cold ruthlessness.

"Junhuang, don't get too cocky. Tonight, I will grind your bones to dust!" The Elder sneered, dodging the arrow with a quick motion.

'Boom!' The ground shook violently.

The arrow struck one of the circular wooden columns directly. Instantly, the column split in two, crashing to the ground with smoke billowing up.

The power was immense, one could imagine what the consequences would be if that arrow had hit a person.

Fortunately, the column was decorative and not load-bearing; otherwise, the room could well have collapsed.

"Chu Jin, meet your death!" The timing was perfect, Zheng Chuyi soared into the air, long saber in hand, slashing violently towards Chu Jin.

Mo Qingyi was her bane, capable of suppressing her Spiritual Power, but Chu Jin was not.

In Ancient Times, Qingyao and Junhuang were evenly matched in strength, so Zheng Chuyi was still confident in herself. Today, she was determined to make Chu Jin's trip a one-way journey.

Chu Jin eyed the long saber coming at her, her delicate peach blossom eyes narrowing slightly, a cruel smile curling at her lips, "Child's play! Qingyao, have you forgotten how you died a thousand years ago? To seek your own demise now, how pitiful!"

She stood there, watching the saber approaching, not dodging or avoiding, her eyes filled with scorn.

Just as the long saber was a mere 0.01 meters from Chu Jin's vital spot, she calmly extended two fingers and effortlessly caught the blade, giving it a gentle twist.

"Crack!" Sparks flew as the long saber was snapped into two pieces.

In Zheng Chuyi's incredulous gaze, the broken blade whizzed out from between Chu Jin's fingers, flying straight towards her forehead, steeped in a chill coldness.

Too fast! The shard of the blade was nearly just a blur! Zheng Chuyi had no chance to dodge, fear evident in her eyes.

Chapter 496:

Getting closer and closer.

The broken knife blade was getting closer and closer to her.

Zheng Chuyi's face became paler and paler, her eyes widened more and more, creating a fearsome visage when paired with the grotesque long scar on her face.

"Ah—" In panic, she could no longer remain composed and let out a scream of horror.

However, before the scream could fully escape her throat, her body rapidly fell backward, blood scattering in all directions.

"Chuyi!" the Elder shrieked, his voice filled with grief.

With a "bang!" Zheng Chuyi fell to the floor, a glinting knife blade embedded in her forehead, her eyes wide open like copper bells. But there was no longer any focus in them.

Her eyes were wide open.

Like copper bells, she already looked like a dead person.

"Chuyi, Chuyi!" the Elder leaped forward, cradling Zheng Chuyi in his arms and wailing mournfully.

"Chuyi, rest assured, your father will save you." The Elder waved his hand, removing the knife blade from Zheng Chuyi's forehead, leaving behind a gruesome, bloody wound from which blood continuously oozed out.

"Chuyi, don't worry, I will avenge you!" The Elder placed Zheng Chuyi aside, howled up to the sky with endless sorrow and bursting grievances, "Jun Huang, prepare to die!" With those words, he transformed his hand into a claw and pounced towards Chu Jin.

Like an eagle swooping down on its prey.

He was so ruthless, his entire being emanating intense killing intent, his eyes bloodshot as his emotions reached the brink of collapse.

No one knew that although Zheng Chuyi bore the surname Zheng, she was in fact his only daughter and the last of his bloodline in this world.

The pain of a parent burying their child is incomprehensible to others.

He was determined to kill Chu Jin and offer her head to memorialize Zheng Chuyi.

The enmity of killing one's daughter is irreconcilable!

"Li Chi, are you that eager to die?" Chu Jin slightly lifted her lips, and with a flick of her sleeve, a red ribbon floated out and swiftly wrapped around the Elder's waist. With a shake of her hand, she bound the Elder up like a dumpling.

The once imposing Elder instantly became a helpless trapped animal, only capable of futile struggle.

Chu Jin waved her hand, hanging the ribbon from the beam above, suspending the Elder upside down in the air.

After doing all this, she gently clapped her hands, and the red garment faded from her body. In a blink of an eye, she was back in her white clothes and black pants.

Her facial features were distinct and elegant.

She stood there nonchalantly, her lips slightly curled, and although she appeared to be only seventeen or eighteen years old, she exuded an air of natural grandeur.

The Elder, suspended upside down, gazed at Chu Jin in disbelief, "You... you were abandoned by the Heavenly Dao, weren't you? How... How can you still have such terrifying abilities?"

He'd captured him without any effort!

After all these years of cultivation, even rising to the position of Elder in the Superpower World, how could he be defeated by someone abandoned by the Heavenly Dao?

What on earth was going on?

Could it be that the Empress was not truly forsaken by the Heavenly Dao?

The Elder was having trouble digesting the situation before him.

Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze, the coldness in her eyes intensifying as the curve of her lips deepened, "Li Chi, haven't you heard the saying?"

"What saying?" The Elder asked reflexively, momentarily forgetting his fear.

Chu Jin slightly raised her chin, the mischievous arc of her lips growing, "Your daddy will always be your daddy!"

This also confirmed what Jun Huang had said before—

"If a thousand years ago, I could personally send you to the abyss of hell, then naturally, a thousand years later, I can do so too!"

Upon hearing this, the face of the Great Elder looked as ugly as if he had eaten excrement.

At that moment, he did not speak, but was thinking of how to extricate himself from this predicament.

He is the Great Elder of the Superpower World; how could he be trapped so easily?

Additionally, Zheng Chuyi's great vengeance was not yet avenged; he could not just die like this.

Since Chu Jin was currently unable to kill him, he needed to quickly think of a way to escape.

Only by escaping could he have the chance for revenge in the future.

"Don't even think about escaping," Chu Jin said in a cold tone, as if she had seen through his thoughts, "This ribbon is made from the Thousand Years Red Feather; the more you struggle, the tighter it will

bind. However, you won't live much longer. When the Moon God awakes, I'll have her kill you personally."

Mo Qingyi's past life had a deep blood feud with Li Chi.

So, she wanted to wait for Mo Qingyi to handle him personally.

Upon hearing this, the Great Elder's movements instantly stiffened, and he didn't dare to move recklessly. Indeed, as Chu Jin had said, the ribbon was becoming tighter and tighter, almost breaking his bones.

Even breathing had become extremely difficult.

Seeing that the Great Elder had been captured, and the crisis had been averted, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Immediately, they gathered around Chu Jin to inquire about Mo Zhixuan's condition.

"Sister-in-law Jiǔ, how is Brother Jiǔ doing now? Why didn't he come out with you?" a young man said.

"Yeah, Sister-in-law Jiǔ, why have you come out alone? Where is Brother Jiǔ?" another person asked.

If the initial call of 'Sister-in-law Jiǔ' upon their entrance had been reluctant,

then the current one could be said to be heartfelt respect.

And it was a respect with a capital R.

Having lived in the Superpower World for so many years, they had never seen any girl as formidable as Chu Jin.

She had even outdone all of them, a group of men.

Being able to fight was one thing, but her beauty standards were also sky-high! She was like a perfect goddess stepping right out of the pages of a book!

This person before them was much stronger than Zheng Chuyi. Isn't that so?

Someone like Zheng Chuyi should just go as far away as possible.

With such a stained reputation, she was simply not worthy of Brother Jiǔ.

One could say, Zheng Chuyi's image of gentleness and kindness had been completely destroyed tonight.

In the future, they would only have one Sister-in-law Jiǔ, and that was Chu Jin.

"He's already out of danger. Everyone, don't worry. When the time comes, he will naturally be able to come out," Chu Jin said with a slight lift of her brows.

Although the cold poison in Mo Zhixuan's body had been cured, his consciousness had not fully awakened. Having been afflicted by the cold poison for many years, it became a part of his body. Parting with it abruptly was bound to cause some damage to his body.

His delayed awakening had another reason, and that was the lamp.

