

G E D 501

Chapter 501: The Proud Crown Prince (44)

Seeing that she had successfully confused Chaoge, Feng Wu chuckled. "You don't have to understand everything. All you need to know now is that we can start from this Grandmaster Wu and work our way up to Grand Secretary Fang."

Once they made Grand Secretary Fang's acquaintance, all would be easy. They could borrow as many past papers as they wanted!

Moreover, Feng Wu was trying to purchase Grand Secretary Fang's manor and she had been looking for a chance to meet the old man, but she hadn't been able to find one until now.

Feng Wu had thought about using Feng Xun as a go-between, but she then realized that Jun Linyuan didn't like her interacting with Feng Xun too often... although she had no idea why.

Hence, she had to depend on herself now.

"But how are we supposed to get to know Grandmaster Wu? Will Master Bian recommend us to him?" Chaoge found that approach rather unreliable.

"That's right!" Chaoge smacked a hand on her thigh and cried out. "I remember!"

"You remember what?" Feng Wu looked at her in bewilderment.

"Master Bian participated in the creation of Imperial College's essence-gathering formation, right? I just remembered that someone told me that his master was a guest advisor at Imperial College and a bigshot in the formation department. Come to think of it, they were referring to Grandmaster Wu!"

Chaoge sighed with emotion. "Both Fang and Wu are valuable assets of the empire, and I'd be over the moon if they were to somehow appreciate our capabilities... But they're such superior figures that I can't see how we're going to get ourselves noticed. *Sigh* —"

Feng Wu smiled. "Not necessarily."

Just then, Uncle Qiu came in and looked at Feng Wu in a strange way.

Feng Wu was confused. "Uncle Qiu, what's wrong? Do you have news for me?"

Uncle Qiu said awkwardly, "Miss, didn't you tell me to ask around about where Grandmaster Wu lives?"

Feng Wu nodded.

"If I'm not mistaken, Priest Wu is coming this way —" Uncle Qiu didn't know how to describe his feelings at that moment.

Exactly how lucky could Miss Wu be? As soon as she wanted to find out where Grandmaster Wu lived, Grandmaster Wu was on her doorstep!

"That's a happy coincidence." Even Feng Wu was surprised and she rose to her feet involuntarily.

Chaoge's eyes widened. "Uncle Qiu, are you talking about THE Grandmaster Wu? The treasure of the empire?"

Uncle Qiu nodded in a solemn manner. "Yes. Master Bian was with him, so it has to be the guy."

"Are they coming here?" Chaoge cried out in surprise.

"No. If I've guessed right, they're going to the Fang manor." Feng Wu looked pensive.

Please don't tell her that Priest Wu had his eye on the Fang manor as well!

"Xiao Wu, this is a great opportunity. What are we going to do?" Chaoge tugged at Feng Wu's sleeve in excitement.

Talk about sheer luck. Priest Wu and Grand Secretary Fang were under the same roof now, and it would be such a waste if they didn't seize this opportunity.

Rubbing her chin, Feng Wu walked back and forth in the room.

Her head was spinning and several ideas came to her, but she ruled all of them out.

All of a sudden!

Feng Wu's eyes lit up!

She knew what to do —

At the same time.

In the Fang manor next door to the Feng manor.

Grand Secretary Fang stood in front of a window and was examining the Whistling Vase in an affectionate way.

He had noticed the unusual characteristics of this Whistling Vase yesterday, which was why he had decided to buy it. However, after examining it closely last night, Grand Secretary Fang realized in surprise that —

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Grand Secretary Fang realized that although the vase itself was a fake antique, the formation within was very profound.

Every time he listened to it, he had a different feeling.

It was amazing.

Grand Secretary Fang was a gaunt old man. He beckoned at someone behind him.

Almost instantly, his old steward showed up.

"Find out who that young lady is. Be thorough about it."

“Yes —”

The steward left as quickly as he had shown up.

“How amazing...” General Secretary Fang sighed with emotion. “At such a young age, she could come up with such an intricate formation in such a short time. She’s a genius. There’s no doubt about it...”

Grand Secretary Fang had seen his fair share of the world and had met more than enough geniuses. However, none of those could compare with the Whistling Vase girl.

