

GHOST DOCTOR

[Chapter 15 Extortion Out of Convenience](#)

The young girl was stunned at that moment, her face one of pure disbelief, unable to accept as fact that she had been overpowered by a little beggar who stole the dagger from her and that she had been caught.

What shocked her even more was that the little beggar had been so brazen as to have taken advantage of her before so many pairs of eyes!

"This niece of mine has been spoilt and have gotten too used to her wilful ways. If she has offended you in any way, I implore for the Young Master to forgive her."

A deep voice filled with inspiring awe sounded and Feng Jiu raised her eyes to look at them, her eyes narrowed.

The one who had spoken had naturally been the middle aged man. He had spoken not in threat, but in apology. The fact that he had been able to suppress the rage in his heart and maintain a composed expression despite his displeasure to speak to her in such an amicable manner was really surprising!

"So when used to being spoilt and wilful means you can indiscriminately take the lives of others? If I had not been quick to dodge, I am guessing I would have reported to the King of Hades already."

She glared icily at the middle aged man, her mouth curled up in a mirthless smile: "To not reciprocate in kind would be rude. Actually, I should really repay the pretty lady back." As she spoke, the dagger pressed against the young girl neck was pushed down a notch, and a drop of blood flowed out, glaringly red against the fair white skin.

"Ow!"

The young girl snapped back to consciousness from the sudden pain. As the dagger was pressed against her neck, she stiffened her body and did not dare move an inch, her face filled with fear and panic to say: "You... you don't do anything rash!"

"Opps! Really sorry. I got frightened by the arrow you shot at me earlier and my hands are still trembling. Seems like I have made you bleed!"

Watching the scene before him, the middle aged man's face darkened. His previously amicable expression quickly faded. He stated at Feng Jiu and asked in a deep voice: "What do you really want?"

Hearing that, Feng Jiu's eyes smiled: "I'm not being demanding, but I was thinking if I have something golden or those silvery things to calm my nerves, my hands might not tremble anymore."

When the middle aged man heard that, his face relaxed a little instead as he signaled the young man beside him. The young man nodded and strode forward, before retrieving an inconspicuous little bag from his hip, and took out two solid gold ingots.

"What about us giving these two gold ingots to the Young Master to calm your nerves?"

At that moment, Feng Jiu's eyes discreetly glanced past the young man's inconspicuous little bag quickly. According to the memories in her head, that should be a Cosmos Sack that could hold many things, an item priceless on the market. Looks like this group of people were not from a simple background!

She turned her gaze onto the two gold ingots in the man's hand and sneered: "You're shooing off a beggar! ? Two gold ingots and you think it can calm my nerves?"

The young man's face stiffened, eyeing the filth covered little beggar before him as he thought: [Aren't you exactly one?]

Although his heart was filled with contempt, his face however betrayed nothing as he took out another four good ingots: "Will this be enough?"

Ling Mo Han glanced at the several good ingots and he silently looked away.

Silver and gold ingots like this would only be able to buy them material things. To buy things for the purpose of cultivation, it would not be possible without crystal currency. Compared to the highly prized crystal currency, these gold ingots really paled in comparison. However, that little beggar had not asked for anything else the moment she had opened her mouth, but for gold and silver things, which was just dumb.

Feng Jiu could not be bothered how others would think. She looked at the several gold ingots and her gaze turned up as she said: "We will be even after this. After I let her go, all of you must not come after me."

"Naturally." The middle aged man agreed in his deep voice.

"What do you say?" She leaned close onto the young girl's face and asked smilingly of her.

Chapter 15.1: Strange Skills

The young girl screamed out in humiliation, but it was not known whether it was from rage of embarrassment when her face turned bright red, and without thinking she raised the bow in her hand once more, pulling out an arrow from the quiver on her back to take aim at Feng Jiu before releasing the string.

'Swoosh!'

The ruthless arrow had been imbued with mystical aura as it sped towards Feng Jiu's heart with blinding speed, fully intent on taking Feng Jiu's life in one strike, chillingly merciless.

The men with the girl did not move in the slightest, the leader seemingly intentionally indulgent. After all, from what they were seeing, Feng Jiu was just a mere little beggar who possessed zero mystical powers who might perhaps had been extremely lucky to be able to make it all the way in here. And for a person like that, they all would be able to get rid of easily just by barely lifting a finger.

Just a few steps away from Feng Jiu, Ling Mo Han did not do anything to stop the attack this time. He wanted to see just how capable the little beggar girl was? From his observation of her, the little beggar girl was not brainless, in fact, she had shown herself to be extremely shrewd and astute, never committing something she wasn't confident of.

The only thing was, it was obvious she did not possess the slightest sliver of mystical aura within her body, so from where was she getting the confidence to provoke others so readily?

As he thought to himself, his gaze steeled.

He saw her somersault with great agility to avoid the speeding arrow, shooting past under her, not injuring her in the slightest.

Witnessing the scene, not only Ling Mo Han, but even the middle aged man and the younger man on the other side showed a glint of surprise in their eyes. Without the slightest sign of any mystical power on the opponent, and knowing full well how chillingly fast that arrow that was shot out had been travelling, they were certain that the little beggar should not have been able to dodge it at all.

But the little beggar had done just that. That just meant that the little beggar was not someone as simple as he was portraying himself to be.

"Damn!"

The young girl stamped her feet in frustration and reached her hand behind her back to retrieve another arrow to string onto her bow before pulling back to shoot another one out.

But not a single one of those arrows carefully aimed at the little beggar could hit him. After her next several successive attempts hit nothing but air, she stared at the little beggar looking smilingly at her with his chin resting nonchalantly in his palm, seemingly saying to her in ridicule: [Is that all you've got?]

She got so angry that she kept her mystical bow, before pulling out the dagger at her hip to charge straight at the little beggar.

"Are you sure you want to do this? Anymore and I will not hold back." The smile on Feng Jiu's face suddenly looked strange, as her eyes swept over the girl's ample bosom briefly and Feng Jiu charged straight towards the dagger being thrust at her instead of avoiding it.

"Damned beggar! You shall die!"

Ling Mo Han's gaze was fixed on Feng Jiu as she moved, and he only saw Feng Jiu disarming the young girl of her dagger in a blink. The speed that it had been carried out, was too fast for him to even see how she had accomplished the feat.

The next moment, the dagger was already in Feng Jiu's hand and with a quick step, she was suddenly behind the young voluptuous girl, and Feng Jiu's hand had even slid over the young girl's snowy white exposed skin in a soft caress, which made him suddenly find himself at a complete loss of words.

[Is that really a girl under those tattered clothes? That really isn't a shameless ruffian hidden beneath?]

"Woo hoo, so smooth."

Feng Jiu exclaimed in praise, her eyes narrowed lustily, with one hand wrapped around the young girl's slender waist, the other holding the dagger in a reverse grip pressed against the smooth white neck, looking like she was intentionally teasing the young girl, even bringing her face close to the trapped girl's neck to sniff at it, and putting on a face intoxicated with euphoria.

"That smells just absolutely heavenly!"

This time, even the stoically stone faced middle aged man's face changed, turning a few shades darker.

The young man beside him was filled with rage, his eyes aflame in anger, his hands within his sleeves clenched tightly into fists. If not for the young buxomy girl trapped in the enemy's hands, he would not have been able to contain himself and would have charged straight in.

Ling Mo Han was still speechless and he averted his eyes, unable to make himself watch any longer.