

## GED 1791

### Chapter 1791: Face-slapping, Act Two (1)

The white fairy thought, *Since I've decided to help her, I might as well finish the job. Brother Chu likes kind girls. He'll be very happy when he hears about what I did.*

Meanwhile, Feng Wu had walked a few hundred meters into the main hall.

This used to be a pristine place, but it was now in a mess.

There were large holes in the floor.

Sculptures had been knocked over.

And broken puppets were scattered all over the ground.

Looking around, Feng Wu didn't see anything worth taking, and was very disappointed.

Just then, someone walked in her direction and was surprised to see Feng Wu.

It was none other than Sefiro.

Her eyes widened when she saw Feng Wu. "How did you get in here?"

Feng Wu shrugged. "The door opened, and here I am."

Sefiro said, "Bullsh\*t!"

Feng Wu said, "Whatever you say."

Sefiro glared at Feng Wu, then smirked. "I don't care how you got in. We've collected all the good stuff along the way. Do you see the sword in my hand? It's a Level 3 weapon, and other people have found even better things! You've found nothing so far, and you won't find anything!"

After that, Sefiro picked up a scabbard and ran off.

Feng Wu didn't know what to say.

The white fairy smirked. "Those who entered first were very relentless. I see that they ran into the poisonous corpses."

Feng Wu asked, "Can I find good stuff among them?"

The white fairy asked, "What do you mean by 'good stuff'? You can't seriously think that the Level 3 weapon which the princess has is a treasure, can you?"

Feng Wu said, "A Level 3 weapon is a suitable weapon for a Spiritual Elder. It's not all that useless, is it?"

The white fairy's lips twitched. "If you want that kind of stuff, I can find you a whole stack in no time, but they'll be too heavy for you to carry."

Feng Wu eyes lit up!

Seeing that Feng Wu was excited over such petty things, the white fairy rolled her eyes. "What's with your taste? You're embarrassing Chu Tianxiao!"

Feng Wu said, "I'm only a Spiritual Elder now. You can't expect me to see things like a Spiritual King."

The white fairy agreed. "Since you're interested in Spiritual Elder stuff, would you like some broken sword spirits? The sword spirit of your Fallen Star Sword can digest them all. Your sword spirit is the dumbest sword spirit I've ever seen."

Feng Wu cleared her throat uneasily.

Feng Wu knew how capable the white fairy was. Although she wasn't as good as Master Teacher Si Basi, she was still one of the top cultivators on this continent.

That was why weapons for Spiritual Elders were worthless in her eyes.

But Feng Wu was only a Spiritual Elder now, and those weapons were very suitable for her.

She didn't mind having a few more pieces.

"Come. Let's go find some broken sword spirits."

Feng Wu had forged the Fallen Star Sword herself. It had started off as a Level 5 weapon and was now a Level 3.

A weapon which could make advancements on its own was extremely rare.

The white fairy would love to have a rival at her level. *These weaklings are drooling over Level 3 weapons. How naive... What kind of world is this?* thought the fairy.

"100 meters up ahead."

## **Chapter 1792: Face-slapping, Act Two (2)**

"Turn right. You'll see a door.

"There are numbers above the door. The password is 123456."

Feng Wu found that password a bit too simple.

"Aren't you afraid that other people will guess it?" Feng Wu asked casually.

The white fairy said, "The simpler ones are harder to guess. No one has ever guessed it after all these years."

Feng Wu rubbed her nose. "Alright."

Just then, she heard someone talking not far away.

"This is the right direction!"

"We'll follow the second prince."

"The prince definitely has a map. Following him has to be the right choice."

“Yes, that’s right —”

After that, nearly everyone followed the second prince and walked in another direction.

Feng Wu watched the scene from her hiding place.

“They’ve gone that way,” Feng Wu murmured to the white fairy.

The white fairy glanced at Feng Wu. “Do you want to follow them?”

Feng Wu said, “Of course not. I’ll go wherever you tell me to go.”

The white fairy glanced at Feng Wu. “Do you know where the prince is taking them?”

Feng Wu asked curiously, “Where?”

The white fairy smirked. “They are heading right for the lair of the ghost king of the netherworld. This is going to be interesting.”

