

G E D 441

Chapter 441: All Hail Feng Wu

The wise-looking old man was the only one frowning at Master Bian.

Feng Wu had no idea what was going on in the crowd. No matter how hard the others tried to smear her reputation, she wasn't intimidated at all.

Darting a casual glance at Master Bian, she said unhurriedly, "Master Bian, are you sure about your conclusion?"

Master Bian said arrogantly, "Of course!"

"On your reputation?"

Master Bian threw a dirty look at Feng Wu. A girl like this wasn't even qualified to talk to him on any given day.

However, all eyes were watching and Master Bian had to reply in a condescending tone, "Sure."

Feng Wu smiled. "Are you sure you don't want to examine it again? Your entire reputation is at stake."

"Hahaha —" Master Bian snorted. "That's ridiculous. You're questioning the judgement of Bian Youliang. This Whistling Vase is authentic and I can guarantee it on my reputation!"

"Smack —"

The next second, Feng Wu grabbed the Whistling Vase and smashed it onto Master Bian's head!

It happened so suddenly that it took everyone by surprise.

When they realized what had happened, they saw that Master Bian had a bloody cut on his head.

The crowd was speechless.

Looking at Master Bian, who stood there with a bloody forehead, and Feng Wu, who was as confident as ever, in turn, they didn't know how to react.

"You —" Only then did Master Bian react to the attack, and he glared at Feng Wu.

Crossing her hands behind her back, Feng Wu said in a cold, harsh tone, "How can you miss that? You're a Master-level formation master! Do you even know how to use your eyes? I should have dug out your eyeballs and fed them to the dogs, but I'm more merciful than that. Instead, I only borrowed your head!"

Feng Wu said it in a tone of a superior reprimanding their subordinate.

Master Bian was speechless.

So was everyone else.

"You —" Master Bian glared at Feng Wu.

"I what?!" Feng Wu smirked. "The only thing authentic about this Whistling Vase is the base. The rest of the vase was stuck on afterward. Only an imbecile like you would call the thing an authentic piece and endorse this Elegant Ink Gallery. That Mr Mo over there is making money and calling you an idiot in his head!"

The well-respected Master Bian couldn't stand Feng Wu's insult!

Everyone was looking forward to seeing what Master Bian would do to Feng Wu now.

However, the look on Master Bian's face changed abruptly.

He turned around and stared at Mr Mo!

Mr Mo was hesitating at that moment, and shaken by Master Bian's sudden stare, he couldn't hide that expression on his face quickly enough.

That alarmed Master Bian. Without thinking, he crouched down, took out his magnifying glass, and examined the pieces inch by inch.

He blanched right away!

Turning to Mr Mo, Master Bian asked, "What did you say the level of the formation in this Whistling Vase was?"

"M- Master-level..."

Master Bian grabbed an antique bottle and smashed it against Mr Mo's forehead!

"A Master-level formation? Don't make me laugh!" Master Bian pointed at one of the broken pieces. "If that's really the case, why isn't there any trace left at the eye of the formation? Answer me!"

"Well... well..." A bitter taste filled Mr Mo's mouth.

He turned to Ye Yafei with a pleading look.

How could he have anticipated that someone as inconsequential as Duan Chaoge would have such a capable friend? Mr Mo thought that he had everything under control when he set the girl up with this fake piece.

Just then —

Chapter 442: Who's the Old Man?

The onlookers felt like they were on a rollercoaster ride. The reversal simply came too suddenly for them to digest.

The looks they gave Feng Wu changed again.

They forgot all about calling Feng Wu a shameless girl just moments ago... So, she had been right all along!

That Whistling Vase was really a fake!

Mr Mo was selling fake antiques, and by the looks of it, he was doing it knowingly!

Bamboozling innocent customers with fake pieces – his Elegant Ink Gallery had no sense of shame at all!

The crowd began to look the shop over with animosity.

Everything Mr Mo had bragged about became evidence against himself now, and even Ye Yafei looked embarrassed... They didn't know what to do.

While Master Bian was questioning Mr Mo, Feng Wu had fixed the broken Whistling Vase again.

She clapped her hands. "Done."

Master Bian stared at Feng Wu in bewilderment. "... That's your priority? Fixing that fake piece when we're arguing about a much more pressing matter here?"