“What a spectacular girl... I wonder if I’ll be able to see her again.” Grand Secretary Fang regretted not taking her more seriously earlier.

Grand Secretary Fang held some old grudges against Priest Wu from back in the day, and he had decided that he would use this opportunity to laugh at the latter.

Outside the Fang manor.

Master Bian helped Priest Wu out of the carriage.

Priest Wu was an old man with white hair and a goatee. Despite his age, he was hale and hearty and had a youthful look on his face.

Just then —

“Bang!”

A rock hit the carriage.

Priest Wu dodged to the left and everyone looked up at the top of the wall.

Feng Wu sat there with her legs dangling over the wall.

“Are you Priest Wu?” Feng Wu only knew the man by name and had never met him in person before. Hence, she asked the question curiously.

Feng Wu sat there against the light and the evening glow limned her figure. With the halo around her, she looked like a fairy.

Priest Wu didn’t linger on Feng Wu’s face. He saw what Feng Wu was holding and frowned. “That’s too valuable a thing for someone this young to play with. How wasteful! The moral degeneration of the world is getting worse day by day!”

He walked off, shaking his head.

Master Bian followed Priest Wu everywhere.

Chang Yu, his senior martial brother, was the one who usually did the job. However, Chang Yu had been ill in the last few days, and the honorable task had landed on Master Bian’s shoulders.

It was such a rare opportunity that Master Bian spared no effort to make Priest Wu’s life as comfortable as possible. Delighted, Priest Wu had decided to teach his student an advanced formation later.

Master Bian had realized that as well and was feeling very smug.

He recognized Feng Wu immediately!

"It's you?!" Master Bian frowned.

Priest Wu darted a look at Master Bian and sounded displeased. "You know her?"

"Yes, master," said Master Bian. "She's the girl I told you about, the one who swindled me out of 1000 top-grade spiritual stones. Master, do you not know her?"

Priest Wu frowned. "Why should I know such a vain girl?"

That settled Master Bian's mind.

This Miss Feng Wu had mentioned Priest Wu that day, which had flustered him quite a bit as he feared that she somehow knew his master.

Master Bian smirked. It was a good thing he hadn't given his master that Whistling Vase as the girl had said to.

As he helped Priest Wu into the Fang manor, Master Bian darted a contemptuous look at Feng Wu.

Chaoge was upset. "What did that old man mean? What vain girl? How could he say such things about Xiao Wu?!"

Feng Wu only smiled.

Chapter 503: The Proud Crown Prince (46)

"Xiao Wu, why are you smiling? Seriously, you wear such simple and modest clothes. How did he come to that conclusion? That's a mean old man!" Chaoge said indignantly.

Feng Wu only smiled at first, but she was so amused that she soon broke into laughter.

Chaoge stared at her in bewilderment. "Why are you laughing? You were told off!"

Feng Wu chuckled. "My beautiful master was right. Priest Wu is an upright man who hates it when people let formations go to waste. That man was Priest Wu, alright."

"Beautiful master? As in that beautiful master from your dreams?" Chaoge was intrigued.

But Feng Wu didn't want to talk about her beautiful master with Chaoge, for her master was her own secret and she didn't want to share it with anyone else.

Feng Wu grunted proudly. "I'm not going to talk about it."

Chaoge said in resignation, "What about Priest Wu, then? Where did you hear about what he's like? And whoever told you that sounds so superior."

Feng Wu said stubbornly, "I'm not telling you."

Chaoge stared at Feng Wu. "Every time you 'don't tell me' something, it has to do with that beautiful master in your dreams."

Feng Wu gloated. She then gave a wave of her hand. "Let's go."

"Where to?"

"The Fang manor." Feng Wu grinned. "That's where Priest Wu went and that's where we're going."

Chaoge was dubious about that plan. Priest Wu was at Grand Secretary Fang's place as a guest; there was no way they would be invited in as well.

She heard the conversation between Feng Wu and Steward Fang.

The steward said, "Miss, I'm sorry, but we're not accepting visitors today."

Chaoge looked at Feng Wu. *I told you. See?*

Feng Wu said matter-of-factly, "Isn't the manor for sale? We're not visitors, but buyers."