To ensure the lamp, lit with hellfire and using Mo Zhixuan's birth date as the wick, does not extinguish, when the sun rises, it will be the day of Mo Zhixuan's return.

Now that all the ghosts have been eliminated, and the crisis is resolved, ensuring that a lamp does not go out shouldn't be a difficult task.

Therefore, Chu Jin did not bring up this matter.

"That's good, that's good," upon hearing the news, everyone let out a sigh of relief, and immediately began to tidy up the mess that filled the room.

Previously, due to the attack by a hundred ghosts, the Mo family's estate had become a complete disaster, from top to bottom.

"Ninth Sister-in-Law," Zhou Xunian walked up to Chu Jin, his complexion somewhat unpleasant.

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin asked gently, lifting her eyes.

"I... I..." Zhou Xunian hesitated, seemingly finding it difficult to speak.

Chu Jin smiled lightly, "Xunian, since you've already addressed me as Ninth Sister-in-Law, you clearly don't see me as an outsider. Whatever it is, just speak directly."

Zhou Xunian was a very promising young man, and Chu Jin had a good impression of him, especially since he had just been prepared to sacrifice himself to save her.

Based on that alone, if he needed anything from her and it was within her power, she would definitely make it happen.

"Ninth Sister-in-Law," Zhou Xunian smiled gratefully, looking at Chu Jin, he said softly, "Could you save Xianxian? She is gravely injured now, and I... I know Xianxian was rude to you before, but may I beseech you, for the sake of her youth and ignorance, to save her life? She really can't afford to have anything happen to her, otherwise..."

Otherwise, he wouldn't only have to answer to the entire Superpower World, but also wouldn't know how to explain it to the Second Elder.

This Mu Xianxian was the apple of the Second Elder's eye.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes and remained silent, lost in thought.

Seeing Chu Jin like this, Zhou Xunian thought she was angry.

After all, Mu Xianxian's earlier attitude had indeed been poor, and the things she said were so offensive that anyone might find it hard to forgive her. It would be understandable for Chu Jin to be somewhat angry, and Zhou Xunian bitterly regretted his decision to bring out this troublemaker, which had led to such a major issue.

But now, regret was useless. Zhou Xunian could only continue to plead urgently.

"Ninth Sister-in-Law, I beg you, please save Xianxian. As long as you save her, I will do anything you ask of me in the future, or if there is anything you want, just say the word, and I, Zhou Xunian, will go through fire and water, sparing no effort."

Chu Jin looked up with a smile, "Xunian, do you really think I am such a petty person? The Buddhist Sect often says that saving a life is greater than building a seven-level pagoda. To do a good deed and accumulate merit, do I really need to bargain with you for a favor in return?"

Her contemplation wasn't because of anger, but because after all the recent events, her spiritual power had already been overdrawn. If she were to try to save Mu Xianxian now, she might collapse at any moment, and if another mishap occurred, she would be at the mercy of others.

Just dealing with the cold poison in her body had already wasted a significant amount of her spiritual power, and then, breaking the seal within her body and releasing the Empress' spirit to save Mo Qingyi and kill Zheng Chuyi, she had barely been able to hold on when capturing the Elder. That's why she reverted back to her real form so quickly.

But these things, she could not say.

If she were to speak of them, Zhou Xunian would surely think she was just making excuses, especially since he was already showing signs of misunderstanding.

Oh well, consider it a good deed, an accumulation of merit.

The extremely yin night was also more than half over, and it would soon be dawn; there likely wouldn't be any further mishaps.

If there really was any trouble, there were others in front to bear it. As long as she could hold on for another two hours, it would be daylight.

"Where is she? Lead me to her." Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze, her expression unchanged.

"Right here," Zhou Xunian turned around, and Mu Xianxian was leaning against an armchair in the middle of the main hall, with a woman attending to her by her side.

When Chu Jin approached, the woman greeted her respectfully, "Ninth Sister-in-Law."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Hello."

Zhou Xunian said to the woman, "Little Butterfly, go help clean up for now. Xianxian has me and Ninth Sister-in-Law here to look after her."

"Alright," the woman nodded gently, then moved aside to help others tidy up.

The Mo family estate was very large, and on this particular evening, since it was a special occasion, the madam of the house, with her foresight, had given the servants the night off in advance, making the cleanup a challenging task.

Mu Xianxian's face was pale, and she was unconscious on the armchair, with her injury looking quite severe as if there was very little life left in her.

Chu Jin leaned over and directly placed her hand on Xianxian's pulse, frowning slightly. The pulse suggested that Mu Xianxian's condition was not optimistic.

Seeing her like this, Zhou Xunian immediately asked anxiously, "How is Ninth Sister-in-law? Is there still hope for Xianxian?"

"Her injuries are too severe," Chu Jin began slowly, "I'll try my best."

Hearing this, Zhou Xunian became even more anxious, "Ninth Sister-in-law, I beg you, you must save Xianxian."

Chu Jin sighed softly, "Don't worry, I will do everything I can."

Chu Jin never made promises without confidence. Hearing this, Zhou Xunian breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you, Ninth Sister-in-law."

Now, all his hope was pinned on Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took out the Golden Needle from her pocket, first sealing the major acupoints on Mu Xianxian's body, and then fed her an elixir she had exchanged in the Purple Thunder space. After completing these steps, she placed her hand over the giant que acupoint on Mu Xianxian's abdomen, slowly transferring her Spiritual Power to her.

Mu Xianxian's complexion became rosier, while Chu Jin's face grew paler, and a thin layer of sweat formed on the tip of her nose.

But Zhou Xunian's attention was wholly focused on Mu Xianxian, and he failed to notice Chu Jin's abnormal state.

Seeing Mu Xianxian's condition steadily improving, Zhou Xunian's hanging heart was slowly put to rest.

A moment later, Chu Jin slowly withdrew her hand, exhaling a long breath before raising her eyes to Zhou Xunian, "It's done, she'll be fine, and will wake up in 15 minutes."

Zhou Xunian thanked her excitedly, "Ninth Sister-in-law, thank you so much. If not for you, I wouldn't know what to do today."

Before Chu Jin could speak, Mo Qingyi's dissatisfied voice filled the air, "Chu Jin, why save this ingrate? You don't know how she was speaking of you just now."

Duanmu Zhe followed behind, muttering, "Qingyi, slow down, you've just recovered; walking so fast, your body won't be able to take it!"

"Duanmu Xiaosi, why are you acting like a nagging woman? Can't you be a bit more manly?" Mo Qingyi said, somewhat displeased.

Duanmu Zhe retorted, "Mo Qingyi, don't bite the hand that feeds you, I'm doing this for your own good! If I really acted like a man, even I'd be scared of myself!"

Mo Qingyi looked him up and down and scoffed coldly, "Heh, you?"

The two of them were naturally antagonistic towards each other.

Chu Jin laughed helplessly, "Alright, alright, enough with the arguing. We have urgent matters to attend to. Qingyi, I've captured Li Chi; how do you want to deal with him?"

Hearing this, the smiles on their faces disappeared, and they became serious.

"Where is he? I'm going to flay his skin!" Mo Qingyi was immediately filled with rage.

Chu Jin pointed upwards with a finger, "Up there."

Both looked up to see the Elder hanging above the room's beam, looking like a dog that lost its home. Bound by ribbons, he was limp and powerless, a picture of complete vulnerability.

Chu Jin waved her hand.

With a 'bang', the Elder fell from the beam, raising a cloud of dust.

A pained groan echoed in the air.

If the Elder had been an ordinary person, he would have been disabled if not dead from such a fall. Coincidentally, the spot where the Elder fell was right beside Zheng Chuyi, and a turn of his head would allow him to see Zheng Chuyi's face, eyes wide open in death.

"Chuyi, your father has wronged you..." The Elder looked at Zheng Chuyi and howled inwardly.

Mo Qingyi approached the Elder at a leisurely pace and kicked him, "Li Chi, back when you slaughtered a hundred people of my family, now you finally fall into my hands! Tell me, how do you wish to die? I'll try to accommodate!"

