

G E D 151

Chapter 151: The Imperial Capital Is A City of Trouble

Had it not been for the fact that her brother had been cultivating in the small hours and required absolute quiet, Feng Liu would have prompted him to set out together with Jun Linyuan.

Feng Wu didn't take many people with her this time.

The only servant she had was Qiuling, her chambermaid.

And the beautiful lady only took her own chambermaid, Granny Zhao.

Other than the two maids, there was also Uncle Qiu, the steward/guard that had been with Feng Wu for a very long time.

Feng Wu was used to keeping all her important belongings in the ring and she had little to pack. However, her beautiful mother was taking out case after case of clothes, which made Feng Wu stare with an open mouth.

"There are so many of them —" Seeing that Feng Wu was looking in their direction, Granny Zhao said in a hurry, as if she had just found her savior, "Madam wants to take all her clothes and ornaments back to the imperial capital, but... how are we going to fit all these cases?"

There were at least over a dozen eaglewood chests.

Biting her lower lip, the beautiful lady was all puppy-eyed and pitiful. She couldn't bear the thought of leaving behind one single piece of clothing.

"... I made them myself..." Her glistening eyes were as clear and innocent as a fawn's, waking up all of Feng Wu's motherly instincts.

Feng Wu gave in right away. "Alright, alright. We'll take them all. Everything."

"Yes!" The beautiful lady smiled through her tears and her face was as radiant as the morning sun.

The corner of Granny Zhao's mouth twitched a little and she didn't know what to say. No one took so many chests when traveling, for it was simply too inconvenient. She had never met another daughter that doted on their mother like Miss Wu here did.

Feng Liu and Feng Yiran exchanged looks as the big chests were taken out of the rooms.

It seemed that Feng Wu had accumulated quite some wealth during her five years living here in Northern Border City. Once they were back in the imperial capital... Hahaha!

Feng Liu would never have guessed that the chests contained nothing of real value, but only the beautiful lady's clothes.

After Feng Liu's incessant nagging, everyone finally got into their carriages and were ready to depart.

Feng Yiran and Feng Liu's carriage went first, followed by their guards.

Feng Wu and the others from the old manor were at the rear of the procession.

That was to say, Feng Yiran's men were only responsible for the safety of the brother and sister. They wouldn't give a damn if anything happened to Feng Wu and the others.

Feng Wu thought about having a carriage to herself, so that it would be more convenient for her to cultivate on the way. But now, she changed her mind.

"I'll share a carriage with Mum. Qiuling, you take the one behind with Granny Zhao," Feng Wu instructed.

The team from the Feng clan was soon on its way.

The carriage Feng Wu took was a special one she had customized for her mother. Because it was shockproof, it was very comfortable to sit in, and one wouldn't be jolted or get tossed about like in ordinary carriages.

Plus, there were a lot of hidden gadgets inside the carriage.

Feng Wu put down a tray table from the wall and laid out some food and water on it, then fetched some embroidery work for her mother. She smiled and said in a cajoling voice, "I'm going to be busy with my cultivation from now on and I won't have much time to keep you company. Mum, do you think you can look after yourself?"

Despite her child-like level of intelligence, the beautiful lady knew perfectly well that cultivation was something of great importance. She nodded affirmatively. "Xiao Wu is awesome."

"Yes, Xiao Wu is going to get super awesome and I'll be able to protect you." Feng Wu caressed her mother's hair.

Her other hand made a fist under her long sleeve.

The imperial capital was a city of trouble.

There —

Chapter 152: She Had to Be Strong!

Those who coveted her brother's Ultimate Spiritual Body were there!

And those who drooled over her mother's beauty!

And those who had destroyed her True Phoenix Blood!

And those who had driven her master into a coma!

She had to be strong! That was her only option!

Feng Wu took a deep breath, then sat down with her legs crossed. With the sway of the carriage, she was soon absorbed in her cultivation.

She reached Level 3 yesterday and was curious to see if she could level up yet again today.

As she inhaled, the spiritual energy in the surrounding air rushed toward her.

Between her eyebrows, the drop of Divine Blood of the Phoenix from her master glowed with a faint red light.

Three concentric circles of light appeared around the Divine Blood of the Phoenix, resembling the growth rings of a tree.

