

# GHOST DOCTOR 171

## [Chapter 171 Uncle Ling!](#)

"His surname is Ling, named Mo Han. He's the Green Gallop Country's most famous teacher at the Starry Cloud Academy. The origins behind his identity is highly mysterious and he is an Immortal Cultivator, his cultivation rank having reached the Golden Core. A more important point is that he's merely twenty five years of age and so you can address him as Reverend, or Senior, but calling him Uncle, hahaha..... I think very few people would call him that!"

"Only twenty five years old?"

The expression on her face became rather strange and she said: "Twenty five years old and why would he want to keep that big bushy beard for? I had thought that he would be at least thirty five!"

"Haha. That is why I said the origins behind his identity is kept highly mysterious, as no one has seen his real countenance before."

Chief Ke said with a laugh, his gaze upon Ling Mo Han as well. "I had not thought that he would come here. I'll be going over to pay my respects later. Would the esteemed Ghost Doctor like to go with me?"

"A mysterious teacher from the Starry Cloud Academy?"

Feng Jiu nodded looking like she realized something and it was not know what she was thinking. When she heard that Chief Ke was going over to extend his greetings, she had immediately smiled and said: "Of course! A powerful entity like that, it would naturally be highly beneficial to make his acquaintance."

Hence, Chief Ke led Feng Jiu to go towards the side Ling Mo Han was at.

And when they appeared before him, Ling Mo Han immediately noticed the eye catching figure of the man dressed flamboyantly in red. He was no stranger to that suit of red clothes and that mask with the red spider lilies as he remembered that those items had been placed at the side back on that night in the hot spring.

When he recalled that night's event in his mind, his penetrating gaze fell upon that man, carefully examining the figure.

That night, due to the misty fog in the hot spring, he had not been able to see clearly. But, that highly disfigured face had been imprinted clearly within his eyes and at that moment, he had to admit to himself that the red clothed Young Master was as dazzling as the sun in the sky, his demeanor devilishly graceful, especially that pair of highly clear eyes tinged with smiles, completely unforgettable.....

But..... Looking at that pair of eyes, why did he feel that they looked somewhat familiar?

"Teacher Ling, it's been a long time and I did not expect to be able to see you here. I am greatly honoured." Chief Ke had quickly stepped forward and clasped his palm over his fist with a bow, to offer his greeting with a smile.

Hearing that, Feng Jiu could not hold back her laughter. If Chief Ke had only known that the thief who appropriated those highly prized miracle medicine of his was this bearded uncle before his eyes, he wouldn't be feeling that "honoured" at this moment.

"I see it's Chief Ke." Ling Mo Han stood up to return the greeting by clasping his hand over his fist, his gaze then swinging over to Feng Jiu and he asked: "And this is...?"

"Haha. He is the Medical Cultivator our black market has invited to participate in this year's Miracle Medicine Grand Meet. This..... Erm, he's called the Ghost Doctor." Chief Ke said sheepishly, as he did not know what the Ghost Doctor's name was at all and he was suddenly at a loss how he was supposed to make the introduction.

"Uncle Ling."

Feng Jiu called out that form of address in a crisp voice, her gaze brilliantly filled with a bright sparkle, a crafty glint in them, the corners of her mouth holding back a rather infuriating smile, her demeanor like they were on familiar terms as she said: "If Uncle Ling feels that Ghost Doctor is too much of a mouthful to say, then just call me Ghostly and it will be fine."

Hearing her call him Uncle Ling, Ling Mo Han unconsciously stroked at the beard under his chin as he stared thoughtfully at the red clothed Young Master before his eyes, the expression on his face filled with bewilderment and confusion.

"Uncle?"

He had kept his beard for a long time but no one had ever addressed him in that manner. But for the tricky little lass he had met back in the Nine Entrapment Woods, she had kept on addressing him as Uncle everytime she opened her mouth then and now this red clothed Young Master was doing the same thing. Could it be that he really looked that old?

Feng Jiu's gaze narrowed and she split her mouth into a smile: "That's right! I am only fifteen this year. I heard that Uncle is already at a grand old twenty five! That is a whole decade older than I am. What else should I call you but Uncle?"

"Fif..... Fifteen?" Chief Ke standing beside Feng Jiu suddenly stared with his eyes bulging wide, his face in complete shock.

### [Chapter 172 What Are You Doing! ?](#)

Chief Ke could not help himself but looked at the Ghost Doctor before his eyes from head to toe, sizing him up. He wasn't able to see the Ghost Doctor's face clearly but from his demeanor and mannerisms, the man should at least have to be over twenty years old already! Who would have thought that he would suddenly claim himself to be only fif..... fifteen! ?

At that moment, he could not help but suspect whether it was right for him to stake the entire Green Gallop black market's reputation upon this man!

As Chief Ke was suddenly finding his forehead covered in a layer of cold sweat, Ling Mo Han was staring deeply at Feng Jiu as he knew that the other party had recognized him, fully aware that he had been the dark robed intruder who had sneaked into the hot spring that night.

Another middle aged man strode over to them, his gaze sweeping disdainfully over the flamboyantly red figure of Feng Jiu before he turned to Chief Ke and said with a sneer: "Fifteen?"