In that instant, Mo Qingyi seemed to transform back into the proud Moon God.

The Elder snorted coldly, "Kill if you must, why the delay? You better be quick about it, or else the day you fall into my hands, I will tear you to pieces!"

"So be it, your life is forfeit!" Mo Qingyi brandished her whip, which turned into a sharp blade in the air and swiftly slashed toward the Elder's chest.

"Hold on!" A powerful gust suddenly arose, unsteady people's footsteps, and an aged voice rang out in the air, "If you don't want Mo Zhixuan to lose his life so soon, you had best release Li Chi. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless!"

Chapter 497:

The atmosphere in the air seemed to quiet down in an instant.

The Elder looked at the long knife, now just inches away, brought to an abrupt halt right in front of his head, mere millimeters away. The sharp edge of the blade, under the illumination of the crystal lamp, flashed with a chilling glint that made one's heart tremble.

He took in a sharp breath.

A moment later, and he would have become a soul beneath the blade.

Fortunately, heaven doesn't seal off all paths.

Mo Qingyi's hand, gripping the hilt of the knife, was slightly trembling. She closed her eyes and finally retracted the long knife into a whip, then hooked it onto her waist. Only then did she look up and see that a woman in black had appeared inside the room at some point, holding a burning lantern. The pale blue flames reflected off her face, casting an eerie glow.

She wore a grotesque mask on the left half of her face, which at a fierce glance, was enough to send a shiver down someone's spine.

The woman in black looked at everyone, her lips slowly curving into a smile, her gaze finally settling on a specific location, her body exuding a strong aura of death, "Junhuang, it's been a long time."

Her voice, incredibly aged and hoarse, was like the grinding of ancient stones, 'squeak squeaking' as if just listening would make one's scalp tingle.

Chu Jin stepped out from behind Zhou Xunian, a faint smile playing on her lips, "Indeed, it has been a long time. It looks like you've forgotten what happened a thousand years ago?"

Chu Jin walked slowly, looking no different than usual. Yet in reality, each step she took required a tremendous amount of spiritual power, as if she were walking on knife's edge, enduring immense pain.

But now, she couldn't fall, and she couldn't let the woman in black see anything out of the ordinary.

She had to buy Mo Zhixuan time, even if it just meant another minute or a second.

Those who had been packing up also stopped at this moment to look towards the two.

Everyone present knew that this woman in black was no easy opponent.

Just as one wave had settled, another arose.

The heart that had been set down was once again hoisted up.

What happened a thousand years ago?

Upon hearing these words, the color drained from the woman's face, her hands clenching into fists. How could she possibly forget! It was an indelible humiliation!

She had barely clung to life until today, all for the sake of avenging that ancient grudge!

But today, she was not yet ready to confront Junhuang head-on. With her current strength, she was no match for Junhuang.

So, she had orchestrated for Zheng Chuyi to go first, only to find that Zheng Chuyi was no more than a paper tiger, impressive in appearance but useless in fight.

Now, it was most important to rescue Li Chi.

She had to take advantage of everyone's ignorance that Li Chi was the Elder of the Superpower World. Otherwise, it would soon be too late.

Upon this thought, the woman in black looked up once more at Chu Jin, "Enough talk, Junhuang. If you don't want Mo Zhixuan to die so soon, then release Li Chi at once."

Mo Qingyi was always impulsive, and seeing that the woman in black held only a lantern, she assumed the woman was bluffing, "Chu Jin, don't bother with her. Such a person is a scourge if left alive. Let's just kill her first and talk later."

As she spoke, her hand reached for the whip at her waist, ready for a fight.

Chu Jin held down her whip-wielding hand and whispered, "Don't be rash. The lantern in her hand is kindled with Hellfire, which is bound to extinguish Mo Zhixuan's soul. If the lantern goes out, Zhixuan will never wake up. And besides, you're no match for her."

Those calm words caused Mo Qingyi's brows to knit together in sudden shock, "What?"

The color drained from the faces of those around her.

Chu Jin nodded lightly, "It's true. However, I had Uncle Mo watch over the lantern earlier, and if I'm not mistaken, Mo Feixue should be with him..."

Mo Fengxu and Mo Feixue's abilities were not weak; how could such people lose track of the lantern?

Could it be that the lantern... was fake?

Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly.

Seeming to notice Chu Jin's confusion, the woman in black gestured to the air, "Bring them here."

As soon as the words fell, two masked figures dressed in black appeared out of thin air, both wearing menacing masks, and with two people in their grip.

The two hostages were none other than Mo Fengxu and Mo Feixue.

"Jun Huang, my time is running short, please make your decision quickly!" the woman in black spoke again, the lamp in her hand flickering bright and dim.

Seeing Mo Fengxu and Mo Feixue held hostage by the woman in black, everyone's hearts tightened once more.

"If you dare touch that lamp, I'll ensure you come in standing but leave lying down!" Mo Qingyi lashed her whip, and a piercing sound echoed through the air.

"Hehe," the woman in black let out a cold laugh, "What big words! Then come and try, let's see if you die first or if Mo Zhixuan dies first."

"You!" Mo Qingyi, out of desperation, was about to lash out with her whip to confront the woman but was stopped by Chu Jin, "Do not act recklessly."

Mo Qingyi glanced at Chu Jin and ultimately lowered her whip; in such times, she truly couldn't gamble with Mo Zhixuan's safety.

"I agree," Chu Jin looked up at the woman in black, "release Li Chi, but you have to give the lamp back to me first."

"Jun Huang, do you really think I'm a fool?" the woman in black snorted coldly, "Right now, the lamp is in my hands; you are not in the position to negotiate terms with me. Release Li Chi now, or else when the wind gets stronger, I can't guarantee the safety of the lamp!"

The last sentence carried an implicit threat.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Qingyi and uttered two words with a calm demeanour, "Release him."

"Jin, brother..." Mo Qingyi looked helplessly at Chu Jin; the woman in black clearly seemed the deceitful and cunning sort, what if they released Li Chi and she didn't keep her promise?

After all, Li Chi was their only trump card at the moment, and judging by the woman's demeanor, she seemed to value him greatly.

Chu Jin was also aware of Mo Qingyi's concerns, yet in the current situation, they had no other choice.

Even knowing there was deceit involved, she had no option but to follow the woman in black's demands.

If it weren't for her extreme weakness at this moment, the woman before her would not have been her match!

"Jun Huang, rest assured, I am a woman of my word. Just release Li Chi, and I will immediately return the lamp to you. It's you I have a grudge against, not Mo Zhixuan," the woman in black continued, "However, there will come a day when I will come back to claim your life and fight you in an open and fair battle—wait for that day."

The words of the woman in black were half true and half false; they could not be fully trusted nor completely disregarded.

"Release him," Chu Jin repeated, willing to try even if there was only a one in ten thousand chance.

Mo Qingyi looked at Chu Jin helplessly and then walked over to the Elder, beginning to untie him.

Upon seeing this, a trace of triumph flickered in the eyes of the woman in black.

At the same time, a doubt flashed in her mind; she didn't expect Jun Huang to give in so easily, which was completely out of character for Jun Huang.

Could there be trickery at play here?

The woman in black squinted her eyes—what was Jun Huang afraid of?

Given her normal character, she would never submit so readily. Today's Jun Huang was too out of the ordinary!

Or was it possible that she had fallen so deep into the vortex of love that she had become unable to extricate herself and think clearly?

Isn't there a saying in the mortal world, "Love is blind"?

It seemed that even a mighty Empress could not avoid the commonality in the face of romantic feelings.

Mo Qingyi efficiently untied the Elder and escorted him with his hands clasped behind his back, moving towards Chu Jin. Since the Elder's face was covered with a mask, the crowd was unaware that this Li Chi was the Elder from the Superpower World.