The abundant spiritual energy surrounded Feng Wu, seeping into her body through all her orifices.

Clashing against the water in Feng Wu's dantian, the spiritual energy of fire flickered like streaks of lightning.

As the two elements collided, the golden liquid gradually dribbled into Feng Wu's dantian.

Drip, drip, drip —

Feng Wu focused all her attention on the formation of the golden liquid, for she knew perfectly well that only when her dantian was filled with it could she move on to the next level.

There was still a long way to go and she had only just started.

The liquefaction into this golden liquid was a long and dull process.

Moreover, it was painful and torturous.

Each drop of the golden liquid was the result of a collision between fire and water, and each collision drove a sharp pain through Feng Wu like a stabbing dagger.

Feng Wu let nothing show on her face, apart from the sweat that rolled down her cheeks.

The level of the golden liquid rose in her dantian, filling it up to a quarter, half, three quarters...

Feng Wu's clothes were soaked and she looked like she had been thrown into the water.

At the same time, in the front carriage, Feng Liu beckoned at Feng Yiran, who was riding a horse.

Feng Yiran frowned, but still went up to her. Before he could ask, Feng Liu said, "Brother, I need to talk to you right now! It's important!"

"What is it?" Feng Yiran was still frowning.

"It's about Feng Wu." Feng Liu lowered her voice.

Feng Yiran gave it some thought before dismounting from his horse and getting into the carriage. "Cut to the chase."

It was inappropriate for a brother to stay in a carriage alone with his sister.

"Brother —" Wrapping her arms around her knees, Feng Liu looked up at Feng Yiran, her eyes twinkling. "Do you think it's a good idea to have Feng Wu back in the imperial capital?"

"What do you have in mind?" Feng Yiran answered with a question.

Feng Liu brought up what had been on her mind this entire time. “Brother, I think bringing Feng Wu back alive will only do us harm. Do you think she’ll stop competing with you over the position of future clan chief?”

Before Feng Yiran could reply, Feng Liu smirked. “Brother, let me remind you: Feng Wu might be useless now, but she still has a very formidable weapon – her face!”

Feng Liu went on twisting the knife. “Young Lord Feng seemed to like her face a lot. You saw it yourself. He was all over her and followed her everywhere. If she becomes his concubine and works her charm in bed, what do you think she can talk him into?”

Chapter 153: Deserted

Feng Xun wasn’t without friends. The guy was backed by Jun Linyuan, the crown prince!

Feng Yiran recalled what happened in the Feng manor previously and had to admit that his younger sister here did have a point.

Feng Liu watched him closely. Seeing the frown on his face, she knew that Feng Yiran was wavering.

Hence, she clenched her fists and grabbed the opportunity. “Brother, do you think your relationship with Feng Wu will somehow be mended one day?”

Feng Yiran shook his head without hesitation.

In order to compete for the position of future clan chief, Feng Yiran had once done something to betray both Feng Wu and the entire Feng clan. There was no fixing his relationship with Feng Wu, for she would kill him if she ever found out what he had done.

Feng Liu went on driving the wedge between Feng Yiran and Feng Wu. “And there’s more, Brother. You have to admit that many influential people have interesting notions about Feng Wu’s pretty mother... If they were cornered somehow, what do you think they’ll do...”

Feng Yiran’s frown grew bigger. “I can see that now.”

An exhilarated look flickered in Feng Liu’s eyes. “So, how about we do it now...”

She gestured with her hand, drawing her fingers across her neck.

Feng Yiran was still frowning. “Ah Liu, have you forgotten what I taught you...”

“I haven’t. You told me not to do it myself, but to let others do it for me, right? I remember that!” Feng Liu lowered her voice. “On our way here, didn’t we run into a pack of Obsidian Wolves?”

Feng Liu whispered something in Feng Yiran’s ear, then looked at him eagerly. “Brother, what do you think? It’ll be an accident no one could have anticipated. Even if Young Lord Feng wants to take revenge afterwards, he’ll have to vent his rage on those Obsidian Wolves, wouldn’t he?”

Feng Yiran gave Feng Liu a look. “I see you’ve learned a few things.”

“That’s because I have a good teacher.” Feng Liu raised her chin proudly.

