

G E D 631

Chapter 631: His Royal Highness Is Here

A chilly air filled the room and there was a murderous look on the emperor's face.

Emperor Wu snorted. "You're in charge of Imperial College at the moment. So, if you can't find me that paper today, I'm going to hand Feng Wu your head on a plate!"

Mr Zuo drew in his breath!

He didn't realize that it would be this serious...

Stealing a look at Emperor Wu, he saw that the latter looked like he was out to kill!

The emperor wasn't joking.

Mr Zuo was very conflicted...

The paper was sitting in his chest pocket. Should he hand it over now...

Emperor Wu sneered at him. "Nothing is going to happen if you find that paper. Otherwise, Zuo He, I'm going to give your head to Feng Wu as compensation."

Mr Zuo felt like crying.

How could it be so serious?

Why had it turned into a life-threatening matter?

What Mr Zuo didn't know was how Jun Linyuan had taunted the emperor earlier in the imperial palace. Emperor Wu felt so humiliated! To make up for it, the emperor had made up his mind to get to the bottom of this.

"Your Majesty... may I go look for it?"

Emperor Wu looked at him with an impassive face.

He wouldn't have been so bossy if Mr Lu were here.

No, Mr Lu would never have let such a thing happen!

Mr Zuo stepped out of the room and only had time to heave a sigh of relief when the chief steward's voice rang out behind him.

"Mr Zuo, I'm going to keep you company." The chief steward smiled at him.

Could Mr Zuo say no to that? Of course not. He had to control his facial muscles and he forced a smile. "That's great. This way, please."

In the record office, Mr Wu looked at Mr Zuo, flustered...

What should he do now?

Mr Zuo cast a threatening look at the teacher, warning the latter not to say a word!

He then went off to flip through the files and he kept stealing glances at the chief steward while he pretended to look for the paper.

The chief steward's gaze never shifted away from Mr Zuo.

Hence, Mr Zuo couldn't find any chance to take the paper out of his pocket and put it back into the file!

What should he do?

Just then, footsteps came from outside!

Mr Zuo looked up —

His Royal Highness?

Why was he here?

Jun Linyuan didn't say anything to Mr Zuo, but only asked Feng, "What do we have here?"

Feng said, "They still haven't found the paper."

Jun Linyuan smirked. Crossing his hands behind his back, he fixed his cold gaze on Mr Zuo with an indecipherable look on his face.

"Linyuan, why are you here?" Hearing the noise, Emperor Wu led a team of people toward the record office and spotted Jun Linyuan as soon as he walked in.

Apparently, the brat was intrigued as well.

Jun Linyuan sneered, sat down on a chair, and remained silent.

And he was giving off an air that said "I'm not happy and I want to kill someone."

Everyone tried to stay as far away from him as possible...

Emperor Wu found it rather strange. Could anyone piss off Jun Linyuan like this?

This wasn't right. His son always took revenge on the spot and never kept his enemy alive longer than necessary.

Someone in this empire could actually irritate the boy like this and he still hadn't killed them yet?

Emperor Wu found it incredible!

Sensing his father's curious gaze, Jun Linyuan cast an intimidating look at Emperor Wu!

And it reminded the emperor of an angry wolf!

Emperor Wu cleared his throat.

What a brat! Even he himself couldn't withstand the boy's fury — so who could? Emperor Wu really wanted to know the answer.

However, he had to keep his focus on Mr Zuo at the moment.

“Found it yet?”

Mr Zuo was going to hand over the paper, but now, he decided against it. He would insist that he didn't know!

Because... His Royal Highness was here.

Chapter 632: Whose Side Is His Royal Highness On?

As Zuo Qingluan's uncle, Mr Zuo was quite an influential figure in his clan. He was in on a lot of things.

Zuo Qingluan herself had said something at a family meeting once.

She said that she was going to marry Jun Linyuan and that Jun Linyuan was fond of her!

Therefore, Mr Zuo was thrilled to see Jun Linyuan here. The young man was going to be the Zuo family's royal son-in-law, and with the crown prince here, Mr Zuo was sure that His Majesty would cut him some slack.

