

## **G E D 431**

### **Chapter 431: The Feng Manor**

It was none other than Mu Yaoyao herself.

Mu Yaoyao came out of Northern Feng Mansion, walked around Feng Wu, and looked the latter up and down.

She smacked her lips. “Weren’t you crazy about His Royal Highness? And weren’t you cuddling with Yu Mingye in the street after dark? Why, you’ve moved on to Young Lord Feng now? Well, he won’t even see you. Hahaha —”

After she was done laughing at Feng Wu, Mu Yaoyao said to Captain Zhou, “This is Miss Feng Wu. That’s right, the useless Miss Wu, who can think of nothing but chasing after men. Get her out of here before she upsets Young Lord Feng.”

After that, Mu Yaoyao left with a gloating smile on her face.

Immediately, everyone looked at Feng Wu strangely.

Crazy about His Royal Highness?

Cuddling with Yu Mingye in the dark?

And she was after Young Lord Feng now?

Wait... The girl was so pretty and elegant. Could she really be that kind of person? Captain Zhou frowned.

He wasn’t going to offer Feng Wu any help anymore, but was going to chase her away —

Just then, a carriage stopped outside the manor and some maids helped a graceful noble lady down from the magnificent vehicle.

“Little Feng Wu?”

Lady Northern Feng’s eyes lit up when she spotted Feng Wu.

Lady Northern Feng dismissed her maids Ziyuan and Lanyuan immediately and hurried toward Feng Wu. Her pretty eyes twinkled with excitement as she said in surprise, “Little Feng Wu, it’s really you!”

Lady Northern Feng was really fond of Feng Wu, to the point that she wanted to smuggle Feng Wu into Northern Feng Mansion and raise the girl as her own daughter.

She would have defended Feng Wu during the banquet at the Yan manor, but one thing led to another, and before she could do so, Feng Wu was gone.

“Lady Northern Feng?” Feng Wu smiled wholeheartedly.

If it wasn’t for the lady’s help five years ago, Feng Wu wouldn’t have been able to take her family all the way to Northern Border City when she had been so weak herself.

"It's really you!" As a daughter of a general, Lady Northern Feng was very forthright herself. She greeted Feng Wu with a smack on the latter's shoulder. "What were you thinking? You haven't come visit me after you got back. I see you've forgotten about me!"

Before Feng Wu could say another word, Lady Northern Feng went on. "Look at you. You were such a pretty little thing back then and you're stunning now. No man will be good enough for you!"

Captain Zhou mumbled something at that moment.

"What was that?" Lady Northern Feng caught a word or two of what he said, and she frowned and asked the question in a harsh tone.

Intimidated by Lady Northern Feng's stern countenance, Captain Zhou lowered his gaze. "It was something Miss Mu said before she left... She said that Miss Feng wouldn't leave His Royal Highness alone, but she was hitting on Yu Mingye the sacred son at the same time, and that she was moving on to our young lord now..."

*"Smack!"*

Lady Northern Feng flared up. "That's bullshit! What was she thinking? Xiao Wu would never do those things! Do all noble young ladies nowadays behave that way? Slandering other people with the most groundless rumors? Go get Mu Yaoyao back here! I'm going to question her myself!"

Despite how fierce the lady was, Captain Zhou never questioned anything she said. He saw the light immediately. So, Miss Mu had made all those things up.

Young ladies nowadays were so unbelievable...

### **Chapter 432: Lady Northern Feng**

Captain Zhou sent a team of his men to go after Mu Yaoyao.

Lady Northern Feng, on the other hand, held Feng Wu's hand affectionately.

Such a beautiful girl! There was both childlike innocence and wisdom in her eyes.

The girl wore an ankle-length sky blue dress and a crimson fur coat with piping made from white fox fur. The outfit set off her flawless skin, which was so fair that it seemed transparent.

Lady Northern Feng loved that unassuming and neat look, not to mention that she found the girl's temperament most compatible.

"Come, let's catch up inside." Lady Northern Feng wanted to lead Feng Wu into the mansion.

However, Feng Wu only smiled. "Aunt Feng, I'm here to see Feng Xun."

Feng Xun?!

Lady Northern Feng's eyes sparkled!