"Haha, Chief Ke. From where have you dug up such a little kid who still had not been weaned off from his milk? Doesn't the black market have anyone else? Do you really have to resort to using a bumbling kid to come take part in the Miracle Medicine Grand Meet? Aren't you afraid that you will only end up completely shaming and humiliating the black market you belong to?"

When Chief Ke heard those words, he swung a sharp and dignified gaze upon the middle aged man and said impolitely: "I do not seem to recall that the affairs of the black market is of any concern to this gentleman here!"

"Haha, the black market has lost for three consecutive years and I must say I can understand how Chief Ke must be feeling."

The middle aged man then looked tauntingly at Chief Ke and then pulled a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age forward, to put on a fawning smile towards Ling Mo Han as he said: "Teacher, Ling, this is my youngest son....."

He had not even managed to finish his words when he was suddenly interrupted.

Ling Mo Han did not even look at the father and son pair, his gaze fixed only on Feng Jiu as he said: "Young one, the Miracle Medicine Grand Meet has not yet begun. Why don't you take a walk with me?"

"Sure." The corners of her mouth curled up in a smile and she turned to Chief Ke to say: "I'll be back when the meet begins."

Chief Ke stared in surprise at Ling Mo Han and then turned his gaze onto Feng Jiu before he replied: "Sure sure sure. Go right ahead."

Watching the two people, one dressed in black and one in red walking to the other side, he started to question himself within his heart. [The two of them knew each other?]

"What relationship do you have with the black market?"

Ling Mo Han asked as he looked at the red clothed youth who was a few notches shorter than he was, his brows creased together. It was little wonder the youth had addressed him as Uncle. Standing together, the youth did indeed look like a kid still not fully grown.

"It's just as you have seen. They invited me here to help them. They want me to win back the top position for them." Feng Jiu said casually, finding herself a rock before she sat herself upon it.

His eyes were deep like an ancient lake as he gazed probingly at the red robed youth before him and he then asked: "Have I seen you before?"

Hearing him say that, Feng Jiu looked at him, her faintly smiling gaze tinged with a glint of tease. "Uncle, are you still wearing those red underpants?"

The instant her voice fell, her eyes shone hungrily like a wolf as she looked at him with a filthy gaze, smiling as she said: "Actually I like red too. Look, I wearing all red myself."

Those words made Ling Mo Han suddenly feel a highly wicked chill. Especially when the youth's gaze was staring so blatantly at him like a hungry wolf, which just made him feel highly uncomfortable.

He thought to himself in his heart: [This youth couldn't possibly have that kind of undesirable habit would he?]

"Uncle Ling? What's wrong?"

It was not known from when Feng Jiu had leaned her body over to come right before him, already almost sticking to his chest as she asked her questions.

"What are you doing! ?"

Ling Mo Han's face turned chilly and he immediately moved himself back a few steps.

"I didn't do anything!" Feng Jiu exclaimed innocently.

His face darkened as he stared at the youth, his voice deep and low as he berated in a stone cold tone: "A man should act just like a man should. Like what you are doing now, it's absolutely scandalous!"

### [Chapter 173 Miracle Medicine Grand Mee](#)

Seeing him walk away with a flick of his sleeves, Feng Jiu began laughing softly and she stepped up with light steps to follow behind. But before she could get close, Feng Jiu was stopped by Chief Ke who came approaching her from the front.

"My little Ghost Doctor brother, the grand meet is about to begin. Come over here quickly so I will tell you a little about your opponent." Chief Ke said, gesturing for her to go over to where several Medical Cultivators from the black market were gathered.

Seeing that, Feng Jiu immediately kept her smile away and followed Chief Ke to go to the spot where the Medical Cultivators were. She then listened to Chief Ke introduce her to the names and proficiency levels of several other Medical Cultivators on the opposing side a distance away as he pointed them out, and he told her about their individual areas of expertise as well.

Roughly about an hour later, when everyone was still making their final preparations, the eight judges from the Medical Cultivators Guild announced that the Miracle Medicine Grand Meet had officially begun.

The first stage was an elimination round and the Medical Cultivators themselves did not need to personally step up to compete. The contest would be based on the level and type of medicine that the Medical Cultivators presented up to them. All the medicine would be judged by the eight judges and given either a passing or failing grade, and the elimination decided from there.

"Success Joy Medical Store, Pain Killer Compound, too common, fail!"

City South Ruan Family, Gas Dispersing Fluid, unevenly concocted, taste too overpowering, fail."

"Compound Medical Guild, Blood Clotting Medicine, effects slow and inferior, fail."

Hearing the eight Medical Cultivators from the Medical Cultivators Guild announcing the participants failing one after another, the people standing below were becoming more and more nervous. Actually,

the things they had presented up for the contest were medicine that they had thought would be able to make the grade. But when they were placed in the hands of the orthodox Medical Cultivators, they were thought to be so highly picky that they were failing everything, so strict that their hearts were all lodged within their throats, afraid that the medicine they presented up would fail to make the mark as well.