Hence, Mr Zuo dropped to his knees with a long face. “Your Majesty, I've searched everywhere in the record office, but there's no extra exam paper. The one Grand Secretary Fang handed in was really Feng Wu's paper —”

Emperor Wu was furious!

This Zuo He was unbelievable! It was so obvious that his scam had been exposed, but he still insisted on his innocence! The emperor couldn't stand this man!

Infuriated, Emperor Wu kicked Mr Zuo's shoulder. “You're abominable!”

“Your Majesty... I haven't done anything wrong... What on earth is happening? Your Majesty, you're such a wise ruler that I'm sure you won't wrong an innocent man —” Mr Zuo went on, claiming his innocence.

A few steps away, Mr Wu had long dropped to his knees and prostrated himself on the ground. He was shaking all over.

Finally, he knew what had happened.

Master Bai, the chief steward, Grand Secretary Fang, His Royal Highness, and His Majesty were all here. They had all come here for Feng Wu's exam paper...

Mr Wu was scared to death!

He regretted what he had done so much!

Had he known that things would go this far, he would never have stolen Feng Wu's paper to flatter Mr Zuo! What should he do now... What to do? Kneeling there, Mr Wu shook like an autumn leaf in the wind.

However, all the attention was on Mr Zuo at the moment.

Emperor Wu snorted. "Take him! I'll decide what to do with him after we find the paper!"

He then turned to leave!

It wasn't just about Feng Wu's paper. Emperor Wu was offended mainly because he couldn't stand the idea of his Imperial College being handled by someone like Zuo He!

Mr Zuo had never expected Emperor Wu to dismiss him from his post without any evidence of his wrongdoing. He was furious.

He turned to Jun Linyuan for help. "Your Royal Highness, Your Royal Highness, I really am innocent! I don't know anything about this!"

Emperor Wu flared up!

How dare this subject turn to Jun Linyuan for help!

It just so happened that the crown prince was in a foul mood himself. Darting a glance at Emperor Wu, Jun Linyuan said, "Are you sure you're going to arrest this man without any actual proof?"

Emperor Wu was even more infuriated!

"Jun Linyuan! Get out of my sight!"

The crown prince always did as he pleased, not to mention that Emperor Wu had never been able to intimidate him. He only sneered at his father. "Your Majesty, you really should gather the necessary evidence first. Do you have any?"

Emperor Wu almost exploded!

He knew it! This brat was the bane of his life!

Emperor Wu stamped his foot in rage and roared, "Get out! Get out of here!"

However, Jun Linyuan sat there, unperturbed.

The more furious Emperor Wu was, the calmer the crown prince became. He even poured himself a cup of tea and sipped on it.

Mr Zuo was thrilled!

Zuo Qingluan was right!

His Royal Highness was fond of her.

The crown prince was taking Zuo He's side because he liked Zuo Qingluan and was willing to offend the emperor for the girl.

Talk about priorities!

Despite his excitement, Mr Zuo kept it to himself and still had that miserable look on his face.

Chapter 633: The Crown Prince's Future Wife?

“Your Royal Highness, please talk to His Majesty. I really have no idea what happened. I handed over Feng Wu’s paper and she did poorly because she isn’t good enough... We as teachers only mark the papers; we really shouldn’t be blamed for their bad grades. If it were someone else... If Qingluan were to take the exam, I’m sure she’d be the best. There’s no way that she’d fail the exam. At the end of the day, Feng Wu has no one to blame but herself. Right?”

What do you mean by “Right?” Emperor Wu was so angry that he almost fainted!

Zuo He! I see what you’re doing by bringing Zuo Qingluan up!

Emperor Wu threw a dirty look at Jun Linyuan and disliked Zuo Qingluan even more!

“Jun Linyuan, you’ve decided to work against me, then?” Emperor Wu narrowed his eyes.

Everyone else was terrified by the interaction between the father and son.

One was the emperor in the prime of his life and the other an exceptionally talented crown prince... What would happen if the two of them decided to turn on each other? Would the empire be ruined?

However, Jun Linyuan only casually said, “Show me the evidence.”

“You’re so sure that I don’t have any proof, do you?” Emperor Wu smirked. He suddenly turned his sharp gaze on Mr Wu, who was kneeling on the ground!

Mr Wu had been shaking the whole time, which was enough to show how terrified he was.