Chaoge was speechless. She hadn't seen that coming.

Why were they going to buy the manor? Xiao Wu was clever! Chaoge didn't worship the genius girl for nothing!

Steward Fang hesitated. "But we're entertaining an honorable guest today. I'm afraid you'll have to come back another day for the house tour."

Feng Wu smiled. "That won't be necessary. I think the manor looks great."

Steward Fang thought to himself, "Of course you do. Everyone thinks this manor is great."

He said with an impassive face, "The manor is selling for 100,000 taels of silver."

"Alright."

"And a thousand-year-old ginseng, a 5000-year-old lingzhi mushroom, and a ten thousand-year-old Chinese knotweed as well."

"Alright."

"Moreover, you'll only qualify to purchase the manor if you can answer the question on this piece of paper in three days." Steward Fang handed Feng Wu a piece of paper.

Feng Wu had seen him give Ye Yafei the same piece of paper when she had sat on the wall the other day.

Feng Wu had planned to take a peek at Ye Yafei's paper when she followed the latter to World Tower, but after everything that happened, she forgot all about it. Now, she finally knew what the question was.

Seeing Feng Wu read the question on the spot, Steward Fang said grumpily, "You have three days to think about it. There's no need to rush. Miss, you should leave now."

He tried to shoo Feng Wu out the door after that.

However, Feng Wu only gestured at Chaoge. "Give me a pen, please."

Chaoge had come prepared and she took out a ready-to-use writing brush from her chest pocket. Unlike a regular writing brush, which had to be dipped into ink to use, this one came with a soaked tip and could be used instantly.

Whoosh —

Feng Wu started writing right away. She gave the pen back to Chaoge a minute later and handed the paper back to Steward Fang.

“I don’t need three days. I’ve solved the problem already. Mr Fang, please give the answer to your master.” Feng Wu clapped her hands.

Steward Fang didn’t check the answer, for he didn’t understand it.

Chapter 504: It Should Have Been Yours

But, the look he gave Feng Wu wasn’t friendly at all.

For he thought that Feng Wu was being disrespectful and that she had only written down some random nonsense.

“Quick, give it to your master.” Chaoge prompted him.

Although she had no idea what Feng Wu had in mind, Chaoge never questioned Feng Wu’s decisions.

Steward Fang frowned.

Of all the potential house buyers he had met, this girl was the only one who treated the test so casually. All the others had been very serious.

At that thought, the steward disliked Feng Wu even more.

Hence, he waved Feng Wu off. “I’ll show it to my master later. Go back and wait for further instructions.”

Meanwhile, in the Fang manor.

Grand Secretary Fang and Priest Wu sat on their knees facing each other. Both kept their backs ramrod straight and had tranquil looks in their eyes.

Between them was a burlywood tea table.

On the table stood the porcelain Whistling Vase.

Master Bian knelt next to Priest Wu, while a teenager stood at Grand Secretary Fang’s side.

The teenager had a refined and elegant air about him. With a glance, one could tell that he was from a noble family and that he was one of the eminent offspring.

If Feng Wu were here, she would recognize him right away, for it was none other than Xuan Yi himself.

Xuan Yi was very respectful toward Grand Secretary Fang, who was his maternal grandfather.

Right now, Grand Secretary Fang wasn't paying attention to Xuan Yi. He was staring at Priest Wu.

Priest Wu, on the other hand, was completely absorbed in that Whistling Vase.

He listened to it attentively and there was a serene look on his face.

A while passed before Priest Wu slowly opened his eyes, which were limpid and sagacious.

"What a mind-calming formation. It reminds me of a warm spring day and makes me feel as if I'm strolling in a sea of flowers with a spring breeze brushing past my cheeks. It can cast all anger away and calm one's mind. This is definitely a Master Level formation — and maybe even more advanced than that."

More importantly, this mind-calming formation was perfect for Priest Wu, who was irascible and prone to agitation.

Priest Wu had always been a step away from the Supreme Level because of his short temper.

"Grand Secretary Fang, is it possible for you to part with this treasure?" Priest Wu asked.

Master Bian blanched at those words!