“Good. I’ll leave it to you, then.” A cold light flickered in Feng Yiran’s eyes.

He had made plans to get rid of Feng Wu before they reached the imperial capital. Since Feng Liu had offered to shoulder the task herself, Feng Yiran was more than willing to hand over that burden.

Little did Feng Liu know that she had just been used as a pawn. Accepting the task in excitement, she shot a meaningful glance at Caiyue, her maid.

A plot against Feng Wu took shape.

Feng Liu didn’t carry it out right away, for it required the perfect timing and favorable geographical conditions.

They had been traveling for over a week when a little before dark one day, Feng Liu finally exploded!

Jumping out of her carriage, she rushed to the rear of the team on horseback and whipped the side of Feng Wu’s carriage hard!

Smack!

The carriage swayed violently and almost tipped over!

The beautiful lady was hungry. She was about to wake Feng Wu up, but the noise frightened her!

Feng Liu’s angry voice came from outside. “Why are you people so slow? Don’t you know we’re in a rush?”

Feng Wu was cultivating and had closed all her five senses to the outside world. Hence, she heard none of what Feng Liu said.

Intimidated, her mother widened her eyes, with no idea how to react.

Feng Liu then whipped Uncle Qiu, who was driving the carriage. She said with a smirk on her face, “Drive as slow as you want, then. We’re going at our own speed!”

After that, Feng Liu put away the whip and galloped back on her horse.

A moment later, the beautiful lady heard the sound of thundering hooves in the distance.

Uncle Qiu panicked when he saw those traveling in the front speed off. He waved and cried out, “Hey! Wait for us! Wait!”

However, they acted as if they didn’t hear him at all and were soon out of sight.

Uncle Qiu looked frightened. “We’ve already entered Death Valley. What are we gonna do now? Death Valley after dark is...”

Chapter 154: Miss Wu Can Cultivate Now?!

Uncle Qiu looked frightened. “We’ve entered Death Valley already. What are we gonna do now? Death Valley after dark is...”

Uncle Qiu wasn't too capable a cultivator. He had followed Feng Wu all the way to Northern Border City and had stayed a Level 7 Spiritual Master ever since.

As for Qiuling, she was even weaker. As a mere Level 1 Spiritual Master, she could do little to help...

Meanwhile, inside the carriage, Feng Wu felt a disturbance in her mind, and there was a non-stop buzzing sound in her ears.

She smiled a little. Finally, she was a Level 4 Spiritual Master.

She had guessed right: her cultivation the second time round not only enabled her to strengthen her skills, it was also surprisingly efficient.

In less than ten days, she had leveled up four times.

Feng Wu felt that there was still room for more progress. As a result, she didn't emerge from her oblivious state, but remained fully absorbed in her cultivation.

"Uncle Qiu, what are we gonna do now?"

Qiuling ran out of the carriage behind Feng Wu's and rushed to Uncle Qiu's side, looking indignant. "Not only did Young Master and Miss Liu run off, they took all the guards with them. It'll be dark soon. What are we supposed to do in the middle of nowhere?"

Uncle Qiu was equally flustered, but he managed to keep the look on his face calm and said coolly, "Death Valley is full of peril, and even more so after dark. I think the young master meant us harm."

Qiuling said resentfully, "Can they be any more obvious about it? Of course they mean us harm. They're only too glad to be able to get rid of Madam and Miss like this! They're simply evil!"

Blue veins popped on Uncle Qiu's forehead. "What does Miss Wu think? She's so smart. I bet she'll have a plan."

Qiuling smacked her forehead. "Of course! I'll go ask Miss Wu!"

However, when Qiuling lifted the thick curtain of the carriage, Feng Wu's beautiful mother raised her index finger to her lips and gestured at Qiuling. " *Shhh* — "

Seeing Feng Wu sitting there cross-legged with her eyes closed and the abundant spiritual energy circling her, Qiuling saw right away that Feng Wu was in the process of leveling up. This wasn't the right time to disturb her at all!

Uncle Qiu was baffled when he saw this. Cultivation? Miss Wu could cultivate now?