Everyone here was anything but slow.

Especially those who personally served Emperor Wu!

The man was the most superior figure in the empire!

All Emperor Wu needed to do was glance at the chief steward.

With a flip of his hand, the chief steward dragged Mr Wu to his feet!

The highest ranking official Mr Wu had ever met before today was the principal of Imperial College; what had just happened was beyond his imagination, especially when the emperor and the crown prince had a row! He was almost frightened to death!

“It wasn’t me! It wasn’t me! I had nothing to do with this! I didn’t steal Feng Wu’s paper!” Mr Wu struggled violently.

“Did we say that Feng Wu’s paper was stolen? How did you know that?” The chief steward grinned.

“Huh?” Mr Wu’s head went blank. “I don’t know! I don’t know anything! I...”

“You know everything and you’re lying!” The chief steward wrapped his fingers around Mr Wu’s throat.

“I’m going to count to three. Tell me the truth, or not only will you die, so will your wife and kid, your clan, and your most distant relatives...”

“Three, two...”

“Alright! Alright!” Mr Wu had no choice now. It wasn’t just his life, but also those of his family and friends!

“It was Mr Zuo! Mr Zuo put me up to it! He forced me to steal Feng Wu’s paper for him!” Mr Wu decided to pin it on Mr Zuo.

WHAT?!

All eyes were on Mr Zuo now!

And Mr Zuo looked like he had been struck by a thunderbolt!

“No! I didn’t!” Mr Zuo dropped to his knees at Emperor Wu’s feet. “Your Majesty, Wu Ming is lying and he’s making a false charge against me! There was no way that I would ask him to do such a thing! Why would I do that to a mere girl?”

Since Mr Wu had made up his mind, he decided to go all the way. “Mr Zuo, you did it because Feng Wu did so well and her answers were impeccable. When was the last time you saw an exam paper with full marks? You didn’t do it for yourself, but for Zuo Qingluan, the future wife of the crown prince!”

The future wife of the crown prince?! Emperor Wu smirked.

Chapter 634: My Xiao Wu!

Zuo Qingluan was the future wife of the crown prince? Said who?! Emperor Wu threw a dirty look at Jun Linyuan!

Jun Linyuan was utterly bemused.

Mr Zuo was so vexed!

Little did he expect that Wu Ming would become his doom. He wanted to charge at the man, but somehow, Feng had blocked his way and he couldn’t get to Wu Ming.

Mr Wu spoke fast and all his accusations poured out. “Mr Zuo, you had me remove Feng Wu’s paper from the file! She got full marks, but you took Feng Wu’s paper to stop her from getting famous again!

“Then, to cover your tracks, you mimicked her handwriting and made a replica of her paper, which only scored 179, and so was excluded from the top 1000. You thought no one would find out, but you were wrong!

“His Majesty is wise and is in need of talented young people, so he looked into it! One can never cover their tracks completely, Mr Zuo. You still have Feng Wu’s paper on you! I bet you haven’t sent it to Zuo Qingluan yet. Hand it over to His Majesty and confess your crime!”

“You, you —”

Mr Zuo almost choked and he spat out a mouthful of blood!

He had never expected Wu Ming to turn him in!

“That’s bullshit! You’re making things up! You came to me with Feng Wu’s paper and you —”

Mr Zuo was so angry that he couldn’t think straight anymore!

He said that aloud!

And he regretted it as soon as he said it, but it was too late.

Mr Zuo stood there, his head spinning. He didn’t know what to do.

Emperor Wu snorted. “Zuo He! How dare you claim your innocence after everything you did? Am I a fool to you?!”

The more Emperor Wu thought about it, the angrier he felt! He wanted to kill Zuo He himself!

Terrified, Mr Zuo knelt down and shivered...

Jun Linyuan was his only hope now.

“Your Royal Highness, Your Royal Highness —” Mr Zuo crawled to Jun Linyuan’s side. “Wu Ming did it. I really had no idea. Please help me, for Qingluan’s sake.”

Jun Linyuan gave Mr Zuo an irritated glance.

The man had no spine! It was a shame to Imperial College to have him as a leader! What would other people think of Imperial College from now on?

Moreover, what was he thinking? Threatening him with Zuo Qingluan?

