

G E D 1911

Chapter 1911: Zuo Qingluan's Match

From the very start, Ranmil had pretended to be someone who kept her distance from Jun Linyuan. If she admitted that she was fond of Jun Linyuan now, it would make her a hypocrite, and the others would know that she had been acting the whole time.

"No, I'm not!" Ranmil insisted. "His Royal Highness is indeed a talented person, but he's not the only man in the world. Why must I be in love with him?"

"Whereas you, Feng Wu, are jealous of everyone when you may not be His Royal Highness's future wife after all..."

Ranmil wanted to change the subject, but —

Feng Wu smiled at her. "Are you really not in love with His Royal Highness, or are you just saying it?"

"I'm not in love with him!"

"Oh? Really? In that case, how about you make an oath? Swear that you'll never be in love with Jun Linyuan, and if you marry him one day, you and the entire Senal Grassland will be annihilated by heavenly thunder. There. Make that oath now."

Ranmil glared at Feng Wu. "Why should I?!"

Feng Wu said, "Aren't you trying to prove that you're not fond of Jun Linyuan? Didn't you just accuse me of being unreasonably jealous? Make that oath, and I'll admit that I was unreasonably jealous. How about that?"

Ranmil glared at Feng Wu.

Feng Wu glared back at her.

It seemed that a battle was going to start at any moment.

Just then —

Crack —

The fireballs released by Feng Wu were suddenly extinguished.

The hall became pitch-dark once more.

Everyone had been watching the bickering between Feng Wu and Ranmil, and many of them panicked when the sudden darkness fell upon them.

"What's going on?"

"What now?"

"I don't want to see those lewd ghosts anymore!"

...

Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo were very nervous.

Ranmil let out a breath of relief.

Feng Wu might seem weak, but when she became serious, she could be very frightening.

Clap, clap, clap —

They heard someone clapping.

Someone said in a teasing tone, “Not bad. Not bad at all. That was very interesting.”

The mysterious voice came from above them, but it seemed to resound in their heads as well.

“Who’s there?!”

“Who on earth are you?!”

“Come out! Stop trying to scare us!”

Everyone was nervous, alarmed, and a little panic-stricken.

“Hahaha! Who am I?”

A giant face suddenly emerged from the high ceiling above their heads.

It was so big that it almost covered the entire ceiling.

“Ahhh —”

Everyone jumped.

Ranmil cried out, “Are you the legendary Black Robe Ghost King?”

“The Black Robe Ghost King? He’s one of the three ghost kings, isn’t he?”

“It’s said that one can get the seed of the spirit source if they receive the recognition of all three ghost kings. Are you one of them?”

...

Immediately, everyone’s eyes lit up.

The seed of the spirit source!

It could raise one’s cultivation level by an entire stage!

What did that mean?

Take Feng Wu, for example. She was a Level 7 Spiritual Elder now. If she obtained the seed, she could rise directly to a Level 7 Spiritual Lord!

Once that happened, she would be almost at the same level as Zuo Qingluan!

Chapter 1912: Black Robe Ghost King

Feng Wu clenched her fists!

She had to have the seed of the spirit source!

But she wasn't the only one.

Ranmil wanted it as well!

"Hahaha — you all want the seed of the spirit source, but it's not that easy!"

The giant face on the ceiling grinned maliciously.

Everyone clenched their fists and looked up at the Black Robe Ghost King.

"However, the seed of the spirit source does exist, and all of you have a chance to get it."

After a pause, the ghost king glanced at each of them in turn.

The look in his eyes was cold, intimidating, and grim.

Somehow, when the ghost king looked at Feng Wu, she felt as if a giant hand had gripped her heart and squeezed.

She could clearly sense the hostility the ghost king held toward her.

Oh, no.

Feng Wu had a bad feeling.

She was right. The ghost king smirked and said, "It won't be an easy thing to do, because you'll need the recognition of all three ghost kings! Otherwise, you'll never find it, no matter how capable you are!"

"And I'm the Black Robe Ghost King, one of the three ghost kings!"

"If you want my recognition, it's very easy!"

"There are seven levels in Universe Hall, and this is the first level. What you need to do is climb to the seventh floor."

...

Someone mumbled in the crowd, "Isn't that a very easy thing to do?"

Hearing that —

"Hahaha — you fool!" The Black Robe Ghost King smirked. "You'll see once you start climbing. It's anything but easy!"

Really?

The second prince looked to the right, where a staircase led to the upper floors.