The white fairy spoke before Feng Wu could ask. “Let’s go. Our priority is to improve your ability.”

Feng Wu nodded and opened the door to the secret room.

“Close the door,” the white fairy whispered.

Feng Wu nodded and quickly closed the door.

She turned around to find a room filled with brilliant golden light and dense spiritual essence.

The room was vast and empty.

It was only about 100 square meters in size, but the dense spiritual essence caught Feng Wu’s attention.

“These are...”

Burlywood racks stood along the walls on both sides.

Each rack had three shelves, each containing different weapons.

After countless years, the racks all looked worn and dilapidated.

Although there were many weapons on the shelves —

Feng Wu frowned when she picked up a weapon. “The blade is chipped.

“This one, too. There are three gaps in it.

“This spear is broken.

“And this...”

The more weapons Feng Wu checked, the more disappointed she became. She then turned to the white fairy, who was standing next to her.

Because the white fairy was in her soul form, only Feng Wu could see her.

The white fairy glanced at Feng Wu. "According to your definition, these are all Level 3 weapons."

Feng Wu nodded. That was true.

"Do you find these weapons useless?" the white fairy asked casually.

Feng Wu gave it some thought and said, "These are all wonderful materials. If I can take them away with me, I can sell them at a good price. After I refine them, I think I can rebuild some Level 3 weapons."

The white fairy said grumpily, "Why do you bother with this garbage?"

Feng Wu smiled wryly.

The white fairy had simply seen too much. These broken weapons would be very popular in the outside world.

"Just let the sword spirit of the Fallen Star Sword eat them all," the white fairy said proudly.

### **Chapter 1793: Face-slapping, Act Two (3)**

Feng Wu asked, "Can she do that now? She can devour these things now? So many of them?"

The white fairy gave Feng Wu a "you idiot" look.

Feng Wu didn't seem convinced.

The white fairy stared at her. "Do you think so little of me?!"

Feng Wu looked perplexed.

The white fairy said, "Your little sword spirit was so dumb at first. She knew and understood next to nothing. After what I taught her, she's very clever now."

Feng Wu looked amazed. "Really?"

The white fairy snorted. "Of course it's true. Why should I lie to you?"

"Come out now."

The white fairy gave the order, and —

A girl dressed in red and with two symmetrical ponytails jumped out of the Fallen Star Sword. She didn't seem to have mastered flying yet, and fell to the ground as soon as she was out of the sword.

Feng Wu looked away in embarrassment.

Humiliated, the white fairy wanted to scold the girl, but managed to fight back her temper.

She pointed at the girl and said grumpily, "Go absorb them all."

The little girl was only about two or three years old. Her plump cheeks reminded one of a red apple, and her pretty eyes had the most innocent look in them.

Her reaction was a little slow. Sitting there in bewilderment, she looked up at the white fairy. About three seconds later, she finally realized what had happened.

“Wa —”

She burst into tears.

The white fairy stared at the girl and was on the verge of losing her temper. “Stop crying! I’ve been teaching you how to fly forever, and you were doing perfectly fine in the sword. Why can’t you do it now? And you even fell to the ground! Stop crying!”

The girl looked at the white fairy with her teary eyes, and three seconds later, she finally returned to herself.

“Wa!” The girl cried even more loudly, and her voice was earsplitting.

It was a good thing Feng Wu had closed the door. Otherwise, everyone would have heard them by now.

The white fairy felt so humiliated. When she saw the smile which Feng Wu was trying to fight back, she was so frustrated that her face went scarlet red.

Feng Wu couldn’t hold it in anymore, and she burst out laughing.

The proud white fairy looked so helpless when she was around the two-year-old.

Seeing the childish side of the fairy, Feng Wu found her quite adorable.

“Don’t tell her off. She’s only a two-year-old, and she knows nothing but sleeping, eating, and crying. What do you expect?”

Feng Wu stopped the fairy and said, “You’ll drive yourself crazy, getting angry over such a little girl. Be patient. She’ll listen to you in the end.”

The white fairy snorted and stared at the little girl who had humiliated her. “Go eat the broken sword spirits. Now.”