"Don't try anything funny!" Throughout the process, the Elder struggled ceaselessly, only to be subdued by a chop from Mo Qingyi, which left him seeing stars.

Chu Jin glanced coldly at the woman in black and said in a cool tone, "Hand over the person, and I hand over the lamp."

The woman in black retorted coldly, "You send the person over first, or I will smash this worthless lamp right now, causing Mo Zhixuan's soul to scatter!" She then gestured as if to smash the lamp she held.

"Dare to touch that lamp and see what happens!" Mo Qingyi immediately gripped Li Chi's throat.

"Let him go," Chu Jin looked at Mo Qingyi; at this juncture, she had no other options. Depleted of spiritual power and with just some agility remaining, she was no different from an ordinary person now. The situation had to be resolved quickly; any further stalemate would reveal her weaknesses to the woman.

Mo Qingyi bit her lip, realizing that the lamp was still in the possession of the woman in black, and reluctantly followed Chu Jin's command. Holding Li Chi's throat with one hand and his arm with the other, she walked towards the woman in black.

Chapter 498: it's another brand new morning

Mo Qingyi took each step, and her heartbeat quickened by a fraction.

Just when she was about 2-3 meters away from the woman in black, the woman suddenly spoke, "Stop! Don't come any closer, just send the person over."

Mo Qingyi stopped in her tracks, "Give me the lantern."

The woman in black sneered, "You release the person first, and I will return the lantern. You can trust me, I never go back on my word." But her expression made it hard to believe her.

At this moment, Zi, who had been asleep for several hours, suddenly awoke. Since his existence was intertwined with his host, he instantly sensed something amiss with Chu Jin, "Jin bro, what's wrong? Is your body... alright now?"

"I'm fine, almighty Zi, can you check if there is a kind of medicine that can restore spiritual power instantly after consuming it?" Chu Jin asked.

Zi pondered for a while, "There is, but, such medicine causes extreme harm to the human body, and I don't recommend taking it. Moreover, given your current condition, if you were to take this medicine, I'm afraid..." The rest of his words went unsaid.

He had only slept for a while, so how did Jin bro become so injured? He couldn't recall a time when Jin bro had ever appeared so weak.

This Mo Zhixuan was practically Jin bro's nemesis.

"Don't worry, I won't joke with my own body. Prepare it for me, I won't take it unless it's absolutely necessary," Chu Jin said in a calm tone, her clear eyes cold. The light from the white crystal lantern shone on her, casting a faint halo and making her look ethereal and beautiful, emanating a powerful aura all around her.

Merely gazing at her, one couldn't tell that her body was pushed to its limits and that she might collapse at any moment.

"Alright, Jin bro, be extremely careful," said Zi, knowing he couldn't refuse her. Thus, he could only do as she asked. Fortunately, since her rebirth, Chu Jin hadn't done anything without certainty.

"Jin bro, it requires 28% of Faith Value."

"Deduct it," Chu Jin replied without hesitation.

As Zi exchanged for the medicine, Chu Jin slowly walked over to Mo Qingyi and gently patted her shoulder, "Do as she says."

As she spoke, Chu Jin looked up at the woman in black and said coldly, "You'd better not play any tricks, otherwise, I don't mind giving you a taste of what it's like in the inferno again!" Her words resonated with unquestionable authority.

Those present were all mentally shaken!

Hearing this, the expression of the woman in black changed, but she quickly regained her composure, "Why waste words? If you don't want Mo Zhixuan's soul to scatter, hurry up and release the person!"

Mo Qingyi fiercely pushed Li Chi forward, "Get lost."

Having been freed, the Elder immediately ran towards the back of the woman in black.

Seeing this, a look of pride flitted across the eyes of the woman in black, and a sinister curve appeared on her lips. Then, she threw the green lantern forward forcefully, its dim light flickering on and off!

No one expected her to make such a move. Chu Jin's expression turned cold on the spot, and with a leap, she caught the lantern. Fortunately, it did not go out, and there was no danger.

However, Chu Jin's action in grabbing the lantern revealed a weakness to the woman in black. No wonder Jun Huang was so easily persuaded. So, she had lost all her spiritual power, had she?

Ha ha ha! Even the heavens seemed to be in her favor!

This time, she would ensure that Jun Huang disappeared from this world forever.

A sharp gleam and ruthlessness passed through the eyes of the woman in black.

"Jun Huang! Your time to die has come!" With those words, she conjured an axe out of thin air and swung it fiercely towards Chu Jin. The intense malevolent aura that followed made everyone's steps unsteady as they retreated several steps.

The power was too great, almost beyond what anyone could withstand.

Hearing this, Zi in the Purple Thunder Space was also greatly shocked.

So shocked that his sunflower seeds fell to the ground.

This...

He hadn't misheard, had he?

What did he call Jin bro? Jun... Huang?

This joke has gone a bit too far.

Zi swallowed with some difficulty and communicated with the system using her consciousness, "Garbage System, did you just hear anything?"

"The system is currently in hibernation, please do not disturb." The only response was a cold electronic tone.

Zi sat dumbly on the stone bench, her thoughts drifting far away.

If Chu Jin had been paying attention to Zi at that moment, he would have noticed that Zi had never shown such a heavy expression as she did just now.

It took a moment before Zi came back to her senses and listlessly took out a bag of sunflower seeds from the corner, cracking them with an expressionless face.

He now needed to eat a few more bags of sunflower seeds to calm his nerves.

"Oh my god! You're still full of energy, huh? Watch as I beat you to death today!" Mo Qingyi lashed out with her long whip, blocking the path of the woman in black, and the two quickly tangled in mid-air.

She had disliked the woman in black for a while, and now she finally had the chance to have a proper fight.

Seeing this, the Elder immediately took advantage of the chaos to escape with Zheng Chuyi's body into the night.

When else to flee if not now?

He was simply no match for Jun Huang at this moment.

The strength of the woman in black should not be underestimated, and as Mo Qingyi slowly began to lose ground, Duanmu Zhe hurriedly joined the fight.

Seeing this, Chu Jin quickly handed the lamp in his hands to Zhou Xunian, instructing, "Keep a close eye on this lamp, and do not let it go out at any cost."

Zhou Xunian obviously knew the importance of this lamp and nodded solemnly, "You can count on me, Ninth Sister."

Neither Mo Qingyi nor Duanmu Zhe were a match for the woman in black, and others who wanted to help, if they got a little closer, were shocked by the powerful spiritual power, unable to move their bodies, let alone step forward to assist.

"Since you two are so eager to die, then don't blame me for not showing mercy!" The woman in black swung her axe, bringing up several trails of dark energy, forcing the two of them to retreat again and again! They were completely powerless to counterattack, and at this rate, the two of them would truly be reporting to Yama.

What a troublesome time! When Chu Jin swallowed the black pill, the phrase "What a troublesome time" suddenly popped into her head.

However, the pill really was a good thing.

Chu Jin had just swallowed it for less than three seconds when she felt all the pain in her body vanish, followed by an inexhaustible supply of spiritual power. There seemed to be energy rampaging throughout her body, as if she could move ten mountains all by herself.

She twitched her fingertips, and a Tarot card suddenly appeared in her palm.

It was the Grim Reaper!

The Grim Reaper with bloodstains.

When the Grim Reaper shows up, blood must be spilled!

Chu Jin slowly walked towards the direction of the three fighters, her lips curving into an indifferent smile, very subtle, yet filled with endless murderous intent.

This time, she was truly gambling with her life, fighting with all she had!

The woman in black had already cornered Mo Qingyi, a heavy axe in her hands as she stepped closer bit by bit. Blood had already seeped from the corner of Mo Qingyi's mouth. As she stumbled backward step by step, gripping her whip tightly, her palms were damp with sweat.

"I'm sending you to paradise now!" As she spoke, she raised her axe, and swung it toward Mo Qingyi's neck, bringing a sharp gust of cold wind with it.