The girl had come here just to see Feng Xun? Was she fond of Feng Xun?

Lady Northern Feng was elated. Taking Feng Wu's hand, she asked in a trembling voice, "Kiddo, you want to see Feng Xun? Do you know each other?"

Feng Wu nodded. "We've met a few times."

"No problem —" One of Lady Northern Feng's greatest wishes back then was to have little Feng Wu as a daughter-in-law and she offered her help with delight. "Come! I'll take you to that dumb boy. Teehee —"

*Things are looking up!* Lady Northern Feng thought happily to herself.

Outside Feng Xun's No Mercy Yard —

*"Thump, thump, thump —"*

Lady Northern Feng banged on the door.

Ziyuan and Lanyuan exchanged looks and both wished they could be somewhere else.

Their lady behaved like anything but a noble lady. One would easily take her for a she-bandit —

"What?!"

An impatient voice bellowed inside.

Feng Xun was full of despair.

Boss Jun showed up last night and challenged him for no reason. When Feng Xun was finally about to circulate his spiritual essence in his body to help with the bruises on his face, someone banged on his door.

"Is Feng Xun in the middle of something?" Feng Wu frowned. "Aunt Feng, I can come back some other day."

Lady Northern Feng was exasperated!

Her future daughter-in-law had come to visit and her stupid son was sabotaging everything!

Lady Northern Feng gave the door a kick!

*"Thump —"*

The door to No Mercy Yard fell down at the impact!

Ziyuan and Lanyuan both looked up at the sky, pretending not to have seen anything...

"Let's go!"

Lady Northern Feng grabbed Feng Wu's hand and dragged her in.

Feng Xun's stomach lurched when he heard his mother's voice!

Shit!

He was finally able to lighten the bruises on his face, only for them to expand in size, which made him look horrendous!

*Whoosh —*

The stylish Young Lord Feng ran to his bed and wrapped a thick duvet around himself, head included.

Lady Northern Feng charged in, dragging Feng Wu behind her.

Feng Wu smiled in resignation. "I think I can come back another day."

"No, I won't let you do that!" Lady Northern Feng led Feng Wu into the bedroom.

"Wait, where is he?" Looking around, Lady Northern Feng couldn't find Feng Xun anywhere. She was ready to leave when she noticed the situation on the bed.

*You brat! I was finally able to get Xiao Wu to come here and you're hiding yourself under a duvet? Didn't you cry your eyes out when you were three, saying that you were going to defeat His Royal Highness and take little Feng Wu away?*

Lady Northern Feng, the merciless mother, yanked the duvet off!

*Whoosh —*

Feng Xun looked up when he lost his cover.

*" Pfft — "*

Lady Northern Feng burst out laughing when she saw Feng Xun's heavily bruised face!

### **Chapter 433: Trust Me on This!**

Feng Xun was full of despair.

He knew it! He. Knew. It!

Other mothers would burst into tears and shower their children with endearments if they found their babies beaten up like this, but what did his mother do? She laughed!

Feng Xun was seriously considering the possibility that he was a giveaway in some buy-one-get-one-free deal.

*"Hahahaha —"*

Feng Xun looked at his mother with an impassive face.

She wasn't just laughing. She was cracking up! Was she really his mother?

*"You... you... gosh. What happened to you, dummy? Who did this to you? Poor kid... Hahahaha —"*

Lady Northern Feng laughed until she was in tears.

Feng Xun felt like crying. What was his mother thinking? She could at least offer him some comforting words!

"No one did this to me! I had a fight. F. I. G. H. T. Ever heard of that?" Feng Xun tried to defend himself.

"With whom?"

"Boss Jun, of course!" Feng Xun said proudly.

"Teehee —" Lady Northern Feng burst into laughter again. "Are you sure that was a fight? I think it was more like a slaughter."

Feng Xun was speechless. He had to have a real mother somewhere in this world!

Growing up, the biggest bully in his life was none other than his mother here!

"Pfft —" Feng Wu couldn't hold back her laughter anymore.

Only then did Feng Xun realize that there was someone else in the room. Turning his bruised, swollen face, he saw who it was and he jumped out of bed. "Little Feng Wu!"