The little girl still had tears on her cheeks and looked most adorable. Biting her lower lip, she nodded and inched toward the broken weapons.

She was still stumbling when she walked, but when she picked up a broken sword, her eyes lit up.

The next second, she stuffed it into her mouth.

#### **Chapter 1794: Face-slapping, Act Two (4)**

Feng Wu was shocked.

How could such a sharp blade fit into her little mouth?

But before Feng Wu could say anything, the little girl had already started chewing.

Level 3 weapons were valuable pieces in the outside world. Otherwise, Sefiro wouldn't have been so happy when she found that weapon.

But the little sword spirit was chewing on one at the moment, albeit a broken one.

*Crack —*

It never occurred to Feng Wu that the little girl could have such sharp teeth.

She chewed on the broken blade as if it was just a sugarcane stick, and finished it in less than a minute.

Feng Wu didn't know what to say.

"This is the weapon recycling warehouse," said the white fairy. "Although the weapons aren't intact, they work the same to replenish the spiritual essence."

Feng Wu nodded. Her eyes were fixed on the little sword spirit the entire time.

After finishing the sword, the little sword spirit turned around to fetch a second weapon, which was a spear that had been snapped in half.

*Crack —*

She seemed to enjoy it a lot.

Feng Wu could see that the entire Fallen Star Sword was covered by a pale blue glow. As the little sword spirit ate, the blue color became deeper and deeper.

The white fairy said, "The pale blue means that the sword is still at Level 3. When it turns from deep blue to light green, it will become a Level 2 weapon."

Feng Wu asked in surprise, "Are you saying that the Fallen Star Sword can level up?"

The white fairy rolled her eyes at Feng Wu. "Why else would I bring you here? To play with you?"

Feng Wu wasn't affected by her arrogant tone at all, and she asked with a smile, "So, the Fallen Star Sword can become a Level 2 weapon?"

The white fairy glanced at her before she looked away.

Feng Wu asked, "Can it?"

The white fairy wanted to smack Feng Wu on the head, but she controlled herself in the end. "Just wait and see!"

*Crack —*

The sound of the little sword spirit chewing on the metal went on and on.

Feng Wu had thought that she would be full after eating two or three pieces, but to her surprise, the sword spirit was still eating after finishing five pieces.

"Is she going to be alright?" Feng Wu asked the white fairy.

The white fairy looked up at the ceiling and wouldn't talk to Feng Wu.

Alright... Feng Wu turned to check the Fallen Star Sword itself.

She held it in her hands.

The one-meter sword turned a deeper shade of blue until it was very dark.

Because the sword had a spiritual connection with Feng Wu, she could clearly sense the transformation.

70%, 80%... 85%... 90%...

Although Level 3 and Level 2 weapons were only one level apart, there was a great difference in their capabilities, which was reflected in their prices.

The price of a Level 2 weapon was five times that of a Level 3.

Feng Wu calculated the price of a Level 3 weapon in spiritual stones.

A Level 3 weapon in perfect condition would cost her 10,000 low-grade spiritual stones!

### **Chapter 1795: Face-slapping, Act Two (5)**

If the Fallen Star Sword could become a Level 2 weapon, it would be worth 50,000 low-grade spiritual stones.

Feng Wu looked at the white fairy in excitement. "I can tell that it's 95% ready. A little more spiritual essence and it will probably rise to Level 2!"

The white fairy nodded but didn't seem all that interested.

Feng Wu added, "Level 2 weapons are five times more valuable than Level 3 ones! The Fallen Star Sword will be worth 50,000 low-grade spiritual stones once it levels up!"

Back when Feng Wu had little money, even a low-grade spiritual stone was very precious to her.

The white fairy rolled her eyes at Feng Wu but didn't say a word.

As one of the most powerful cultivators on this continent, she had seen and experienced a lot more than Feng Wu had.

Feng Wu had no idea what was going on in the white fairy's head. All she knew was that Level- weapons were very hard to come by, and the second prince was holding such a piece right now!

97%, 98%, 99% —

Feng Wu clenched her fists in excitement and stared at the little girl with her clear, bright eyes.

