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Chapter 74: Nine Ladies

For what reason did he leave the Superpower World back then?

No one understood this better than Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi bit her lip tightly without speaking, a trace of clear liquid swirling in her eyes, as if it could fall at any moment.

That look of wanting to cry but pretending to be strong, would move any man to pity her more.

"Everyone has seen Jiuge's abilities over the years, you've seen them yourself. No one could surpass him," Zhou Xunian's gaze was profound, "I've come this time on the Clan Leader's orders, Sister Chuyi, you know, that position, apart from Jiuge, no one is fit to sit there."

If she had not turned around back then, she would now be the mother of a nation within the Superpower World.

Thinking of that supreme position, which was once just one step away from her, Zheng Chuyi felt even less reconciled.

"Xunian," Zheng Chuyi took a deep breath and reached out to grab Zhou Xunian's hand, pleading, "Help me..."

Zhou Xunian's brow furrowed slightly, and with his left hand, he brushed away Zheng Chuyi's hand. His tone was slightly cold, "Sister Chuyi, don't do this. I respect Jiuge's personal choice, people should take some responsibility for their own actions."

He wasn't Jiang Mubai, no need to indulge Zheng Chuyi and cater to her every whim.

Moreover, the thing that happened back then was Zheng Chuyi's fault.

If it were not for Zheng Chuyi back then, Jiuge would not have ended up in the mundane world.

But, Jiuge was Jiuge, whether in the Superpower World or the mundane world, he could sit on that position that looked down upon the world.

Does Zheng Chuyi now know regret?

Isn't it a bit late?

Regardless, he stood on the same side as Jiuge.

"Xunian!" Zheng Chuyi said coldly, "Do you really want a mundane person from the mundane world to sit in that position? Is she worthy?"

The thought of that noble position being defiled by a mundane person from the mundane world filled Zheng Chuyi with a revolting feeling as if she had swallowed a fly.

Zhou Xunian used to rather admire Zheng Chuyi, but now, looking at the strikingly beautiful woman in front of him, who could say such words, he couldn't help feeling some disgust.

Zheng Chuyi had always been like a pure white lotus in his heart, beautiful, gentle, and considerate.

He had not expected that such a face could hide such a mouth.

"As long as Jiuge likes her, even if she's from the mundane world, what of it? Sister Chuyi, don't forget, our ancestors themselves came from the mundane world. If Jiuge really marries her, I will still respectfully call her Jiuge's wife."

Jiuge's wife, Jiuge's wife...

That title used to belong only to her.

At that time, carrying the title of Mo Zhixuan's fiancée, wherever she went, people would honor her as Mrs. Jiuge or Sister-in-law Jiuge.

Now... this title, which was uniquely hers, was about to be placed on a mere mortal.

Zheng Chuyi felt a surge of anger in her heart, a nameless rage running rampant, extremely uncomfortable, yet with nowhere to vent.

Those hands, hidden under the crimson sleeves, had long been clenched into fists, nails digging into the flesh without her even noticing.

No! She was not willing to give up; that title was hers before, and it could only be hers now!

She must stop all of this. A person from the mundane world dared to covet that position; it was simply presumptuous.

A vicious flicker quickly crossed the depths of Zheng Chuyi's eyes.

She had already made some decisions in her heart.

"Xunian," Zheng Chuyi cried profusely, the tearful sound of her voice arose with a desolate tone, "My brother is dead, Zhixuan doesn't want me anymore, I have nothing left now, none of you want me, brother, I miss you so much..."

Zheng Chuyi's older brother, Zheng Zilong.

Zheng Zilong was a prominent figure in the Superpower World back in his day.

It was he who had preserved the peace of the Superpower World with his flesh and blood.

In the end, it was they who owed the Zheng family.

The disdain in Zhou Xunian's eyes gradually faded away, eventually turning into a sigh as he gently put his arms around Zheng Chuyi's shoulders and consoled her, "Chuyi, don't be like this, I didn't mean that."

Zheng Chuyi lay on his shoulder sobbing softly, and from an angle no one could see, a faint curve appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"Then will you help me, please?" Zheng Chuyi pleaded as she wept.

Zhou Xunian's throat felt dry, and for a moment, he didn't know how to respond.

He found himself trapped between a rock and a hard place.

"Xunian, the Night of Extreme Yin is coming soon,"

"It is the once-in-a-decade Night of Extreme Yin. Do you think, without me, Zhixuan will be able to get through it safely?" Zheng Chuyi added.

"What are you talking about?" Zhou Xunian furrowed his brow, well aware of the severity of the matter.

Zheng Chuyi wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes and looked up at Zhou Xunian, "I came to the mundane world this time for this matter, but who knew..."

Zheng Chuyi let out a bitter laugh and continued, "Zhixuan still won't forgive me. Xunian, you know, this is no trivial matter. If Zhixuan doesn't get through this ordeal safely, then your and the Clan Leader's plans will come to naught."

Zhou Xunian's eyes tightened, and he hesitated, "I..."

"Xunian, actually, Zhixuan has me in his heart, he is just angry with me. Think about it, after so many years of affection between us, could it really be worth less than an ordinary person from the mundane world? You're not just helping me; you're helping Zhixuan. The security of Zhixuan lies in your hands now; consider it carefully for yourself."

Having said that, Zheng Chuyi turned and left.

Almost without any hesitation.

She understood Zhou Xunian too well, and knew precisely where to leave things unsaid.

She believed that within three days, Zhou Xunian would surely find a way to contact her.

By then, it would no longer be her asking for Zhou Xunian's help, but Zhou Xunian asking for hers.

Zhou Xunian still stood there, Zheng Chuiyi's recent words echoing in his ears, his complexion slightly pale.

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"Young lady, you must tell me when that vixen will die; if you get it right, all this money is yours!" the well-dressed matron pushed a stack of banknotes toward Chu Jin.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'm just a fortune-teller, I can't foresee life and death, so I'm afraid this money will have to be beyond my reach," Chu Jin said, smiling as she pushed the money back toward the matron.

The matron looked visibly weary. Hearing Chu Jin's words, she laughed, "You're quite funny, young girl. You could have easily made up a date for me; it's not like I'd hold you to it, right? If it comes to it, just don't come here to tell fortunes tomorrow. I have plenty of money, so it doesn't matter to me, but at least let me have some peace of mind..."

I'm sorry, but I'm a serious fortune-teller, not into these deceptive tricks.

Chu Jin spoke with earnestness, "Our clan's teachings say that fortune-tellers must not speak deceitfully, or else they incur divine retribution."

The matron laughed at that and then asked, "Then can you draw talismans?"

Chu Jin nodded.

"Then I'll take a few 'Break-up Third Wheel' and 'Restore Affection Marriage' talismans," the matron said, taking another stack of banknotes out of her bag.