"Hahaha —"

Just then, the ghost king smirked, and the sound gave the others the creeps.

Involuntarily, everyone turned to look at the ghost king.

The ghost king looked at each person in turn and suddenly announced, "There are fourteen of you here, and that staircase will only allow seven people to pass."

"What do you mean?!"

Feng Xun recognized the ill intent in those words. He frowned and narrowed his eyes.

He was quite sharp at sensing danger. The ghost king glanced at Feng Xun and grinned. "It means that you'll have a captain, who will be given the right to choose six team members."

The ghost king stared at Feng Xun with a look of satisfaction on his face and thought, Do you think I'll make you turn on each other? No, I'll just show you what it feels like to be abandoned.

Wow —

Many people panicked when they heard those words.

Seven out of fourteen... That was to say, seven of them would be eliminated?

"So, what will happen to the seven people who aren't picked?" Feng Yiran asked, gritting his teeth.

All the members of the Feng family were in danger of being eliminated.

Because it concerned his own interests, Feng Yiran asked the ghost king the question despite his fear.

Chapter 1913: Luck vs Survival

That was also what the others wanted to know, so they all nervously looked up at the Black Robe Ghost King.

"What will happen to the ones who aren't picked? Hahaha —"

The ghost king looked like he had heard something very amusing when he said, "Well, it's very likely that they'll die..."

Die?!!!

Everyone's eyes widened.

They had thought that the worse that would happen was that they would lose the chance of finding the seed of the spirit source, but as it turned out, there was a high possibility that they would die!

"Hey, kids, don't panic just yet. I said 'very likely,' which means that there's a chance that you won't die."

Despite the intimidating and creepy air the Black Robe Ghost King gave off, he somehow also had a coquettish side.

But none of them noticed, since death hovered above their heads like a dark cloud, as if it could snatch them up at any moment.

"What do you mean by 'very likely'?"

“Why are we going to die?”

“What are the rules?”

“What should we do to stay alive?”

Feng Yiran, Feng Liu, and Dugu Yamo all cried out and asked questions.

Other ghost kings would have gotten impatient by now, but this ghost king was quite talkative, for he hadn't spoken to anyone in a very long time.

“The rules are very straightforward,” the ghost king said cheerfully. “The captain will choose six people to form a seven-member team. They can then climb those stairs, clear the obstacles, and reach the destination.

“Of course, they'll have to work hard to get through the trials.” The ghost king blinked, which looked rather eerie.

“The remaining seven people can either wait for their deaths or form a team of their own. I have a name for that team already: Survival!”

“What should that team do, then?” Feng Yiran had a bad feeling. He knew that he was going to be a member of that team.

The Black Robe Ghost King smirked. “What should they do? Challenge the first team, obviously.”

Challenge the first team?

The Black Robe Ghost King didn't like the confused looks on their faces. “You're all so stupid! You can't understand anything unless I show it to you! So stupid!”

As he spoke, he flipped his wide sleeves.

Instantly —

Thump —

The entire Universe Hall shook so violently that they couldn't stand still. They all held onto things to steady themselves.

The scene they saw after the turbulence shocked them all!

What a scene!

The hall was cut into half!

And it was done very skillfully.

The hall was split into two equal halves!

Only the top floor was intact, and the lower six floors were all split!

If one were to call the two sides the Chosen Hall and the Survival Hall...

The two halls were only connected at the top level.

They still didn't fully understand what was going on, so they turned their nervous gazes to the Black Robe Ghost King.

The ghost king snorted.

Chapter 1914: You're the Captain

"Isn't it obvious enough? Once you're divided into two teams, the Chosen Team will walk the chosen path, and the Survival Team the survival path."

"Are the two teams... different?" Feng Yiran asked nervously.

The others were equally nervous.

"Of course they are." The Black Robe Ghost King was very frank. "Why is it called the Chosen Team? It's like the name suggests: It's the chosen one. The trials on the first to the seventh floors will be difficult for the Chosen Team. As for the Survival Team..."

He paused for effect.

Feng Yiran asked eagerly, "What about the Survival Team? How difficult will the trials be?"

The ghost king chuckled. "The Survival Team? It'll be Hell Mode, at least."

"Why?!" Feng Yiran grew anxious. "The abandoned ones are already weak. Why are the trials harder for them? They'll be killed!"

"That's correct. No prize, unfortunately," said the ghost king cheerfully.

Everyone stared at the ghost king in astonishment.

The ghost king said matter-of-factly, "Why do you think it's called the Survival Team? Why do you think that the members are likely to die? Because it's an impossible mission for them."

