

# GHOST DOCTOR 231

## [Chapter 231 Twisted and Bent by Shadow One](#)

When the Hell's Lord saw the youth raise up her head, he had thought that his eyes would be met with that disfigured countenance and never had he expected that it would be a face of peerless beauty.

The youth was clearly wearing all white but his entire being was somehow exuding a mesmerizing and alluring air about him, not unlike that of an enchanting vixen. Those slightly raised brows above that half narrowed gaze, and that snowy smooth skin tinged with pink over both cheeks, with slightly swollen lips moist and flushed red, all of these emitting a irresistible and enticing air.

This was a youth with endless charm and he was already so alluring before he is fully grown. Given a few more years, his charm would surely make all men and women unable to resist his charm!

Looking at the youth, his eyes were tinged with a faint glint of admiration, but his heart was filled with heavy disappointment.

It was not her.

Feng Jiu's gaze looked straight into the Hell's Lord's measuring gaze because she knew that if she was to retreat or dodge in the slightest at this moment, he would definitely detect it. Hence, she had very magnanimously met his gaze, and allowed him to gauge her as he wished.

Unsurprisingly, she saw in those deep black pools flash with a glint, that brief instant of disappointment that imprinted into her eyes.

She tossed out a coin to be given to the stall owner who was stepping over quickly and she said with smile: "Keep the change, and I'll pay for the Lord's share here as well." Upon saying that, she cast a smiling glance over to the Hell's Lord before she turned around to stride away.

"Thanks Young Master, thanks Young Master." The stall owner thanked as he took the coin and gave the Hell's Lord another small dish of food to go with his noodles. "For the Lord, there's more if it's not enough. Have as much as you like." The stall owner said before he retreated away.

At that moment, the Hell's Lord's deep eyes were half narrowed, his gaze fixed upon the figure in white, and it was not known what was going through his mind.

Seeing the figure in white gradually going further away in the distance, his eyes suddenly shot a sharp glint as he stood up quickly. "Damn it!"

[This woman! She dares to deceive him!]

Seeing their Lord standing up and giving chase, Grey Wolf was stunned a moment before he asked: "The Lord he..... What is he doing?" [Why has he gone chasing after that youth?]

"Hurry up and catch up! Why are you asking so many questions for! ?" Shadow One gave a low shout as he hurried after in chase.

Meanwhile, after Feng Jiu blended herself into the crowd, she quickened her steps and in a flash, she disappeared from the line of sight of the Hell's Lord.....

The Hell's Lord had come after her in chase, but discovered that there was already no sign of that figure and he immediately went forward to search.

Grey Wolf and Shadow One were in pursuit behind when they saw that their Lord was actually chasing after that unfamiliar youth and abandoning them behind without a care, which caused Grey Wolf to grumble as he continued to pursue after the Lord.

"Why has the Lord's preference suddenly become so strange? Although that youth had looked rather enchanting, but that is after all still a guy! Could it really be that the Lord has been twisted to become bent by that Ghost Doctor kid? Is it that he can no longer help himself but want to abduct every pretty boy he sees now?"

Hearing that, Shadow One glared at him and said: "You better stop your nonsense! You're gonna get it if the Lord hears that."

"I am merely stating the truth..... My..... My Lord....."

Grey Wolf's face turned white, as he looked sheepishly at the Lord who had suddenly appeared, and in that instant, the smile on his face was looking rather stiff.

The Hell's Lord glanced at him and his deep voice was chilling as he asked: "Twisted to become bent?"

"I..... I beg my Lord for forgiveness!"

Grey Wolf immediately fell to one knee, cold sweat pouring out from him as he stuttered:

"Act.....Actually your subordinate was saying..... that your subordinate was twisted..... twisted to become bent by Shadow One....."

Hearing those words, Shadow One jumped in shock. His eyes glared fiercely and he lashed out with a kick: "What nonsense are you spouting! ?"

The moment his voice fell, he quickly straightened his face and said to the Hell's Lord: "My Lord, do not listen to his nonsense. Your subordinate is completely normal! Really! Your subordinate only likes women!"

### [Chapter 232 Let Her Appear on Her Own](#)

The Hell's Lord cast his glance over the two men and his low and magnetic voice sounded from his mouth: "This Lord does not care who twisted who to become bent. Now, go find the person for this Lord!"