Looking from Feng Xun's hideous face to Feng Wu's stunning one, Lady Northern Feng sighed inwardly. Her dumb boy was never going to be good enough for the brilliant girl. How sad...

Lady Northern Feng rubbed her forehead. "I'll leave you young people to solve your problems on your own. I'm too old for this —"

She left after that, taking Ziyuan and Lanyuan with her.

Feng Xun stared at Feng Wu and was obviously ashamed of the way he looked right now.

"Why did Jun Linyuan beat you up?" Feng Wu said down on a hammock opposite Feng Xun in a familiar manner and grinned at him.

"I told you already; it was a fight! We fought!" Feng Xun stressed. "To be more precise, Boss Jun challenged me first!"

Poor Feng Xun. Everything he said was true, but Feng Wu wouldn't believe him.

"He's so much more powerful than you, why would he do that? He's not stupid," Feng Wu tossed a pine nut in her mouth and asked in an unhurried tone.

Feng Xun scratched his head. He couldn't figure it out himself either. Why had Boss Jun done that?

"What's going on with Boss Jun? He warned me when he left, telling me to keep my distance from a person. But who did I get so close to?" Feng Xun frowned. He was completely at a loss. So, he decided to put that aside and warned Feng Wu instead. "Little Feng Wu, I need to tell you something!"

"What?" Feng Wu looked at Feng Xun in bewilderment.

Feng Xun said earnestly, "Boss Jun is really weird these days. He's peevish and unpredictable. So, don't get close to him, and when you see him, keep your distance. You better leave ASAP when you see him. Understand?"

Feng Wu was bemused. “Is that really necessary?”

“Of course! Of course it’s necessary!” Feng Xun stressed and patted his chest. “I grew up with Boss Jun and I know him the best! Just trust me on this!”

Feng Wu said, “Whatever.”

#### **Chapter 434: Boss Jun Is Here!**

“I don’t know why, but Boss Jun seems to find you particularly unlikeable. Why, don’t be sad.” Feng Xun patted Feng Wu on the shoulder. “I like you!”

Feng Wu brushed Feng Xun’s hand off her shoulder and threw a dirty look at him.

Just then, a gust of wind blew in through the gate!

*Rumble!*

No Mercy Yard, which was equipped with an advanced defense system, cracked under the impact.

Feng Xun jumped at the sound, and before he knew it, he was shielding Feng Wu with his own body. He then looked up in the direction of the gate.

The aura was formidable.

The power was dark and terrifying.

And the person could make one shudder in fear...

“Boss Jun!” Seeing how dark Boss Jun’s impeccable face was, Feng Xun felt his heart skip a beat —

“Feng Wu!” Boss Jun bellowed. “Get the hell out of there!”

Feng Xun saw the light right away. So, little Feng Wu had offended Boss Jun again. For some reason, Boss Jun seemed to find fault with everything she did.

Since he was Jun Linyuan’s childhood friend, Feng Xun thought he could intervene. Keeping Feng Wu behind him, he said, “Boss Jun, if Feng Wu has offended you somehow, please —”

“Go away!”

Jun Linyuan roared at Feng Xun!

The terrifying soundwave tore the roof open!

Feng Xun blanched.

Little Feng Wu was a cripple and Boss Jun looked so pissed. One slap and he could easily kill the girl!

At that thought, Feng Xun said in a hurry, “Boss Jun — if you want to hit someone, hit me instead!”

Jun Linyuan thought his head was going to explode.

He had warned Feng Xun already, telling him to stay away from Feng Wu, but what did he do? The two of them were alone in a room and were all lovey-dovey! Even someone with a milder temperament would lose their temper, let alone the crown prince, who was very irascible.

Feng arrived in time to hear what Feng Xun said.

And the steward rolled his eyes in resignation.

Jun Linyuan darted a look at Feng.

Feng took the hint right away. He went up to Feng Wu and said politely, "Miss Wu, this is a duel between two men. If you wouldn't mind, please wait outside."

A duel between two men? Feng Wu frowned. That was a strange choice of words.

"Xiao Wu, get out of here!" Feng Xun shouted at Feng Wu.

Feng Wu glanced at Jun Linyuan, who was staring at Feng Xun with a grim look on his face, as if he was going to eat Feng Xun whole...