Would nothing fluster this girl?

All eyes were on Feng Wu now.

Feng Wu only smiled. "Master Yu Wei's work is so sought after not because of how precious the actual pieces are, but because of the advanced formations in the Whistling Vases."

The more advanced the formation in a Whistling Vase was, the better it could help with comprehending skills with the wind attribute.

Master Bian and the others nodded. "That's right."

"You're going to buy this with a thousand low-grade spiritual stones." Feng Wu tossed that repaired Whistling Vase to Master Bian.

Master Bian almost exploded.

Since when had he agreed to that? Having been broken twice, this Whistling Vase was already rickety. There was no way that he could put any formation into it!

Plus, having it around would only remind him of the humiliation he had suffered today. No, he wouldn't buy it!

However, Feng Wu stood there proudly with a half-smile on her face. She then narrowed her eyes.

Master Bian realized that the girl wouldn't cut him loose unless he made the purchase.

"Fine! I'll take it!" Master Bian tossed a pouch to Feng Wu, grabbed the Whistling Vase, and turned to leave.

Feng Wu watched as Master Bian walked out and called after him, "Say hi to Priest Wu for me."

P- Priest Wu?

The girl was an acquaintance of his master? No way!

Master Bian didn't look back and only hurried off with the vase. He couldn't stand to stay here any longer.

The room fell silent after Master Bian departed...

Everyone looked at Feng Wu strangely.

Feng Wu darted a look at Mr Mo, which made his stomach lurch.

The girl's gaze was as sharp as a cold blade and it gave him the creeps.

Feng Wu paid no attention to these people and left with Chaoge.

At the same time.

Master Bian was walking away quickly with the Whistling Vase. The longer he looked at it, the more he wanted to toss it away.

For it reminded him of how humiliated he had been in Elegant Ink Gallery.

"Master Bian —" Someone blocked his way.

Looking up, Master Bian saw a wise-looking old man and an elderly steward.

The steward was the one who stopped him.

With an impassive face, the steward reached out to Master Bian. "I'd like to borrow that for a moment."

Before Master Bian could reply, the vase was in the steward's hand.

Chapter 443: You Have No Right to Be so Arrogant!

The elderly steward handed the vase to his master with great respect.

Taking the Whistling Vase, the sagacious old man pressed a palm to the base and examined it with his spiritual essence. His eyes flickered.

What an impressive formation.

The girl had set it up with such dexterous hands while chatting casually at the same time... Her formation skills were unfathomable.

At that thought, the sagacious old man gave his steward a look.

The elderly steward then tossed a bag of a thousand low-grade spiritual stones to Master Bian. "We'll take this Whistling Vase. Off you go."

Master Bian's eyes lit up.

A thousand low-grade spiritual stones was a considerable amount for him and he was more than happy to trade this lousy vase for that much money.

"Sure, of course —" Master Bian agreed right away.

The sagacious old man smirked as he watched Master Bian leave. "What a fool."

“Master.” The old steward grimaced. “I think Miss Feng was going to send a message to his master with that vase.”

As it turned out, Master Bian was unlucky that way and had sold off such a precious vase just like that.

“Xiao Wu —”

Outside Elegant Ink Gallery, Chaoge took Feng Wu’s hand and her eyes glistened with tears. “Xiao Wu, I knew it! You’re the best! You turned things around all by yourself, you surprised everyone, and you totally defeated Mr Mo! Even Master Bian had to admit his failure and run away... Oh my god, Xiao Wu, you’re awesome!”

Feng Wu looked at her childhood friend. The girl used to be a little more than skin and bones, but now —

Before Feng Wu could ask about it, Ye Yafei spoke.

“Feng Wu, that was unexpected. I didn’t know you had such sharp eyes.”

Leaning against a column outside Elegant Ink Gallery’s entrance, Ye Yafei looked Feng Wu up and down. “Although, appraising antiques and repairing them is all that you can do now, right? What else can you do? Can you cultivate? You’re still a useless cripple.”

“Shut up!”

Seeing Feng Wu being insulted made Duan Chaoge feel more infuriated than being humiliated herself. Her chest heaved with anger.

Feng Wu patted Duan Chaoge on the shoulder, then turned to Ye Yafei with a calm face.