He had broken into a cold sweat as soon as he recognized the sagacious old man, and a chilly sensation ran down his spine when he heard how highly his master spoke of this Whistling Vase.

As expected, Grand Secretary Fang glanced at Priest Wu. "You like it?"

"Brother Fang, you know me too well. I get grumpy so easily; if I have this Whistling Vase with the mind-calming formation in it, I might be able to rise to the Supreme Level."

Despite his superior status, Priest Wu was still a junior to Grand Secretary Fang. He cupped his fists and smiled bitterly. "Brother Fang, I apologize for offending you in the past. Please forgive me and sell me this Whistling Vase."

Grand Secretary Fang smiled cryptically, but said nothing in reply.

"Brother Fang, how about this? You know my collection very well. May I trade one of my pieces for this vase?"

The formation in this vase wasn't exactly advanced, but the design was so intricate and sophisticated that it was worth studying. Moreover, it met Priest Wu's needs.

And that wasn't something that could be measured with money alone.

Grand Secretary Fang darted a glance at Master Bian, then casually said, "This Whistling Vase should have been yours."

"What?" Priest Wu was pleasantly surprised. "Mine? How so? Why don't I know about it?"

Master Bian couldn't stop sweating.

Chapter 505: Forgive Me! Master!

Priest Wu found it unbelievable.

That was impossible. This was his first time seeing this Whistling Vase... There was no way that he would have let other people have it if he had seen it first.

Grand Secretary Fang didn't say anything, but only gave Master Bian a sidelong glance.

Master Bian's mind went blank —

Priest Wu also shifted his gaze to Master Bian.

“Master —” Master Bian drained of all color. “Actually... actually...”

“Speak!” Priest Wu bellowed, his eyes glinting coldly.

He was short-tempered to begin with, and this only set him off. “What have you been keeping from me? Speak!”

“Well —” said Master Bian. “Actually, it was a young lady who sold off this Whistling Vase.”

“And you were there?” Priest Wu's face darkened a little.

“Yes —” Master Bian nodded gingerly.

“You idiot!” Priest Wu smacked Master Bian on the back of his head. “Why didn't you buy the vase yourself? That was it. Grand Secretary Fang bought it before you could, right?!”

More cold sweat trickled down Master Bian's forehead.

“A- actually...” Master Bian was almost in tears, but he had no choice but to tell the truth, for Grand Secretary Fang was right here.

Word on the street was that Priest Wu had once set up Grand Secretary Fang, and the latter was probably doing this on purpose!

“Master... how about we talk about it after we get back...” Master Bian suggested.

However, Priest Wu smacked him on his head again. “We're not going anywhere! Tell me what happened, now!”

Priest Wu was known for his short temper.

Master Bian couldn't stall any longer and said disconsolately, “The young lady... sold that vase to me at first...”

“What?!”

Priest Wu almost jumped to his feet!

He stared at Master Bian. “What happened? Tell me everything! What do you mean she sold it to you at first?”

Despite his reluctance, Master Bian had no choice but to tell Priest Wu everything that had taken place at Elegant Ink Gallery.

Priest Wu said, "So, she was able to recognize a fake piece with one glance and effortlessly set up a formation as advanced as a mind-calming formation... How come I've never heard of such a talented person in the imperial capital?"

Seeing that Priest Wu's attention had shifted to the girl, Master Bian said in a hurry, "That's right. She was from the imperial capital and she was so young. That was why I didn't recognize her work."

Priest Wu glared at Master Bian. "If that girl sold you the vase, why didn't you bring it back to me?"

"Well..." Master Bian wiped the cold sweat off his forehead. "Because... Grand Secretary Fang bought it from me."

"Old Fang, you forced him to sell it to you, didn't you?!" Priest Wu was very upset!

That Whistling Vase should have been his! That girl with the unmatched talent had specifically said that it was for him!

"I forced him? Heh —" Grand Secretary Fang snorted. "There was no need for that. Your pupil here was so ignorant that he willingly sold the vase to me at the original price."

"You!" Priest Wu was so furious that he wanted to beat Master Bian up!

As a matter of fact, that was exactly what he did.

Grabbing his walking stick, he struck Master Bian with it repeatedly.