Something didn't feel right... Feng Wu scratched her head, but couldn't figure out what it was. She had no choice but to go out as instructed.

Feng followed her out and closed the gate behind them.

Feng was about to drop Feng Wu some hints when a teenage boy scampered toward them.

"Brother Feng the Third <sup>1</sup> —"

His eyes widened when he spotted Feng and he abruptly stopped talking!

"M- Mr Feng..." The teenager faltered.

Feng greeted him with a nod. "Hello, Young Master Mu the Sixth."

Young Master Mu the Sixth? As in Mu Yuzhe? The sixth son of Lord Mu?

Feng Wu remembered Young Master Mu as this boy who followed Feng Xun around when they were little. By the looks of it, he was still doing that.

Young Master Mu looked surprised when he spotted Feng Wu.

Such a pretty girl! Which family was she from?

Just then, they heard Feng Xun's voice inside the room. "I don't care! I like little Feng Wu! I like her and I like her!"

" *Bang!* "

Something heavy smashed on the floor and Young Master Mu's stomach lurched!

**Chapter 435: BFFs**

Young Master Mu gleaned a lot of information from that statement. So, his Brother Feng the Third liked a girl called little Feng Wu...

Feng turned a gaze devoid of warmth on the teenager. "Young Master Mu, can I help you with anything?"

Young Master Mu's stomach lurched and he replied with an ingratiating smile on his face, "No, that's alright. I was just taking a walk. That's all —"

After that, Young Master Mu darted another curious look at Feng Wu and ran off.

After hanging out with Feng Xun all these years, of course he knew who Feng was.

What did it mean when Feng showed up?

It meant that Boss Jun was around!

Young Master Mu was dauntless — but only when Jun Linyuan wasn't around. So, he turned around and fled the scene without hesitation.

Feng looked at Feng Wu and sighed.

She was such a smart girl, but why was she so... dumb in this aspect? Feng was vexed. He couldn't just blurt it out.

"Miss Wu, may I ask what you need Young Master Feng for?"

Feng Wu replied after some thought, "I have my eye on a manor and I'd like Feng Xun to purchase it on my behalf."

"May I ask which manor is it?" Feng asked.

"It's Grand Secretary Fang's manor." No sound came from inside the room, and Feng Wu frowned. "I think it'll take them a while to finish. I'm off."

She didn't think Jun Linyuan would do actual harm to Feng Xun, so she left after waving goodbye to Feng.

Feng Wu decided to have a look at the Fang manor after she left Northern Feng Mansion.

However, she heard a racket as soon as she walked out into the street.

An angry female voice shouted, "Duan Chaoge! You broke the antique vase and cut my hand! You're going to pay for this!"

Duan Chaoge?

Feng Wu recalled one of her childhood playmates, whose name was Duan Chaoge.

She was the neglected daughter of her father's concubine and the Duan family offered her to Feng Wu as a "partner in training." In fact, they were making Duan Chaoge a servant for Feng Wu.

Needless to say, Feng Wu just treated the girl as her equal and a friend.



Chaoge? Was that her?

Feng Wu turned in that direction and she frowned at what she saw.

It was a... rotund girl. She was of the same height as Feng Wu, but she had to weigh about three times more. She was too overweight to even walk properly.

She had a multi-layered chin on her very round face.

However, Feng Wu could still recognize the girl she used to play with.

It really was Duan Chaoge.

Tears welled up in Feng Wu's eyes when she saw Duan Chaoge like this... What had Chaoge gone through? Why was she like this?

Feng Wu then noticed that the person who had grabbed Duan Chaoge by the hair was Ye Yafei, the girl who wanted to purchase the Fang manor.

"Duan Chaoge! You're going to pay for this!" Pulling Duan Chaoge's hair, Ye Yafei smirked. "You look like a pig. Weren't you Feng Wu's minion? Have you become as useless as her? You're the ugliest piece of shit I've ever seen!"

"Say whatever you want about me, but leave Xiao Wu out of this!" Chaoge charged at Ye Yafei with all her might!

Caught by surprise, Ye Yafei was knocked over.

*Crumble —*

She bumped into a shelf full of antiques which all tumbled down, and she was buried in broken porcelain pieces.

