

## GED 141

### Chapter 141: The Flustered Feng Wu...

Feng Wu said in her head: *I'll stay this way forever? Says who?* She was already able to resume her cultivation now, and she had her master's Divine Blood of the Phoenix. No one could predict how far she would go in the future!

"So?" Feng Wu smiled at him.

"So, do you want to work for me as my personal chef? The Feng Manor will always welcome you and offer you food and shelter," said Young Lord Feng with a smile.

Feng Wu rolled her eyes.

Feng Xun made another offer. "Hey, don't roll your eyes. Is being my chef too petty a position for you? Fair enough. How about Boss Jun's personal chef, then?"

Feng Xun was so confident in himself that he was sure Feng Wu would say yes. She liked Boss Jun, didn't she? It was so obvious!

Feng Wu rolled her eyes again. "In your dreams!"

"But why? Don't tell me that you're still dreaming of somehow becoming the wife of the crown prince and the future queen of the empire?" Feng Xun stared at Feng Wu in disbelief. "Now that's a real dream. No emperor has ever taken a good-for-nothing as a wife!"

Feng Wu serious thought that if she were any less magnanimous, she would have exploded from what Feng Xun said.

"Am I not telling the truth?" Feng Xun found her glare baffling.

Feng Wu snorted. "Why are you so sure that I'll stay this way? I'm telling you: Tomorrow, I'll be a Level 1 Spiritual Master!"

"Pfft —" Feng Xun broke into laughter at those words. Patting Feng Wu's slim shoulder, he said, "Fine, fine. Don't be pissed, but you'll never be able to cultivate again in your life. Spiritual essence has left you forever."

Feng Wu smirked. "What will you do if I become a Level 1 Spiritual Master tomorrow?"

When Feng Wu refined that pill, even Old Man Ba didn't know that what she was refining was the Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill. Even if he did, he wouldn't know that she had used the juice of the Immortal Spiritual Fruit.

Hence, if she could resume her cultivation, they might not necessarily make the connection between her and that Immortal Spiritual Fruit.

"If you really can do that, I'll give you whatever you want!" Feng Xun patted his chest and made a promise!

“You promise?”

“I promise.”

“What is said —”

“Can’t be retracted —”

Feng Wu then turned to leave. But at that moment, Feng Xun reached out and offered to help. “Let me take those for you.”

“No!” Feng Wu shouted.

Feng Xun rubbed his ears. He thought that the girl’s shrill cry had ripped his eardrums.

“Fine, don’t scream — are you keeping some secret in those clothes?” Feng Xun eyed the clothes in Feng Wu’s arms curiously with his clear, bright eyes.

Feng Wu took a deep breath. *Calm down. You must keep calm.*

Before she could think of an excuse, a door to one of the rooms opened.

“Miss Wu —” Granny Zhao, her beautiful mother’s chambermaid, saw the clothes Feng Wu was holding and asked, “What are those?”

Feng Wu made up an excuse right away. “They were blown off the drying rack and got dirt on them. I was going to take them back and wash them again.”

Granny Zhao came toward Feng Wu in a hurry and reached out. “Miss Wu, go keep the guests company. I’ll take the laundry. Miss Wu, let me wash them for you.”

Feng Wu could have given them to Granny Zhao, but if the granny unwrapped the shawl here... Feng Wu would be dead before she knew it!

Hence, Feng Wu declined with a smile. “Granny Zhao, you’re already so busy taking care of my mother, along with everything else. I knocked these clothes to the ground myself, of course I should wash them.”

Feng Wu had never felt this flustered...

## **Chapter 142: Cultivation, Here We Go!**

She could live with the fact that she had to keep an eye on Feng Xun and his people, but even Granny Zhao was somehow giving her a hard time now... Were there no decent people left in this world?

Fearing that Granny Zhao would create more trouble, Feng Wu changed the subject right away. “By the way, where’s Mum? I haven’t seen her.”

“Miss Wu, have you forgotten? Madam needs to sleep for two hours every afternoon,” Granny Zhao said with a smile. “Since Miss wants to wash the clothes yourself, I’ll leave you in peace.”

“Granny Zhao, please don’t let me keep you —”

Feng Wu backed out of the courtyard, still holding her dress. She then darted off.

Tilting his head, Feng Xun watched her suspiciously from behind. Somehow, he found Feng Wu's behavior today very strange, but couldn't put his finger on it.