Seven out of fourteen. So, that was one out of two, a 50% chance. That wasn't a high probability at all.

The ghost king smiled as he studied the panic-stricken faces.

"What are the chances that the members of the Survival Team will get to the end?" Feng Yiran asked gingerly.

The ghost king was quite patient. He rubbed his chin, thought for a while, and said slowly, "For as long as I can remember, the Survival Team has never succeeded."

"Ssss -"

Everyone drew in their breaths.

"What?!"

"Never?!"

"That's not 'very likely'! That's 'die for sure'!"

“That means that if we’re not in the Chosen Team, not only won’t we get the seed of the spirit source, we’ll also die... That’s... Ahhh!”

Many people panicked.

What now? What now? What should they do now? Sefiro and the others were all very anxious.

“May I ask who the captain of the Chosen Team will be?”

Ranmil was as innocent as ever as she beamed at the ghost king.

It was as if what he said hadn’t affected her at all.

The ghost king looked down at Ranmil in a condescending manner, but his tone was much milder.

“There’s no strict criteria for that. I’ll pick whomever I like for the job.”

Everyone grew excited.

They were about to fawn on the ghost king, when he spoke again.

“Kiddo, you single-handedly killed a small group of my soldiers. That was impressive, and I should reward you for that.

“You’re pretty, approachable, and capable, and you’re a good physician as well. What a treasure.

“There. You’ll be the captain.”

Chapter 1915: Princess Feng Wu Should Be the One

“There. You’ll be the captain.”

Whoosh —

After those words, a bright beam of light shone down from above onto Ranmil.

A shiny headband appeared on her forehead, and the words on it read: Chosen Captain.

Already? That was so quick!

The others looked from the Black Robe Ghost King to Ranmil.

The ghost king found the scared looks on their faces most amusing. He guffawed and said, “It’s your game from now on. Kids, have fun!”

With a whoosh, the giant face on the ceiling disappeared.

The hall also lit up.

Everyone could see each other’s faces now.

“Sister —”

Sefiro was the first to react.

Before Ranmil could say a word, Sefiro rushed to her side, took her hand, and said excitedly, “Sister! Sister! Congratulations! I knew it! You’re the most outstanding one of them all, you deserve to be made the captain! I guessed right!”

Sefiro held Ranmil’s hand and winked at her. “I’m your own sister. You’ll pick me, right?”

When there were outsiders around, the two sisters looked like best friends, but they both knew what the other really was like.

Sefiro was sure that if Ranmil still wanted to look like the pure and kind princess that she pretended to be, she had to choose her.

As expected —

Ranmil said shyly, “Why am I the captain? I don’t know anything...”

Everyone now realized what had happened.

Ranmil was the captain now!

The Black Robe Ghost King had said that the captain would be the one to decide who would be in the team!

And now, it was time to fawn on the princess!

Feng Liu was the first one to reach Ranmil, and she said, “Princess, please pick me! I’ve always been on your side! I promise that I’ll do well!”

Before Ranmil could reply, Dugu Yamo was there as well.

“Princess, princess, please pick me! I’ll give you anything you want! Please pick me!”

...

Immediately, nearly all of them surrounded Ranmil and pleaded.

Ranmil looked shy, and she waved her hands. “I - I shouldn’t be the captain. I’m not worthy enough.”

Feng Liu said, “Why shouldn’t you be? You’re the prettiest, kindest, and most lovely girl of us all!”

Dugu Yamo said, “That’s right. Not only that, you’re also the most capable one of us all. Didn’t the ghost king say it just then? You single-handedly saved us all.”

“No, no... It’s not like that.” Ranmil waved her hands. “It shouldn’t be me... I should give the role of captain away...”

Give it away?

Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo’s eyes lit up.

“Princess, who do you want to give it to?”

Ranmil looked gingerly at Feng Wu and smiled wryly. “Princess Feng Wu should be the one...”

Chapter 1916: Show-off

What?!

Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo didn't like the sound of that at all!

Feng Wu frowned a little.

This Ranmil... She was such a show-off. How interesting.

Feng Xun frowned, too.

He didn't know why he frowned, but he just knew that there was something wrong with what Ranmil said.

At the same time.

Feng Liu asked, "Princess, why do you want to give it to Feng Wu? Why?!"

Ranmil said gingerly, "Because... because Princess Feng Wu is the future wife of His Royal Highness, which means that His Royal Highness sees something in her. She's supposed to be the best girl here... No, I mean, she's supposed to be the best girl on this continent... That's why she should be the captain."