Ye Yafei hadn’t learned anything from her failed attempt to frame Chaoge. Feng Wu had already forgotten about the girl, but she just wouldn’t go away. Since Ye Yafei was so eager to have her face slapped again, Feng Wu was happy to oblige.

“Miss Ye, how can I help you?” Feng Wu glanced at her.

“It’s nothing, really. I only have one question for you: do you still remember Zuo Qingluan, the girl who was less capable than you back then?”

The girls and boys behind Ye Yafei roared with laughter at those words.

Zuo Qingluan was also born with True Phoenix Blood, but back then, she was nowhere near as famous as Feng Wu and hardly anyone knew about her.

“Have you heard? Zuo Qingluan is already a Spiritual Elder now,” said Ye Yafei. “Whereas you, well, you don’t have a speck of spiritual essence. How could you bring yourself to come back to the imperial capital at all? I would have hung myself if I were you, instead of asking to be humiliated here!”

“Shut up!”

Chaoge felt so sorry for Feng Wu and she believed that Xiao Wu could only feel even more upset.

She tried to jump at Ye Yafei, but Feng Wu stopped her.

“Duan Chaoge, you have no right to be so arrogant.” Ye Yafei looked bemused. She then pointed at Feng Wu. “Do you think Feng Wu will be able to protect you like she did when you were little? Even if she wants to, can she?”

“Xiao Wu is the best! I won’t allow you to insult her like this!” Chaoge was so enraged that the rims of her eyes turned red!

Chapter 444: World Tower

“Xiao Wu, let’s go!” Chaoge took Feng Wu’s hand and wanted to leave. These people weren’t worth talking to.

“Duan Chaoge, where are you going?” Ye Yafei stared at Chaoge with a half-smile and stopped the latter in a casual tone. “Didn’t you agree to work as my maid for the day? You still have two more hours to go.”

Feng Wu turned to Chaoge in bewilderment.

Chaoge almost burst into tears, but she managed to fight them back. She said to Feng Wu, “Xiao Wu, you can go back. I’ll catch up with you later.”

She could handle the humiliation, but she wouldn’t let Xiao Wu be insulted like that.

Feng Wu shook her head with a wry smile. She knew perfectly well what was going on in Chaoge’s head, and because of that, she wouldn’t stand there and let Chaoge be bullied.

Chaoge would be even more humiliated if she was asked about her weight in front of these people, so Feng Wu turned to Ye Yafei. “What do you want?”

She knew that she was Ye Yafei’s real target, not Chaoge.

“Miss Feng Wu, that’s very smart of you.” Ye Yafei gloated and gestured with a wave of her hand. “Follow me.”

The other boys and girls with Ye Yafei all giggled in satisfaction.

Feng Wu used to be famous as His Royal Highness’s one-time fiancée. Hence, humiliating her felt exceptionally satisfying.

“Sister Yafei, where are we going?” Huo Yin, Ye Yafei’s minion, asked in excitement.

Ye Yafei showed them an ornamental plate.

“Wait, that’s an entrance card for World Tower,” said Huo Yin in an agitated tone. “And it’s the one to the sixth floor!”

“That’s right,” Ye Yafei said in a matter-of-fact tone. “It belongs to my father and he can enter the sixth floor with it. However, the owner’s children have to move a floor down, so we can only go as high as the fifth floor.”

“The fifth floor!” Wen Ling, another of Ye Yafei’s minions, pressed her hands to her chest. “World Tower is so hard to get into. Even the first floor requires a person to be a seventh-ranked official or the owner of a medium-sized business!”

Huo Yin added, “Plus, the entrance card only applies to immediate family. Uncles can’t lend theirs to their nieces.”

She gave Feng Wu a contemptuous glance when she said those words.

Feng Yanfeng, a third-ranked official, held the highest position in the Feng clan. Unfortunately, he was Feng Wu’s uncle, not father.

“Let’s go.” Ye Yafei had come up with a number of ways to make Feng Wu miserable. She hadn’t said anything for a couple of minutes because she was trying to decide which method she would use first. Or, should she use them all at once?

Seeing that Feng Wu was going to follow the group, Chaoge tugged at her sleeve in a hurry. “Xiao Wu, don’t —”

Feng Wu tilted her head and looked at Chaoge.

Chaoge shook her head repeatedly.

However, Feng Wu only smiled at her. “Why not? Let’s go.”