After the sweeping first round, the almost a hundred Medical Cultivators from various places who had rushed all the way here had only thirty people left who advanced to the next stage. Those that managed to get a passing grade were mainly powers or families of higher repute from different places and among them, was a teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy.

"My little Ghost Doctor brother, with the kind of medicine you are capable of producing, the only person that would be able to compete with you will only be that teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy, and that elderly old man from the Herb Guild."

Chief Ke gestured and then continued to say: "The teachers teaching Medicine in the Starry Cloud Academy had never taken part in the Miracle Medicine Grand Meet in the past years and it is not known where they had taken part this year. As for that old man from the Herb Guild, he has taken the first position for the past three years. He is a Honorary Medical Cultivator of the Herb Guild and he is a seventh level Medical Cultivator."

"What about the Medical Cultivator from the Starry Cloud Academy? What level is he?" Her eyes flashed, as an idea formed in her head.

It was said that it was extremely hard to gain admittance into the Starry Cloud Academy. But, if she were to go in there as a Medical Cultivator to take on the position of a teacher, wouldn't that give her even more freedom to peruse the books in the Starry Cloud Academy's library?

"The Medical Cultivator emblem he wears on the front of his chest shows that he is a third ranked Grand Medical Cultivator, his medical proficiency above even that of the old man." After saying that, Chief Ke could not help but let out a sigh, already feeling that it was no longer possible for them to win this year.

If there was only that seventh level Medical Cultivator here, it would have been slightly better, but alas, the teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy had come as well, which had completely stoppered their way forward. It looks like his position as the Chief was about to come to an end.

"My little Ghost Doctor brother just needs to try his best. Faced with a third ranked Grand Medical Cultivator from the Starry Cloud Academy, it wouldn't be humiliating to lose afterall."

When Feng Jiu heard that the corners of her mouth curled up slightly, to reveal a faint smile as she said: "We've not even competed! How do you know we'll lose?"

"Now, we will proceed with the second round's assessment. Will the thirty Medical Cultivators who were selected please come onto the stage?"

The words that floated down from the stage caused everyone within the surrounding crowd to go silent. They saw a long table placed upon the stage that was filled with a huge messy pile of herbs and the thirty Medical Cultivators who advanced came walking out from the crowd, to walk towards the stage.

Feng Jiu who was walking up to the stage suddenly felt a force pushing her from behind, and her entire body fell, falling off the stage.....

## [Chapter 174 Atrocious!](#)

The red clothes billowed and everyone only saw a flash of red upon the stage and a figure falling from off with a cry.

"Arrh!"

One of the Medical Cultivators fell wretchedly to the ground, and was scratched by the sharp rocks upon the ground. And as he fell and landed badly, with that fall, the Medical Cultivator could not stand back up.

While up upon the stage, a young looking Young Master stood resplendently with his red clothes fluttering gently, his mask of red spider lily blooms reflecting eye catching brilliant rays of light. People could only see the faint vestiges of a smile at the corners of his lips and feel a sinister yet mesmerizing presence exuding from the man's body as his slightly disdainful gaze glanced at the miserable looking middle aged Medical Cultivator who had fallen wretchedly off the stage who was sitting upon the ground.

Seated up upon the stage, Ling Mo Han watched the entire scene, his deep and penetrating black eyes glinting darkly at that sinister and mesmerizing figure when the figure suddenly turned around without any warning and the figure's eyes just stared right into his sharp and incisive ones.

And it was at that moment that the sharp glint faded from his eyes and he just remained seated quietly, his face stoic, his body straight and upright.

Feng Jiu glanced at him in surprise, thinking that the Uncle was also a person who masked himself deeply. She could be considered to have encountered him many times but with every encounter, she had always been able to see a different side to him. That had inevitably made her think, just what kind of a person would he truly be?

The people on the stage just threw a cursory glance upon the Medical Cultivator who had fallen off and did not bother with him after that as they went to take their proper places upon the stage. That middle aged Medical Cultivator had discreetly shoved the red clothed Young Master and quite a number of them had seen it. Hence, when he was kicked off the stage by that red clothed Young Master, no one kicked up a fuss about it.

Meanwhile, the face of the Family Head of the clan that that Medical Cultivator had been from immediately darkened and with a wave of his hand, he ordered: "Take him off the mountain!"

He gazed malevolently at the red clothed figure but knowing that the other party was the black market's candidate, they did not dare to do anything against him so blatantly in front of everyone.

A middle aged man standing next to the messy pile of herbs then issued a prescription to each of the participants and said in a low voice: "Pick out the herbs written down upon the list and the first ten people to come up here with the complete list of herbs will advance to the next round while the rest will be eliminated. Begin!"

The moment his voice fell, all the Medical Cultivators up on the stage immediately began looking through the list they held in their hands while they snatched for herbs upon the table. When the teacher from the Starry Cloud Academy finished picking out the herbs and came walking out, he could not help

but to glance beside him, to sweep his gaze over the red clothed Young Master carrying the herb basket and his brows immediately pinched together.

Feng Jiu turned her head slightly, and flashed a smile at him. In just moments, after ten people advanced and the rest were eliminated, they immediately went on into the final round of the competition. They were to concoct medicine on the spot, and the rarest and highest grade one would win.