Feng Wu was speechless.

Duan Chaoge was equally frightened. She stood there, looking flustered, and was at a loss over what to do.

*" Smack! "*

Duan Chaoge was slapped hard on her cheek!

### **Chapter 436: How Much?**

"You bitch! How dare you push Sister Yafei? Things have changed since five years ago! Kneel and apologize to Sister Yafei!"

With those words, a girl tried to kick Duan Chaoge in the back of her knees.

"That's enough!"

A chilly voice rang out.

The girls looked up and saw a stunning girl walk over. She was as pretty as a picture.

She was so beautiful... Who was she?

“Xiao Wu? Are you Xiao Wu?” Duan Chaoge, who had worshiped Feng Wu since she was little, asked in a trembling voice.

“Feng Wu?!” Staring at Feng Wu, Ye Yafei was astonished!

How could anyone be this beautiful?!

Zuo Qingluan was known for her beauty, but compared with Feng Wu...

“Yes, it’s me,” Feng Wu replied with a frown. “What’s going on?”

“Xiao Wu — *sob* —” Like someone who had just found a rock in the shifting sands of her existence, Chaoge dashed toward Feng Wu in excitement. “Xiao Wu, you’re back! You’re really back, *sob* —”

“Heh.” Ye Yafei smirked. “I was wondering who would be ignorant enough to stick their nose into this. So, it’s you, Miss Wu of the Feng clan. Miss Feng Wu, aren’t you a useless piece of shit now? Are you sure you’re not biting off more than you can chew?”

Feng Wu glanced at Chaoge.

And Chaoge quickly told her what happened.

It was as Feng Wu suspected. Ye Yafei had asked for the antique piece Chaoge was holding, and with no idea how to handle such a piece properly, Chaoge had handed Ye Yafei the Whistling Vase straight away.

However, Ye Yafei drew back her hands before the vase reached her, and with a crash —

The vase fell to the floor with a crisp sound, shattered, and cut Ye Yafei’s hand in the process.

“This is an antique vase made by imperial order in the previous dynasty and is one of a kind.” Ye Yafei stared at Feng Wu with a half-smile. “Isn’t Chaoge your minion? I’m sure you won’t stand by and do nothing.”

Feng Wu glanced at the Whistling Vase and she saw immediately that it was a genuine piece with a signature on the bottom.

*Made by Yu Wei.*

Yu Wei was a renowned formation master of the previous dynasty, and a Whistling Vase could do more than just whistle.

As expected, the owner of Elegant Ink Gallery came out with a long face. “Miss Duan, that was a Whistling Vase made by Master Yu Wei himself and it was reserved for a client. What am I going to do now that you’ve destroyed it?”

“It wasn’t me...” Chaoge pointed at Ye Yafei. “She drew back her hands first!”

Mr Mo said with a grimace, "Miss Duan, you should have followed the rules of an antiques shop. When other customers ask for something you're holding, you should put it down first, then the other party can pick it up."

Duan Chaoge shook her head. How was she supposed to know that?

Feng Wu realized that Ye Yafei had set Chaoge up.

Mr Mo handed Feng Wu the base of the vase. "Look, see that? It proves that this is Master Yu Wei's work. Miss, I'm not trying to trick you. It really is Master Yu Wei's work."

"And how much is it worth?" Feng Wu darted an indifferent glance at Mr Mo.

To Feng Wu, Chaoge had always been a little sister to her. She couldn't bring herself to see Chaoge trembling like a bunny like this.

Moreover, those people were doing this to Chaoge because she was Feng Wu's friend.

At the end of the day, Duan Chaoge had been implicated because of Feng Wu.

Mr Mo smiled bitterly. "Miss Feng, Master Yu Wei's work can't be measured in terms of money, for it comes with a formation, which can help with cultivation. I believe you should know that."

#### **Chapter 437: The Whistling Vase**

"Master Yu Wei's work indeed comes with spiritual formations." Feng Wu nodded.

"So, this Whistling Vase is worth a thousand low-grade spiritual stones." Mr Mo smiled.

"A thousand low-grade spiritual stones? Are you kidding me? Where am I supposed to get that many spiritual stones?!" Chaoge was terrified.