Because Feng Wu was wearing her Concealing Jade, Uncle Qiu couldn't tell what level Feng Wu was at. However, the fact that she could cultivate again was enough to make Uncle Qiu wild with joy.

"Miss Wu has resumed her cultivation?! Our Miss Wu... is a cultivator again?!" Rapturous, Uncle Qiu took Qiuling by the arm with wide eyes. "Is it true?"

The excitement also brought tears to Qiuling's eyes and she nodded solemnly. "Yes! Miss Wu can cultivate now! In the foreseeable future, she'll be so amazing that all those people in the imperial capital will never see her the same way again!"

"Good! This is great! Great!" Tears of excitement streaked Uncle Qiu's cheeks. "I have no regrets even if I die here today!"

He had been with Feng Wu since she was little. He had been there when her fame reached its peak, and when she fell. How could he not be exhilarated when he found out that Feng Wu could cultivate again?!

However, at that moment, the sonorous and resentful howls of wolves came from the mountains of Death Valley!

"Aroo..."

Uncle Qiu and Qiuling exchanged looks and both saw fear in each other's eyes!

Chapter 155: Run!!!

"Wolves! That's the sound of wolves!" Qiuling looked at Feng Wu and Uncle Qiu in turn, and asked, "Uncle Qiu, what now? Do you think you can kill that wolf?"

"That wolf?" Uncle Qiu gave her a bitter smile. "That's the king of Obsidian Wolves, and when it howls, it won't just be one wolf; in a few minutes, we'll see tens of thousands of Obsidian Wolves charging at us! Granny Zhao, Qiuling, get inside the carriage. We're leaving!"

Granny Zhao was driving the carriage behind them, which contained all those chests. She would never outrun those wolves with such a heavy load!

Both Granny Zhao and Qiuling were well-trained to handle emergency situations like this, and they jumped into Feng Wu's carriage right away.

As soon as they were on board, Uncle Qiu's whip flicked through the air and struck the horses on the back!

The horses sped up right away!

Because of the increase in speed, the ride became bumpier than before.

Granny Zhao took pity on the beautiful lady, who was looking at them with eyes as innocent as a fawn's. She gripped the lady's hand hard and comforted her. "Madam, don't worry. We'll be alright..."

However, Granny Zhao's words were of little use, because —

Qiuling lifted the curtain and looked out. It wasn't completely dark yet and she could clearly make out the Obsidian Wolves everywhere, each one sturdier than the next. Their fur was glossy and the vicious look on their faces showed how ready they were to kill!

They were now rushing down the slopes in the manner of ones who ruled this land!

The sound of their paws pounding the ground was like hammers thumping on Qiuling's chest! She blanched and went very stiff!

Uncle Qiu realized how serious the situation was as well. He said loudly to Granny Zhao, "You drive! Get everyone out of here!"

After that, Uncle Qiu tossed the whip to Granny Zhao before jumping down from the carriage and charging at the wolf king!

Granny Zhao and Qiuling burst into tears. The Obsidian Wolves were everywhere and there was no way that Uncle Qiu could fight them off! He had just given up his life to save them!

However, this wasn't the time for Granny Zhao to get sentimental. She was responsible for Miss Wu's and the lady's lives now!

Smack!

Granny Zhao whipped the horses hard!

The fact that she could guard the lady for so many years was proof enough that Granny Zhao was no mere old lady.

However, no matter how hard Granny Zhao struck them, the two horses remained frozen on the spot.

Qiuling cried out, "Shit! The horses are frightened by the wolves and they can't move! We need to get off the carriage now!"

However, it was too late for that!

Because of the terrain, Feng Wu's carriage was right in the middle of the valley and the Obsidian Wolves were charging down at them from all directions. Hence —

Qiuling realized that they had nowhere to run!

"What are we gonna do?! The wolves will be on us in no time! There won't even be any bones left of us after they're done!" Qiuling was terrified, but wouldn't give in to this fate.

"There's nothing to regret about my death, but what a pity for Miss Wu. She just got her ability back, and she's going to die like this... I'll get back at those two even if I turn into a ghost!" Qiuling realized that those Obsidian Wolves wouldn't charge at them for no reason — the brother and sister had to have done something to them.

As they spoke, the wolf king had reached their carriage!

Uncle Qiu turned around and panicked!