Looking at the herbs numbering several tens in kinds and variety, Feng Jiu immediately began concocting her medicine. The way she carried out her concoction was rather different from others, and even if other people were looking at how she did it, they would not be able to learn it.

Because, it was done just like modern time experiments, processing and refining layer by layer, to finally produce a finished concoction. When she finished with her concoction, she walked over and brought the bottle of green coloured liquid to the eight judges from the Medical Cultivators Guild and placed it right before them.

"Please appraise."

"This is medicine? What a beautiful colour." A female judge about thirty years of age among the judges exclaimed in surprise when she saw the half filled bottle of medicine in the transparent jar, thinking it rather inconceivable.

"Pretty and graceful elder sis, this is indeed medicine, I do not deceive one so young and the elderly."

The female judge blinked at Feng Jiu, her mesmerizing smile and her clear and mirth filled eyes causing the thirty odd year old Medical Cultivator to blush a slight pink, her face burning slightly.

Watching all that, Ling Mo Han's brows furrowed up together and he thought to himself: [This kid is just downright atrocious!]

### [Chapter 175 Knocked Out and Carried Away](#)

At that moment, Feng Jiu turned her head slightly and looked at Ling Mo Han to asked with a smile:

"Uncle Ling, why do you keep staring at me?"

Hearing those words, the lady Medical Cultivator could not hold back her laughter and it spilled forth as the gaze she threw upon Feng Jiu became tinged with gentleness while she asked: "Would this youth here now tell me what kind of effects this medicine has?"

"This medicine here is called the Third Grade Speed Enhancing Fluid. Once a person takes it, it can increase a person's speed by ten folds when he's running away for his life. Even when a mere Spirit User is being chased down by a Spirit Master, once he drinks this bottle of medicine, he would possess the speed needed to escape."

Hearing those words, everyone up above and down below the stage all gasped in surprise, all the numerous pairs of eyes shining covetously at that bottle of green coloured medicine. If it was as Feng Jiu had said, then that bottle of medicine would not just be mere medicine, but would be a miraculous life saving fluid at the most critical of moments!

"Hmph! Preposterous!"

The teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy snorted in derision as he came walking over to put his bottle of medicine upon the table and to throw a contemptuous glance upon Feng Jiu to say: "That just outrageously preposterous! I have been dealing with medicines for so many years and I have never ever heard of anything like this Speed Enhancing Fluid. That's just pure utter rubbish!"

"That's true, judging by how old you are already and you're still just a third grade Grand Medical Cultivator, it can be seen how limited the level of your proficiency in concocting medicine is."

Her idle words had instead infuriated the older man so much his face grew red and he pointed a finger angrily at Feng Jiu to say: "You..... You, this disrespectful little wretch! Such sheer arrogance and conceit! Pure ignorance and idiocy!"

"Alright, there's no need to squabble. This bottle of medicine is indeed a highly prized medicine of the third grade."

An old man in the middle spoke up and everyone went quiet. Even the teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy stared with his eyes wide as he said: "Chief Yu, have you looked at it properly? That little kid is capable of concocting such a highly prized third grade Medicine?"

Hearing that, Chief Yu became displeased and said: "Old Chen, you are questioning my ability in appraisal now?"

Seeing that his face was looking highly displeased, the teacher of Medicine from the Starry Cloud Academy quickly readjusted his attitude and demeanor and went on to say respectfully: "I do not dare. Chief Yu is the Guild Master of the Medicine Guild and an respected authority in the entire field of Medicine who would naturally be much more knowledgeable and experienced in this domain. I have acted highly inappropriately and I beg for Chief Yu to not hold it against me."

Saying that, he turned to look at Feng Jiu beside him, his gaze looking rather conflicted, unable to make himself believe that he would lose to such a young youth.

Ling Mo Han's eyes shifted slightly and his gaze fell upon the red clothed youth where it then became more subdued.

The black market's Chief Ke had immediately upon hearing Chief Yu's words, suddenly became so overwhelmed and moved that tears almost burst out from his eyes. "It's actually a third grade miracle fluid! It's a third grade miracle fluid right there!" He had initially thought that there was no more hope, but who would have known that he would be met with such an astounding surprise in the end! ? How could he still remain calm at this point! ?

However, it was at that moment that sixteen black robed men suddenly leapt out, with ten among them possessing cultivation levels at the peaks of the Foundation Level with the other six at the Golden Core levels. The moment they appeared, a highly powerful oppression immediately spread throughout the place, encompassing throughout the entire mountaintop.

"Whoa! It's people from Hell's Palace!"

"What! Hell's Palace! ? Run!"

"Argh! Quick! Run! The people from Hell's Palace are here!"

In an instant, the panicked crowd immediately fled in disarray, terrified screams and horrified shouts erupting from all over the mountaintop. Seeing that things had taken a rather bad turn and the enemy's oppressive aura was just too strong, Feng Jiu was the first to leap off from the stage as she shouted: "Leng Shuang! Run and get off the mountain!"

Her voice had just fallen when a powerful surge of oppressive aura washed over her in assault, rendering her entire body frozen. The next moment, she felt pain in the back of her neck and she lost consciousness to fall to the ground.