Feng Wu went back to her room, slamming the door shut behind her. Only then did she look at the clothes in her hand and heave a sigh of relief...

After taking a few deep breaths, Feng Wu sat down on the bed, crossing her legs and resting her palms on her knees. Her face remained impassive.

Once she had cleared her mind of all unnecessary thoughts, she closed her clear, bright eyes.

Feng Wu turned her sight inward and inspected her dantian.

She saw a place of desolation that reminded her of a dry, cracked land.

Using the spiritual essence of the Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill, Feng Wu nourished the parched land. The cracks closed up as she worked her way through it...

Time passed.

Feng Wu was so absorbed in the process that she forgot all about the world outside.

Her dantian was repaired in no time, but Feng Wu realized that spiritual essence was still rushing into her body. There was no better time than now to restart her cultivation.

Right now, energy stirred in Feng Wu's mended dantian like a rippling pond.

Formidable fire spiritual energy poured into Feng Wu and kept burning that water.

Water and fire were naturally incompatible.

But because spiritual essence was working as an intermediary here, the fire spiritual energy heated up her dantian, gradually creating a golden liquid.

Feng Wu's dantian was like a fine porcelain bottle now.

It was tiny, as thin as a pinky.

*Drip, drip —*

The golden liquid drizzled down so clearly that Feng Wu could hear the sound.

Because of the size of her dantian, it was soon filled to the brim, and the golden liquid spilled over.

Just then, there was a rumble.

Her pinky-sized dantian shook violently.

The golden liquid turned into a stream which flowed through all the energy channels in Feng Wu's body like a soaring dragon.

When it reached the Divine Blood of the Phoenix resting between her eyebrows, the golden liquid instantly looked much purer!

The stream grew shorter as it flowed through her body. On the other hand, Feng Wu's internal energy channels began to glow with a faint golden light.

The golden liquid vanished after completing its circuit, for it had been absorbed by Feng Wu's body.

Her pinky-sized dantian had grown a little bigger.

Feng Wu smiled a little.

As expected, she wasn't a mere Level 1 Spiritual Master.

While her dantian was still undergoing its transformation, Feng Wu had realized that she had already become a Level 2 Spiritual Master.

However, the fire spiritual energy was still creating golden liquid in that pool in her dantian. That was to say, Feng Wu might advance beyond a Level 2 Spiritual Master at this point in time.

The golden liquid kept gathering in her dantian, which filled up and rose up. With Feng Wu's refinement, another golden dragon was formed, which flowed through her energy channels again.

### **Chapter 143: Her Beautiful Master...**

*Rumble* —

Feng Wu's tiny dantian expanded again. Needless to say, Feng Wu was a Level 3 Spiritual Master now!

The Spiritual Master stage consisted of nine levels in total, and at her current rate of progress... Feng Wu smiled at that thought.

Breathing out a stream of turbid energy through her nose, Feng Wu slowly opened her eyes.

Starting from zero, she had reached Level 3 all at once, which made quite a lot of noise. Jun Linyuan and the others were right next door and had to have noticed something.

She had to make up some very good excuse to explain herself now. However, at the thought of Jun Linyuan's knowing eyes, Feng Wu was at a loss over what to say.

She could only hope that they wouldn't make the connection between her and the ugly girl.

Wait. Now that she had made some progress, would her master wake up?

As soon as she opened her eyes, she shifted a little and entered her ring in her spiritual form.

She hurried close and looked at her beautiful master expectantly!

Would he wake up now that she had resumed her cultivation?

In the spacious room, her immortal-like beautiful master lay there with his wide white sleeves, which reminded her of clouds in the sky, hanging down from the bed.

On that god-like face which was as smooth as jade, his black eyes remained closed. His mouth didn't betray any emotion, which gave him a detached and lofty look.

He was as stunning, handsome, and matchless as ever... but he remained asleep.

She felt so defeated...

Before she knew it, Feng Wu had pressed her hand to her chest. Her face drained of all color at the throbbing pain in her heart, and she almost collapsed.

“Master...”

Feng Wu went down on one knee and touched her beautiful master’s impeccable face with slim, trembling fingers.

His skin was ice cold under her fingertips.

Feng Wu took a deep breath, but still couldn’t fight back the tears that welled up in her eyes.