When the two of them heard that, they quickly asked: "My Lord wants to find that youth from just now?"

"That's right." The Hell's Lord replied in a low voice and paused for a moment before looking at the two of them and then continuing to say: "That's the Ghost Doctor."

"What?"

The two men were startled as the two of them cried out in surprise together. [Ghost Doctor? That white robed lad? Really? How did the Lord manage to recognize him?]

"Could my Lord be mistaken? That white robed youth, how could he be the Ghost Doctor?"

Grey Wolf braced himself to ask. It was really hard to believe that that disfigured youth and the flawlessly handsome white robed youth could possibly be the same person.

The Hell's Lord's chilly gaze swept over him.

When Shadow One saw that, he immediately said: "Your subordinate will search right away!" The instant his voice fell, he left very quickly.

"Your subordinate will go search as well. We will definitely find him!" Grey Wolf proclaimed hurriedly, not daring to ask further but quickly ran off.

The Hell's Lord stood with his hands behind his back, his deep gaze staring over the crowd. He paused for a moment and then strode out into the street, blending into the crowd.....

At that moment the Hell's Lord and his men did not know that the person they were looking for was seated at a table of a little stall less than a few meters away from them, where every single word they said fell into her ears.

[That's strange. How did he manage to recognize her?]

Feng Jiu felt her own face, not understanding it. He had clearly never seen her countenance intact so how was he able to recognize her with her looks fully restored?

After sitting in the stall for a good while, she then came out from inside. After casting her glance left and right, she then went quickly towards an inn.

Having searched through the entire night, both Grey Wolf and Shadow One were unable to find any trace of Feng Jiu. After all, the Six Path City had several million people and the city was segregated into many districts. Every district had at least several hundred thousand people and wanting to locate a person among those hundreds of thousand people, was no easy feat at all.

It was when the day broke that the two men returned to the courtyard and reported to the Lord in the main house: "My Lord, your subordinate searched the entire night and there was still no news of the Ghost Doctor."

"No need to search anymore."

The Hell's Lord's voice sounded out from inside the main house: "This Lord has a way to make the Ghost Doctor appear voluntarily."

Hearing those words, Grey Wolf and Shadow One glanced at each other. [Make the Ghost Doctor appear on his own? That's impossible right? He was avoiding them every way he could in fear, so why would he appear on his own?]

[But, their Lord never did anything he wasn't confident of. Could it be that he really has a way of making the Ghost Doctor appear?]

Meanwhile, Feng Jiu at that moment had just come out after having gone into the space to cultivate the whole night and her entire person was feeling highly refreshed and comfortable.

Her spirit power cultivation was already at the level of a Grand Spirit Master and she prepared herself well to charge her way into the Foundation level. Although some medicines could be used to aid the advancement of one's cultivation, but if one wanted to enter into the Foundation level, the Foundation Elixir was still required.

But, the elixirs of this world was something she had not encountered before and to want to cultivate a Foundation Elixir would require quite a huge amount of things.

She had initially been thinking that the Six Path City was a highly prosperous and bustling city and she would be able to buy everything she needed to cultivate the elixir. But as she had attracted the eye of the Hell's Lord on her, just thinking about it already gave her a headache.

Why was this Hell's Lord so much like a unshakable spirit?

She changed into a suit of red clothes and then went out the door, to go into a high end shop called the Precious Treasure Pavilion.

"Young Master, please come in. Feel free to look around. If you see anything you like, the prices can be discussed." The shopkeeper said with a smile at the side, leading Feng Jiu to go inside.

Her gaze passed fleetingly over the display cases as she asked: "Shopkeeper, do you have any elixir cultivating stoves here?"

#### [Chapter 233 Falling Right into the Ne](#)

"Ho ho, yes yes yes, I'll bring it out to show the Young Master."

The shopkeeper answered with a laugh and went behind the counter to bring out a tripod stove, to place it upon the counter before Feng Jiu as he said: "Young Master please have a look. This elixir stove is a ninth grade spirit artifact, and it's most suitable for beginner Elixir Cultivators.