"Mistress!"

Leng Shuang saw Feng Jiu being knocked unconscious and carried away, completely shocked as she rushed herself forward. However, she possessed highly limited powers in that situation and a powerful wave of energy came bursting towards her, blasting her away completely. When she next turned to look, she could no longer see any sign of her Mistress and those sixteen dark figures.....

### [Chapter 176 Lord of Hell's Palace](#)

Ling Mo Han immediately went in pursuit but then came back not long after and said apologetically to everyone: "They came in too fast and left too quickly. I could already find no trace of them by the time I went out in pursuit."

The people from the Medical Cultivators all shook their heads one by one when they heard that and Guild Chief Yu said with a sigh: "You are not to be blamed. Those people from Hell's Palace have always been highly elusive and possess high power. That youth must have attracted their attention because of his gifted talent in cultivating and concocting medicine."

"What kind of a power is Hell's Palace? Will my Master be in any danger?" Leng Shuang came right before the people and asked anxiously.

The black market's Chief came over and said: "Hell's Palace is holds more might than our black market and it's a power that not even the Starry Cloud Academy or the various Family Clans can afford to provoke. The Lord of Hell's Palace is also a highly powerful entity who is even more elusive. No one knows where the Hell's Palace is really located and for our little Ghost Doctor brother to fall into their hands, I'm afraid that it will only bode ill for him....."

"It's can't be! Nothing will happen to my Master!" Leng Shuang shouted loudly, her eyes gazing frostily at the black market's Chief. "The black market must help me find my Master!"

"Rest assured. We will definitely look into locating your Master's whereabouts." Chief Ke said, not refusing Leng Shuang.

"You can set your heart at ease in regards to that. To my knowledge, the Hell's Palace had recently abducted quite a number of Elixir and Medical Cultivators. Your Master might not be in any danger at all." The Chief of the Medical Cultivators Guild said and then gave out a sigh. It had been a proper and well organized Miracle Medicine Grand Meet to pick out strong talents but those guys from Hell's Palace had to come make a mess of everything.

The incident quickly spread like feathers caught in the wind, making people sigh helplessly while they could only guess whether that red clothed Young Master was still alive or dead.

However, as the darkness of night descended, a dark figure came silently with a few long leaps over the rooftops to come to a courtyard.

"Our respects to Hell's Lord!"

The sixteen black robed cultivators within the courtyard knelt respectfully on one knee and greeted solemnly.

"All rise!"

A low and chilling voice imbued with a powerful oppressive aura rang out. With a billow of his robes, he sat himself down by the stone table. As he turned around to sit, his countenance also came into view.

That was a shockingly handsome face, one looking like that of a celestial being. The features on that face seemed like they had been carefully sculpted by the Heavens, the outline of the face highly distinct like it had been carved out with a knife, cold and unyielding but not reducing the handsome looks in the slightest. Under the strong straight brows, was a pair of eyes filled with a mysterious light, holding in a chilling but alluring sharpness. With one single glance of those eyes, one could not help but lower their heads, unable to meet the sight of those enchanting jet black eyes filled with such oppressive power.

And beneath that highly raised and straight nose, was a slightly thin pair of sexy looking lips, where at that very moment were pressed together, his entire being exuding with a powerful and chilling aura, august and imposing like a celestial deity, a tyrannical air of one who was able to seemingly reign over the Heavens and Earth!

If Feng Jiu had seen him at that moment, he would surely yell out in surprise: "Uncle Ling!"

That's right. The Lord of Hell's Palace, Hell's Lord, was exactly the very same Ling Mo Han that Feng Jiu was familiar with. Ling Mo Han was just an identity he had assumed as a teacher of the Cloudy Brook Academy while on his travels out in the world. The big bushy beard he had on his face was also something that had been carefully treated and stuck on, so real it could easily pass off as the real thing.

"How is the he?" The Hell's Lord asked softly, in a deep voice filled with lazy indolence, tinged with a dominating aura.

"Reporting to Hell's Lord. That kid we brought back is still unconscious and has not awoken." One of the black robed cultivators answered respectfully.

"Watch him carefully. Bring him back to Hell's Palace with me tomorrow."

Hearing those words, the sixteen black robed cultivators were absolutely filled with delight. "The Lord is coming back to Hell's Palace?"

His voice had just fallen when a guard from behind shouted out in shock: "Guards! That kid is trying to escape!"

### [Chapter 177 Clipped Wings Can't Fly](#)

When the sixteen men heard that, they immediately leapt to sail through the air, towards the place behind them.

Seeing that, the Hell's Lord stood up and just as he was thinking to walk to the back, he paused in his steps and rubbed at his chin. Thereafter, he pulled out a half side silver mask and wore it over his face before he strode forward to walk towards the back.

When he came to the back, he saw the red figure tangling with his subordinates upon the rooftop, the dodges carried out at shocking speed and those highly vicious attacks elicited a ripple in his eyes.

Back at the summit, he was knocked out from behind while taken unawares and now that he had his guard up, even two of his subordinates who were Foundation Cultivators were unable to bring him down. It must be said the kid made him look at the young one in a different light.

