

GHOST DOCTOR

[Chapter 20 Extreme Terror](#)

And what unfolded before his eyes next showed him the reason for his unease.....

He saw the little beggar lift a leg to spread his feet apart with his knees slightly bent. Looking like all his strength had been sapped out of him, both his hands hung limp at his sides before he slowly lifted them up. When his own nephew threw out a heavy punch, the little beggar merely turned his body to the left by bringing his leg back and grabbing at his nephew's fist all in the same motion, the little beggar's hand clasped loosely with pinpoint precision over the web of the palm, between the thumb and forefinger of his nephew.

With a sharp exertion of strength, after the little beggar's one step backwards had diffused the brutal force from his nephew's fist, the little beggar turned his body to lock down his nephew's arm and loud crack snapped through the air, and a scream followed immediately after.

"ARRRRRGGGHHH!"

The young man gave out a long scream, the excruciating pain in his arm causing his face to turn deathly pale. But that was not all, his arm was still locked down, he was completely unable to pull it free, and even more so, he was unable to retreat in the slightest. With his hand broken, he struck at the little beggar with his other hand which in turn was also caught and locked down, ending up in a similar fate.

'Crack!'

"ARRRRRGgghh...."

"Big brother!"

"Young Master!"

The guards and the young girl turned pale in shock as they shouted out. Their voices trembled due to the horrifying scene they were seeing. Their horror took a turn for the worse when after breaking both hands, those hands that seemed so weak raised up and clasped over the young man's throat.

"No, don't....." The young man's face was filled with terror, as the scent of death engulfed him completely, driving his entire body to tremble involuntarily.

"Don't! Don't kill..... him!"

The middle aged man's expression had changed completely as well as he opened his mouth in plea. But, before he could finish his sentence, he already heard another loud crack. His nephew's head lolled over, his life force forcibly snapped off. Till death, those eyes had been filled with fear and resentment.....

"Big brother! My brother....."

The young girl let out a mournful wail in aggrieved sorrow, wanting to rush forward, but was held back by the middle aged man in a death grip, not allowing her to move forward a single step.

"Young... Young Master....."

The guards were also shocked by the scene as they stared in disbelief. The Young Master had been their family clan's top disciple and he was just killed by a little beggar. When the Clan Chief got to know about this, just what kind of an incredible rage would he fly into?

"Kill him to avenge the Young Master!"

Over ten of them charged in, burning with blinding rage. The sharp swords in their hands hacked and slashed, their swords honed further by their rage, and at that moment, only the blood of Feng Jiu's could assuage the unbearable grief and fiery rage in their hearts.

The young girl suddenly fell limply to the ground, her eyes staring straight at the lifeless form of her brother, fallen onto the hard ground unmoving. She could not believe that a person who had been still very much alive just moments ago now lay dead before her.....

"Second Uncle, this is not real. Right? My Elder Brother who is so highly skilled couldn't possibly have been killed by a beggar right? Second Uncle. Tell me this isn't true. It is not real right?"

She held the middle aged man's hand in hers as she wept while asking, unable to accept the cruel scene before her eyes was real.

[Her Elder Brother was the clan's pride, the most outstanding man among them all, it was not possible that he would be killed by a beggar!]

At the same time, the middle aged man was not given the opportunity to grief and mourn, or even feel shocked, as he was seeing the ten over guards who had charged at the beggar were falling down one by one. Their numbers were dwindling quickly, and instead, he did not see a single wound on the little beggar's body.

"Get up! We need to leave now!" He shouted, forced into making a quick and fast decision. He reached out with his good arm and forcibly dragged his niece up who was still slumped on the ground feeling weak.

"I want to avenge my brother! I will kill him! I will kill him!" The young girl wailed and screamed, struggling to break free from the middle aged man's grasp, to charge forward.

"Wake up this instant! You will not be able to kill him!"

The middle aged man shouted loudly at her: "Run! If we don't leave now, it will be too late!" He dragged at her forcibly to leave, and his eyes accidentally saw the smiling face with the pair of mirthless eyes, and his skin crawled.