*Crack* —

When the Fallen Star Sword reached 99% —

The little sword spirit suddenly stopped.

Feng Wu's eyes widened.

“Don’t stop. Eat a bit more. You’re almost there...”

The sword spirit rubbed her belly and found it rather plump. Tilting her head, she gave it some thought before she went on chewing on more weapons.

Feng Wu let out a breath of relief.

The next second —

*Ding!*

She heard a pleasant ring.

Finally —

Her weapon had risen to Level 2!

Feng Wu smiled at the white fairy and said happily, “It has leveled up! It’s a Level 2 weapon now!”

The Fallen Star Sword wasn’t something she had picked up from the ground. She had found the stones herself and made it from scratch. It had a lot of sentimental value.

Seeing the Fallen Star Sword getting stronger was like seeing her child grow up. Other people wouldn’t understand such a sense of fulfillment.

The sincere and bright smile on Feng Wu’s face moved the white fairy as well.

“It’s only a Level 2 weapon. Why are you so happy?” the white fairy said grumpily. “We still have a very long way to go.”

Feng Wu wasn’t convinced. “Weapons don’t level up like cultivators do. Its level won’t rise that fast. A master weaponsmith told me —”

The white fairy waved her hands. “The sword spirit I train won’t be the same as others. Just wait and see.”

The white fairy was very confident and very proud.

Feng Wu didn’t seem convinced.

The white fairy’s eyes flickered. “The tombs are only open to outsiders for a limited time. We’re wasting our time here.”

Wasting their time? Feng Wu smiled wryly. “But the Fallen Star Sword is already improving...”

The white fairy said grumpily, “Yes, it is. But what about you?”

Feng Wu didn’t know what to say.

She shook her head.

The white fairy rolled her eyes at Feng Wu. “There you go. You’re still so weak now. Don’t you want to use this opportunity to improve yourself?”



So weak... Feng Wu smiled bitterly. Actually, she had already been making very fast improvements in the past few days.

### **Chapter 1796: Face-slapping, Act Three (1)**

She had risen from a Level 4 Spiritual Elder to a Level 7 in one go; to anyone else, that was very rapid advancement. Earlier outside the door to the tombs, so many people had been shocked by her efficiency.

The white fairy said, "Your advancement was too fast, and your foundation is too weak. Right now, your top priority is to train yourself and bolster your dantian. Otherwise, when you have the seed of the spirit source, your body won't be able to withstand any training before it collapses."

She was right, and Feng Wu agreed with her.

"And?"

"Come with me." The white fairy gestured with her hand. "Enhancing your physical strength and dantian may be difficult for other people, but here among the tombs, I just happen to know a place that can help you."

The white fairy used to live here and knew the place like the back of her hand. She could walk around easily even with her eyes closed.

The place was full of halls and criss-crossing roads, and it was very easy to get lost. One might never find their way back.

But with the white fairy around, Feng Wu had a huge advantage.

The white fairy led the way, and Feng Wu followed her.

The fairy told Feng Wu as they walked, "Those people only ever see just part of this place, and have no idea what the real treasures are!"

Feng Wu chatted with her. "I'd love to hear about that."

The white fairy had been a ghost for so long. Now that she finally met Feng Wu, she couldn't stop talking. She said, "There's a side room about 50 meters ahead of you on your left.

"It may look like a dilapidated side room to you, but it contains a lot of materials for cultivation. It's the resuscitation pool for netherworld ghosts, and it's not something I'd tell anyone about."

Feng Wu's eyes lit up. "Cultivation materials?"

The white fairy said grumpily, "Forget it. Those things are suitable for those below the Spiritual Elder stage. You're already a Spiritual Elder now. They're useless to you."

Feng Wu wished that Qiuling and Chaoge were here. They would have made very good use of the materials.

The white fairy shrugged. She had no idea who Qiuling and Chaoge were, but any cultivator below the Spiritual Elder stage was negligible to her.

*Rumble —*

Just then, Feng Wu heard some voices.

“Wait,” said Feng Wu. “I hear someone quarreling up ahead.”

The white fairy frowned. “You don’t seem to be the meddlesome type.”

Feng Wu smiled bitterly. “That’s right, I’m not. But I think I heard some familiar voices.”