Unfortunately, having fallen into his hands, escape was no longer possible.

"Oof!"

A black robed man with Foundation cultivation was struck by a kick from Feng Jiu and his entire body fell back a few steps as he clutched at his chest to rub the pain away, while cursing out in a low voice.

"Sheesh! What did this kid grow up eating? That made that leg of his to become so strong!"

Feng Jiu retracted her leg and threw out a punch towards the other black robed man with Foundation cultivation and sneered: "Breast milk of course!"

Hearing those words, the Hell's Lord who was standing below with his hands behind his back lifted the corners of his mouth in an arc so faint it was not highly unnoticeable, his gaze fixed upon that red clothed figure as he ordered: "Capture him."

"Yes, my Lord!"

The Cultivators in the Golden Core stage immediately acknowledged and two men among them leapt flying into the air, their powerful oppressive aura flaring. The moment they struck, they immediately held Feng Jiu in a tight grip.

"Gawds! Not only are you guys bullying me with numbers, you're even torturing the weak! Oww! Stop twisting! That's my arm!"

Feng Jiu cried out, so infuriated she stared fiercely at them. This was the difference in having power, in a world where the powerful reigned.

Even if her powers could be considered to be among the very top in the ninth grade Sun Glory Country, when she's here in a sixth grade country like this, faced with these Immortal Cultivators, she would not be able to even withstand a single strike.

With such powerful enemies before her, she had known that she would not be able to escape, but she had still wanted to give it a try. As expected, the result of her attempt was having both her arms twisted up behind her.

Ouch! Having twisted the arms of others all this while and she had not thought it to be so painful. Not that she was caught in the grip of others, she felt that her bones were almost about to pop out of their joints!

"My Lord. We've captured the fugitive." The two Golden Core cultivators said as they held the fugitive in a tight grip, to come before the Hell's Lord.

Feng Jiu lifted her head and that was when she saw the figure dressed in a suit of dark cloud patterned robe as he stood before her with his arms behind his back. The top half of his face was covered by a silver mask which only exposed the countenance below the nose, revealing those sexy looking lips and that distinct jawline and his cold hard chin. That slender and well toned body, that straight backed and muscular physique with the strong presence exuding from his being made Feng Jiu's eyes light up.

Immediately, she acted just like a recalcitrant and unruly ruffian as she whistled and said in high praise: "What a sexy and highly alluring example of a pretty boy!"

Seeing such blatant hooliganism being shown to their Lord before everyone by such a ruffian, the sixteen dark robed cultivators were stunned and they immediately turned their eyes to steal a quick glance at their Lord, before they hurriedly lowered their heads to hide the uncontrollable smiles that were threatening to spill forth from the slightly lifted corners of their mouths.

[A sexy and highly alluring example of a pretty boy? That was talking about the Lord?]

[That little youth must have tired of living.]

When the Hell's Lord heard Feng Jiu's words, an eyebrow lifted up and a slight arc curled up devilishly upon his lips.

"Sexy? Alluring? Maybe. This Lord here can take it as a compliment.

But, that low and deep voice that was tinged with a kind of magnetic languidity, no matter how one heard it, it seemed to be filled with a kind of deadly danger.

[Comp..... compliment?]

The sixteen dark robed men exchanged glances between each other, the skin stretched taut over their faces as they lowered their heads even deeper.

### [Chapter 178 Getting Along Strangely](#)

At the moment, Feng Jiu was instead rather taken aback as she stared at the man before her while thinking to herself in her heart: [Why does this voice sound so familiar? Could it be that I've met this person somewhere before?]

But that's not possible at all! This man had such an outstanding presence and if she had met him, she would definitely not forget it.

The thoughts were still running through her mind when she suddenly saw the man shoot out a few blasts of Qi and she immediately felt her body go limp as she fell to sit upon the ground helplessly.

"Lock him up. If he manages to escape, I will hold all of you here responsible!" The Hell's Lord said in a suppressed voice. With a flick of his sleeves, he turned and left.

"Yes, my Lord!" The sixteen black robed cultivators chorused respectfully and they immediately pulled up the youth sitting upon the ground.

After her body went limp, Feng Jiu could feel that the mystical energy within her body had been sealed up.

Feng Jiu's heart jumped slightly at that realization and she then said: "My mystical powers have already been sealed by your Lord, there is no need for you to be holding on to me. I can walk on my own. Moreover, with all of you guarding me, how will I be able to escape?"

"Hah! I'll advise you to not even think of escaping. If you try it again, beware that we'll then break your legs!" One of the cultivators threatened as he released his grip upon the youth and said: "Walk!"

Being locked back inside the room, Feng Jiu knew she would not be able to escape in this manner and she no longer thought about that. But only she herself knew that the man had only sealed her mystical powers but had not known of the spirit powers within her. With that, she only needed to find the right opportunity and she might just be able to slip out of their grasp.

But, before that, she sought to understand why these people had captured her for?

Hell's Palace? She did not remember having offended such a power before!