It was common knowledge that spiritual stones were the hard currency in the cultivation circle, more so than actual gold and silver. However, spiritual stones were scarce in quantity and supply always fell short of demand. Hence, the price of spiritual stones had always been exorbitantly high.

"Well, you can't come up with that much money, but your Feng Wu can. Right, Miss Feng Wu?" Ye Yafei glanced at Feng Wu with a half-smile.

*I'd like to see you cast Duan Chaoge aside.*

Of course Feng Wu wasn't going to abandon her friend. Moreover, she needed to find an opportunity to talk to Chaoge. How had that petite, slim girl from five years ago become such a butterball?

Although, the most important thing now was to take care of Mr Mo and Ye Yafei.

Feng Wu ignored Ye Yafei and turned to Mr Mo. "A thousand spiritual stones would be a fair price if this were an authentic work by Master Yu Wei. Actually, you could almost call it a bargain."

Mr Mo's kind smile vanished and his face twisted. "What? Is Miss Feng suggesting that this Whistling Vase is a fake?"

“Of course it’s fake,” Feng Wu said without hesitation.

Mr Mo flared up!

“Miss Feng, are you saying that Elegant Ink Gallery knowingly cheats our customers?” Glancing at the pile of broken porcelain pieces on the floor and the shelf that Ye Yafei knocked over when Chaoge bumped into her, Mr Mo smirked.

“Good, you got my hint.” Feng Wu nodded. “Chaoge is responsible for breaking this Whistling Vase because she didn’t know the rules of an antique shop. That’s a lesson she needs to learn. However, we’re not going to pay the one thousand spiritual stones. You’ll get a thousand taels of silver instead.”

Mr Mo’s face darkened. Ye Yafei snorted before he could say anything. “A thousand taels of silver? Are you paying off a beggar? Do you know who the owner of Elegant Ink Gallery is?”

“Who might that be?” Feng Wu was actually intrigued.

Mr Mo said, “This Whistling Vase is our sixth young master’s favorite. He reserved it for his mother’s birthday, and I don’t think the young master will find a thousand low-grade spiritual stones enough.”

By now, a large crowd had gathered round, but they stayed on the fringe so as not to accidentally knock over some antique pieces.

“The sixth young master? Is he referring to the sixth son of Lord Mu?”

“That’s him, alright. Young Master Mu is well-known in the imperial capital for his unruly behavior. He’s well-connected and gets along with people both above board and underground. The east side of the city is his territory. There was this time when a third-ranked official came to the imperial capital and offended Young Master Mu somehow. That guy ended up being locked up a few days after that.”

“His father is a lord. Of course he’s well-connected.”

“That’s not it. Lord Mu isn’t influential enough to remove a third-ranked official from his post. Young Master Mu has a much more formidable acquaintance than his father,” said that person in a mysterious voice.

Young Master Mu? That jogged Feng Wu’s memory. That teenager she met at Feng Xun’s place?

However, she couldn’t connect that capering teenager with this big boss that everyone was talking about, who associated with both the lawful and lawless. That teen couldn’t be the same person, right?

Mr Mo let others introduce the background of this shop before turning his cold gaze on Feng Wu. “Miss Feng, are you sure you’re going to get involved in this?”

Feng Wu nodded.

Mr Mo smirked. “I think I know where the Feng manor is. If Miss Feng can’t come up with a thousand low-grade spiritual stones, we’ll go fetch it from your clan!”

**Chapter 438: Chaoge**

Everyone looked at Feng Wu strangely after those words.

This Miss Feng wasn't the one who broke the Whistling Vase, so she shouldn't have to pay for it.

Anyone else would have stayed as far away as possible, let alone make it their responsibility.

Little did they expect that Feng Wu would take everything upon herself, which was quite an honorable thing to do.

A wise-looking old man in a plain outfit observed Feng Wu with great interest.

An elderly steward with a stern, impassive face stood beside him. Despite how stoic he looked, there was no question that he was exceptionally capable in cultivation!

"Xiao Wu..." Chaoge was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt. She knew how arrogant the people of the Feng clan were and what a hard time those people must be giving Xiao Wu.