“Zuo Qingluan? Who’s that?” Jun Linyuan rose to his feet and kicked Mr Zuo away!

As Mr Zuo fell backward, a paper flew out of his chest pocket and fell to the ground.

Feng caught the paper before it landed and held it up.

It was an exam paper.

Feng Wu’s exam paper.

Feng then handed it to Jun Linyuan.

Mr Zuo’s stomach lurched!

Shit!

He cried out, “That’s a fake one! That’s not Feng Wu’s paper!”

Glancing at the paper, Jun Linyuan gave Zuo He a crooked smile. “I watched her as she answered this paper, every word of it. And you’re telling me now that this isn’t hers?”

WHAT?!

Everyone stared at Jun Linyuan in astonishment!

What did he mean by “every word of it”?!

Even Emperor Wu was shocked!

Chapter 635: The Results Will Be Out Today

Didn't he abhor Feng Wu? What was he doing, watching Xiao Wu take the exam?

That statement contained so much information.

Mr Zuo was the most astonished of them all.

He had genuinely believed that the crown prince would treat him differently because of Zuo Qingluan.

"Your Royal Highness, Zuo Qingluan..."

Jun Linyuan sneered. "Who the hell is Zuo Qingluan?"

Mr Zuo felt as if he had been stabbed in the chest!

Who the hell was Zuo Qingluan?

Who the hell?

That was the worst news for the Zuo family!

His Royal Highness didn't seem to like Zuo Qingluan at all!

The following day.

Feng Wu jumped over the wall first thing in the morning.

"Old Master Fang, Old Master Fang —" Feng Wu called out in an excited voice.

Every morning after breakfast, the old man would take a walk in the courtyard.

Feng Wu jumped out of the dry well at that moment and it made Grand Secretary Fang jump a little.

"You naughty kid —" Grand Secretary Fang said grumpily. "What are you doing hiding in that well at this early hour?"

Feng Wu grinned. "The spiritual essence is really dense down there and it's good for my cultivation."

"You're making things up." The old man wouldn't believe her.

Feng Wu took the old man's arm, still grinning. "I'm not. Check this out."

She put away her Concealing Jade.

The old man's eyes lit up!

He realized that Feng Wu was —

"How can that be?" The old man was shocked by Feng Wu's cultivation level. "You're a Level 5 Spiritual Grandmaster already?"

Feng Wu nodded with a smile.

The old man had a hard time digesting the news. "But you were a Level 4 only a few days ago!"

It was so unfair!

Not only could she do well in an exam, she also made such quick progress in cultivation as if she had wings!

To be honest, of all the talented people the old man had met over the years, he had never seen anyone like Feng Wu!

Feng Wu giggled, feeling very pleased with herself.

“How did you do it?” The old man didn’t know what else to say. The kid was born to make other people jealous.

She was a cripple? Said who? And she wasn’t a genius anymore? She was the definition of a genius!

Tilting her head, Feng Wu pointed at the dry well. “It’s really efficient to cultivate down there.”

Grand Secretary Fang still thought that she was making things up. He jabbed her forehead with a finger. “You little rogue.”

Feng Wu chuckled, but didn’t try to explain.

“What are you up to? It’s so early,” Grand Secretary Fang put both hands behind his back and asked proudly.

The matter had been taken care of last night, but because the Zuo family was involved and malpractice in Imperial College was a rather sensitive topic, the whole thing had been kept a secret. No one else knew the truth. No wonder the girl was worried.

“Old Master, I was told that —” Taking the old man’s arm, Feng Wu tilted her head and asked, “The list is out?”

“Yup.” The old man raised his chin proudly.

“I also heard that I’m not on that list?” Feng Wu met the old man’s eyes.

“Nervous?”

“Of course not!” Feng Wu patted her chest. “I have faith in this empire, in His Majesty, and in you.”

They walked into a pavilion at that moment. Feng Wu wiped a stone stool clean with a handkerchief, then helped the old man sit down.

The old man darted a glance at the old steward.

The old steward went out to guard the perimeter.

Feng Wu pricked up her ears.

Old Master Fang said, “The results are out and the list will be put up outside Imperial College later today.”