Early the next morning, Feng Jiu was brought onto an airship by her captors. When the airship left the ground and flew towards the skies, Feng Jiu who had been sitting inside came walking out to see a man seated at the front of the ship drinking wine. She opened her stride wanting to walk over there but was stopped midway.

"Let him pass." The Hell's Lord ordered without even turning his head around.

When Feng Jiu walked over, she sat herself down without asking and picked up the wine flask to pour herself a cup of wine. After taking a sip from it, she asked: "Who is it that you want me to save by capturing me? Or, you just seek my abilities in the cultivation of medicine?"

Although the people were filled with thick bloodthirstiness, they did not seek to kill her, or otherwise, she would not have lived till now. And she guessed that the only thing she possessed that people would yearn for would be her abilities in healing and medicine cultivation.

Seeing her leisurely and carefree demeanor without showing the slightest sign of fear and terror caused a glint of admiration to come into the Hell's Lord's eyes as he said: "You're not afraid that I will have you killed?"

"You would have already killed me if you wanted to. Why would you have waited till now?"

She rubbed at her tummy and asked the guard standing at the side: "Eh, is there anything to eat? Give me some. I have not eaten anything all the way since yesterday."

The guard turned his gaze towards the Hell's Lord and after receiving acknowledgement from the Lord, the guard walked towards the middle of the ship. After a short while, he brought out a few dishes of snacks and placed them upon the little table.

Seeing that he wasn't even wearing his mask and that the youth's completely ruined countenance was fully revealed, Feng Jiu went on to wolf down her food without any sense of propriety. The Hell's Lord's gaze flashed and he then said: "Eat slowly. There's more if that's not enough."

"COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH!"

It would have been fine if he had not said anything. The moment he spoke, Feng Jiu immediately choked from shock, the snacks stuck in her throat refusing to go up nor down, her highly disfigured face turning red from choking.

Seeing that, the Hell's Lord's brows creased up together as he watched the youth thumping himself on the chest while pouring himself a cup of water hurriedly to gulp it down his throat. After the youth managed to catch his breath, the youth then started staring straight at him.

"What?" This kid was acting so very strange.

### [Chapter 179 He Wants to Strip Off My Clothes!](#)

The jet black eyes turned around, to see the several Golden Core cultivators looking at him in startlement. His brows creased together and he swung his gaze upon them. "What are all of you standing there gaping for? You have nothing better to do? Out!"

"Yes, my Lord!"

The Golden Core cultivators answered in a hurry. While they were retreating from the place, they threw a glance at the red clothed figure. They really could not see what was so special about this youth that he could make their Lord speak to him with such gentle words.

After Feng Jiu looked at him for a moment, she then ignored the Hell's Lord and continued to chomp on the snacks. This time, she ate them a little slower and her half lowered eyes were filled with bewilderment. [Why is that voice sounding more familiar the more she heard it?]

[Where had she heard this person's voice before?]

When it became evening, the airship stopped upon a flat piece of land. The Hell's Lord walked down from the airship and Feng Jiu followed right behind him. But then, very soon after, her eyes were blindfolded by some kind of black cloth.

She was led by them to walk all the way. She only knew that it was a long and winding route and her ears heard a number of people respectfully welcoming the Hell's Lord's return.

"Let him have a change of clothes and send him to the medical tower."

After she heard the Hell's Lord's voice sounding in her ears, she was led away by people. After coming into a room, one of the cultivators untied the black cloth covering her eyes and he threw a set of grey robes over to her at the same time.

"Hurry up! Change and then follow me!"

Seeing that the cultivator was just standing there within the room to stare at her, she glared at him with her eyes and said: "Then get out! How am I supposed to change with you staring at me?"

"Both of us are men so what is there that I cannot look at? Hurry up! Quit yapping!" That was a Golden Core cultivator and it was a man just about twenty over years of age. He was one of the sixteen men who had returned here together with them and he was called Grey Wolf.

"I am not used to being stared at." Feng Jiu said with her brows furrowed up.

"Kid, you're being really troublesome! If you still do not change, I'll help you do it!" Upon saying that, he took wide strides to approach her, fully intent on stripping off the kid's clothes.

However, before he could get close, Feng Jiu opened up her mouth and hollered: "ARGH! MOLEST! ARGH!"

The room was pushed open immediately and the several cultivators poked their heads in to see. When they saw the situation in the room, their eyes glared fiercely as they asked: "Who molested who?"

After one of them stared at the two people in the room, he began to smile slyly as he stared at the cultivator inside and said: "Grey Wolf, I had not thought that you had such a hobby!"

"Get out!"

The Golden Core cultivator's face had turned dark as he stared fiercely at Feng Jiu and he then shouted: "Two more of you come! Strip off that kid's clothes for me!"

Hearing those words, Feng Jiu's eyes narrowed and an icy glint flashed as a smile played out over the corners of her lips. "Strip off my clothes? You can come right up and try."

"Do you think I do not dare?" Grey Wolf strode forward and his hands reached out towards the kid's clothes.

Feng Jiu wasn't about to be polite and seeing him taking a huge stride forward, she immediately stepped in and used Grey Wolf's forward momentum to throw him out. At that same moment, her finger moved slightly at a speed quicker than sound and the cold glint of a silver needle punctured into an acupoint at his hip.