She was here to buy a gift for Xiao Wu today, but look at what she had done. She couldn't do anything without causing trouble... Chaoge felt like slapping herself.

Mr Mo's words didn't make Feng Wu flinch and she only smiled proudly. "Mr Mo, I'm afraid you won't get a chance to do that."

"Is that so?"

Mr Mo, as well as everyone else, was intrigued.

Why was Miss Feng so confident that she didn't need to pay for it?

"Because this Whistling Vase is a fake."

Feng Wu announced it in a calm voice.

A fake?

Everyone else looked at Mr Mo in astonishment.

"Fake?"

"Elegant Ink Gallery sells knock-offs?"

"I bought an incense burner just the other day from this shop. I think I need to have it appraised."

Mr Mo was furious!

Face dark, he glared at Feng Wu. "Miss Feng! You shouldn't brag about taking responsibility if you can't afford it! Are you going to slander our Elegant Ink Gallery to avoid paying the bill? What's wrong with young ladies nowadays? How can you be so vicious?!"

Ye Yafei crossed her arms and chimed in offhandedly, "Mr Mo. not all young ladies are like this. Miss Wu here is an exception. She's that useless fifth daughter of the Feng family."

Everyone let out cries of surprise!

Feng Wu used to be so famous five years ago!

With her talent, everyone in the Junwu Empire thought that she would become the second Jun Linyuan!

“She’s that Feng Wu who was called a genius from young?”

“The one who lost all her abilities five years ago?”

“His Royal Highness canceled his engagement to her — that Feng Wu?”

“And...”

Instantly, all eyes were on Feng Wu.

This was the girl that had almost become His Royal Highness’s wife!

That old man in the crowd also gave Feng Wu another glance, as if deep in thought.

Chaoge almost broke into tears!

She would rather die than see Feng Wu humiliated like this.

“Xiao Wu, please leave. I can handle this on my own!” Chaoge tried to push Feng Wu away, her tone adamant.

Feng Wu only smiled and nodded at Chaoge. She then turned to Mr Mo. “You can’t turn a fake piece into an authentic one, even if it’s been broken and mixed in with a thousand other pieces.”

“You!” Mr Mo smirked. “Fine. If you say it’s a fake, prove it! Do that and you won’t have to pay a penny!”

Feng Wu nodded. “Deal.”

“Xiao Wu, you...” Chaoge really wanted to slap herself.

### **Chapter 439: Like I Said, A Fake**

Why did she have to push Ye Yafei? Even if she had to, why did she have to knock over that long shelf full of antiques? Chaoge was almost in tears.

Ye Yafei glanced at Feng Wu with a half-smile.

There had to be over ten thousand broken pieces here.

There was no way she would be able to find the dozens of pieces that belonged to that Whistling Vase from the pile.

Ye Yafei wasn’t the only one who thought that way; so did all the onlookers.

However, Feng Wu only crouched down and began rummaging through the pile. Soon, she picked out a piece of white porcelain.

Chaoge found a piece of cloth and lay it next to Feng Wu.

Feng Wu put the broken piece on it.

One, two, three... Soon, Feng Wu found eighteen broken pieces.

Ye Yafei stared at Feng Wu. "That's impossible! How did you do that? They can't be all from that vase!"

Feng Wu darted a quick glance at Ye Yafei. "What do you know about antiques?"

That successfully shut Ye Yafei up.

The others all looked at Feng Wu in disbelief.

There had to be tens of thousands of broken pieces here and all of them were white. How did she know which was which?

No, she had to be picking at random. She would be so embarrassed when she tried to put them together.

However, that wise-looking old man's eyes flickered.

With his capability, he was able to detect something the others couldn't.

Feng Wu saw some glue lying around and she put it to use.

She stuck a piece of thin paper on the inside of one porcelain piece before sticking the other pieces onto it. Finally, she put everything on the base, and in under a minute, the Whistling Vase was put back together.

It was intact, tidy, and looked as good as new.

Mr Mo's eyes widened!

How was that possible?!

Feng Wu darted a glance at Mr Mo in a careless way. "Is this the so-called Whistling Vase made by Master Yu Wei?"

Mr Mo couldn't say no.

The vase had been put together so perfectly that he had no reason to deny it.