"You imbecile! You idiot! One day, you'll give me a heart attack! This Whistling Vase should have been mine! That girl asked you to bring it to me! How could you be so dumb?!!!"

Chapter 506: How Could You Do That?!

Priest Wu was so pissed, and the more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

Master Bian ran around the room in circles to dodge the walking stick. "Master, Master... I'm so sorry... Please forgive me..."

"You imbecile! I'm gonna kill you —" Priest Wu was relentless with his strikes.

What was worse, Grand Secretary Fang watched everything with a smile on his face. He would rub his chin every now and then — it was clear that he was enjoying this.

The corner of Xuan Yi's mouth twitched.

His grandfather was so... Wasn't he supposed to be a valuable asset of the empire? How could he be this... childish?

It was said that as one got older, they became more and more like a child. That was so true. His grandfather still held a grudge over some petty conflict that had happened decades ago.

For his "revenge," General Secretary Fang had invited Priest Wu here to savor this Whistling Vase today just so that he could watch the latter beat up his pupil in vexation.

It was such a childish thing to do... Xuan Yi didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

On the other side, Priest Wu, who was rather agile for his age, was still running after his pupil with the walking stick. “You idiot! Stop running! Do you have any idea how precious that Whistling Vase is? Do you know how wonderfully designed that formation is? A formation like that is so hard to come by! You idiot! You sold it just like that... She specifically mentioned my name, but you still sold it! Ahhh! I’m so pissed!”

Xuan Yi watched in resignation. He then said to Grand Secretary Fang, “Grandpa, you’re going to get Master Bian killed.”

Grand Secretary Fang said proudly, “He’s a lousy person. He picked on that girl, and I’m only taking revenge for her. What’s wrong with that?”

He could make as many excuses as he wanted, but Xuan Yi knew that the old man was doing it to get back at Priest Wu for that petty incident years and years ago.

Xuan Yi was speechless. He then turned to General Secretary Fang. “Grandpa, this girl you mentioned, is she really that good?”

“Of course! If I hadn’t seen her put the Whistling Vase back together with my own eyes, I would never have believed that a teenage girl could set up such a complicated formation in a split second!”

Seeing how highly Grand Secretary Fang spoke of the girl, Xuan Yi was intrigued. “Who is this girl?”

Grand Secretary Fang threw a dirty look at Xuan Yi. “You can’t call her ‘a girl’ just because I address her that way. You know what? She’s about the same level as me in terms of her formation skills. That makes her equivalent to your granddaughter!”

“Pfft —” Xuan Yi almost choked on his tea.

Him? Call a teenage girl “granddaughter”?

He didn’t know what to say, but that description only made him more curious. “Grandpa, exactly who is she?”

He hadn’t thought much of it, but after everything his grandfather said, he was very curious now.

Grand Secretary Fang was a little vexed at that question. He hadn’t expected to find such a profound formation in the vase, and only thought that it was more advanced than other ordinary ones. Hence, he hadn’t asked his old steward to follow the girl.

“Sigh —” Grand Secretary Fang heaved a sigh. “I wish I knew who she is. But I have some leads; I’m sure I can find her.”

At the same time.

Outside the manor.

Feng Wu didn’t leave after handing in the answer, and the two girls relaxed in the cool shade of a palm tree.

The man in charge of the household affairs of the Fang manor, aka Steward Fang, hadn’t come back out.

Chaoge asked Feng Wu, "Xiao Wu, why hasn't that steward come out? It's been fifteen minutes. Grand Secretary Fang should have seen the paper by now."

Chapter 507: You?

Feng Wu nodded. "He should have, if everything went as planned. But judging by Steward Fang's attitude... I don't think he's shown it to his master yet."

"He said he was going to do it! How could he?!" Chaoge abhorred injustice like a deadly foe, and she bolted to her feet right away. "I won't have it! I need to give him a reminder!"

Chaoge rushed to the guest hall to see Steward Fang standing in the shade with his head lowered and his hands at his sides.

And that piece of paper had been crumpled into a ball and tossed on the ground.

Chaoge was furious!

"Steward Fang! How could you?!" Chaoge cried out!

She shouted at the top of her lungs and her voice resounded in the yard!