Seeing her master’s lifeless face and realizing that he might never wake up from this coma, Feng Wu shut her eyes.

She was overwhelmed with remorse, self-accusations, and fond memories... A tumult of emotions washed over her like a tidal wave and the pain was almost too much for her to handle.

“Master... don’t shut me out like this. I’m your Little Wu —” Tears rolled down Feng Wu’s cheeks, then fell on her master’s robe.

Suddenly, she heard a rustle.

It startled the grief-stricken Feng Wu. Her eyes widened as she stared at her master’s shoulder.

A colorful phoenix stuck its head out!

“Little Phoenix!” Feng Wu cried out in surprise, her fingers trembling!

Little Phoenix!

Feng Wu had no idea where her master had found the bird.

She could still remember the warm, impeccable smile on her master’s face as he looked at her affectionately. “This little phoenix is a descendant of the divine bird of ancient times and is the only one of its kind on this continent. Shall I make it your mount one day?”

An ancient divine bird? That sounded awesome. Little Feng Wu nodded earnestly in reply.

Hence, her master began to raise the colorful phoenix, tailoring it to Feng Wu’s needs. In less than a year, the dull, lacklustre little bird grew seven beautiful tail feathers, and the ugly duckling turned into a pretty phoenix, not to mention improved so much in capability that it surpassed Feng Wu, which had been quite a hard blow to her.

However, when her beautiful master went into a coma when Feng Wu was eight, the phoenix disappeared with him. Feng Wu had thought that the bird had left, but she now realized that it had gone into a coma together with her master.

**Chapter 144: How to Save My Master?**

The bird flew around Feng Wu while staring at her in a proud and vexed manner. It then snorted and rested on her master's shoulder again, turning its back on Feng Wu.

"Little Phoenix, are you not going to talk to me anymore?"

Because the bird was a shared secret between Feng Wu and her master, Feng Wu was very glad to see it again.

"Master died because of you! I'm not talking to you!" Resting its wings on its waist, Little Phoenix glared at Feng Wu!

Those words were like a sharp blade stabbing into Feng Wu's heart. It was almost too painful for her to breathe. She lowered her gaze and trembled from head to toe.

Feng Wu clenched her fists and looked at Little Phoenix earnestly with her bright, black eyes. "Indeed, my master fell into a coma because of me, but I swear that I'll wake him up!"

"You can't possibly do that!" Little Phoenix glowered at Feng Wu. "Do you have any idea how difficult that is? First of all, you'll have to —"

Feng Wu stared at Little Phoenix, waiting for it to finish what it was going to say. However, Little Phoenix waved its wings impatiently. "Forget it. What's the point? You'll never be able to do it."

"So, you know how to wake my master up, don't you? You know! Who told you? My master? I don't care where you learned it, just tell me!" Rushing to its side, Feng Wu picked Little Phoenix up with both hands and raised it over her head!

With a stern look on its face, Little Phoenix said, "What level are you now?"

Feng Wu said happily, "I'm a Level 3 Spiritual Master already!"

Little Phoenix rolled its eyes. "You make it sound like a Level 3 Spiritual Master is something to brag about. With your petty cultivation level, I might as well be signing your death warrant if I tell you now. Although I don't like you anymore, Master will tell me off if you're dead!"

"I won't do anything reckless," Feng Wu promised, raising both hands in the air.

"Heh." Little Phoenix didn't buy it.

Feng Wu knew that despite its childish-sounding tone, the bird was very stubborn. If it chose to, it could make sure to never say a word, no matter how Feng Wu cajoled and threatened.

At that thought, Feng Wu had no choice but to ask, "So, what level do I have to reach before you can tell me?"

Little Phoenix said without hesitation. "Spiritual Elder."

Feng Wu cried out, "Make it Spiritual Grandmaster! I'm only a Level 3 Spiritual Master now, and I'll have to reach Level 9 before I can break through to the Spiritual Grandmaster stage. It'll be really tough."

Little Phoenix snorted haughtily. "So be it. Spiritual Grandmaster, then."

Feng Wu said, "It's a deal. You'll tell me how to save my master when I become a Spiritual Grandmaster. There's no going back on your word!"

Little Phoenix cast a disgruntled look at Feng Wu. "You're getting struck by a thunderbolt even as we speak. Are you sure you still want to hang around here?"

A thunderbolt? What the heck?