Chapter 636: You’ve Yet to Meet the Grandma

Seeing that Feng Wu didn't seem disturbed at all, the old man asked in resignation, "Aren't you even a little bit worried?"

"For what? I've got you, don't I?" Judging by the look on the old man's face, Feng Wu knew right away that the matter had been taken care of, or the old man would have been angrier than her.

Grand Secretary Fang rapped Feng Wu on her little head. "Do you ever get flustered? Well, you got the highest score, as you predicted."

"Really? Do I detect a story behind it?"

"Yes, you do. And it's quite a story." The old man looked like he was going to make a long speech.

Feng Wu poured some tea for the old man as she listened.

"Why, Quling tea?" Grand Secretary Fang recognized the tea by its scent and was pleasantly surprised. "Where did you get it? From Master Linghu?"

Master Linghu? That was the most famous tea master in the empire. Feng Wu shook her head. "No, I made this myself. Old Master, what do you think?"

"This is great!" Old Master Fang looked at Feng Wu in amazement. "Kiddo, you never cease to amaze me. I would never think you could make Quling tea yourself!"

Old Master Fang didn't know how many more surprises this so-called crippled girl would give him!

She was making progress in her cultivation at an incredible speed.

She had wondrous formation skills.

And she could make Quling tea as well? Like a real tea master?!

Feng Wu gloated.

Of course she could. She had the most perfect beautiful master on this continent. Quling tea was the least of the wonders she could create.

Feng Wu smiled. "Old Master, I'll make you some more if you like it."

"Good, good." Sipping from his white jade tea cup, Grand Secretary Fang was in a great mood. He then told Feng Wu in detail about what happened the day before.

He concluded his narration with a sigh of emotion. "His Royal Highness took Mr Zuo's side at first and I was worried. Fortunately, he switched sides in the end."

Feng Wu frowned. This Jun Linyuan just couldn't stop trying to sabotage her plans.

Tilting her head, she asked Grand Secretary Fang, "If Jun Linyuan sets his mind to work against me, will His Majesty be able to do anything about it?"

Grand Secretary Fang gave it some thought, then asked, "Do you want the truth?"

“So, the truth is... Jun Linyuan will get away with it?” Feng Wu couldn’t believe it.

Grand Secretary Fang nodded.

“That’s ridiculous!” Feng Wu smacked the table. “Jun Linyuan is the crown prince and his father is the emperor. In what world would an emperor yield to a crown prince?”

“You forgot about the grandmother.” Grand Secretary Fang smiled bitterly. “You haven’t met her yet, and when you do, you’ll understand.”

“But I have,” Feng Wu said grumpily. “The old lady summoned me when I was little. I remember her as an exceptionally stern and serious lady!”

“Of course she was strict with you. You were His Royal Highness’s little fiancée and she had to set her standards very high.” Grand Secretary Fang chuckled.

“Huh? Are you suggesting that the empress dowager dotes on Jun Linyuan?”

Grand Secretary Fang shook his head. “No, I mean that she worships the ground His Royal Highness walks on.”

Feng Wu was speechless.

Grand Secretary Fang gave her a wry smile. “You’ll see when you meet her. She’s some old lady.”

Feng Wu was speechless.

Feng Wu and Grand Secretary Fang were still chatting when Steward Fang approached them.

Chapter 637: Can I Have the House, Please?

“Master, Princess Mu is here,” Steward Fang said with a wry smile.

“Princess Mu? As in Mu Yaoyao?”

Grand Secretary Fang frowned, but before he could say anything, Mu Yaoyao’s shrill voice came from outside. “This is my grandpa’s house. Why can’t I come in? Get out of my way! Now!”

Mu Yaoyao ran into sight as she yelled!

She put on a charming, innocent smile as soon as she spotted Grand Secretary Fang in the pavilion. However, she looked disgusted as soon as she noticed Feng Wu.

“Feng Wu! What are you doing here?!” Frowning, Mu Yaoyao glared at Feng Wu.

Feng Wu shrugged. *None of your business, girl.*

“Grandpa, what’s she doing here at this early hour?!” Mu Yaoyao hurled the question at Grand Secretary Fang.

The old man was displeased.

All men had preferences, and compared with Mu Yaoyao, the old man liked Feng Wu much better as a granddaughter.