Steward Fang had been dozing and he almost jumped at that voice!

He blanched right away.

Oh god, why was this girl still here? She would definitely disturb the respected guest inside! Steward Fang was so angry that he almost slapped Chaoge!

"You want to hit me? How dare you?!"

Chaoge flared up and she pointed at Steward Fang. "You vile man! Didn't you say you were going to hand the answer to your master?! And what did you do? You tossed it on the ground! You threw Xiao Wu's effort away like a piece of garbage! Why did you do that?"

Chaoge went scarlet with rage!

Steward Fang rushed to her side and covered her mouth. "My dear young lady, I'm sorry, okay? It's all my fault! Please be quiet! My master is right there in the room —"

Those words set Chaoge off completely!

The dauntless girl pushed Steward Fang away, put her hands on either side of her mouth like a loudspeaker, and yelled, "Grand Secretary Fang! Grand Secretary Fang! Grand Secretary Fang! Help! The house is on fire!"

Feng Wu, who had just arrived, was rendered speechless.

Steward Fang was so exasperated that he almost broke into tears.

They were right outside the drawing room and a wall away from Grand Secretary Fang. The wall wasn't exactly soundproof.

Grand Secretary Fang heard everything Chaoge said.

He frowned.

As an elderly official of the empire, the old man preferred gentle and quiet personalities. The noisy ones were his least favorite.

Grand Secretary Fang darted a look at Xuan Yi and the latter took the hint right away.

“Grandpa, I’ll get rid of them.”

“Alright.” Grand Secretary Fang nodded, still frowning.

Xuan Yi rose to his feet and quickly went outside.

Chaoge was still yelling at the drawing room. “Grand Secretary Fang! Grand Secretary Fang! Xiao Wu is an awesome girl! Please see her answer to the question —”

He pushed the door open when Chaoge was still yelling and he almost bumped into the girl.

“Wow —” Chaoge stumbled back and stared at Xuan Yi.

This guy looked so familiar. Where had she seen him before...

Before Chaoge could say another word, Xuan Yi frowned and glanced at Steward Fang.

That look sent chills down Steward Fang’s spine.

“See them out.” Seeing that Chaoge wasn’t anyone he knew, Xuan Yi gave Steward Fang the order.

That was the nature of Jun Linyuan and his friends. They were relentless toward those they deemed outsiders.

They had no patience for those they found uninteresting and would get rid of those people immediately.

However —

Chaoge cried out in surprise. “Hey, I know you. What’s your name again... Xuan Yi, isn’t it?”

Xuan Yi darted a look at Chaoge.

Because of his connection to Jun Linyuan, Xuan Yi was a well-known figure in the imperial capital as well. Many knew him and he found it natural that this girl would know who he was, so Xuan Yi didn’t think much of it.

Chapter 508: Very Solid

However, Chaoge turned around and beckoned at Feng Wu. “Xiao Wu! Come over here! Isn’t he Xuan the Second? The boy that you used to beat up? He cried a lot. Isn’t this him?”

Xiao Wu? Xuan Yi’s stomach lurched!

Xuan Yi? Feng Wu walked into the yard at that moment.

Their eyes met.

“You?”

“Why are you here?”

Xuan Yi and Feng Wu exchanged looks and both saw surprise on each other’s faces.

Chaoge grinned. “Xiao Wu, that’s him, right? That crybaby that you used to beat up? The one that would wait for you outside your house every day after that?”

Feng Wu chuckled.

Xuan Yi blushed suspiciously.

He coughed into his fist.

Just then, Master Bian couldn’t take Priest Wu’s blows anymore and rushed out, burying his head in his hands and crying for his master’s mercy.

He missed the threshold and tripped. Hence —

Thump —

Master Bian fell down on his face.

Why were there so many people?

He looked up —

And he saw a face that would give him nightmares!

As a matter of face, it was a face of stunning beauty!

“You — You —”

Master Bian acted as if he had seen a ghost. His eyes opened so wide it was as if his eyeballs would fall out at any moment.

However, he reacted quickly and rushed toward Feng Wu the next second. “It’s you!!! It’s you!!!”

Both Feng Wu and Chaoge jumped at his reaction and stumbled back involuntarily.