He hurried back toward the others, but there were simply too many Obsidian Wolves around them.

The wolves had figured out that this middle-aged man was the most capable fighter among these four human beings.

Chapter 156: Gloating Over Their Plight

Kill him and they would win the battle. Hence, hundreds of Obsidian Wolves attacked Uncle Qiu all at once!

Right now, Feng Wu was still absorbed in her cultivation. In her oblivious state, she had no idea what was going on outside.

She frowned at that moment. The golden liquid had almost filled her dantian, but she couldn't get it to travel through her energy channels no matter what.

Hence, she couldn't push herself through to Level 5 of Spiritual Master.

Feng Wu was well aware of the fact that cultivation was always closely linked to real combat. She was already considered remarkably talented to be able to rise to Level 4 without engaging in any real combat.

So, what she needed now was to find someone to fight... Feng Wu sighed with resignation.

She finished her cultivation. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Qiuling throw herself at her while crying out. An enormous Obsidian Wolf then stuck its head into the carriage!

Feng Wu frowned at the sight.

Without thinking, she pulled Flaming Sword, her old weapon, out of the ring, and jabbed it into the wolf's fierce-looking mouth!

" Roar — "

The Obsidian Wolf flew back out, blood spilling out of its mouth.

"There, there." Feng Wu patted Qiuling on her head.

What a gallant girl. She had shielded Feng Wu with her own body when an Obsidian Wolf charged at her... To say that Feng Wu was moved was an understatement.

"Miss, you're awake? *Sob* , there are so many of them! What are we gonna do?"

Inside the carriage, Qiuling wasn't the only one panicking; so were Granny Zhao and the beautiful lady.

Feng Wu had no time to think. The only thing she said was, "Great timing!"

Great timing? Qiuling's mouth fell open. They were going to die and her mistress called it good timing?

A little while ago, on a mountain peak.

A teenage boy and a teenage girl sat on a horse each, side by side.

The girl was slim and the boy sturdy. They were none other than Feng Liu and Feng Yiran.

Seeing the surrounded carriage down in the valley, Feng Liu smirked. "If Feng Wu can still escape this somehow, I'll eat all the grass in the valley!"

Watching the fight down below, the look on Feng Yiran's face was indecipherable. He then turned to Feng Liu. "Happy?"

Feng Liu arched an eyebrow. "You bet! Who the hell does Feng Wu think she is? How dare a good-for-nothing like her behave so arrogantly around me?! It's time for her to pay! She should have died five years ago – the past five years were already a bonus that she should never have earned."

Feng Yiran smiled a little. "You've been living in Feng Wu's shadow since you were little. If you can let your true self out by killing her, her death is worth all the trouble."

Feng Liu gloated and turned her gaze to Uncle Qiu. "What a pity. If he hadn't insisted on following Feng Wu to Northern Border City, he wouldn't have stayed at this level."

Uncle Qiu wasn't the only one. There were also Granny Zhao and Qiuling... all those who stuck with Feng Wu would die miserable deaths!

"Let's go." As the Obsidian Wolves closed in on the carriage, Feng Yiran turned his horse around and left first.

Feng Liu wanted to see Feng Wu get killed. But since her brother had left, she followed suit...

Right after Feng Yiran and Feng Liu disappeared from the mountain, Feng Wu opened her eyes. Holding the sword in her right hand, she dashed out of the carriage!

Chapter 157: I've Been Waiting for This!

The two things occurred only a second apart!

That one second was enough for Feng Liu and her brother to regret it for the rest of their lives!

Charging out of the carriage with Flaming Sword, the first thing Feng Wu did wasn't to attack the wolves, but to take out a bottle of expellent from the ring!

Back in Frozen Forest, Feng Wu had used the expellent to set Fairy Muyao up. If Feng Xun saw what Feng Wu was doing now, he would definitely be suspicious.

Too bad for them that they weren't around.

With the carriage in the center, Feng Wu drew a circle with a 10-meter radius on the ground with the expellent.

All the Obsidian Wolves inside the circle grew restless at the smell that was a deterrent to them. They retreated immediately, until they were outside the circle.

Qiuling and the others watched this with wide eyes!

"Miss Wu, a- are we alright now?" Qiuling was ecstatic!