Ye Yafei darted a contemptuous look at Feng Wu. Poor yokel. *If only you knew that His Royal Highness is the owner of World Tower...*

She could foresee a party where everyone would have so much fun humiliating Feng Wu.

Ye Yafei presented her plate at the entrance to World Tower.

“Miss Ye, welcome to Dancing Floor.”

Each of World Tower’s floors had its own name, and the fifth was known as “Dancing Floor.”

A teenage girl with lithe and graceful movements led them all the way up to Dancing Floor.

World Tower was as incredible as it was said to be. The head waitress was exceptionally attractive and looked as pretty as Ye Yafei and the other young ladies.

However, despite how pretty she was, no one dared to take liberties with her. Even flirtatious words were off-limits.

Chapter 445: Inky Rain

Because this was World Tower. His Royal Highness’s World Tower.

Ye Yafei frowned. “Yan Yue, is Moon Room taken?”

Yan Yue nodded slightly. “Yes.”

“What about Pine?”

“That’s taken as well.” Yan Yue glanced at Ye Yafei. “Inky Rain is the only left. Miss Ye, are you going to take it?”

World Tower was the only place that dared to treat its customers in this manner.

Ye Yafei had put on airs in front of Feng Wu, but she couldn’t even raise her voice to a waitress of World Tower.

The person behind World Tower was simply too powerful for anyone to defy.

Inky Rain Room.

The private room was as wide as several hundred square meters.

Tables were set on the left side and customers could entertain themselves however they wanted.

Rush cushions were scattered around on the floor on the right side of the room and a painting known as “Inky Rain” hung on the wall. Other than those, there was nothing on that side of the room.

The right side was as tranquil as it was boisterous on the left side.

The left side was for mundane activities and the right for cultivation.

The difference was as stark as Yin and Yang.

“Let’s eat. We’ll go study Inky Rain afterward.” Ye Yafei gestured at her friends to sit down. Her gaze shifted to Chaoge and she was going to ask Chaoge to stand behind her like a maid, but —

Feng Wu acted first and pressed Chaoge down in a chair. “Chaoge, take a seat.”

Ye Yafei smirked. She hadn’t even started yet. *Well, sit all you want. Let’s see how long you can keep your seat!*

Feng Wu and Chaoge sat at one corner of the table.

Ye Yafei was enjoying her conversation with her friends.

They were obviously shutting out Feng Wu and Chaoge, but Feng Wu couldn’t care less.

“Sister Yafei, you said you were going to tell us great news. What is it?” Huo Yin played along.

Ye Yafei glanced at Feng Wu with a gloating smile. “It’s not settled yet, but I’m sure I’ll get that manor!”

“Which manor?” Wen Ling asked curiously.

“Well... I can’t tell you that, but I can tell you that Zuo Qingluan told me about it in a letter. She said that the manor had great fengshui and was perfect for cultivation. So, she said she had to have it.”

“So, you’re not buying it, but Sister Zuo is?” Liu Hao asked in excitement when he heard Zuo Qingluan’s name.

“That’s right. It’s going to be Sister Zuo’s house and I’m only buying it on her behalf.” Ye Yafei switched to a mysterious tone. “Can you guess which manor it is?”

“Which one?” all her friends asked curiously.

“Feng Wu, aren’t you curious?” Ye Yafei stared at Feng Wu with a half-smile.

Grand Secretary Fang’s manor was right next to the Feng manor and only a wall away from Feng Wu’s Fallen Star Yard.

How angry and scared would Feng Wu be if she knew that Zuo Qingluan was going to become her next door neighbor? Ye Yafei was greatly satisfied by the thought!

Who could have expected that the haughty, aloof Feng Wu would one day live under such conditions, hahaha —

Feng Wu glanced at Ye Yafei casually. “Nope.”

“Heh.” Ye Yafei snorted. “You’ll cry your eyes out after the purchase goes through!”

Feng Wu shrugged indifferently.

However, she was secretly alarmed.

Feng Wu had thought that Ye Yafei was the other bidder and hadn’t taken the competition too seriously. But Zuo Qingluan? If that was the case, would Feng Xun be influential enough? Should she ask for Lady Northern Feng instead? Feng Wu pondered the matter.