"Qingyi!" At the critical moment, Duanmu Zhe didn't think twice before throwing himself in front of Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi looked at the suddenly emerging youth, a trace of light flashing in her eyes.

As the saying goes, slower than a second, faster than a flash.

Just when the axe was about a millimeter away from Duanmu Zhe's nose tip.

A Tarot card turned into a fleeting shadow.

With a whoosh, it suddenly flew towards this side.

With a 'bang', it knocked the axe out of the black-clad woman's hand and onto the ground!

That was a close one!

Thinking that they had almost met Yama, both of them took a deep breath and, without agreeing to do so, they looked ahead in unison.

"Jin!"

"Ninth Sister!" they exclaimed in unison.

Seeing Chu Jin was like seeing hope, light, and brightness.

"Jun Huang?" The black-clad woman narrowed her eyes slightly, somewhat incredulous. Just now, Jun Huang obviously had no spiritual power left, no different from a mortal. How could she have such explosive strength now?

She couldn't have been mistaken just now. Could this have just been Jun Huang's bluff?

Yes, that must be it! The black-clad woman consoled herself internally.

Jun Huang had completely lost her spiritual power. This opportunity was too good to miss. She decided she had to finish her off by her own hand tonight to avenge her previous humiliation. With this in mind, the black-clad woman waved her sleeve, swept up the axe, and, with a cold and ruthless gaze, walked towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin was still the same, dressed in white as always. But her normally pitch-black pupils had, at some point, turned blood-red, seductively vibrant!

"Jun Huang! It's time for you to repay what you owe me. Today, I will let you experience the taste of complete disfigurement!" The black-clad woman's last words were followed by a long howl to the sky. A dark aura emanated from her, making her figure somewhat unclear.

"You?" Chu Jin looked up lazily, her eyes shooting red light, "You really don't have the ability!"

Such arrogance!

At the end of her sentence, she casually reached out and pulled an oil-paper umbrella out of thin air, its surface adorned with many red plums, vibrant and tempting.

The umbrella was her weapon.

The black-clad woman recognized it— it was the Life-Offering Umbrella. Her expression shifted slightly. Now that it had come to this, she had no choice but to go all out. There was no turning back! Swinging the axe, she unleashed a fierce blow, brimming with a malicious aura. Wherever the axe passed, there was a trail of strong winds and intense flames, reducing everything to cinders. It was terrifying, each move lethal!

Chu Jin stood there, threw the Life-Offering Umbrella into the air, and in an instant, it bloomed into a huge plum blossom in mid-air. The delicate fragrance quickly filled the room. At the same time, countless petals fell from the sky, turning into sharp blades that all stabbed towards the direction of the black-clad woman!

The black-clad woman waved her axe incessantly, stirring up even denser dark energy. As soon as this dark energy touched the blades, they immediately vanished into nothing.

The blades moved faster and faster, and so did the black-clad woman's axe swinging.

It was hard to see who would win!

Chu Jin also knew that this stalemate couldn't go on. The pill's effects wouldn't last much longer; she needed to end this battle quickly!

She recited an incantation, and the plum blossom in the air turned back into the oil-paper umbrella, returning to her hand. However, this time, the umbrella had seemingly transformed into a red ribbon!

As red as blood, echoing her pupils.

She unfurled the red ribbon in her hand, lightly stepped off the ground, rose into the air, and the red ribbon became a streak, directly assaulting the vital point of the black-clad woman.

The black-clad woman also rose into the air, trying to grab the red ribbon but grasped at nothing! The two entangled and fought continuously in mid-air.

By now, the eastern sky had begun to lighten, with specks of gold breaking through the clouds. In a little while, it would be fully dawn.

Chu Jin's face was getting paler, and her strength was also waning.

The black-clad woman, seizing the advantage, curved her lips into a smug arc, swinging her axe with deadly, ruthless moves!

"Something seems a bit off," Mo Qingyi noticed Chu Jin's anomaly, looking nervous.

"It does seem a bit off. Did Ninth Sister get injured earlier?" Duanmu Zhe frowned slightly. Otherwise, with Chu Jin's strength, she would not be in this state, unless she had been injured before.

"No, I have to help Jin," but as Mo Qingyi flicked her whip, she vomited a large mouthful of blood. Her body was at its limit too, and right now, she was powerless even though willing.

Duanmu Zhe let out a soft sigh, "I'll go then." He too had sustained severe injuries, but at this point, he couldn't care less about that, he couldn't let a girl like Mo Qingyi charge forward alone.

Having said that, Duanmu Zhe took the whip from Mo Qingyi's hand, leapt into the air, and joined the ongoing struggle of the two.

Chu Jin was solely relying on her strong willpower to hold on up to now, her complexion had turned completely pale, like a sheet of paper.

Drained of all color.

The woman in black laughed loudly and coldly, "Another one courting death, now, there's no one left to save you!"

Duanmu Zhe's skills with the whip were nothing short of magical, but sadly, they were utterly inadequate in the face of the woman in black. She floored Duanmu Zhe with just a couple of moves, then charged up her strength, raised her axe, and swung it towards Chu Jin.

A fierce wave of evil energy rolled towards Chu Jin, overwhelming her completely.

Like a kite with its string cut, Chu Jin's body made a parabolic arc as it fell straight down. She looked at the white light shining through the window, a smile spilling from her lips, and slowly closed her eyes; she truly couldn't hold on any longer.

Dawn was breaking.

If she could wait for the sunshine that would come to Mo Zhixuan, it was worth it.

"Jin Ge!"

"Sister-in-law Nine!"

Mo Qingyi and the people on the ground screamed in unison, their pupils dilated, staring in panic as Chu Jin plummeted rapidly downward.

No one could believe that someone so strong could be brought down like this.

Mo Qingyi was so frantic that her eyes turned red, but the woman in black in the air still had no intention of sparing Chu Jin, lifting her axe once more and diving down to strike Chu Jin's body.

"Roar!" Just at that moment, a tiger's roar sounded through the air. The incoming White Tiger positioned itself in front of Chu Jin, taking the blow of the axe for her. The White Tiger had already been injured in the earlier fighting, so at this point, it had no strength left to attack. All it could do was trade its life for hers.

Protecting the empress was its duty.

Besides, it had made a promise to Lord Mo.

As a Divine Beast, it couldn't break its word.

Bright red blood immediately stained the White Tiger's fur. Its body shrank considerably, and it lay next to Chu Jin's neck, its fluffy head resting on her chin. Its eyelids became incredibly heavy, as if it could fall asleep at any moment, but it still resisted, determined not to close its eyes, for its mission was still not complete.

"Jin Ge, can we stop eating cat food from now on? Once I'm better, I want to eat chicken legs every day..." The White Tiger extended its pink tongue, licking Chu Jin's cheek, trying to wake her.

"Jin Ge, I don't like the name Chu Xiaobai at all. Can you give me a new one, please?" The White Tiger's stomach shook violently with each word it spoke, using all the strength it had. Blood kept pouring from its belly.

Chu Jin still didn't respond.

The White Tiger extended its little paw and, using all its remaining energy, nudged Chu Jin's eyes, "Jin Ge, open your eyes quickly, if you don't wake up, I'll become someone else's cat!"

"Jin Ge..." In the end, the White Tiger couldn't hold back and began to cry loudly, "Please look at me, will you? I promise to be good and obedient from now on, I won't fight over snacks with you anymore, and I won't dislike the name you've given me, please don't scare me..."

The woman in black stood aloof above, and upon seeing this, laughed heartily, "Junhuang, you've finally died by my hand. But I won't let you die comfortably, I'll make sure you die without a whole corpse!"

With that, she swung the axe in her hand down towards Chu Jin's body.

Mo Qingyi could no longer hold back, and with a cry, she picked up the long whip again and lashed it towards the woman in black, unleashing a burst of power that was enormously strong!

And Duanmu Zhe, after coughing out a mouthful of fresh blood, also joined the fray.

All of them were fighting on their last breaths.

Outside the window, golden sunlight had already covered the land.