She had thought that they were surely going to die here. As it turned out, a few drops of the dark liquid which her mistress had taken out was enough to draw a safe circle among all the wolves.

Before Feng Wu could reply, she heard a scream from a short distance away!

It was Uncle Qiu!

There was no time to waste. Feng Wu told Qiuling, "Stay in the carriage! I'll be right back!"

After that, Feng Wu rushed in Uncle Qiu's direction with her Flaming Sword!

"First stance of Flaming Sword: Merciless Stars!"

Despite being a mere Level 4 Spiritual Master, Feng Wu was light-footed and very nimble. As soon as she struck out with Merciless Stars, the head of the Obsidian Wolf that had taken Uncle Qiu by his throat was severed from its body!

However, these Obsidian Wolves were as fierce as rumored!

Even with its head chopped off, the wolf's fangs still dug deep into the flesh at the back of Uncle Qiu's neck. The sharp teeth glinted coldly in the moonlight.

Turning around, Uncle Qiu saw Feng Wu and his pupils contracted. "Miss Wu! Run! Don't waste your time saving me! Just leave!"

Seeing the blood that covered Uncle Qiu's face, Feng Wu saw that he was severely injured and couldn't hold on much longer. She immediately scattered more than half of the repellent in the air!

The Obsidian Wolves hated the repellent more than anything else. At the smell, the ferocious wolves stumbled back.

Feng Wu seized the opportunity to grab Uncle Qiu by the arm as she quickly dragged him into the safe circle.

Granny Zhao was Uncle Qiu's wife, and she almost passed out when she saw all the blood on Uncle Qiu.

Feng Wu handed Granny Zhao a white bottle and some red pills.

"Pour the white one over his wound and feed the red one to him! Quickly!"

"Yes!" Now wasn't the time to pass out. Granny Zhao immediately treated Uncle Qiu's wound as told.

Meanwhile, Feng Wu examined the wolves outside the circle with a grim look on her face.

This was a little different from last time.

Because Jun Linyuan had been there back then. He was so formidable that the wolves backed off without any repellent.

Although the Obsidian Wolves were now being kept at bay outside the circle, they kept their intimidating gazes on Feng Wu and the rest.

They didn't dare enter, but they wouldn't let go of this opportunity. Hence, they stayed where they were.

Feng Wu smirked.

Did they think her an easy target? Well, she was indeed in need of some real combat, and these wolves would come in handy!

Chapter 158: Punching Bags!

Looking at the wolves, Feng Wu smiled. *You guys came at just the right moment!*

Because she lacked real combat, she was stuck at Level 4. She couldn't be any more glad to see so many punching bags.

Hence, Feng Wu looked over her shoulder and told Qiuling, "I'm leaving my mother and Uncle Qiu in your hands."

Qiuling looked at Feng Wu in confusion. "Miss, what are you..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, Feng Wu charged out into the Obsidian Wolves, holding her Flaming Sword!

That almost made Qiuling shriek!

She wasn't the only one who was surprised. The others were just as baffled!

They were finally safe, but Feng Wu had just jumped back out herself! What was she thinking?

Seeing that Feng Wu had left the safe circle willingly, the Obsidian Wolves pounced on Feng Wu all at once!

"First stance of Flaming Sword: Merciless Stars!"

It was her master who had taught her this sword art of Flaming Sword, and the sword itself had been forged under her master's instructions by the best alchemists and according to Feng Wu's qualities.

The blade created a silver arch in the air as Feng Wu exhibited Merciless Stars. *Whoosh!*

A wolf was thrown into the air, and when it fell to the ground, its entrails spilled out of a 50-cm gash in its abdomen.

It was dead before its giant body hit the ground.

That successfully shocked the rest of the Obsidian Wolves!

However, they were indeed the warrior wolves they were said to be!

The scent of blood incited their wild nature!

"Aroo..."

The howl of a wolf rang out in the distance!

Instantly, the ten Obsidian Wolves closest to Feng Wu pounced on her all at once!

"I thought you'd never come!" Feng Wu smirked, then shouted, "Second stance of Flaming Sword: Fire Stars!"

Crimson flame instantly erupted from the sword!