For Feng Wu fitted the image of an outstanding youngster.

At the age of thirteen, the girl was brilliant, beautiful, adorable, talented, capable, level-headed, and knew what she was doing... The list simply went on and on.

Whereas Mu Yaoyao... She was nothing but a spoiled girl who only wanted more things.

Taking that into consideration, the old man liked Feng Wu even more.

Hence, he frowned at Mu Yaoyao. "Do you want to talk to me?"

Hearing that question, Mu Yaoyao immediately forgot about Feng Wu. Running up to Grand Secretary Fang, she held the old man's arm. "Grandpa, I brought you someone. I'm sure you'll be glad to meet him!"

"I'm your granduncle." The old man corrected her.

Mu Yaoyao ignored the reminder. She went on swaying Grand Secretary Fang's arm back and forth. "Grandpa... aren't you going back to your hometown after you retire? You're going to sell this house, aren't you? How about you don't sell it? Can you give it to me, please?"

Give it to you? Excuse me? Feng Wu threw a dirty look at Mu Yaoyao.

The area under these buildings was filled with top-grade spiritual stones! Give it to her?!

Grand Secretary Fang frowned a little.

"Grandpa, can't I have it..." Mu Yaoyao sounded disappointed, but she cheered up almost right away. "Grandpa, it's alright if you can't give it to me, but you have to promise me something."

At those words, Mu Yaoyao turned around and said to a middle-aged man, whom she had led into the house, "Chief Yao, this is Grand Secretary Fang, my grandpa."

Mu Yaoyao then said to Grand Secretary Fang, "Grandpa, this is Yao Zhong, the current chief of the Yao clan, who's from the eldest branch of the clan. Their family business is very famous in the imperial capital. They have shops all over the empire and they're one of the three largest businesses..."

Grand Secretary Fang frowned and stopped Mu Yaoyao with a wave of his hand.

"I'm not that old yet and I know what the Yao clan does for a living," Grand Secretary Fang said impatiently. "Cut to the chase."

"Alright..." Mu Yaoyao was noticeably crestfallen. Sensing Feng Wu's gaze, Mu Yaoyao glared at her. She went on, "Grandpa, isn't your house for sale? Chief Yao is very interested."

The frown on Grand Secretary Fang's face grew bigger!

Feng Wu was going to stay out of it at first, but she pricked up her ears when the house was mentioned.

She had to have this house and no one could take it from her!

Despite her determination, Feng Wu maintained her indifferent demeanor and didn't let her emotions show.

Grand Secretary Fang said nothing, which Mu Yaoyao took as him considering the offer. She smiled.

Chapter 638: To Tell You the Truth —

“Grandpa, isn't your house for sale already? You can sell it to the Yao family now. They're very rich people.”

Mu Yaoyao gave Chief Yao a look, prompting him to speak.

Chief Yao smiled. “Grand Secretary Fang, I heard that this house is selling for 10,000 taels of silver? Well, the Yao clan is willing to give you a million silver taels, together with a ten-thousand-year-old lingzhi mushroom and a blood ginseng.”

Ten times?!

The Yao clan was offering a price ten times what was asked for!

They weren't buying a house! They were dumping money on the old man!

Feng Wu was alarmed.

Could it be that the Yao family had learned of the possible treasure hidden in this house? Otherwise, why would they offer an exorbitantly high price? This didn't make sense.

Grand Secretary Fang thought the same.

He gestured at an empty chair in front of him.

Flattered, Chief Yao only sat down after politely declining at first.

“Why?” Grand Secretary Fang neither rejected nor accepted the offer at once. Instead, he studied Chief Yao with a brooding look in his eyes, which had seen a fair share of the world during his long career as a politician.

Chief Yao said, “Grand Secretary Fang, your manor has great feng shui. With the lake at the front and the mountains in the distance, feng shui-wise, the residence is such an auspicious place.”

“That's it?”

“Grand Secretary Fang, to tell you the truth —” Chief Yao said with a wry smile, “With my family's business, we've accumulated some wealth over the years, but the kids of the younger generation haven't been doing well in their studies. Only a handful of them have gotten into Imperial College and the future of the clan doesn't look very promising. We thought that maybe if we bought your house, the kids could gain from this association with you. Maybe they could do better.”