The crimson sun broke through the clouds at dawn.

Another new morning had arrived—

Chapter 499: Kill me

Sunlight equated to hope.

The fight within the room continued, yet the sunlight outside grew increasingly intense.

It soon penetrated through the window, illuminating the interior.

A golden splendor.

Everything was granted a new life.

However, the sunlight failed to bring redemption to Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe; at this moment, they had been beaten to the point of powerlessness.

'Bang bang—'

The sound of heavy objects hitting the ground; Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe fell from the air and landed on the floor. As they tried to push themselves up to stand, they found that not an ounce of strength could be mustered from their bodies, and even bending a little finger proved to be an extreme difficulty.

"I'll take care of Jun Huang first, then I'll deal with you two little bastards." The woman in black glanced at the two on the ground and then, stepping forward, she moved towards Chu Jin.

"Don't..." Mo Qingyi bent her fingers, trying to stand up to stop the woman in black, but as soon as she moved, her body felt as though it was being torn apart with pain, and she could only watch helplessly as the woman in black slowly approached Chu Jin.

In her eyes, there was utter despair.

"Jun Huang, you have finally fallen into my hands, hahaha." As she spoke her last words, the woman in black burst into proud laughter. Then, with a heavy killing intent flashing in her eyes, she tightly grasped the axe in her hand and fiercely chopped down towards Chu Jin.

On her body, the little white creature had long since passed out, the fresh crimson blood staining its fur as well as Chu Jin's white clothes.

Everything appeared so shockingly vivid.

But in the eyes of the woman in black, there was clearly a flicker of pleasure.

She could finally exact her revenge on Jun Huang.

The time was right.

'Tap tap tap—'

Suddenly, a series of footsteps echoed in the air, every step resounding in everyone's ears, carrying a biting chill. The heavy footsteps even overshadowed the sounds of the fight.

A daunting pressure rippled through the air, making it difficult to breathe.

The woman in black's ears twitched, her brows slightly furrowed, and she froze in place, incredulously looking up towards the distance. Under the vast sunlight, a tall figure approached slowly. He lifted his phoenix eyes leisurely, bringing with them a cold glint.

His thin lips were tightly pressed together, and his already austere features seemed to be coated with a layer of frost, impervious to the splendid sunlight, as if he'd walked right out of the pinnacle of an icy mountain. With every step he took, the hearts of those around him grew colder, inciting panic, palpitations, and making him unbearable to look directly at.

Such a man was a born King.

Fear finally surfaced in the eyes of the woman in black as she stared at the man approaching head-on, her eyes widening. For a moment, a chill swept over her entire body, causing her even to forget to breathe.

From the beginning to the end, she never thought Mo Zhixuan would survive, nor did she imagine he could successfully get through the night of extreme yin! In fact, not only had Mo Zhixuan successfully made it through the night of extreme yin, but his cultivation had also improved significantly compared to before.

It was her own oversight.

The woman in black quickly dodged an invisible attack, threw aside her axe, and attempted to flee. She was no fool and knew very well that she was no match for Mo Zhixuan. To put it bluntly, she was simply not on the same level as Mo Zhixuan. Had it not been for the night of extreme yin, she wouldn't have dared to blatantly visit the Mo family and inflict injury on so many people.

But how could Mo Zhixuan, in his rage, allow her to escape just like that? He who had been harmed was bound to seek a blood-for-blood vengeance!

Mo Zhixuan slightly lifted his eyes, and a bloodthirsty murderous intent emerged within his gaze, "In my life, I never harm women, but you are an exception!"

As the words fell, he gently raised his hand and seemingly grasped out of thin air to catch a jade flute that came with a dazzling glass charm tied to its tail—stunningly eye-catching.

The woman in black, upon seeing the jade flute, had her already terrified expression instantly turn even more horrified, as she incessantly stumbled backward.

"Brother!" Mo Qingyi, lying on the ground, brightened at the sight of the newcomer, her eyes flickering with joy. It was wonderful, her brother was back, the Mo family was saved!

Duanmu Zhe, meanwhile, closed his eyes in relief. Nine Ye had finally returned safely; now he could rest properly.

At the same time, Zhou Xunian, accompanied by several people, walked in from the outside. Seeing the scene before him, he was also taken aback and quickly ordered the injured to be carried to the back yard for treatment.

Mo Zhixuan held the jade flute and fiercely unleashed a chilling wave of light, filled with staggering lightning strikes, that crackled menacingly. Wherever it passed, it split everything into fragments, leaving the woman in black utterly powerless to retaliate, her body shrouded in thick smoke.

In the air lingered the smell of burnt flesh. Looking up again, the woman in black had been struck into charred remains by the lightning. Mo Zhixuan could have killed her with a single strike, yet he chose to keep her hanging on by a thread, half alive.

"Nine Ye, I beg you, kill me, give me a swift death..." The woman in black 'thudded' onto her knees before Mo Zhixuan, writhing on the ground. The unbearable sensation of neither being able to live nor die, tormented by the lightning, was simply too painful. Excruciating, heart-piercing pain - she could only watch helplessly as her flesh was slowly burned away, utterly powerless. This feeling was more agonizing than death itself.

"Nine Ye, kill me, just kill me..." The woman in black wailed incessantly.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her coldly, manipulating the lightning on the jade flute. His deep eyes overflowed with towering rage and murderous intent, "To kill you, would not quell my heart's deep-seated hatred!"

In another room.

Chu Jin's situation seemed dire. The doctor that Zhou Xunian had brought shook his head helplessly after taking her pulse. "Xunian, it's not that I'm shirking responsibility. Although Miss Chu isn't from our Superpower World, she helped Nine Ye survive the extreme Yin night and is thus a great hero to our Superpower World. I'd spare no effort to save her if there was even a sliver of hope. But her condition is beyond my capabilities..."

At that, the doctor could only shake his head helplessly.

It wasn't that he refused to save Chu Jin or that he was powerless, but that he couldn't save her. Defying the natural order and going against the Heavenly Dao to save someone would inevitably lead to serious repercussions.

Moreover, her injuries were severe. Saving her would not be an easy task.

He wasn't a fool to defy the Heavenly Dao for such a person.

In this world, all who oppose the Heavenly Dao meet the same fate.

Death!

Doctors cannot save everyone.

When it comes to one's own life versus others, one's own is always more precious.

"How could this be?" Upon hearing these words, Zhou Xunian's eyes reddened in urgency. "Elder Zhang, you are the most renowned doctor in our Superpower World. If even you are at a loss, then my sister-in-law... She couldn't possibly... You must be joking with me, right?"

Elder Zhang sighed and continued, "Miss Chu's injuries are too severe, her five meridians are completely destroyed, ah..." Pausing, he added, "Xunian, life and death are the norm in the human world, and all is determined by fate. Try to accept it. This is all Miss Chu's destiny."

"That won't do," Zhou Xunian's voice was hoarse from desperation. "Elder Zhang, I'm begging you, please save my sister-in-law. I know you must have a way. As long as you're willing to treat her, I'll do whatever you ask."

Zhou Xunian was pleading with Elder Zhang, almost ready to kneel before him.

"Elder Zhang, you can't just stand by and watch her die..."

Upon hearing this, Elder Zhang's face changed, and his voice grew more emphatic, "What are you saying? Didn't I already tell you? It's not that I won't save her, I simply lack the capability. As a doctor, it's my duty to save lives and help the injured. If I could save her, I would not stand by idly. No matter how skilled my medicine, I cannot snatch someone from the hands of Yama himself. Xunian, you need to come to terms with this."

Zhou Xunian said nothing. He was aware of Elder Zhang's abilities; in the Superpower World, Elder Zhang was akin to the legendary Hua Tuo, able to restore life to the dead. Yet now, Elder Zhang was refusing to treat Chu Jin!