Feng Wu gave Ranmil a half-smile.

Awesome. The princess had just taken revenge for what Feng Wu said about her earlier.

She used the opportunity to make Feng Wu the target to be humiliated by Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo when she herself got to play the nice person. She didn't need to say anything, and the others would do it for her.

Interesting. Very interesting.

Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo went on ingratiating themselves with Ranmil. "Of course you're worthy. You're the best. You're the true match of the crown prince, and Feng Wu is nothing. His Royal Highness has never acknowledged her..."

They went on disparaging Feng Wu and lavishing praise on Ranmil.

Feng Xun smacked his head.

He finally figured it out!

Why was he upset? Because Ranmil was so fake... *Ranmil, this is who you are! I used to think you were so innocent! You're such a hypocrite!* thought Feng Xun.

He glared at Ranmil. "Are you done?!"

That immediately silenced everyone.

Feng Xun smirked. "The Black Robe Ghost King made you the captain, so be it. Stop acting already. You'll only disgust Feng Wu! I know what you're doing!"

Ranmil's stomach lurched.

Shit!

She had deliberately made Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo say those things while she played the part of the innocent bunny. However, she had overdone it, and Feng Xun was now suspicious of her.

No —

Ranmil's ultimate target was Jun Linyuan, but to get him, she had to get Feng Xun first.

Ranmil smiled bitterly and said, "Young Lord Feng, you're mistaken. I really didn't mean it. I genuinely want Princess Feng Wu to be the captain..."

Feng Xun frowned and wanted to say something else.

Ranmil cajoled Feng Xun in a soft, gentle voice, "Alright, alright. If you don't like it, I won't say another word. Is that okay?"

"Although I don't feel that I'm worthy of this position, if I keep declining it, Young Lord Feng will be even more misled. So, I guess I'm the captain."

The others all nodded.

Ranmil said, "But it's so hard to pick the six members. Please don't hate me if you're not picked... I'm not doing it willingly."

Hearing this, the others all said that they understood, and looked eagerly at her.

Chapter 1917: Touch and Go

Ranmil smiled bitterly. "Obviously, the first one will be Sefiro, my sister. Please don't be mad at me."

"No, of course not."

There were six places; of course she needed to give one to her own sister.

"The second will be..."

She looked around in a seemingly troubled manner before her gaze landed on Master Jue.

"Master Jue is a very capable man and my good friend. I have to pick him."

Yes, Master Jue was indeed very capable. The others didn't like it, but they managed not to say anything.

Seeing that there were only four places left, Feng Liu and the others began to worry.

Ranmil then looked at the second prince.

She smiled and said, "Your Royal Highness, you are as prestigious as you are capable. I wonder if you would like to be on my team?"

Immediately, everyone looked at him.

After all, he was the second son of Emperor Wu, and Empress Dugu was his mother. Therefore, Ranmil had to show him respect.

The second prince... Feng Liu and the others didn't like it, but they couldn't say anything.

The second prince smiled.

Actually, he had always been convinced that he was the most talented teenager, second only to Jun Linyuan. Thus, he had thought that the ghost king would choose him as the captain.

It had never occurred to him that Ranmil would be chosen first.

Who would choose to die if they had the choice to live?

So, the second prince suppressed his resentment, smiled a little, and nodded at Ranmil.

That was a yes.

The others grew uneasy.

Ranmil, Sefiro, Master Jue, and the seventh prince... Four out of the seven places were gone, and there were only three left.

Who would Ranmil give those three to?

Those chosen would owe Ranmil their lives.

Ranmil smiled and looked at Feng Wu.

"Miss Feng Wu, will you join my team?"

Ssss —

Many drew in their breaths.

What happened to Ranmil? Why would she choose Feng Wu? Wouldn't it be nice if they just let her die here?

Both Feng Liu and Dugu Yamo stared at Ranmil in disbelief.

At the same time.

Ranmil smiled at Feng Wu, looking as innocent and naive as ever.

Feng Wu smiled back at her.

One could almost feel the sparks between them that were ready to explode at any moment.

The air seemed to freeze, and no one said a word as they looked at the two girls, who were at loggerheads.

Ranmil was very pleased with herself, because she was doing everything aboveboard.

Since Feng Wu had tricked her and forced her hand, she was going to give Feng Wu that chance and see what she would do.

If Feng Wu said yes, she would be accused of being shameless.

If Feng Wu said no, she was choosing to die herself, and Ranmil would have nothing to do with it.