"Oof!"

Caught unawares, Grey Wolf fell to the ground. As rage filled up within him, he clenched up a hand into a fist and was summoning up his spirit power when he heard a cold hard voice sound out.

"Hold it!"

"My Lord!"

When everyone saw that it was the Hell's Lord, they all immediately bowed in greeting.

The Hell's Lord came walking inside with his brows creased up together and his chilly gaze swept over the two people as he asked in a deep voice: "What's going on?"

"I wanted to change and he refused to go out. He insisted that I do it while he stared and he even wanted to strip my clothes off!"

When the words were put in such a manner, everyone would naturally think the worst of the situation and they all turned their eyes to stare at Grey Wolf whose face was burning up red, while the others had expressions of "I see" on their faces.

## [Chapter 180 Hell's Palace's Medical Tower](#)

"My Lord, that was not how it happened." Grey Wolf said quickly.

"Then what?"

Feng Jiu folded her arms across her chest and glanced sideways at Grey Wolf as she said: "You dare to say that you were not staring at me when I wanted to change? You dare to say that you did not try to strip off my clothes?"

"You!"

"Me? What about me? Although my countenance has been ruined, I am however still very picky. Someone like you with a body like a washboard and that pretty boy face really wouldn't be pleasing enough to this Young Master's eyes."

Feng Jiu's face was one of utter contempt and her tone very light. But the words spoken there in that room made everyone fall silent as they all stared at her like she was some kind of monster. Even Grey Wolf was staring at her with bulging eyes, his face stupefied with shock.

The corners of the Hell's Lord's mouth twitched almost unnoticeably as he stared at the youth's bold and aggressive demeanor without displaying the slightest bit of shame. He could not help but to turn his eyes away from the youth and immediately turn to walk out of the room.

"Hurry up and change your clothes!" Grey Wolf said viciously, leaving behind those words as he quickly turned to leave as well.

When the other people there saw that, everyone of them started to look at Feng Jiu with a different gaze, their hearts properly shocked. They had not thought that that young youth would really be hiding a \*habit of cutting his sleeve! (Translator Note: lit. cut sleeve (idiom); fig. euphemism for homosexuality, originating from History of Western Han 漢書|汉书: emperor Han Aidi (real name Liu Xin) was in bed with his lover Dong Xian, and had to attend a court audience that morning. Not wishing to awaken Dong Xian, who was sleeping with his head resting on the emperor's long robe sleeve, Aidi used a knife to cut off the lower half of his sleeve. Source:

<https://glosbe.com/zh/en/%E6%96%AD%E8%A2%96%E4%B9%8B%E7%99%96>)

Seeing them leave one by one, Feng Jiu stepped forward to shut the door before she could no longer hold herself back as she broke into a smile. She stared at the grey set clothes in her hands and she brought them inside to quickly change into them before she came back out.

"Follow behind us!" Grey Wolf said with a loathing glance at Feng Jiu before he walking in front to lead the way.

Feng Jiu swept a quick glance outside and saw that the rest of the cultivators were all there. As for the Hell's Lord, there was no longer any sign of him.

Her gaze fell upon the figure of Grey Wolf in front of her, a dark glint flashing very briefly in her eyes. The corners of her lips stiffened as she walked leisurely behind to follow, till they came to a tower that was seven storeys tall.

The thick fragrance of herbs mixed with a variety of other medicines assailed at her nose. Within a rather large yard, many people were buzzing around, some carrying out herbs to be sunned, some grinding up herbs, while some others were sorting out the medicines, everyone carrying out a different task.

Moreover, these people had already become rather used to having newcomers arrive here after a certain period had passed and hence, when a badly disfigured youth came in, many of them had merely lifted their heads to glance once before they continued with their tasks with some not even bothering to look at them at all.

"Old Lin, I'm handing this kid over to you." Grey Wolf shouted and then immediately walked away after leaving his charge behind, not even looking at Feng Jiu at all.

At that moment, an old man dressed in green came walking out from the tower to stop before Feng Jiu as he looked Feng Jiu up and down in a measuring gaze and asked: "What is your name?"

Feng Jiu's face split into a grin and said brightly: "Ghostly."

"Ghostly?" The old man was taken aback for a moment and his brows creased up as he asked: "What do you know? Tell me about it so I can arrange a job for you."

Feng Jiu did not answer his question but instead asked: "What is this place? What do all of you do here?"

"Do not ask what you're not supposed to ask, or you'll not live long!"

Hearing that, Feng Jiu lifted an eyebrow and thought about it awhile: "Then just arrange some odd jobs for me. I would at least still know how to complete some of these odds and ends around here." As she spoke, her gaze looked at the tower and she saw that there were quite a number of people inside as well.

"That place is where medicines are concocted. Newcomers will all just attend to the menial tasks out in the yard here. You can just go over there to sort out the herbs then!" The old man indicated and then turned around to go back into the tower.

Feng Jiu took a look inside and walked over to where the herbs were, observing the surroundings as she sorted out the herbs.

"Eh, how did you come in?" The youth beside her asked in a hushed voice.