Then, Ye Yafei and her friends —

Chapter 446: The Marvelous Feng Wu

“Feng Wu, aren’t you a little bit worried about what you did in Elegant Ink Gallery?”

Seeing that Feng Wu was unaffected by the mention of Zuo Qingluan, Ye Yafei brought up Young Master Mu instead.

“Why should I be?” Feng Wu said lightheartedly.

Ye Yafei snorted. “Young Master Mu owns the eastern side of the city and he’s on friendly terms with people from both the legal and lawless worlds. Even the governor of the imperial capital addresses him as ‘Young Master Mu’ with great respect. Mentioning your connection with Young Master Mu can get you out of any trouble on the eastern side of the city. He’s the boss behind Elegant Ink Gallery. Feng Wu, you’ve just offended him.”

Liu Hao frowned. “I met Young Master Mu once. He’s about our age, but why is he doing so much better than us?”

Mu Qing said, “He has a father who is a lord. Do you?”

Liu Hao rubbed his chin. “You have a point. I guess a lot of things are decided before you’re even born.”

Ye Yafei snapped, "It has nothing to do with his family! That title is the only thing Lord Mu has and there's very little he can do to help his son. Young Master Mu's five older brothers are as ordinary as the next guy, and the only reason he's doing so well is because —"

Ye Yafei dropped her voice to a whisper. "It's because he's Young Lord Feng's friend!"

"Young Lord Feng? Sister Yafei, are you referring to Young Lord Feng Xun?" Huo Yin and Wen Ling exchanged looks and both saw excitement in each other's eyes.

"As in Young Lord Feng, the most famous playboy of the imperial capital?" Liu Hao was equally excited.

Ye Yafei nodded. "That's right. Young Lord Feng is so well-connected."

Huo Yin and Wen Ling were very interested in Feng Xun and they immediately asked, "What's Young Lord Feng like? Is he handsome?"

Ye Yafei didn't know Feng Xun that well and she had only met Young Master Mu a few times. Friends of the crown prince didn't socialize with commoners like Ye Yafei.

However, Ye Yafei assumed an enigmatic air. "Of course he's handsome. He's one of the 'Handsome Four' of the imperial capital and he can be nothing but stunning."

Feng Wu was busy eating her meal while rolling her eyes inwardly. *Stunning my ass.* Even a pig looked better than little Feng Xun's bruised face.

"Wow —"

Huo Yin and Wen Ling were impressed. "Young Lord Feng must be so smart and so wise!"

Ye Yafei nodded repeatedly. "Of course! Young Lord Feng is so smart that he can do anything!"

Feng Wu was speechless. Feng Xun? So smart? There would be no idiots left in this world if that goofball could be considered smart.

"Is, is Young Lord Feng very capable in his cultivation?"

"Yes! He's incredible! I heard that his capability is unfathomable!"

Feng Wu thought, "Your 'unfathomable' Young Lord Feng is probably getting beaten to a pulp by Jun Linyuan as you speak."

Feng Wu put down her chopsticks. The intelligent, capable, invincible Feng Xun these people were talking about didn't sound like the same Feng Xun she knew.

"Young Lord Feng is too superior for us to even fantasize about. What about Young Master Mu?"

Then, Ye Yafei started lavishing praise on Mu the Sixth.

Feng Wu couldn't take it anymore. She led Chaoqe to the other side of the room to look at Inky Rain.

She couldn't leave for another two hours and she had to find something for her and Chaoqe to do.

"Give me your hand." After sitting Chaoqe down on a rush cushion, Feng Wu took another one and sat down next to her.

Feng Wu was as excellent a doctor as she always was. Examining Chaoge closely, she drew her conclusions in less than five minutes.

Chapter 447: Who Poisoned You?

“Do you gain weight even from drinking water?” Feng Wu asked.

“Yes —”

Chaoge felt like crying when the subject was brought up. “Xiao Wu, I’m not a glutton. There was this time when I starved myself for three days, but afterward, I weighed 3kg more! How can such a horrible thing happen? In the past few years, every time I went on a diet, I ended up gaining more weight! Sometimes I feel that there’s no point in living like this...”

Chaoge had been living in a nightmare in the past five years since Feng Wu left.

“And you made no progress in your cultivation. Not only that, your cultivation level has dropped.” Feng Wu frowned.