It shot out and encircled the ten Obsidian Wolves!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The blade flickered as Feng Wu clashed with the wolves!

Inside the safe circle, Qiuling and the others were so nervous that they covered their mouths with both hands, too afraid to cry out or even blink!

They almost forgot to breathe!

They went completely stiff.

They feared that if they looked away for one second, they would look back only to find that Feng Wu had been devoured by the Obsidian Wolves!

There were so many wolves...

However, when the flame faded, they saw that all ten wolves had been killed without a sound.

Blood dripped from the tip of Flaming Sword.

The way the Obsidian Wolves eyed Feng Wu changed a little.

These were the wolves that had surrounded Feng Wu in Frozen Forest. They had seen with their own eyes that this girl knew next to nothing about fighting... Why was she so different now?

“Again!” Feng Wu pointed at the wolves with the tip of Flaming Sword.

The Obsidian Wolves now knew fear. Bearing their fangs, their mouths widened in gruesome smiles!

Twenty wolves jumped out this time.

Feng Wu smirked. “Third stance of Flaming Sword: Shattering Stars!”

The blade glinted!

Bodies clashed!

Feng Wu fought the twenty wolves patiently. She didn’t rush to kill them right away, but tried to make her strikes more precise.

She knew perfectly well that she couldn’t kill all the wolves here. She was only using them as punching bags to practice her skills.

Chapter 159: Worn Out

She was methodical in how she used these punching bags.

Thud!

Flaming Sword stabbed into an Obsidian Wolf's head right between its eyes!

Thud! Thud!

Feng Wu struck each wolf in exactly the same spot!

There weren't any complicated moves or excessive tricks, but just a single fatal strike!

It was as precise as it was lethal!

As a result, it only took her half the time she had used to kill the previous ten wolves to kill these twenty!

However, Feng Wu wasn't happy with her speed and frowned.

The Obsidian Wolves had tempers as well. Would they just sit there calmly while their fellow wolves got slaughtered? Of course not!

Hence, more Obsidian Wolves stepped into the breach as the others fell!

There was only enough room for twenty wolves around Feng Wu, but that didn't turn out to be a problem. As soon as a wolf was killed, a new one filled the gap... Hence, there were always twenty wolves around Feng Wu!

They were full of vigor and had a prevailing thirst for blood!

On the other hand, Feng Wu was gradually becoming worn out!

After killing five hundred wolves in a row, Feng Wu finally realized that she was burning out. She remained as excited as she had been in the beginning, but she was physically exhausted!

The Obsidian Wolves were only too sensitive to the change in her physical state!

They immediately sensed it when Feng Wu slowed down by the tiniest amount. Their cold gazes were fixed on Feng Wu, as if they were looking at a dead person.

Feng Wu snickered. She was only twenty meters away from the safe circle. What did she have to worry about?

"Fourth stance of Flaming Sword: Dashing Stars!"

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Feng Wu struck out with her sword in a tapping motion, as if she was dabbing a piece of rice paper with a paintbrush that had been dipped in ink —

With each tap from the tip of the sword, blood sprayed from the foreheads of three wolves in turn and they flew backward instantly!

Seizing the opportunity, Feng Wu dashed the other way!

To Feng Wu now, twenty meters was too short a distance that she could cover in one breath.

Before the Obsidian Wolves could react, Feng Wu was back in the safe circle.

The beautiful lady rushed up to Feng Wu's side and wouldn't let go of her hands. Tears rolled down the lady's cheeks. It seemed that she was greatly shaken.

Feng Wu stroked her mother's back, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Mum, I'm fine. I'm not hurt. That's all wolf blood, not mine."

Only then did the beautiful lady notice the blood on Feng Wu. She gasped all of a sudden, closed her eyes, and collapsed.

Feng Wu didn't know what to say.

She had been wondering when that would happen. Her mother would usually faint at the sight of blood, and she had only been able to stand it now because she was too nervous to pass out.

Feng Wu handed her mother back to Qiuling in resignation. "She's way too tense. It'll do her good to get some rest like this. Take care of her and make sure to keep her warm."

Qiuling nodded repeatedly.

Knowing that they were on a tight schedule, Feng Wu sat down and crossed her legs after leaving some instructions. She immersed herself in her cultivation right away.