The white fairy said, “So what? Your top priority now is to improve yourself!”

Feng Wu shook her head. “This place is full of danger, and people can be killed so easily. I can’t just stand by and do nothing.”

The white fairy stared at Feng Wu.

Feng Wu looked back at her.

“Are you sure you want to go?” The white fairy frowned.

Feng Wu nodded solemnly.

The white fairy said in resignation, “Let’s go, then.”

Feng Wu asked, “Are you not mad?”

The white fairy rolled her eyes. “You look like a reasonable girl, but once you make up your mind, no one can change it. Am I right? I’d rather you deal with this business quickly than waste your time here.”

Feng Wu beamed at her.

### **Chapter 1797: Face-slapping, Act Three (2)**

Although the white fairy was grumpy and had a vicious tongue, she understood Feng Wu very well.

“Sure!”

Feng Wu picked up her pace.

She seemed to recognize Qiuling’s voice earlier, but she didn’t think she saw Qiuling enter this place.

Therefore, she had to make sure.

When she walked past a hall and turned a corner, what she saw infuriated her.

“Hahaha! Do you have a death wish? How dare you insult me!” That was Jun Wuxia’s voice.

Feng Wu frowned a little.

Who was Jun Wuxia shouting at?

“Qiuling, are you not afraid of death?”

After that, Feng Wu heard Zuo Qingyu’s voice.

Qiuling?

Feng Wu’s eyes lit up when she heard the name.

So, she was right. It was indeed Qiuling.

Jun Wuxia, Zuo Qingyu, and Qiuling... Feng Wu immediately realized what was going on.

They were bullying Qiuling.

As expected, Jun Wuxia then said, “Qiuling, we’re not asking you to do something impossible. Why is it so difficult for you to insult Feng Wu?”

Zuo Qingyu smirked. “Say a bad word about Feng Wu and we’ll probably spare your life. Otherwise, heh...”

Qiuling said, “My mistress is the best! I’ll never say a bad word about her!”

“Ha, what a tough girl.” Jun Wuxia smirked.

“Your attitude will come at a price!” Zuo Qingyu smirked as well.

*Crack!*

There came the sound of a joint being dislocated.

“Argh!” Qiuling cried out in pain, and cold sweat rolled down her face.

“Weren’t you so tough a moment ago? Why are you crying now?” Jun Wuxia smirked.

“Say it! Say ‘Feng Wu is a b\*tch’ and I’ll let you live!”

Zuo Qingyu broke Qiuling’s kneecaps, forcing her to kneel.

*Thump!*

Qiuling fell to the ground with a thump.

“Argh!” Qiuling screamed again.

“Still no? Are you that stubborn? Fine!”

Zuo Qingyu picked Qiuling up by her throat and was going to break her neck.

Feng Wu arrived at that moment.

And she was ready to charge at Zuo Qingyu.

The white fairy said, “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

Feng Wu turned around and stared at the white fairy.

The white fairy said seriously, “You’ll expose yourself.

“And your enemy won’t waste this great opportunity to kill you.

“She’s just a servant, and her life is worthless. How can she be more important than your life and your future?”

The white fairy couldn’t understand Feng Wu’s choice.

Back then, the white fairy herself was a respected and beloved princess. Countless servants used to work for her, and she never cared for any of them.

Feng Wu stared at the white fairy.

The white fairy was confused and infuriated by Feng Wu’s defiance.

Feng Wu smirked. “She might be worthless to you, but to me —”

The white fairy was ready for a speech, saying that all lives were equal, and she had even prepared her retort.

However, what Feng Wu said was —

### **Chapter 1798: Face-slapping, Act Three (3)**

“I don’t care about the lives of most people, but she’s one of my own. It’s not the same.”

Feng Wu stared at the white fairy and snorted. “I can’t protect everyone, nor do I want to. I just want to protect those around me. I want them to live carefree lives with a roof over their heads.

“In this world that values martial prowess above everything else, I just want them to live happy lives.”

Feng Wu stared at the white fairy. “I can only protect so many people, and I only care for about ten of them. Qiuling might be a maid with mediocre talent, but I want to protect her.”