“Xiao Wu —” Chaoge burst into tears. “I don’t know why, but after you left, instead of making any progress every time I cultivated, my level would drop. In the end, I just stopped altogether, for the harder I tried, the faster I slid backward —”

It was horrible!

“Am I cursed?” Chaoge had been living under a lot of stress.

Things wouldn’t be so bad if her family was a peaceful and warm one, but hers was like a battlefield, and more drama went on there than in the Feng manor.

“It’s not a curse, but a poison.” Feng Wu fought back her anger. “It’s known as ‘Degenerative Powder,’ which not only makes you gain weight, but causes your cultivation level to drop.”

“That sounds like such a potent poison, but who would do that to me?” Chaoge asked in confusion.

Feng Wu’s eyes flashed. “You came to see me off before I left the imperial capital. Did you drink anything that day?”

“Well...” Chaoge might forget a lot of things, but she remembered every moment she spent with Feng Wu. “I remember that I was thirsty and I saw a bowl of water on your table, so I drank it.”

“Was it sweet and sour and tasted like almond?”

“Yes!” Chaoge cried out. “Xiao Wu, how do you know that?”

“If I’m guessing right, it was meant for me.” Feng Wu closed her eyes. If Chaoge hadn’t drunk it, either her beautiful mother or herself would have.

“What?” Chaoge couldn’t bring herself to imagine Xiao Wu as a butterball the way she was now. “I’m so glad that I drank it instead.”

I'm so glad that I drank it instead...

Feng Wu took a deep breath. After suffering from the poison for five years, the first thing Chaoge said when she learned the truth wasn't a complaint, but that she was glad that she had taken Feng Wu's place as the victim...

Feng Wu felt so blessed to have such a good friend!

"Don't worry. I have the antidote for it," Feng Wu said in a solemn tone.

Chaoge beamed at her. "I know Xiao Wu can do it."

Nothing in this world could stop Xiao Wu.

That was how confident Chaoge was about Feng Wu.

Feng Wu gave Chaoge a wry smile. With so many people she needed to protect, she had no choice but to work harder and become stronger.

With a wave of Feng Wu's hand, a dot of pale green light entered Chaoge's forehead between her eyebrows.

Feng Wu let out a breath of relief when she saw Chaoge begin to absorb that dot of light.

Looking up, Feng Wu observed Inky Rain hanging on the wall.

It was a painting of inky dots splattered all over a piece of white paper and there didn't seem to be a pattern to them.

"Those two are so dumb."

Seeing Feng Wu and Chaoge sitting in front of Inky Rain in a trance-like state, Ye Yafei spoke in a taunting voice.

Chapter 448: Senior Brother Jun Linyuan

"They're haven't received enlightenment, have they?" Huo Yin was concerned.

Wen Ling said grumpily, "Feng Wu has lost her abilities, hasn't she? Her making progress in cultivation? Are you kidding me?"

"What about Duan Chaoge?" Huo Yin looked alarmed. "Five years ago, Chaoge used to follow Feng Wu everywhere and she was a genius herself as well. She was that close to the Spiritual Grandmaster stage even then."

That was true. Feng Wu had been brilliant five years ago and Chaoge, her friend, was also a well-known figure.

Duan Chaoge had been qualified to enter Imperial College when she was only eight. How talented she must have been!

Ye Yafei smirked. “Feng Wu is a cripple and Duan Chao’s cultivation level has continued to drop. So what if they see something in Inky Rain? Do you think they’ll be able to make any progress?”

“Hahahaha —” Everyone looked at the pair of girls in contempt.

Huo Yin frowned. “Although, that Inky Rain is so difficult to read. How are we supposed to learn anything from it? I’ve looked at it a hundred times and I still don’t get it, let alone been enlightened. It makes my head dizzy every time.”

Wen Ling nodded. “That’s right. I thought I could use it to improve my cultivation level a little before the entrance exam for Imperial College. That way, I’d have a better chance of getting in.”

“Sister Yafei is so awesome. She got in last year already.”

Of these teenagers, Ye Yafei was the only one who had gotten into Imperial College.

Ye Yafei said, “You’ve all become Level 9 Spiritual Masters after shoring up your cultivation for a year. Don’t worry. I’m sure all of you will get in this time.”

Huo Yin took Ye Yafei’s arm. “Sister Yafei, can you talk us through the entrance exam of Imperial College?”