Chaoge shielded Feng Wu with her own body.

What the hell?

“Don’t go!”

Seeing them back off, especially Feng Wu, Master Bian ran after them in exasperation. “You can’t leave now! I won’t let you! Stop right there!”

Chaoge flared up!

How dare a middle-aged loser try to lay his hands on Xiao Wu? He had to be delusional!

Hence, Chaoge grabbed the nearest flowerpot.

It was filled with soil and very solid.

“Bang!”

Chaoge swung the pot and smashed it onto Master Bian’s head!

Crack!

The pot shattered to pieces and the soil scattered all over the ground.

“Arghh —”

Master Bian cried out and blood gushed from his forehead.

Chaoge didn’t see that coming. She said hesitantly, “You were imprudent first! I did the right thing! You can’t blame me!”

Master Bian: !!!

Imprudent? He wasn’t trying to take advantage of Miss Feng!

Everything happened so fast and everyone was taken by surprise.

Seeing Master Bian’s bloody forehead and Chaoge’s unforgiving attitude, Steward Fang was furious.

“Young lady! Who do you think you are? Do you know who this is? Master Bian is a respected guest here!”

“Take her —” Fearing that he would be blamed for this, Steward Fang summoned some guards and was going to grab Chaoge. His master would deal with her later.

But —

“Wait —” Xuan Yi frowned.

Priest Wu was infuriated!

Although he had been hitting Master Bian for the past few minutes, he only did it because the latter was his pupil. He could do whatever he wanted with his own pupil.

But it was a different story when other people hurt his pupil!

Hence, Priest Wu glared at Chaoge and Feng Wu with a livid face!

“Which one of you did this?!” Priest Wu bellowed. “Confess now!”

Chapter 509: Who on Earth Is This Girl?

Intimidated by Priest Wu’s tone, Chaoge cringed.

Feng Wu stepped out with a smile. “I did it.”

Priest Wu stared at Feng Wu and found her very familiar. He had seen that face before!

Then it came to him!

He had seen her before entering the Fang manor.

The girl had a Grandmaster Level formation on her bracelet and Priest Wu had called her a vain girl. He hadn't expected to meet her again so soon.

Master Bian rushed to his side and said to Priest Wu, "Master! Master! Please don't blame her! It's her!"

Priest Wu nodded.

"It's you!" Priest Wu had deemed Feng Wu an extravagant girl and he smirked. "You're already this vain at such a young age. Shame on your family!"

Xuan Yi frowned. He didn't like Priest Wu criticizing Feng Wu like that.

However, before Xuan Yi could intervene, Master Bian tugged at Priest Wu's sleeve and yelled, "Master! It's her! The Whistling Vase girl!"

What?

Priest Wu turned around and looked at Master Bian in confusion.

"I'm telling the truth, Master! This young lady made that Whistling Vase! I saw it with my own eyes!"

Priest Wu's eyes widened. He stared at Master Bian, then shifted his gaze to Feng Wu.

It couldn't be!

That was impossible!

"But she's so young..." She was in her teens, right? 13, tops!

Just then, footsteps came from inside.

Grand Secretary Fang had come out.

All the "it's her" talk intrigued Grand Secretary Fang greatly, so he came out to have a look. "Why, young lady, it's you."

Priest Wu turned to stare at Grand Secretary Fang. "You know her, too?"

Grand Secretary Fang snapped, "Of course I do. Back in Elegant Ink Gallery, this girl broke that Whistling Vase herself at first, then put it back together before breaking it again and sticking it together a second time. She also put in that mind-calming formation while she was at it. So many people saw it. I can't lie about that."

Both Master Bian and Grand Secretary Fang were saying the same thing...

Priest Wu had no choice but to believe them.

He then turned to stare at the bracelet on Feng Wu's wrist, which had a formation embedded in it.

He had reprimanded the girl for being vain because of that invaluable formation on her wrist. He believed that such a rare treasure should be put in a shrine and worshipped.

However... if this girl really was the maker of the Whistling Vase... that was very embarrassing for him.

Xuan Yi looked at Grand Secretary Fang and Feng Wu in turn and narrowed his eyes. "Grandpa, is she... the girl you were talking about?"