*She has a group of people she wants to protect. Is that it?* the white fairy thought.

The white fairy had thought that Feng Wu was the type who wanted to save the world, but she realized now that Feng Wu’s “world” wasn’t all that big.

*So, she has someone she wants to protect.* Seeing the serious look in Feng Wu’s eyes, the white fairy was a little touched.

The arrogant princess seemed to be reminded of something. With an impatient wave of her hand, she said, “Fine. Save her all you like. Stop nagging!”

Feng Wu smiled. She knew it. The white fairy was much kinder than she appeared to be.

Since they were on the same side now, she had to reach an agreement with the white fairy.

“Argh —” Qiuling screamed again.

Feng Wu immediately returned to herself. The next second, she dashed off like a cheetah.

Because she wasn't holding the Fallen Star Sword, Feng Wu struck out with her fist.

*Rumble!*

Feng Wu aimed her fist at Zuo Qingyu's head when she was still in the air.

Zuo Qingyu was trying to throttle Qiuling, and was completely focused on her.

Her face twisted and her eyes were filled with hatred.

"Feng Wu, you've humiliated me so many times! Since I can't kill you, I'll kill your maid for a start! Qiuling, you only have yourself to blame!

"Die!"

Zuo Qingyu tightened her grip around Qiuling's neck.

*Crack —*

Qiuling felt as if her bones were going to be crushed.

The suffocating sensation made Qiuling's vision go dark. Death was approaching.

*Am I going to die?* Qiuling smiled bitterly.

She was only halfway through making Feng Wu a dress, and she didn't trust anyone else with the job...

Filled with regret, Qiuling slowly closed her pretty eyes.

*Thump!*

In the moment before she passed out —

Someone struck at them!

Her fist gave off a formidable power!

It was a fatal power!

It reminded one of an erupting volcano!

And it smashed onto Zuo Qingyu's head!

*Thump!*

The back of Zuo Qingyu's head almost cracked open, and blood poured out.

Time seemed to freeze.

Jun Wuxia covered her mouth, fighting back her shriek.

Baffled, Zuo Qingyu let go of Qiuling, who then fell to the ground.

Qiuling could finally breathe again. She coughed loudly and panted.

Zuo Qingyu slowly turned around and stared at Feng Wu with an astonished look in her eyes.

She touched the back of her head, and her hand was covered with sticky blood.

#### **Chapter 1799: Face-slapping, Act Three (4)**

Looking down at her hand, she saw the red, sticky liquid, and the smell slowly made her return to her senses.

“You...” Zuo Qingyu stared at Feng Wu. “How dare you hit me?!”

No one had struck Zuo Qingyu like this before, and she still hadn’t recovered from the shock.

However —

Feng Wu ignored her completely.

Qiuling was her top priority now.

The teenage girl had taken very good care of her since she was little.

“Miss —” A smile appeared on Qiuling’s pale face. “Miss... I’m so happy I can see you before I die...”

Feng Wu rolled her eyes at Qiuling. “Don’t be silly. You’re not going to die. I’ll never let that happen. Weren’t you such a tough girl a moment ago, refusing to say a single bad word about me?”

Qiuling was very calm at first, but she became so aggrieved when Feng Wu showed up that she burst into tears.

“Miss... Miss... I was so scared...”

Feng Wu patted her head. “There, there. We can talk about this later. Just watch while I get revenge for you!”

She then put Qiuling down and slowly rose to her feet.

When she stood up, her mild demeanor disappeared, and she had a murderous, angry look in her eyes.

Turning around, Feng Wu stared at Zuo Qingyu with her cold eyes.

Meanwhile, Zuo Qingyu...

She stared at her left hand while pressing her other hand to her wound.

The wound on the back of her head was too big. No matter how hard she pressed, blood still poured out.

When she wasn’t looking, Jun Wuxia had moved behind her.

From where she was standing, she could see Zuo Qingyu’s back.

And she saw that the back of Zuo Qingyu’s clothes was soaked with blood.

Red blood kept dripping down, tainting her clothes as well as the ground around her.

Soon, a pool of blood accumulated at her feet, and it was spreading.

No one could have that much blood to spare.