Feng Jiu picked up the tripod stove that looked like an incense burner to have a look at it as she asked: "This thing here can cultivate elixirs?"

Hearing that, the shopkeeper was rather taken aback and the smile on his face froze as he looked at Feng Jiu to say with a smile: "Young Master, this is a ninth grade spirit artifact and you will be able to put it to use once you imbue it with spirit power. After imbuing you spirit power into it, this little stove will become big and it will then naturally be able to cultivate elixirs."

"Ninth grade? The ninth grade seems to be the lowest grade right? Do you have something better?"

"Will the Young Master then look at this one. This is a seventh grade elixir stove. This piece here is a work of art by a Grandmaster Forger of artifacts. In terms of both outlook and quality, it is a product that is way above average. And for this piece over here, this is the Duo Dragon Stove, a sixth grade elixir stove, also the work at the Grandmaster level. Will the Young Master take a look at them and see which one you like?"

The shopkeeper placed the few small elixir stoves upon the countertop, for Feng Jiu to choose and select.

She picked up one of the elixir stoves to look at it and asked: "What kind of a price range is this sixth grade one?"

"Hoho, for that sixth grade spirit artifact, the price is fixed at eighty eight thousand eight hundred and eighty eight gold coins. If the Young Master sincerely wants it, I can round off the ones for the Young Master, and make it eighty eight thousand eight hundred and eighty gold coins."

"So expensive?"

Feng Jiu looked at the shopkeeper with a shocked look. "For such a small incense burner and you want eighty eight thousand eight hundred and eighty gold coins for it? That's just robbery!"

A corner of the shopkeeper's mouth twitched. "Young Master, this is not an incense burner. It's a spirit artifact. Eighty eight thousand eight hundred and eighty gold coins for a six grade elixir stove is a very fair price."

Feng Jiu shook her head. "It's too expensive, and I can't afford it! One hundred silver coins equals one gold coin. To get eighty thousand gold coins, how many silver coins can it be broken down into? This thing is just burning money up."

Hearing those words, the shopkeeper was speechless for a moment, as he had never met such a kind of customer.

Afterall, he had thought that the red clothed Young Master possessed an extraordinary air about him, looking like a elegant and refined Young Master who should have come from a prosperous background and have no lack of money. Who would have known.....

Feng Jiu's eyes then changed and her eyes were smiling as she asked: "Shopkeeper, do you have manuals on the forging of artifacts on sale here?"

That thing was so expensive and if she could forge it herself, then besides being able to save that sum of money, she would be able to earn money using those artifacts. It seemed like a rather good idea thinking about it.

The shopkeeper was stunned in his spot for a moment and after glancing at Feng Jiu, he said: "Someone had indeed placed a book here with us to sell it for him and it costs only one hundred gold coins. Have a look at it!" The shopkeeper then took out an old and badly battered book and handed it to her.

Feng Jiu took the book and flipped through it casually. Seeing that everything was recorded inside, she then looked up at the shopkeeper. "It's so old and it still costs one hundred gold coins? Fifty gold coins and I'll buy it!"

A corner of the shopkeeper's mouth twitched and he said: "I'll say my Young Master, aren't you being a little too harsh with the way you're slashing the price off? You've slashed it off by half with the first offer you make, how are we going to be able to conduct business like this? Why not this! ? If you really want it, you can have it for eighty gold coins, and we'll not sell it without getting eighty gold coins for it."

Hearing that, Feng Jiu smiled and very readily took out the money to make the purchase. After keeping the book away, she then turned herself around to walk towards the exit.

However, she had just stepped out from the shop when she saw a familiar figure. Upon seeing that figure, her eyes lit up and revealing a smile, she went running towards that person and at the same time, she shouted out.

"Uncle!"

His back faced towards Feng Jiu and walking along on the street, when Ling Mo Han heard that voice, his lowered eyes glinted with a dark light, the corners of his mouth curled up ever so slightly with an indiscernible smile.....

### [Chapter 234 Black Bellied Hell's Lord!](#)

He turned around, and looking at that red clothed figure running towards him with quick steps, his heart unconsciously soared but the expression on his face showed only puzzlement and indifference.

"You are?"

"It's me! Ghostly." She winked at him, her face filled with delight as she said: "Uncle, why are you here?"