"Elder Zhang, for the sake of my sister-in-law saving Xianxian, please save her. If it weren't for my sister-in-law, Xianxian wouldn't be standing here unharmed," Zhou Xunian said, pulling Mu Xianxian to his side and pleading, "Xianxian, tell Elder Zhang it was my sister-in-law who saved you, right? Please, persuade Elder Zhang to save her."

Elder Zhang was Mu Xianxian's uncle. Since her mother had died early and Elder Zhang had no children of his own, he had always doted on Mu Xianxian like his own daughter.

Chapter 500: people can go, leave the lives behind

"I'm sure that as long as Mu Xianxian speaks up, Doctor Zhang will definitely not stand by and do nothing."

Therefore, in that moment, Zhou Xunian placed all his hopes on Mu Xianxian.

Mu Xianxian gave Chu Jin a glance, a hint of triumph flashing in her eyes. She snorted coldly and said, "Back then, I was so badly injured, and I was in a comatose state, how would I know who saved me?"

Having said that, Mu Xianxian paused for a moment before continuing.

"Besides, with this Chu surnamed woman, what ability does she have to save me? Xunian, stop spouting nonsense with your eyes wide open! If she really had the ability, she should save herself, why come begging my uncle? Also, I want to emphasize again, you recognizing her as Nine Ye's wife is your business; please don't drag me into this. Such a woman, she's not worthy to be my Nine Ye's wife!"

In fact, Chu Jin knew that Mu Xianxian was aware when she saved her. She was also very clear that if it weren't for Chu Jin, she might've lost her life.

But she just didn't want to tell the truth.

She didn't like Chu Jin, not one bit!

She wished Chu Jin would die immediately, the quicker the better, and if Chu Jin did die, she'd just burn some more paper money for her.

When Zheng Chuyi and Mo Zhixuan were together in the past, she had truly blessed them, as Zheng Chuyi was known to be the most beautiful woman in the Superpower World with a noble lineage. The two of them being together was well-matched.

In the past, she couldn't compare to Zheng Chuyi, and coupled with the curse that plagued Mo Zhixuan, she would never long for things that were impossible.

Now that Zheng Chuyi was dead, and the curse on Mo Zhixuan was lifted, with her status in the Superpower World, she'd be more than a match for Mo Zhixuan...

But now, where did this Chu Jin come from all of a sudden? And she was just a mere mortal from the secular world.

How could Mo Zhixuan, a man who was practically a mythological being, be sullied by a lump of mud?

Therefore, with selfish motives, Mu Xianxian desperately hoped for Chu Jin's death.

Even though Chu Jin had once risked her life to save her.

In the end, Mu Xianxian added, "Anyway, my uncle will never save such a woman! Xunian, just give it up!"

Zhou Xunian's expression turned colder by the moment. He never expected that Mu Xianxian would say such things. Was this still the well-behaved and sensible little girl he had watched grow up from childhood?

"Mu Xianxian! Do you realize what you're saying? Are those even human words? If it weren't for Ninth Sister-in-law, you would have been dead by now. Do you not have a conscience at all? She is your life-saving benefactor!"

Mu Xianxian scoffed disdainfully, "Just because you say she is, she is? Why should I believe you?"

"She is, she truly is," Zhou Xunian pleaded, "Xianxian, believe me, it really was Ninth Sister-in-law who saved you. Plus, Little Butterfly can attest to that. If you don't believe me, I can call Little Butterfly over..."

"No need," Mu Xianxian's tone was indifferent, her arms crossed over her chest, "Who in the Superpower World doesn't know Little Butterfly is interested in you? It's useless to say more. Anyway, my uncle will not save this woman, and you don't seem to realize the status difference between my uncle and her. To expect my uncle to save her is laughable. Such a vain woman is better off dead sooner."

"You!" Zhou Xunian trembled with anger, pointing at Mu Xianxian as he yelled, "Mu Xianxian, how can you say such things! I'm so mistaken about you; never would I have thought you'd be such an ungrateful villain!"

Mu Xianxian chuckled softly, her tone softening a bit, "Xunian, there's no need for us to be on bad terms over such a woman. This kind of commoner, there's a plethora of them in the secular world. If she dies, so be it..."

There was a loud "smack!", a crisp slap sound.

Mu Xianxian's unfinished words got stuck in her throat as a vivid palm print quickly appeared on her face, which also rapidly swelled. Zhou Xunian had put all his strength into that slap.

"Zhou Xunian! You actually hit me!" Mu Xianxian covered her face, disbelief plastered all over her features. Zhou Xunian had actually hit her for the sake of a mere mortal with features of vital importance!

Zhou Xunian clenched his fist.

Before Doctor Zhang and Mu Xianxian could properly react, he abruptly raised his hand and slapped her left cheek with another palm.

"I really regret that Nine Sister-in-law saved you, you ingrate!" Zhou Xunian's lips quivered as if there was a fishbone stuck in his throat.

Mu Xianxian, reeling from the slap, saw stars flashing before her eyes, and heard a buzzing in her head; in an instant, the world spun around her.

Doctor Zhang came to his senses, his face full of fury, "Zhou Xunian! You dare to hit Xianxian, I will not let you off today!" He said, swinging his fist to strike at Zhou Xunian. Mu Xianxian was the apple of his eye; how could he allow someone to bully her with impunity.

But Doctor Zhang was, after all, just a medic, and Zhou Xunian grabbed his hand easily, eyes bloodshot as he declared, "Today, you have to save this person, whether you want to or not!"

As a Divine Doctor and a member of the Superpower World, Doctor Zhang had never been threatened like this. He scoffed coldly, "Zhou Xunian, I just won't save her today, what can you do to me?"

"You!" Zhou Xunian increased the strength in his grip, his features severely distorted.

And Doctor Zhang just stood there, holding his ground, an air of indifference on his face.

A mere Zhou Xunian, could he really ascend to the heavens?

Thus, Doctor Zhang did not take him seriously.

On the other side, Mo Zhixuan's expression subtly changed as if sensing something, and immediately he stopped playing the jade flute. With a wave of his hand, he hurled a halo of light. The black-clothed woman standing there instantly turned into fragments. With a gust of wind, she just dissipated into the air, and then with a wave of his hand, the messy hall instantly returned to its original state.

After completing these actions, he took long strides toward the back courtyard.

Even though he had no prior knowledge of the room Zhou Xunian had taken Chu Jin to, he managed to find the correct room with unerring accuracy.

The three people inside the room were still in a standoff.

"Nine Ye." Seeing Mo Zhixuan approaching, Doctor Zhang respectfully stepped aside. Doctor Zhang was a man who could read a situation; he knew who he could offend and who he couldn't.

For example, the master before him, he couldn't afford to provoke. In front of this master, he was nothing but a nodding and bowing grandchild.

And Zhou Xunian stood to one side, seething with anger.

"Nine Brother, you must stand up for me, Zhou Xunian... he... he hit me." Mu Xianxian covered her face, running to Mo Zhixuan and sobbing in complaint. Perhaps knowing his rules, she intentionally kept a certain distance from him.

Some things must progress step by step; haste does not bring success.

Mo Zhixuan didn't even spare her a glance as he walked frostily to the bedside and sat down. His deep eyes were an unfathomable black. He reached out to smooth the furrowed brow of the person in bed, then took out a bottle brimming with Spiritual Energy from his pocket. He poured out a blue pill and inserted it into Chu Jin's mouth.

Perhaps fearing she would choke, he took out another transparent bottle from his pocket. Inside was a liquid similar to clear water. He calmly unscrewed the cap and, with careful and delicate movements, brought the bottle's opening to her lips.

If it hadn't been seen with their own eyes, no one would believe that this person could be Mo Zhixuan.

The same man who slaughtered like hemp, the Butcher of the city!

That was—

Spiritual Gathering Water!

Doctor Zhang watched as that blue pill was swallowed by Chu Jin, feeling a pang of distress! That was the Spiritual Gathering Water, made from the Purple Spirit Grass that bore fruit only once a millennium—never mind that such a Purple Spirit Grass was hard to find even once in a thousand years, the process of making the medicine itself cost a tremendous price.