Feng Wu was ready to leave when Little Phoenix reminded her arrogantly, "Don't forget to bring your Concealing Jade."

She then recalled her old habit. In order to keep her cultivation level a secret, she would usually walk around with the Concealing Jade her master gave her, so that she could pose as a weakling and trick her opponents who let their guard down. Many fell for it.

Feng Wu darted an appreciative look at Little Phoenix. Despite its reluctance to talk to her, the bird did care about her after all.

After confirming it repeatedly with Little Phoenix, Feng Wu left the ring and went back to her own body.

Her bright, clear eyes snapped open.

Feng Wu immediately realized that something wasn't right.

What happened?

She was surrounded by darkness and couldn't even make out her own fingers.

#### **Chapter 145: I'm Not Going to the Imperial Capital!**

She was covered in layer upon layer of debris, which was packed tightly around her without letting any light in. It felt as if she had been buried alive.

Meanwhile, she could hear her beautiful mother's anxious wails. "Xiao Wu, Xiao Wu, are you alright?"

Feng Liu held onto the beautiful lady and feigned a caring tone. "Auntie, things like this happen. The thunderbolt came out of the blue and of all the rooms, it just happened to hit Feng Wu's. It collapsed right away. Even if the thunderbolt didn't kill her, the bricks would surely have crushed her to death. Crying won't change anything."

She might be trying to console Feng Wu's mother, if she could hide the satisfaction in her tone.

Frightened, the beautiful lady burst into tears. With a sudden burst of energy, she shoved Feng Liu to the side and stumbled toward the pile of ruins. She tripped halfway there, but she immediately scrambled to her feet and went on running.

Feng Wu couldn't bring herself to see her mother in such a distraught state. She rose to her feet right away.

*Crumble —*

Broken bricks and tiles rolled down the pile as she stood up.

Everyone turned their eyes in her direction at the noise!

Their eyes widened as they saw a figure walk out of the debris.

Her face was stunning.

Her expression was undisturbed.

The look in her eyes was as calm as ever.

“Xiao Wu —” The beautiful lady was worried sick. Holding onto Feng Wu with her slender fingers, she couldn’t stop trembling. “Xiao Wu, what are we going to do? Your room was destroyed by lightning...”

“Mum, I’m fine.” Feng Wu didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Seeing that her mother’s face was smudged with dirt, she gently wiped her face clean.

After rubbing the beautiful lady’s shoulders softly to calm her down, Feng Wu turned her gaze on Feng Liu.

Feng Liu’s stomach lurched when their eyes met!

What was going on?

Why did she feel that Feng Wu’s stare was even more piercing and intimidating than usual?!

When Feng Wu turned her dark eyes her way, Feng Liu felt as if a cold, sharp blade had stabbed her in the heart.

“Why are you still standing? Why aren’t you dead?!” Feng Liu couldn’t understand why this had happened. Wasn’t Feng Wu useless? How come there wasn’t a scratch on her after being hit by a thunderbolt first, followed by a house collapsing on top of her? That didn’t make sense!

Crossing her arms in front of her, Feng Wu gave Feng Liu a half-smile. “My dear cousin, it sounds to me that you wished I was dead.”

Feng Liu blanched. Before she could say another word, Feng Yiran came in with a frown and said impatiently, “Are you done packing? We’re leaving in two hours.”

“Leaving? Where to?” Feng Wu narrowed her eyes and stared at Feng Yiran.

Feng Yiran also recognized the change in Feng Wu’s gaze. However, he was too concerned with their departure to ponder it. He replied in a cold voice, “To the imperial capital, of course!”

“Who’s going?” Feng Wu squinted at him.

Feng Liu gloated. “What’s going on with you tonight? Don’t you know that the crown prince has left?”

“Jun Linyuan and the others are gone?” Feng Wu still hadn’t figured out what excuse to give those people and was greatly relieved to hear the news.

“That’s right. They left before daybreak, and His Royal Highness took the time to talk to me before he left. Why, didn’t he say anything to you?”



## Chapter 146: To Our Boss Jun, That Girl Is...

It didn't take a genius to see that Feng Liu was showing off.

That only settled Feng Wu's mind further.

"Go pack. You only have two hours. We're setting out as soon as the day breaks," Feng Liu prompted.

Feng Wu snorted. "I'm perfectly happy living here in Northern Border City. Why should I go with you? I'm staying right here."