Grand Secretary Fang nodded. "That's right. She's the one. She's unbelievably talented in formations."

Xuan Yi's mouth fell open.

To most people, Feng Wu was a crippled good-for-nothing, but according to his grandfather, Feng Wu was incredible.

"It sounds like you two know each other as well." Grand Secretary Fang found the coincidence interesting.

"We do." Xuan Yi nodded.

Not only did they know each other, they had come back to the imperial capital from Northern Border City together.

"Which family is she from?" Grand Secretary Fang asked curiously.

Xuan Yi gave him a wry smile and pointed at the house next door.

Grand Secretary Fang looked at him in confusion.

Xuan Yi said, "She lives right next door."

"The Feng clan?" Grand Secretary Fang looked surprised. "I didn't know they had such a talented daughter. That clan is so blessed."

Priest Wu had been listening to their conversation and he interrupted them.

Chapter 510: Be My Pupil!

He rushed up to them. "The Feng manor? Wait, where have I heard that name before? That clan had an unmatched genius years ago, didn't they? I think her name was Feng Wu."

Grand Secretary Fang nodded and said with regret, "If that girl hadn't been crippled, she would have been accomplished by now, and the Feng clan would have risen with her... what a pity."

Priest Wu sighed with emotion. "I didn't expect to see such a talented member of the Feng clan again after Feng Wu. They must be so blessed by their ancestors!"

Grand Secretary Fang chimed in, "I have to agree with you on that —"

"Grandpa, Old Master Wu —" Xuan Yi didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "This girl is the Feng Wu you're talking about."

WHAT?!

Grand Secretary Fang and Priest Wu cried out in surprise and both turned to look at Feng Wu!

Both elderly men moved in unison and even their astonished faces looked identical.

“Feng Wu? That crippled girl? I thought she was dead.”

“That’s right. I was told she passed away as well.”

Xuan Yi said awkwardly, “Grandpa, Old Master Wu, she’s standing right there. Stop calling her a dead person. Look at her livid face.”

Grand Secretary Fang said in amazement, “Why, she really is that girl? Wow —”

Priest Wu’s eyes widened. “If she’s really Feng Wu, she’s only like, 14 now?”

“No, 13. She’s 13!” Grand Secretary Fang corrected him immediately.

13 years old...

Grand Secretary Fang and Priest Wu exchanged looks and both saw resignation in each other’s eyes.

What did they do when they were 13? They probably didn’t know the first thing about formations. As for the girl here, her formaton skills were already so solid at the age of 13.

Imagine what she would become one day!

Priest Wu hurried to Feng Wu’s side in one stride. “Kiddo, would you like to be my pupil?!”

Feng Wu frowned.

Grand Secretary Fang was glad to see her reaction.

Excuse me? You’re in my home now. Are you trying to steal my pupil away?

He then ran up to her and pushed Priest Wu aside. “Kiddo, pick me! I’ll be your master!”

Priest Wu nearly fell down. He ran back to Feng Wu in a hurry, pushed Grand Secretary Fang away, and tugged at Feng Wu’s sleeve. “Kiddo, pick me! I’m the head of the formation department at Imperial College; I can make you a student of the department with a snap of my fingers!”

Grand Secretary Fang threw a dirty look at him. “What’s your problem? She’s already more capable than any of your graduates. She doesn’t need your lousy department.”

After mocking Priest Wu, Grand Secretary Fang turned to Feng Wu with the brightest smile. “Miss Wu, I’m Grand Secretary Fang, and even the emperor needs to address me as his teacher. Isn’t that wonderful? Be my pupil and I’ll get you all the best resources. By the way, you know him, right?”

Grand Secretary Fang was doing all he could to get this pupil. He dragged Xuan Yi over and presented the latter to Feng Wu.

Priest Wu was all the more vexed!

For Grand Secretary Fang had a very appealing-looking grandson, while he only had an unsightly pupil!

However, while everyone thought that Grand Secretary Fang was trying to set up Xuan Yi and Feng Wu together, the whimsical old man said, “Look, this guy is His Royal Highness’s buddy. Don’t all girls want to get close to His Royal Highness?”