Hearing those words, Ling Mo Han revealed a timely look of stunned surprise and said: "You are the Ghost Doctor?"

His voice then lowered a few notches as he looked around before asking: "Your face....."

"Heh heh, all healed! How is it? Ain't it peerlessly beautiful and incomparably good looking?" She asked narcissistically with a laugh.

Ling Mo Han's deep penetrating gaze then fell upon the snowy smooth skin and captured that peerlessly beautiful countenance within his eyes. A highly brief glint of a smile flashed in his eyes and he then said profoundly: "Mm, it's highly astounding."

Feng Jiu then glanced around the surroundings and said: "There's someone looking for me. It's not very safe on the street. Let's find a place to sit down for a chat! I'll treat you to a meal, what do you say?"

"Alright." He nodded in agreement, the corners of his mouth curling up unnoticeably.

"Then let's go! There's a restaurant up in front." Feng Jiu said, leading him towards the restaurant.

And after the two of them walked off, Grey Wolf and Shadow One who popped out from within the shadows were staring with their eyes bulging wide, their faces incredulous.

Grey Wolf then started to say in a mumble: "The Lord said that he has a way of making the Ghost Doctor appear, I hadn't thought that it would really make the Ghost Doctor appear!"

Shadow One then clicked his tongue before he said: "The Lord is being too black bellied, to think that he would come up with such an idea. With things like this, if he were to sell the Ghost Doctor, the Ghost Doctor might still help the Lord to count the money."

When he thought back to that earnest, cold and indifferent expression on his Lord's face earlier, Shadow One's heart felt a moment of disdain as he thought: [The Lord must be over his head with delight. To think that he had even be able to put on such an astonished look.]

"Should we follow to keep watch?" Grey Wolf asked as he nudged Shadow One with his elbow.

"Follow them?" Shadow One threw Grey Wolf a glance. "Aren't you afraid of spoiling it for the Lord?"

Hearing that, Grey Wolf then gave that thought a rest and asked: "Should we go back then?"

"Mm, let's go! That Ghost Doctor's rather sharp! If we tail behind them, we'll surely be discovered. We'll just go back and await news from the Lord." Shadow One said, as he left with Grey Wolf.

On the other side, Feng Jiu and Ling Mo Han came to the restaurant and they were seated in a private room. After ordering a few dishes, Feng Jiu went on to ask: "Uncle, don't you need to go back to the Starry Cloud Academy? What are you doing here in the Six Path City?"

Ling Mo Han poured out some wine as he replied: "Although I am a teacher at the Starry Cloud Academy, I enjoy special privileges and do not need to remain at the academy all the time."

He then filled up her cup and asked: "You said that there's someone looking for you, is it people from the Hell's Palace?"

"It's them all right. That Hell's Lord is just like an aggrieved spirit you can't shake off. I managed to escape and he decides to come chase after me the entire way here, where I actually bumped straight into him. Luckily, I was able to give him the slip once again."

Feng Jiu then continued to say in glee: "To want to find a person in this Six Path City, even if he is the Lord of the Hell's Palace, I would think it wouldn't be all that easy for him."

[Aggrieved spirit you can't shake off?]

Lowering his eyes, the corners of Ling Mo Han's mouth curled up. "It is said that the Hell's Lord is highly mysterious and many people have never ever seen his real face. You were captured for such a long time, did you have a chance to see it?"

"I did see it, and though I shouldn't be saying this, his looks would make people salivate over. But he's too dangerous and must only be observed from a distance, not to be touched in proximity."

She sighed heavily and shook her head upon saying it, her face highly regretful.

And Ling Mo Han who heard those words felt a corner of his mouth twitch, and stole a glance at that lustful but cowardly woman, as he smiled highly meaningfully to himself.

### [Chapter 235 House of Hundred Treasures](#)

He lowered his eyes and took a sip of wine before his deep voice sounded unhurriedly: "Seeing that you were able to get out alive from the Hell's Palace, I think that the Hell's Lord did not treat you too badly."

Hearing that, Feng Jiu cast a glance at him. Seeing that great beard of his covering a good half of his face and unable to see his countenance clearly, her gaze unconsciously roamed over that face gaugingly.