Her beautiful mother suddenly took her hand with teary, pleading eyes. Her cheeks were streaked with tears, which was the last thing Feng Wu wanted to see in this world.

Feng Wu's heart sank and something felt very wrong. Before she could ask —

"Hahahaha —" Feng Liu guffawed. "Feng Wu, haven't you realized that your brother isn't here?"

Her brother? Only then did Feng Wu realize that she hadn't seen Feng Xiaoqi anywhere. With his restless temperament, he would have been the first to run out at something as big as a collapsed house. Wait...

Feng Wu took her mother's hands and looked into her beautiful eyes. "Mum?"

The beautiful lady's eyes swam with tears and she started crying before she could speak...

"Hahaha —" Feng Liu went on laughing. "Jun Linyuan took your brother! He took Feng Xiaoqi to the imperial capital! Hahaha —"

Feng Wu's heart sank!

Jun Linyuan took Feng Xiaoqi?! Why?!

Thinking back to Jun Linyuan's indecipherable expression and his knowing look, Feng Wu was utterly frustrated. What did the guy want?!

Feng Liu darted Feng Wu a distasteful glance. "Anyway, we're leaving in two hours. Brother and I will tie you up and escort you to the imperial capital even if you don't want to! Suit yourself!"

At the thought of having the entire Feng clan to back her up once they were back in the imperial capital, and that she would be able to make Feng Wu do anything — turn her into a maid, or a slave! — Feng Liu made a fist in satisfaction, then left the courtyard, laughing all the way.

Feng Wu furrowed her fine eyebrows.

Her beautiful mother looked around to make sure that Feng Liu was really gone. She then took a letter out of her sleeve and stuffed it into Feng Wu's hands. Lowering her voice, she said gingerly to Feng Wu, "I hid it well! No one took it away!"

Feng Wu rubbed her beautiful mother's glossy black hair affectionately, then unfolded the letter.

It was from Feng Xun.

Feng Xun's letter was in his usual style and rambled on.

However, it came with its merits: Feng Xun told her everything, including things that maybe he shouldn't have.

"We were going to stay for a while in Northern Border City, but we received an urgent message and had to leave in the middle of the night.

"Did I tell you? We came here to Northern Border City this time to search for the Immortal Spiritual Fruit because the life of a very pretty and very lovely girl depends on it."

A pretty and lovely girl? Who was that? Feng Wu frowned. She still couldn't figure out who it was after racking her brain.

"Hahaha! I bet you're dying to find out who that girl is, aren't you? Our Boss Jun was willing to travel thousands of miles from the imperial capital for her – what do you think she is to him?"

"Are you jealous? Hahaha! Don't even try to compare yourself with her. If the place you take up in Boss Jun's heart is about the size of a sesame seed, she takes up his entire mind! She's the only girl that Boss Jun treats gently. Feel jealous all you want, but you'll never be her match."

Chapter 147: A Few Drops of Blood Is All Your Brother Will Lose Every Day

Feng Wu was speechless. So what if that girl was the only one Jun Linyuan treated with gentleness? She, jealous? Don't make her laugh!

"Hahaha! Right, I almost forgot to tell you something. We were very lucky yesterday, because your brother accidentally cut his finger and Boss Jun saw right away that your brother was someone with an Ultimate Spiritual Body! Do you know what that means?! It means that your brother is the key to saving that girl!"

On guard, Feng Wu narrowed her eyes.

The Ultimate Spiritual Body was a very rare and very precious quality, so much so that on the entire continent, only a handful of people had it.

Such a quality enabled one to cultivate automatically as long as there was spiritual essence around, which was why it made others so envious.

Feng Xiaoqi had started off as someone with a semi-Ultimate Spiritual Body; it was exceptional, but not amazingly so.

Despite all the rumors which might arise, or what others would think of her, Feng Wu delayed Feng Xiaoqi's cultivation for five years.

With her matchless medical skills, Feng Wu had been nourishing Feng Xiaoqi continuously for the past five years. Finally, she turned his semi-Ultimate Spiritual Body into a real one! And what was Jun Linyuan going to do to Feng Xiaoqi now? He was going to cut the boy open for his blood! If they somehow destroyed Feng Xiaoqi's gifts, Feng Wu swore that she would kill them all!

Other people said that because Feng Wu was useless, she was so jealous of Feng Xiaoqi that she had stopped him from cultivating in order to make him as useless as she was. But in fact, no one knew how much Feng Wu had invested in her brother.