Ranmil smiled brightly.

Feng Wu's smile grew wider as well.

"What if I say no?"

Feng Wu spoke unhurriedly.

Ranmil put on a surprised face and said sincerely, "Princess Feng Wu, the ghost king just said —"

Chapter 1918: Ranmil Is Astonished!

"This is your only chance to get out of here alive. Why would you turn it down? No, you —"

Feng Wu smiled. "Thank you, princess, for your kindness, but the ghost king doesn't get to decide which path is the right one."

Ranmil feigned a confused look. "What do you mean?"

Feng Wu smiled confidently. "I'll decide which path is the right one."

With her hair and the lower hem of her clothes dancing in the wind, Feng Wu looked as splendid as a goddess.

That was how confident she was!

All eyes were on her now!

Feng Wu, you've chosen death yourself. Good! thought Ranmil. She rejoiced inwardly, but she still feigned a sorry tone. "Princess Feng Wu, if that's your choice, I'll have to respect it."

Feng Liu and Feng Yiran found Feng Wu's choice idiotic.

What kind of person would choose death over life?

"Her pride will get her killed. All the better. We'll have a chance now," Feng Liu told Dugu Yamo with a smile.

Feng Wu heard those words, but she ignored them.

Ranmil was secretly over the moon and found the Black Robe Ghost King her lucky star. She thought that she could use the chance to drive a wedge between Feng Wu and Feng Xun.

Ranmil smiled sincerely at Feng Xun. "Young Lord Feng, would you like to join the team?"

She was convinced that Feng Xun would join her, because any normal person would.

Moreover, she had been fawning on the young lord on their way here and had become friends with him, which was why she was so confident.

However —

Feng Xun's reply felt like a slap to her face.

"Why should I join your team?" Feng Xun snorted. "I'll go where Xiao Wu goes!"

Ranmil was baffled.

She had expected that Feng Wu would refuse, but Feng Xun... Why would he turn her down?

The smile froze on Ranmil's face.

Feng Xun couldn't care less about how she felt. He stood by Feng Wu's side and said, "We're the Survival Team. Join us if you want! You have to believe that we'll lead you out of this hall and become the winner in the end!"

The crowd was speechless.

The corner of Ranmil's mouth twitched.

She didn't know that Feng Xun would be so loyal to Feng Wu, and she realized that all her efforts had gone to waste. She clenched her fists in her sleeves.

If you want to die with Feng Wu, go ahead! You're not Jun Linyuan's only friend! thought Ranmil.

"Young Lord Xuan —" Ranmil smiled at Xuan Yi.

However, before she could say anything, Xuan Yi moved behind Feng Xun with his arms crossed, and became a member of the Survival Team.

The smile froze on Ranmil's face again!

After Feng Xun, Xuan Yi had humiliated her as well.

Ranmil was so mad that she thought she was going to lose her mind!

Why were Jun Linyuan's friends so annoying?!

However —

You're not the only help I can find! thought Ranmil.

"Your Royal Highness..." Ranmil then turned to the seventh prince.

Chapter 1919: Final Choice

The seventh prince had yet to recover from his astonishment.

Ever since he learned of the relationship between Feng Wu and Jun Linyuan, the seventh prince had been in a trance-like state.

However, Ranmil's voice woke him up immediately.

"Huh? What was that?"

The seventh prince looked at Ranmil in bewilderment.

Ranmil didn't know what to say.

Jun Linyun was also a prince of the Junwu Empire and liked to follow Jun Linyuan around. Naturally, Ranmil would want to please him.

Ranmil asked with a smile, "Your Royal Highness, would you like to join my team?"

The seventh prince looked at Ranmil in bewilderment. Instead of answering her question, he asked, "What about Feng Wu? Is my goddess in your team?"

Ranmil's face froze again.

To save a precious place, Feng Liu said loudly, "No, Feng Wu gave up the opportunity. She's in the Survival Team."

The seventh prince ignored the name of the team and said solemnly, "I'll be wherever my goddess is! Where's that team?"

Looking up, he saw Feng Wu and the others, and he quickly ran up to them and stood at the end of the line.

Ranmil's face went livid.

After the humiliation she received from Feng Xun, Xuan Yi and the seventh prince had done the same. Even Ranmil couldn't remain unaffected.

The second prince stared at the seventh prince and was equally displeased.

The two of them had the same mother, but his younger brother only wanted to hang out with Jun Linyuan and Feng Wu!

"Linyun, come over here!" the second prince bellowed.