Staring at Zuo Qingyu's open wound, Jun Wuxia somehow felt uneasy...

She had a very bad feeling...

Before she knew it, she took a step back, and another one...

As Jun Wuxia stepped back, Feng Wu stepped forward until she was in front of Zuo Qingyu.

"Feng Wu, you hit me! How dare you hit me?!" Zuo Qingyu was so infuriated that she glowered at Feng Wu.

Feng Wu smiled a little and said, "Yes, I hit you. So what?"

"You —"

Before Zuo Qingyu could say another word, Feng Wu raised her arm, and there was something ferocious about the energy that came out of her hand.

*Thump!*

She slapped Zuo Qingyu in the face.

"Ahhh —"

The force sent Zuo Qingyu flying.

There was a thump.

She smashed into a column and bounced back.

Her wound was torn open, and more blood poured out.

"Yes, I hit you, and I'm going to kill you now!" Feng Wu looked like a goddess of death.

The intimidating power fell on Zuo Qingyu.

### **Chapter 1800: Face-slapping, Act Three (5)**

Zuo Qingyu's sight went dark, her knees buckled, and the pain from her wound was almost numbing.

"Feng Wu, you —"

She began to panic.

And she had a very bad feeling.

She could feel her life leaving her body like sand sifting away between her fingers.

"No, no... I want to live! I don't want to die!"

Feng Wu crouched down in front of her with a murderous look in her eyes.

She then raised her hand.

For the first time in her life, Zuo Qingyu looked scared.

“No, no... You can’t kill me... Feng Wu, you can’t do that!” There was fear in Zuo Qingyu’s eyes, and she desperately wanted to live.

She could sense it clearly that Feng Wu genuinely wanted to kill her this time!

Feng Wu grinned.

She grabbed Zuo Qingyu by the neck with her fair, slender right hand.

She stepped forward and stared at Jun Wuxia, but the question was for Zuo Qingyu.

“Would you have spared Qiuling’s life if I hadn’t arrived in time?”

Zuo Qingyu’s voice quivered. “She’s just a maid, but I’m Zuo Qingyu! My life is a thousand times more valuable than hers!”

Despite the glint in Feng Wu’s eyes, her voice was softer than a feather, but it still gave one the creeps.

“But in my eyes, 100,000 of you put together aren’t worth a hair on Qiuling’s head.”

“You’ve lost your mind!” Zuo Qingyu yelled angrily.

But the next second, she couldn’t make a sound.

She could never make any sound again.

*Crack!*

Feng Wu snapped her thin neck.

“Argh!!!”

A shriek shattered the silence in the hall.

It came from none other than Jun Wuxia.

Her eyes were filled with fear and disbelief.

She stared at Feng Wu in fear.

“No, that’s impossible. It can’t be. It just can’t be...” Jun Wuxia kept stumbling back.

How was this possible?

That was Zuo Qingyu, the daughter of the Zuo family. Feng Wu had broken her neck just like that!

Meanwhile, Feng Wu shifted her gaze to Jun Wuxia.

“Miss —”

Qiuling’s voice was filled with distress.



The joints of her feet had been dislocated, and she couldn't walk. Therefore, she crawled toward Feng Wu and wrapped her hands around her legs.

"Miss, Miss, calm down! That's Princess Jun Wuxia!"

Qiuling burst into tears. "I don't deserve this! Miss, I don't deserve your favor!"

In fact, although Feng Wu was infuriated, she didn't let rage blind her.

She had killed Zuo Qingyu because she deserved it.

She had put up with Zuo Qingyu twice already, but she wasn't going to put up with her this time.

Moreover, it was only a matter of time before a war broke out between her and the Zuo family. Killing Zuo Qingyu wouldn't make much of a difference.

"Qiuling, I'm perfectly alright." Feng Wu patted Qiuling's head and fixed her dislocated knees.

*Crack!*

There was a crisp sound.

Without any difficulty, Feng Wu fixed Qiuling's legs.

Tears filled Qiuling's eyes, but she didn't make a sound.

This girl...

Qiuling was neither the most talented nor the smartest, but her loyalty was real.

A loyal servant was harder to find than a smart one.