“That's it?” Grand Secretary Fang repeated the question, but the look in his eyes was more stern now.

To Feng Wu, Grand Secretary Fang was an amiable elderly man who was a little proud at times, but to Chief Yao, he was the old grand secretary.

To be able to work as a grand secretary, the old man was anything but ordinary. He had to be exceptionally circumspect and farseeing to manage all his subordinates, not to mention that he had managed to retire peacefully.

With all the experience he had accumulated over the years, a fraction of his majestic demeanor was enough to intimidate Chief Yao here.

Under Grand Secretary Fang's wise, piercing gaze, Chief Yao felt suffocated.

He flinched...

The old man might be retired, but he was no less frightening than when he had held that post.

Chief Yao had no choice but to tell the truth. "I overheard that there's a big secret hidden in this house and the Fang family hasn't been able to solve it, so..."

Grand Secretary Fang turned his sharp gaze on Mu Yaoyao!

Lady Mu, Mu Yaoyao's mother, had grown up in the Fang manor, which was why she knew about it.

"Your mother told him that?"

"Grandpa, Mother... did tell me about it, but... haven't you been unable to solve it? If we wait any longer, it'll bring the Fang family ill fortune. Grandpa, just sell the house to the Yao clan!"

"How much did they pay you?" Grand Secretary Fang asked in an emotionless, unhurried tone.

"Grandpa... I didn't..." Mu Yaoyao tried to play the innocent girl again.

Grand Secretary Fang snorted.

As the saying went, "money makes the world go round." Someone like Mu Yaoyao would never offer her help without enough financial incentive. Grand Secretary Fang waved his hand. "See them out."

"Grandpa, Grandpa —"

Chapter 639: You'll Send Hitmen After Me

However reluctant Mu Yaoyao was, she was still dragged out by Steward Fang.

"Grand Secretary Fang —"

Feng Wu wanted to say something, but the old man wasn't in the mood.

He was so disappointed.

Lady Mu wasn't his own daughter, but he had brought her up himself. And what she had tried to do to him was unbelievable!

Grand Secretary Fang waved his hand, indicating that Feng Wu should keep her silence.

“Lord Mu is the patron of the Yao clan’s business.” Grand Secretary Fang snorted. “Mu Yaoyao is trying to take the house for herself through the Yao clan; she thinks I can’t see through her little scam!”

Why couldn’t she just say so if she wanted to buy the house herself? Why did she have to go through a third party? And she pretended she had no part in it. That innocent look she had faked was ridiculous!

“Grand Secretary Fang, don’t be mad. Mu Yaoyao can have her own plan and so can you.” Feng Wu shrugged.

“But I’ll have to sell this house eventually and it has to happen within two weeks.” Grand Secretary Fang sighed. “Otherwise, I fear that the curse will fall on Xuan Yi.”

Grand Secretary Fang said in resignation, “But I can’t just sell it to anyone. There are rules. First of all, the buyer has to be a Master Level formation master. Then, they have to be compatible with the aura of the house. Moreover...”

Grand Secretary Fang shifted his gaze to Feng Wu as he spoke.

“Old Master, you...”

“Oh my!” Grand Secretary Fang smacked the table. “The answer was right in front of my eyes all along! Xiao Wu, you fit the criteria to the tee!”

“To the tee?”

“That’s right!” Grand Secretary Fang asked, “Aren’t you a Master Level formation master?”

“I am.”

“And are you not compatible with the aura of the manor?”

“I am.”

“And the lingzhi mushroom and blood ginseng?”

“Actually, I do have them.”

“Problem solved!” Grand Secretary Fang had always been a free spirit, and he had only become more capricious after retirement.

Seeing that Feng Wu was hesitant, he made the decision for her. “What more do we need? I’m giving the house to you for free!”

“For free?” Feng Wu didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “You declined a million taels of silver from the Yao family, and you’re giving the house to me for nothing?”

“Well, you’re a very likeable kid.” Grand Secretary Fang told the old steward to get a pen and paper ready.

The old steward came back with the stationery shortly afterward.

What a willful old man. He wanted to give the house away and he began to draft the official document right away.

