

MESMERIZING GHOST DOCTOR

Chapter 14 A Mere Beggar

The two of them walked one behind the other. Because of Ling Mo Han's warning, despite her still following, she maintained a distance of three steps away from him. And she knew as well that the uncle was not used to being in close proximity to women or he wouldn't have fallen into a dead faint after being accidentally kissed by her.

Although she didn't feel that comfortable about that as well, but the other party was after all already an uncle who was old, it would be better if she did not bring up the incident anymore to avoid making it awkward for both parties.

But something was making her mood improve. The deeper they went into the inner reaches following behind him, she managed to pick quite a bit of magical herbs along the way. Those magical herbs were infused with spirit auras, and although they were magical herbs of the more common variety, it was nevertheless enough for her mood to gradually lighten.

[Eh? Is that the Red Clover Blossom? Those are the best for treating external wounds!]

Having spotted the bunch of magical herbs growing wild among the weeds, she ran over in joy and pick it carefully. The Red Clover Blossom was after all a magical herb that would be worth quite a tidy sum and they could only be found here in the deep inner reaches, never once having appeared the outer reaches.

These magical herbs were actually the same as the most precious of herbs that she had known in the twenty first century. Whether it was the name or the portrayal of the herbs, they were exactly the same. The only difference was

that the people in this world cultivated mystical powers and spirit auras, and their herbs were mainly magical, infused with spirit auras, enhancing and amplifying their effects.

'Swoosh!'

At that moment, a chilling swishing sound was shooting straight towards her. Feng Jiu who was carefully picking the magical herb did not even look up as she dodged to one side quickly. At that moment, the Red Clover Blossom had already been picked and she was holding it in her hands.

Hearing the noise from in front, Ling Mo Han turned his head back immediately. The hands hanging at his sides had raised when the sharp arrow had been flying towards the little beggar. But when he saw her having nimbly dodged it, he discreetly put his hands back and turned his eyes towards the people coming from the other side.

Feng Jiu was staring at the spot that she had just been squatting in that now had a sharp arrow lodged in the ground. If she had not been quick enough to leap away, that arrow would have landed in her body.

Faced with such an unprovoked near brush with death, her lips split into a unthreatening smile, but her eyes did not show the slightest tinge of mirth as they looked at the people approaching.

It was a team that had about twenty people. The leader among them was a middle aged man looking calm and steady. Beside him, was a younger male roughly about twenty years of age and a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen. Behind them, the men were all dressed uniformly in the same liveries, looking like members of a clan, and the entire group seemed like they were a clan out here on a training mission.

Observing the group without making any moves, Feng Jiu's eyes fell upon the young girl. She saw that the girl was dressed in a suit of pink gauzed tube

dress, her voluptuous chest half exposed looking highly alluring, her slender waistline tightly bound, a mystical bow in hand and a quiver of arrows across her back. It was obvious, the arrow that flew straight at her earlier had been shot by the girl.

"Hand over the Red Clover Blossom!"

The young girl's gaze was filled with arrogance as she stared at the filthy and messy Feng Jiu, and sneered: "A mere beggar not squatting by street corners to beg but coming out here to seek death, you must be tired of living!"

Feng Jiu did not hide her scrutinising gaze as her eyes looked at the girl from head to toe and she copied the girl's sneering tone in sarcastic mimic and said: "Why are you not staying back at the brothel but have come all the way out here to put your flesh out on display, who are you trying to seduce?"

Once Feng Jiu's words came out of her mouth, Ling Mo Han who was standing in front felt the corner of his mouth give a twitch and inwardly, he shook his head and thought to himself: [How can she be a girl? She's obviously just a uncouth ruffian.]

When the men on the girl's side heard that, their expressions hardened, and their murderous gazes threw endless daggers at Feng Jiu. Only their leader's and the young man's expression did not change, except that their eyes were looking at Feng Jiu as if they were looking at a dead corpse.....

"You're asking for death!"