Ye Yafei said grumpily, “Haven’t you guys taken the exam once already? I know you all failed last year, but have you forgotten all about it already? Fine, I’ll talk you through it.”

She said in a gloating yet reluctant voice, “The entrance examination of Imperial College has a literary component and a martial component. The total score is 1000, with the literary component taking up 300 and the martial component 700. Only the top one thousand candidates for the literary exam will qualify to take the martial exam. You all still remember that?”

“Yes.” Everyone nodded.

Ye Yafei said, “You know what? You know all this already. Here’s what I have for you: get into Imperial College and you’ll find a brand new world. Your life will be lifted to a whole new level.

“You may find the most unattainable figures there as your classmates.

“Imperial College’s essence-gathering formation is immensely helpful for your cultivation.

“Everyone is ranked at Imperial College, and you’ll be motivated to work harder by all the competitors.

“Most important of all, Young Lord Feng is a nominal student of Imperial College. Even His Royal Highness, the respected crown prince of our empire, is a nominal student of Imperial College. We address him as Senior Brother in private.”

“Wow!!!”

The others covered their mouths in excitement. “His Royal Highness? His Royal Highness?!!!”

“That’s right!” Ye Yafei nodded. “Of course, we only use it among ourselves and His Royal Highness will only ignore us if we address him like that in front of him. But at least... that’s quite an intimate form of address, isn’t it?”

“I have to get into Imperial College this year!” Eyes sparkling, Huo Yin made a fist!

The others did the same.

To them, the crown prince and his friends were too out of reach.

Chapter 449: Xiao Wu Is Incredible!

Feng Wu frowned.

Those people were so loud!

As she stared at Inky Rain, the dots splattered all over the paper seemed to turn into tadpoles, which made her dizzy and she had to turn her gaze away.

But Feng Wu found a pattern before long.

She realized that staring at the entire painting would make her head swim. However, if she focused on a single dot, it would begin to expand —

And she could see something resembling a film reel in that dot.

In it, a man was performing swordplay.

That was it!

This Inky Rain contained a set of stances known as Inky Rain Swordplay!

Once she figured that out, Feng Wu began to search for the right sequence to the stances.

There were 36 stances in total and they were scattered randomly throughout the painting.

Soon, Feng Wu figured out the right order.

“Found anything yet?” Feng Wu asked Chaoge, who was staring at the painting with a blank face.

Chaoge turned to Feng Wu in bewilderment. “No.”

They were just inky blobs, weren't they? And someone just splashed them everywhere, hadn't they? What more was she supposed to find in the painting? Chaoge thought she was going to get a headache.

Feng Wu was speechless.

Seeing Feng Wu's frown, Ye Yafei thought that the latter was angry because she couldn't figure out the painting. She snorted. “The most important reason why people go crazy over World Tower is the existence of these paintings in the private rooms.

“It's said that each painting is a manual for a set of martial art stances. Those who can figure them out will greatly benefit from them.

“If one gets an epiphany in World Tower because of the paintings on the wall, they'll be rewarded by World Tower.

“Moreover, they stand a chance of being recruited by the imperial guards and becoming His Royal Highness’s personal guard. There was a person who had an epiphany in Moon Room next door and got into the imperial guards after being evaluated by the general of the imperial guards!”

“Oh god, His Royal Highness’s personal guard?!”

Huo Yin and the others covered their mouths and cried out in surprise.

Working for His Royal Highness was something they didn’t even dare to imagine!

“If I can see His Royal Highness once in my life with my own eyes, I’ll die with a smile on my face!” Huo Yin took a deep breath.

Ye Yafei thought grumpily, “I want the same thing, okay? I’d totally pass out if I can see His Royal Highness!”

Feng Wu smacked her forehead, speechless.

These people just wouldn’t shut up. How annoying.

She could only whisper something in Chaoge’s ear.

Chaoge’s eyes lit up. “Really?! Is that true?!”

Feng Wu nodded. “I’ve suppressed the Degenerative Powder toxin in your body. What you need to do now is improve your cultivation, transform the toxin into spiritual energy, and use it for yourself. That way, you’ll make progress very soon.”

Having been suppressed for so many years, Chaoge would make a frightening leap in her cultivation once she made progress.