“Since you were sleeping, we didn’t want to wake you up. We took your brother with us back to the imperial capital.”

Feng Wu smirked. They didn’t want to wake her up? They had decided to act first and report afterward because they knew she wouldn’t allow it!

As a matter of fact, Feng Wu had guessed part of the truth. Feng Xun indeed found Feng Wu a little intimidating.

“Don’t worry. A few drops of blood is all your brother will lose every day. He’ll live. Plus, Boss Jun will owe him a very big favor. That’ll be such a great honor for you all. Aren’t you glad for your brother? Hahaha —”

Enough with the “hahas” already! If Feng Xun was here, Feng Wu would so smash an iron pan on his head!

A few drops of blood every day? What kind of charlatan had come up with such a lousy idea? Feng Wu felt like punching someone!

“Xiao Wu...” Her beautiful mother was eyeing her earnestly.

Feng Wu said to Granny Zhao by her mother’s side, “Please pack my mum’s things. We’re leaving for the imperial capital ASAP.”

Granny Zhao nodded.

“Wait, where’s Qiuling?” It finally occurred to Feng Wu that she hadn’t seen her chambermaid Qiuling anywhere.

Ever since Frozen Forest, Feng Wu’s mind had been all over the place. She had devoted all her energy toward evading Feng Xun and the others that she had forgotten about Qiuling.

Granny Zhao said, “Miss Feng Liu locked Qiuling up in the woodshed and wouldn’t let us give Qiuling any food. She said she’d starve Qiuling for three days...”

Feng Wu glared at her. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

Granny Zhao gave her a bitter smile. “Miss, you’ve been so busy these days that I never got around to tell you. Plus, with His Royal Highness here... Rest assured, Miss. I’ve been sneaking food in to Qiuling. She wouldn’t have starved.”

Feng Wu knew that Granny Zhao had kept it from her for her own good; the old maid didn’t want Feng Wu to start another row with Feng Liu over Qiuling again.

“I’ll get her out.” Feng Wu went to the woodshed in a hurry.

Qiuling was fast asleep when Feng Wu entered. She heaved a sigh when she saw that there wasn’t a scratch on Qiuling’s face and that she didn’t look emaciated.

Moonlight poured in like water through the window. She could make out Qiuling's face, which still looked troubled in sleep.

#### **Chapter 148: You're the One Feng Xun Made Such A Fuss About**

Qiuling's face was covered in sweat and she looked panic-stricken.

Sitting down on the bed, Feng Wu patted her gently on the shoulder. "Qiuling, wake up."

"Miss Wu!" Qiuling cried out and bolted up from the bed, her eyes still closed.

"Bad dream?" Feng Wu asked guiltily.

Qiuling opened her eyes at Feng Wu's voice and was shocked when she saw the latter. She sat there in a trance-like state!

"Am I still dreaming? It seems like I saw my mistress come back..." Tears welled up in Qiuling's eyes as she spoke.

Feng Wu chortled. "Silly girl. You're not in a dream. Your mistress is really back."

"Miss Wu?! Miss Wu, is that really you? You're not dead? You're back?! *Sob* — " Overwhelmed with dread, distress, and anxiety, Qiuling threw herself into Feng Wu's arms, tears rolling down her cheeks. "*Sob* — Miss Wu, I saw that eagle take you and I thought I would never see you again —"

Qiuling had always been a steady girl, and Feng Wu never expected to one day see her cry like this, which made her feel all the more guilty. She then briefly told Qiuling about what had happened in the past few days.

"Oh my god!" Covering her mouth with both hands, Qiuling's eyes popped out. "Miss, y- you... you stole that Immortal Spiritual Fruit from the crown prince after that eagle snatched you?!"

Feng Wu nodded. "Yup."

"And you've refined the Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill with that fruit and you can resume your cultivation?!"

Feng Wu nodded again. "Yup."

"Oh god, oh god, oh god! There is divine justice after all! *Sob* — " Burying her face in her palms, Qiuling wept with joy. Tears rolled down her cheeks like broken beads. "This is great. This is the greatest news..."

Qiuling had served Feng Wu since they were little; she had been there when Feng Wu grew into a genius girl as well as when Feng Wu was crippled and fell out of favor. On hearing the news that Feng Wu was able to cultivate again, Qiuling was so excited that she almost jumped to her feet!