To refine a single drop of Spiritual Gathering Water, it required the Potion Maker to expend a hundred years of Spiritual Power. Therefore, some Potion Makers could not produce even one bottle of Spiritual Gathering Water in their entire lifetimes.

And yet Mo Zhixuan didn't even bat an eyelid as he offered the Spiritual Gathering Water to Chu Jin to drink like it was mere tap water.

Drinking half a bottle of Spiritual Gathering Water could increase one's cultivation by a hundred years and also extend one's lifespan. Although the Spiritual Gathering Water was divine, it didn't have much effect on Chu Jin's injuries. It could only alleviate the pain in her body, temporarily removing any threat to her life but not allowing her to fully recover.

According to Doctor Zhang's recent observation, the pill Mo Zhixuan had just fed Chu Jin was no ordinary medicine.

How important was Chu Jin to Mo Zhixuan? Doctor Zhang was somewhat puzzled. Marrying someone who defied the natural order, was he not afraid of being punished by the Heavenly Dao?

Mu Xianxian, seeing that Mo Zhixuan was ignoring her and treating Chu Jin so tenderly, had a moment of unnatural expression, along with a hint of jealousy.

But she quickly got over it. Considering her own merits, apart from her face, she was many times better than Chu Jin in every other aspect. She couldn't believe she wouldn't be able to compete with a mere mortal!

Men always feel a protective urge towards frail women, she thought, crying even harder, "Nine Ye, you must stand up for me. Xunian actually hit me..."

Mo Zhixuan's ears were filled with Mu Xianxian's incessant noise, and he frowned impatiently. "What exactly happened, Xunian, you tell me," he said in a cold voice with a slightly husky magnetic quality that was very pleasant to listen to.

Hearing this, Mu Xianxian momentarily forgot the pain on her face as a very strange feeling ignited in her heart. She couldn't help thinking how it would feel if such a sweet-sounding voice tenderly called out her name, it would probably be blissful.

With these thoughts, she couldn't help but sneak a glance at the man sitting there. After many years, he was still as noble and aloof as ever. From Mu Xianxian's angle, she could perfectly view the man's sharp and chiseled facial contours.

An overwhelming and commanding presence that was unstoppable. If you looked at him for just one second longer, you would be deeply enchanted by him.

Perhaps you wouldn't find a second person with such looks in the entire Three Realms.

Mu Xianxian's heart rate sped up a few more beats, almost uncontrollably.

The young boys who usually like to follow her around were nothing compared to the mature, dignified man before her.

Once you've had a fine dining experience, you can't go back to eating at those dirty, broken-down street stalls.

Just like with clothes, once you've worn those internationally famous brands, the cheap bargains no longer catch your eye.

It is the same with men.

This man, she was determined to have. A hint of resolve flashed in Mu Xianxian's eyes, which had slightly lowered.

Upon seeing Mo Zhixuan arrive, Zhou Xunian felt like he found his backbone and immediately began to explain the whole situation to Mo Zhixuan in an organized manner.

As Mo Zhixuan listened, his expression grew increasingly grim, and the chill emanating from his body intensified.

Both Doctor Zhang and Mu Xianxian felt a tremor of fear, yet they didn't dare to interrupt Zhou Xunian. Even though Mo Zhixuan had not returned to the Superpower World for many years, he still had an authoritative aura that made people subconsciously submit.

"... So that's what happened. Now tell me, doesn't Mu Xianxian deserve to be hit?" Once he finished, Zhou Xunian raised his eyes to look at Mu Xianxian, with a heavy scrutinizing gaze.

Because of those two slaps, Mu Xianxian's face was now swollen like a pig's head, with blood oozing from the corner of her mouth, looking extremely disheveled.

Mu Xianxian was well aware of her guilt and subconsciously avoided Zhou Xunian's gaze, she looked up towards Mo Zhixuan and burst into tears, deliberately downplaying the severity of the situation.

"Nine Ye, it's not what you think, don't listen to Brother Nian talking nonsense. I was unconscious at that time and had no idea who saved me, but Brother Nian insisted it was that woman who saved me. He even threatened my uncle, demanding he save that woman. But her injuries were too severe, and my uncle was powerless to help. Despite this, Brother Nian wouldn't let it go. I got angry and argued back a few times, and unexpectedly, he hit me!"

Doctor Zhang also chimed in, "Nine Ye, Xianxian is right. Zhou Xunian went too far today, you must punish him properly. Xianxian merely talked back a little, and he hit her. After all, Xianxian is a girl, and in our Superpower World, men have never hit women before. I never expected that today, Zhou Xunian would break that rule!"

The rule in the Superpower World that men must not hit women was also established by Mo Zhixuan. At this moment, Zhou Xunian actually hit Mu Xianxian at the Mo family home. Wasn't this a direct slap in Mo Zhixuan's face, a provocation against him?

It seemed that Zhou Xunian wouldn't be able to get away with it this time.

"Things are not like that, Nine Ye, don't..." Zhou Xunian's face turned red as he urgently tried to explain, but Mo Zhixuan raised his hand to stop him from saying any more.

Mo Zhixuan lifted his eyes to Mu Xianxian, and his gaze was like a block of deep ice that wouldn't melt, "What's your name?"

My goodness, was Mo Zhixuan asking for her name? Although Mu Xianxian addressed Mo Zhixuan as Nine Ye, she had never been close to him before. In the past, she hadn't even exchanged a word with Mo Zhixuan. The only reason she was able to address him as Nine Ye and come to the Mo family was by riding on the coattails of Zhou Xunian.

"Ni... Nine Ye..." Mu Xianxian's face flushed with shyness, "I, I, I am Mu Xianxian, Doctor Zhang is my uncle."

Mo Zhixuan looked at her coldly, his voice was equally frigid, "Just keep calling me as Doctor Zhang calls me then."

With one sentence, he dashed Mu Xianxian's hopes. She couldn't help but tremble, "Yes, Ni... Nine Ye."

Mo Zhixuan's expression remained as impassive as ever, each word he uttered carried a layer of frost, "Since your Ninth Aunt saved your life, why are you so ungrateful? Moreover, why are you insulting her? Do you know the consequences of such actions?"

The address of Ninth Aunt instantly clarified Chu Jin's position in his heart.

Startled, Mu Xianxian immediately knelt down, "Nine Ye, it's not like that, it's all Brother Nian's fabrication. Even if she did save me, what of it? She's just a commoner; that she could save me was her good fortune! Besides, I never asked her to save me. My life is my own, it has nothing to do with her. She saved me of her own accord!"

Mu Xianxian, being young, underestimated Chu Jin's importance in Mo Zhixuan's heart.

Even if there were millions of ordinary people in the secular world, there was only one Chu Jin.

"Nine Ye, Xianxian is young, please don't take her words to heart! Regarding Miss Chu's injuries, I truly was powerless, please do not ask the impossible of me!" Doctor Zhang also knelt down.

What a joke; how could he possibly dare risk saving someone who defied the heavens!

Mo Zhixuan twirled the ring on his finger, the corner of his mouth slowly lifting into an arc, "Good, very good." He hadn't returned to the Superpower World for many years, it seemed that the morals there had long since deteriorated.

The sunlight shone through the window, casting a cold and hard gleam onto the ring.

The atmosphere suddenly became extremely oppressive.

It made it hard for people to breathe.

Sweat beaded on Doctor Zhang's and Mu Xianxian's foreheads, both uncertain what Mo Zhixuan meant by his "good, very good."

"Nine Ye, it is simply beyond my limited capabilities. Should there be nothing else, I will take Xianxian and leave first." Having said that, Doctor Zhang looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

Swallowing nervously, he then carefully pulled Mu Xianxian up, preparing to leave the room.

"You may go, but leave your lives behind!" The chilling voice instantly spread through the air, each word as if frosted with ice, sending shivers down one's spine.