After the battle, Feng Wu could distinctly sense the fire spiritual energy pouring into her dantian and colliding violently with the rippling water there. *Whoosh* —

The speed at which the golden liquid was produced more than doubled!

The first three levels were rather easy and it wasn't a surprise that she could level up very fast then. However, starting from Level 4, she was obviously slowing down. Otherwise, Fairy Muyao and Feng Liu wouldn't have remained as they were at Level 5 and Level 6.

With her eyes shut, Feng Wu focused on liquifying the golden liquid one drop at a time.

After running her spiritual essence through her body, Feng Wu felt her fatigue disappear as she once again returned to her strongest state.

Chapter 160: I've Rested for Too Long

A faint smile emerged on Feng Wu's face. Right after that, she charged into the wolf pack again, still holding her Flaming Sword!

Another fierce battle began!

This time, Feng Wu was able to fight for longer than before. She only got worn out and retreated into the circle after killing as many as seven hundred wolves.

She then closed her eyes and cultivated, liquefying all the fire spiritual energy into the golden liquid before charging out again —

She repeated this process over and over again, returning to the circle when she was exhausted and going back into battle after she recovered.

Wounds gradually covered Feng Wu's body. There wasn't a part of her that wasn't bleeding. The marks the claws left on her flesh were a ghastly sight.

But Feng Wu couldn't care less about her wounds. The only thing she cared about now was getting stronger!

In this world that honored martial prowess more than anything else, one would never be safe without adequate capabilities, especially someone like her who had once been deemed a genius.

So many people in the imperial capital had to be waiting to laugh at her, humiliate her, and pick on her!

Now that she could cultivate again, all the hardship was nothing in comparison! As long as she was alive, she would keep on with the task!

In the end, Qiuling was so worried that she almost fainted. Holding Feng Wu's hands, she said, "Miss, please at least take a break. What you're doing now is really... we worry about you so much."

Feng Wu only smiled. "Qiuling, your miss has rested for too long."

She had been held up for as long as five years in Northern Border City.

"But..." Seeing that the original color of Feng Wu's dress was no longer recognizable with all the bloodstains, Qiuling burst into tears. "Miss, you still have a long way ahead of you and you'll have a lifetime to cultivate."

"No." Feng Wu shook her head, the look on her face solemn as she stared into Qiuling's eyes. "I'm not alone. I have my mother, my brother, and you lot to protect. If I'm not strong enough, we'll all die."

What Feng Wu didn't tell Qiuling was that if Zuo Qingluan learned that she had gotten her ability back... What would stop her from destroying Feng Wu's Phoenix Blood again?

At that thought, Feng Wu took a deep breath. She was still too slow! She had to work harder!

Qiuling watched as her mistress threw herself into the pack of wolves in her bloodstained clothes. Covering her mouth with her hand, Qiuling cried in silence... She then took a deep breath.

She couldn't help her mistress in her cultivation, but she could take care of Feng Wu's daily life and make sure that Feng Wu wasn't distracted from her important work! Yes! Qiuling made up her mind.

After Feng Wu's repeated courageous attempts at challenging the wolf king, her sword art had advanced to the tenth stance of Flaming Sword: Piercing Stars!

With each cycle of recovery and cultivation, the golden liquid accumulated in her dantian until she finally reached Level 5!

Fairy Muyao and Feng Liu were still at Level 5 and Level 6 after all these years of cultivation, which was proof enough of how difficult it was to reach this level!

However, Feng Wu had only resumed her cultivation ten days ago and she was already at Level 5!

But Feng Wu wasn't complacent about this achievement. If anything, she was filled with awe and reverence.

For she knew better than anyone else about the student classification at Imperial College.

All enrolled students were assigned to junior, intermediate, or advanced schools.

One would only be admitted to the junior school when they became a Level 3 Spiritual Master, and would graduate when they reached Level 6.

The intermediate school was open to those who had reached Level 5, and the students graduated at Level 9.

Only those who had reached the Spiritual Grandmaster stage could apply to the advanced school.

That was to say, Feng Wu was still a primary school student by that standard. It was too early for her to be complacent.

At that thought, Feng Wu went back to fighting the wolves.