Feng Wu enjoined in a serious tone, "Feng Xun and his people have no idea that I was the ugly girl. You were there with me in Yunlai Tower, so make sure you don't give the game away."

"I won't!" Qiuling made a fist!

“Go pack our stuff. We’re leaving for the imperial capital in less than two hours.” Feng Wu heaved a sigh.

Going to the imperial capital now wasn’t ideal for Feng Wu. Her plan was to achieve some significant gains in her cultivation here in Northern Border City before going to the imperial capital. However, now that her little brother had been taken, Feng Wu had no choice but to follow.

In the last bit of time she had left, Feng Wu went to see Old Man Ba.

Old Man Ba welcomed Feng Wu with his intense gaze. He looked Feng Wu up and down, eager for some gossip.

Feng Wu sat down in a familiar manner, poured some tea for herself, and casually sipped it, completely unaffected by the old man’s probing gaze.

In the end, Old Man Ba was the first to give in. Leaning toward Feng Wu, he said, “Hey, little one.”

“What?” Feng Wu said grumpily.

“You’re the person Feng Xun made such a fuss about, aren’t you?”

Feng Wu was baffled. “Master Ba, aren’t you supposed to be a medicine maniac? I didn’t know you were interested in such worldly affairs.”

Old Man Ba gave Feng Wu a sidelong glance and said haughtily, “I’m only asking because you’re involved. I wouldn’t give a damn if it was anyone else.”

Old people indeed behaved like kids.

Feng Wu shook her head. “I’m not the one.”

“Tch.” Old Man Ba didn’t buy it. “Liar. You were the one in my refinery and only you knew about that passageway. Who else could it be?”

#### **Chapter 149: I Can’t Cultivate? Says Who?**

Feng Wu gave Old Man Ba a half-smile. “Tell me this: who was the person that welcomed Jun Linyuan into the refinery and tried to introduce me to them? You wouldn’t let them leave before that happened!”

“*Cough, cough* —” Old Man Ba almost choked on his own spit. He waved his hands in a flurry. “Fine, forget what I asked. Young lady, you just always have to win, don’t you? Now, what do you want from me this time?”

“I’m going to the imperial capital. We’re leaving in an hour,” said Feng Wu earnestly.

“Why the rush?” Old Man Ba asked. “What happened? Is someone threatening you? Tell me. I’ll take care of it for you.”

“Yes. Jun Linyuan.” Feng Wu snorted.

" *Cough, cough* — " Old Man Ba almost choked on his own spit again.

Had it been anyone else, his status might be enough to back Feng Wu up. But this was Jun Linyuan...

"Did he find out what you did?"

Feng Wu said grumpily, "Do you think I'd be sitting here in one piece if he had? He discovered Xiaoqi's Ultimate Spiritual Body and took my brother back to the imperial capital to use his blood to save someone. I'm worried that they'll mess things up and somehow hurt Xiaoqi's Ultimate Spiritual Body, which will be a very big problem. So, I'll be away from Northern Border City for some time, and I'll leave everything here in your hands."

Old Man Ba nodded. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it. Wait here a moment."

After that, Old Man Ba went inside in a hurry, and before long, he came back and handed Feng Wu two letters.

"'For Ba Jianming's eyes only'?" Feng Wu checked the first envelope. "Is this your son?"

"My grandson."

Feng Wu darted a look at Old Man Ba with a half-smile and said teasingly, "You don't like your son very much, do you?"

Old Man Ba glowered at Feng Wu. "How did you figure that out?"

"It's all in the name. Ba Jianming, that sounds like 'Ba Jianmin' —'to have a wastrel for a father.' You called your son a wastrel, didn't you?"

Old Man Ba was speechless. If Feng Wu hadn't pointed it out, he would never have known how lousy the name he had given his grandson was!

The corner of his mouth twitched a little and he waved his hands. "Jianming is... well, he's angry with me because of his father. The last time I heard from him, he was in Wanping Town, which is on your way to the imperial capital. I'd like you to take something to him for me."

Feng Wu nodded, then examined the second envelope. "Yan Shien? The principal of Imperial College?"

Old Man Ba nodded. "We go a long way back. Take this letter to him. Remember, give it to him in person."

Feng Wu asked tentatively, "Must I give it to him myself?"