"Yes..." Mr Mo said through gritted teeth.

Sweat began trickling down the sides of his face.

With the appraisal and repair skills Miss Feng had just demonstrated... there was no doubt that she was at the Master level or above!

"Good." Feng Wu gave a nod.

Holding Feng Wu's arm, Chaoge burst into tears of joy and she hopped around. "Xiao Wu! Xiao Wu! We don't have to pay for it! That's wonderful!"

Silly girl. Feng Wu hadn't even started yet and she was already over the moon.

Mr Mo stared at Feng Wu. "That's right. This is Master Yu Wei's Whistling Vase. But even when you've repaired it, it won't be as valuable as it was. Isn't that the case, Miss Feng?"

Feng Wu nodded. "That is true, if this was an authentic piece."

"Are you going to insist that this is a fake?!" Mr Mo's face turned livid.

Crossing her hands behind her back, Feng Wu said proudly, "Of course it is."

"Fine, fine —" Mr Mo was so angry that he burst into laughter. Picking up the Whistling Vase, he called out to the crowd. "I believe that everyone here are experts in antiques, and I wonder if someone could help us with the appraisal?"

"I'll do it —"

An old man in a navy blue robe stepped out and went up to Mr Mo.

"Master Bian?"

Someone cried out in surprise.

"The legendary Master Bian?"

#### **Chapter 440: The One-Time Genius**

"Who's Master Bian? Why do you all know that name?"

"Seriously? You don't know who Master Bian is? He's the master who took part in building Imperial College's essence-gathering formation!"

Mr Mo's face lit up when he saw Master Bian. "Master Bian! It's nice to see you here in Elegant Ink Gallery again!"

Formations were related to antiques, which was why Master Bian was a frequent customer here.

Crossing his hands behind his back, Master Bian nodded at Mr Mo with a stern look on his face.

He then turned to the Whistling Vase on the table. Before he said anything, his servant provided him with a pair of fine white gloves.

The impassive expression still on his face, Master Bian put on the gloves before he picked up the vase. He then examined it inch by inch with a magnifying glass.

All eyes were on Master Bian.

Master Bian had helped build Imperial College's essence-gathering formation and was well-known on the continent. He was a famous figure in both the formation and antiques circles!

His words were deemed authoritative.

"What do you think?" Mr Mo clenched his fists and looked at Master Bian nervously.

Master Bian focused mainly on the signature on the base. Finally, he turned his sharp gaze on Feng Wu. "The signature belongs to Master Yu Wei and this isn't fake."

"Wow!"



Everyone looked at Feng Wu strangely after that initial exclamation.

Especially Ye Yafei, who smirked at Feng Wu. "Feng Wu, even Master Bian has confirmed that this Whistling Vase is authentic and that this is Master Yu Wei's real signature. What else do you have to say?"

Mr Mo put on a most aggrieved look. "Miss Feng Wu, are you still going to insist that this vase is fake?"

Master Bian stared at Feng Wu with animosity.

The wise-looking old man in the crowd looked even more intrigued.

However, Feng Wu didn't seem bothered at all. There was something utterly confident about her when she smiled. "Yes, it's a fake."

By then, the others were staring at Feng Wu in disbelief.

She denied it stubbornly even when Master Bian had drawn his conclusion. There was something wrong with this girl's character.

Ye Yafei burst into laughter. "I've never met anyone as shameless as you. Feng Wu, how can you be so disgusting? It won't turn into a fake just because you say so!"

Mr Mo also smirked. "Miss Feng, if you don't have that much money on you today, it won't be a problem. Everyone here are witnesses. I can go to the Feng clan to claim it."

Even Master Bian was sneering at Feng Wu. He sighed and shook his head. "I knew the one-time genius girl had fallen, but how could you have turned into this shameless person? What a pity..."

That was a very harsh thing to say!

As an elderly master, he had made such a comment about Feng Wu, a teenage girl... one couldn't help but wonder what grudge he could have against Feng Wu.

What he said inferred that it was Feng Wu's fault and made her a target.

And many agreed with Master Bian.

They pitied the one-time genius girl for the loss of her abilities. However, now that she had turned into this impudent girl, that pity turned into abhorrence right away.