Chaoge nodded in excitement. “Yes! Yes!”

She felt much closer to Feng Wu than to her biological sisters at home. Feng Wu had saved her life when she was little and Chaoge had made up her mind then: as long as she lived, she would do anything for Feng Wu.

She knew it! Xiao Wu was incredible! Xiao Wu was the best!

Xiao Wu had solved the problem that had nagged Chaoge for years as if it was nothing.

Xiao Wu had to be a fairy who had descended to the mortal world, one that could turn stone into gold, Chaoge thought cheerfully to herself.

Seeing that Feng Wu had closed her eyes and entered a state of meditation, Chaoge closed her eyes as well.

She had lost track of time when —

“Hey, Duan Chaoge, are you really cultivating now? Aren’t you afraid that your level is going to drop again?” Ye Yafei smacked Chaoge’s shoulder with an open palm as she spoke.

Just then —

Chapter 450: Has Inky Rain Really Helped Her?

Just then, Duan Chaoge shuddered violently!

“Phhh —”

A sound of something deflating came out of Chaoge.

And it went on and on —

She was releasing gas.

It caught Ye Yafei right in the face and she was dumbfounded!

“*Cough, cough — retch —*”

Ye Yafei was so disgusted that she threw up!

Huo Yin and the others also covered their mouths and noses and rushed out of the room.

“That stinks!”

“Holy crap! Has Duan Chaoge saved all that for five years before farting all at once?!”

“Is she trying to kill someone with it?”

“That gas has to be toxic!”

—

Once they were out in the corridor, they threw up everything they had eaten.

The clamor in Inky Rain Room even startled the waitress a short distance away.

Yan Yue, the waitress for Inky Rain Room, arrived at the scene with a frown.

“What’s going on?” Yan Yue asked coldly.

Ye Yafei gestured at the room. “Miss Yan Yue, I’m so glad you’re here. There are two people releasing toxic gas in there. We don’t know how they got in. Please take them away!”

Yan Yue frowned and stared at Ye Yafei with brooding eyes.

“Someone is really releasing toxic gas in there. Miss Yan Yue, will it ruin the painting?”

It was said that each of the paintings in the building contained a set of sword stances, and some even said that His Royal Highness had created the paintings himself. No one could afford to have them damaged!

Yan Yue could act as arrogantly as she wanted in front of Ye Yafei, but that painting was worth a hundred times more than her own life.

She pushed the door open and entered the room at once.

However —

Yan Yue found no such toxic gas when she walked in.

She only saw two girls sitting cross-legged with their eyes closed in front of Inky Rain. They were cultivating.

World Tower's rules stipulated that no one was to be disturbed while they were cultivating.

Yan Yue was about to back out of the room when Ye Yafei rushed in. "Miss Yan Yue, the gas is really toxic. And those two —"

"Where's that gas you were talking about?" Yan Yue cast a stern look at Ye Yafei.

"What?" Ye Yafei was dumbfounded when she looked inside. Duan Chaoge had farted for so long just then and the smell was abominable. But now, nothing seemed to be out of place.

What Ye Yafei didn't see was a tiny tiger in Feng Wu's sleeve, which seemed to be drunk on self-satisfaction at that moment...

Yan Yue cast a stern look at Ye Yafei and said in a cold voice, "Miss Ye, as a young lady from a respectful family, you should be more discreet in your behavior. Making a scene like that is highly inappropriate."

A waitress was lecturing her now? Had it been some other place, Ye Yafei would have erupted with rage by now. However, this was World Tower and she didn't dare cross the line one bit.

Her only option was to accept the reprimand. "Sorry."

Yan Yue turned to leave.

However, Ye Yafei turned to look at the two friends, and to her surprise —

Shit!

Duan Chaoge, who had to weigh around 100kg before, now looked only 75kg!

She had lost 25kg of her weight by releasing all that toxic gas?!

What did that mean?!

Had Inky Rain really helped her?

Despite her reluctance, Ye Yafei had to recognize the fact that Duan Chaoge had learned something from the painting, or she would never have eliminated all that toxin and lost so much weight!

She then realized that she had brought Duan Chaoge here herself to humiliate the latter. As it turned out, she had helped the girl instead... Ye Yafei almost had a heart attack!

"Miss Yan Yue —"

Ye Yafei called after the graceful waitress.