He finished it in no time.

Feng Wu took a look and saw that it was very succinct. She was to accept the house free of charge, no obligations attached.

“Here, sign it.” The old man handed the writing brush to Feng Wu. “Sign here and we’ll go change the title deed to your name. Then it’s yours.

“What are you waiting for, kiddo? Are you not happy with a big house with great feng shui?” the old man teased.

Feng Wu would be lying if she said that she wasn’t tempted.

She had no idea why, but she just kept running into good people.

Mu Yaoyao was family, but instead of selling it to that girl, Grand Secretary Fang was giving the house to Feng Wu as a gift.

“Why, are you so happy that you’re going to cry?” The old man chuckled when he saw the dazed look on Feng Wu’s face.

Feng Wu bit her lip and handed the paper back to him.

“What’s wrong?” The old man was bewildered.

Feng Wu said, “If I sign this now, you’ll send hitmen after me later.”

Chapter 640: The Big Secret!

“Why would I?” Grand Secretary Fang looked at Feng Wu in bewilderment.

Feng Wu had planned to tell Grand Secretary Fang the truth, or she wouldn’t have deliberately jumped out of the dry well.

She grinned at Grand Secretary Fang. “Haven’t you been searching for the secret of this manor?”

Grand Secretary Fang’s pupils contracted at Feng Wu’s words.

“Do you know anything about that?” He found Feng Wu’s question dubious.

Feng Wu nodded. “I do.”

The look on Grand Secretary Fang’s face changed instantly!

He couldn’t believe it!

No one who had lived in this manor had been able to find the secret — how could a girl as young as Feng Wu...

“Follow me, please.” Feng Wu took the old man by his hand and led him to the dry well.

The old man was confused.

“Now, jump.” Feng Wu was going to take the old man down the well with her.

The old steward interjected, “Miss Feng Wu, please don’t. My old master is —”

However, Grand Secretary Fang cut him short. “I’m sure Xiao Wu has her reasons. I’ll go have a look.”

Being a free spirit, Grand Secretary Fang had only become more capricious these days and wouldn’t haggle over trifles. No one would expect the once grand secretary of the empire to do such a reckless thing.

He felt something strange as soon as they landed at the bottom of the dry well.

Feng Wu tilted her head and grinned. “Old Master, can you feel anything different?”

“The spiritual essence down here seems to be denser? Is this a place designed for cultivation?” Grand Secretary Fang looked pleasantly surprised.

Feng Wu snapped her fingers.

Feng Tutu dashed off from Feng Wu’s chest pocket and began to dig into the ground.

However, Grand Secretary Fang’s attention had been drawn to the walls of the well. As he felt his way around, he cried out in surprise. “The rocks used to build these walls are really unusual. They look like crude spiritual stones! Wait, they *are* crude spiritual stones!”

Grand Secretary Fang was pleasantly surprised. “So, this well was built with crude spiritual stones. How extravagant!”

Feng Wu only smiled.

The old man sighed with emotion. “If my guess is correct, these are all crude top-grade spiritual stones! Gosh, that’s incredible. The stones alone are worth more than this manor. Kiddo, you’ve got sharp eyes.”

Feng Wu was still grinning.

Just then, there was a whooshing sound!

Feng Tutu jumped out from under the ground and ran up to Grand Secretary Fang.

Grand Secretary Fang’s eyes widened at the sight of Feng Tutu!

Right now, Feng Tutu had a bib around its neck, which resembled the pouch of a kangaroo.

In its mouth was a spiritual stone, and the pocket of the bib was filled with spiritual stones as well!

Grand Secretary Fang: !!!

As experienced as the old man was, he had rarely seen such high quality spiritual stones before.

“This...” Grand Secretary Fang was surprised.

“Old Master, what do you think of these stones?” Picking up Feng Tutu, Feng Wu put the cub in Grand Secretary Fang’s hands.

With the top-grade spiritual stone in its mouth, Feng Tutu looked like it was eating a pancake. Its eyes were so innocent and it had such a confused look on its face.

Taking a stone out of Feng Tutu's bib, Grand Secretary Fang looked at it closely. He was even more amazed. "...They're top-grade spiritual stones, every single one of them! Xiao Wu, where..."