"Of course. You have to deliver it, not anyone else. Understand?" Old Man Ba stressed.

Feng Wu nodded. "Old man, you're not asking your friend, the principal, to keep an eye on me, are you?"

That was spot on. Old Man Ba cast a stern look at Feng Wu, then said in a haughty tone, "Little one, you think too highly of yourself. Do I look like that kind of person to you?"

"But you are," said Feng Wu matter-of-factly.

Old Man Ba darted another look at Feng Wu and mumbled, "What a pity that you can never cultivate again. Otherwise, I would ask Old Yan to teach you himself. Such a pity..."

Feng Wu couldn't bring herself to lie to Old Man Ba. Putting away the Concealing Jade, Feng Wu grinned. "I can't cultivate? Says who?"

### **Chapter 150: I Got Struck by Thunder, I Suppose?**

"Wait a minute!" Old Man Ba's eyes lit up and he cried out in surprise. "Level 3 Spiritual Master? When did you achieve that? A Level 3 Spiritual Master ranks at the bottom of all cultivators, but it's still proof that you can cultivate now!"

Feng Wu nodded with a smile. "Yes, at least I can cultivate now."

"That's great!" Old Man Ba was over the moon. "Surprise us with your first success, won't you? A lot of people are waiting to laugh at you. I bet they don't know you can cultivate yet!"

Feng Wu put the Concealing Jade back on and smiled. "I think I'll keep it from them for the time being."

"That's very wise of you. After all, you're still quite weak and you don't have an advanced cultivator to protect you. You must be extra careful from now on. What do you think they'll do to you if they find out that you can cultivate again?" Old Man Ba said anxiously. "Luckily, you have my letter for Old Yan. Go to him and ask for his protection as soon as you get to the imperial capital. He won't cast you aside. As for your Feng clan... well, I won't expect anything from them if I were you. Count yourself lucky if they don't dupe you, let alone protect you."

Feng Wu took Old Man Ba's words to heart.

The principal of Imperial College held a very prestigious status in the Junwu Empire. Feng Wu had only met the man once even when she had still been the genius girl.

"Grandpa Ba..." Feng Wu began to speak. She knew that the old man had found her a very powerful patron.

Old Man Ba found sentimental moments like these very icky. Waving his hand, he said impatiently, "I would never have bothered to do such a thing for you if it wasn't for Jun Linyuan's pursuit. Make sure no one finds out. You're dead if Jun Linyuan discovers that you did it. Understand?"

"Yes, of course. I will." Feng Wu nodded right away.

She had thought about leaving things to chance and didn't think it would be a big deal if Jun Linyuan found out what she had done.

But she had stopped thinking that way after Feng Xun told her that Jun Linyuan had traveled all the way out here to find the medicine to save the girl he cared the most for in this world...

If Jun Linyuan found out that Feng Wu was the thief who had stolen his Immortal Spiritual Fruit, she would lose a lot more than a few drops of blood – the guy would probably simply carve her heart out. Feng Wu shuddered at the thought.

Old Man Ba came back to his senses at that moment and looked suspiciously at Feng Wu. "Speaking of which, little one, why is it that you can cultivate again?"

Feng Wu was quick to react and came up with a ready answer. "I have no idea. Maybe it was because of that thunderbolt yesterday. I was struck, then got my abilities back."

Old Man Ba rolled his eyes at her. "You're lying your ass off, little thing. I can tell right away that it was because of that Immortal Spiritual Fruit..."

"Why did you even ask, then?" Feng Wu glowered at Old Man Ba.

The old man had guessed it all along. He had only asked to make sure that Feng Wu already had an excuse ready, so that Jun Linyuan wouldn't catch her off guard.

Even with everything Old Man Ba had gone through, he still found Jun Linyuan very intimidating.

"Alright, I'm off. They're all waiting for me." Feng Wu waved her right hand as she spoke.

Old Man Ba shook his head grumpily. What a naughty kid.

However, as Feng Wu walked away, Old Man Ba suddenly burst into laughter. With the girl in the imperial capital, the city wouldn't stay quiet for much longer.

Feng Wu got back to the Feng manor just in time.

Feng Liu was yelling at the servants when Feng Wu arrived. Seeing her cousin, Feng Liu snorted. "Hurry up. Everyone is ready and we're all waiting for you! You'll have to answer to me if we can't catch up with His Royal Highness!"