Jun Linyun shook his head. "No! This is where I want to be."

The second prince gritted his teeth. "Are you an idiot? That path will only get you killed! Join my side, and you'll live!"

The seventh prince was perplexed. "Huh? What?"

Ranmil wanted to win the second prince to her side, so she said patiently, "The Black Robe Ghost King said earlier that the Chosen Team will undergo trials at the difficult level, while the Survival Team will go through Hell Mode. Your Royal Highness, you're too important to take such risks. Please come with us."

"I see." Jun Linyun let out a breath of relief.

Ranmil nodded and smiled.

It seemed that the seventh prince would be on her side after all.

But —

Ranmil was still smiling, when Jun Linyun rested his hands on his waist and raised his chin proudly. "You have no idea how awesome my goddess is! With her on my team, no trial will ever be a problem for us!"

What —

Ranmil was so embarrassed; she felt like she had been slapped again.

She turned to look at the second prince.

The second prince was equally frustrated and wanted to give the seventh prince a good spanking. However, Jun Linyun had been an unruly child since he was little, and there was nothing the second prince could do.

If he could help it, he wouldn't have allowed his young brother to run after Jun Linyuan all the time.

Ranmil was even more furious when she saw that the second prince couldn't do anything about the seventh prince.

So, Feng Wu, this is why you're so arrogant! So many people are on your side! thought Ranmil, her chest heaving with rage.

Chapter 1920: I Love Him More than My Own Life

Right now, the members of the Chosen Team included Ranmil, Sefiro, Master Jue, and the second prince.

Feng Wu's Survival Team included herself, Feng Xun, Xuan Yi, and the seventh prince.

In terms of absolute capability, Feng Wu's team wasn't necessarily inferior.

"There are three places left." Ranmil looked around and narrowed her eyes.

The remaining candidates were Feng Liu, Feng Yiran, Feng Sang, Dugu Yamo, Dugu Mengxi, and the unconscious Jun Wuxia.

She didn't like any of them, but to annoy Feng Wu...

Ranmil chuckled. "Of the six of you, Princess Jun Wuxia is still unconscious, so she should stay with her brother. As for the last two places..."

She smiled. "Feng Liu, you and your siblings are Princess Feng Wu's family, so I'm sure that you'll want to stay with her. In that case, Dugu Mengxi and Dugu Yamo, you're with me."

Hearing that —

Feng Liu panicked!

No, they didn't want to stay with Feng Wu at all!

Was Ranmil blind? Hadn't she realized how much they disliked Feng Wu?!

"Princess, I —" Feng Liu was about to say something, but —

Dugu Mengxi and Dugu Yamo had walked up to Ranmil, and were expressing their gratitude.

"Thank you, princess, for choosing us. We'll do whatever we can to help you get up those stairs. My family is grateful for this as well."

“Princess, princess —”

Feng Liu rushed over to Ranmil’s side and grabbed her hand. She looked as if she was going to lose her mind as she yelled, “Princess, we want to stay with you as well! We’re not close to Feng Wu at all! Please choose me! Please!”

Ranmil frowned and said, “But I don’t have any places left... I... I can’t...”

“Mengxi, Mengxi, help me! Please help me!” Feng Liu grabbed Dugu Mengxi’s hands and wrapped herself around him.

Dugu Mengxi felt conflicted.

Feng Liu was the woman he loved, so how could he bring himself to...

“Sister —” As usual, Dugu Mengxi turned to his sister for help.

Dugu Yamo was infuriated.

“Dugu Mengxi, you’re not giving away your place!” She glared at Dugu Mengxi.

Dugu Mengxi was speechless.

He didn’t want to give up his own place. He just thought that what if his sister...

Dugu Yamo had no idea what Dugu Mengxi was thinking at the moment. If she did, she would probably pass out.

Dugu Yamo asked Feng Liu, “Feng Liu, don’t you love Mengxi?”

“Yes! Yes, I do! I love him more than my own life!” Feng Liu said eagerly.

Dugu Yamo said, “If that’s the case, why are you troubling him? If he swaps places with you, he’ll die. Since you love him so much, why don’t you let him go? I’m begging you.”

Feng Liu was dumbfounded.

Let Dugu Mengxi go? Then what about her?

All of a sudden —

Whoosh!

Feng Liu took out a dagger from her sleeve and cut her own wrist open.

“Argh! Liu!”

Dugu Mengxi pulled Feng Liu into his arms and was almost in tears. “Liu, why are you doing this? Liu...”