Looking at those slightly familiar looking brows and eyes, her heart suddenly thumped and the smile at corners of her mouth froze. The tone of her voice was still lazy and tinged with a little bit of curiosity, she asked: "Uncle, how old are you actually? Keeping such a great big beard unshaven, don't you feel hot?"

Ling Mo Han raised his eyes and glanced at her to reply: "I'm used to it."

"Oh! You're used to it!"

She laughed and then filled his cup as she said: "Come come come, drink up! To think that I will meet you here. That's right, Uncle! What are you doing here in the Six Path City?"

"I came here to deal with some matters." Seeing her raise her cup to gulp down the wine so quickly, his brows creased together as he said: "Don't drink on an empty stomach. Have something to eat." Upon saying that, he picked some food from the dishes and placed it in the bowl before her.

Seeing him being so concerned, Feng Jiu nodded her head a little sheepishly. "Alright."

The two of them ate quietly, occasionally saying a few words, and Ling Mo Han seemed to not see himself as an outsider, frequently picking food to give to her.

"Eat more."

Looking at the small mountain of food piled up in her bowl, and seeing him bringing his chopsticks over again, she quickly stopped him: "Uncle, don't pick anymore food for me. Look, there's already so much here. I won't be able to finish it."

Hearing those words, Ling Mo Han then noticed that the bowl before her had indeed been piled up with a mountainous pile of food and he coughed lightly before averting his eyes a little self consciously where he then began to eat.

Seeing that scene, Feng Jiu smiled till her eyes narrowed and she turned her gaze slightly as she said: "Uncle, are you familiar with the Six Path City? I am thinking of buying some materials for the forging of artifacts later. Can you bring me around to have a look?"

"Sure." He nodded his head and said.

Her eyes lit up and she immediately said: "That's great! We'll go once we finish eating."

Seeing her eyes lighting up, Ling Mo Han could not help but ask: "Aren't you afraid that you would bump into those people from the Hell's Palace who are looking for you?"

"Don't I have Uncle here right beside me?"

Her eyes were narrowed up with smiles as she looked at him and said: "Uncle, you wouldn't just stand by and see me being captured would you?"

Ling Mo Han did not reply, but just stiffened his lips and said: "Let's go!" The moment his voice fell, he went striding outside.

Feng Jiu stood up as well, and watching that figure striding in front of her, her eyes were slightly moved and she went on to catch up quickly.

Coming downstairs and settling the bill, under Ling Mo Han's lead, they came to a place with high end merchant building with two shop fronts.

Looking at the building that was about three storeys high, and the well renovated high class front doors, her eyes then fell upon the three characters in the middle. "House of Hundred Treasures? Uncle, will the things in here be very expensive? I will not be able to afford it if it's too expensive!"

Hearing those words, Ling Mo Han glanced at her and then went on to stride inside as he said: "Just go in and have a look!"

Upon coming in, Feng Jiu then discovered that that those things in that whatever Precious Treasure Pavilion when compared to the ones in the House of Hundred Treasures, was just like an ant against an elephant. The difference was too great.

"Shopkeeper, what's the price for this stove you have?"

She pointed at a tiny stove in the counter and asked. Because she saw that the tag below it stated that it was a fourth grade spirit artifact, she became rather curious just how much could such a tiny little stove that was a fourth grade spirit artifact be able to sell for.

#### [Chapter 236 Rake in a Pile and Run Away](#)

"This here is a fourth grade spirit artifact and its price is four hundred and twenty thousand gold coins." The shopkeeper stood at the side to say, and glancing at the two of them, he went on to ask: "I wonder what type of spirit artifact the Young Master is looking for? This old man here will then be able to help introduce them to you."

Hearing that price, Feng Jiu retracted her gaze and turned to look at the shopkeeper to say: "I would like to purchase some steel. I wonder if you have it here?"

"Yes we do. Will the Young Master wait for a moment." The shopkeeper summoned someone over and relayed some instructions to him. Very soon, that person then brought in a large piece of steel.

"Young Master, is this enough for you? If not, we have more at the back."

"How is it priced?" She looked gaugingly at the piece of steel, thinking that it was no different from any regular piece of metal.

The shopkeeper then said with a laugh: "Hoho. This is not anything all that valuable. For this large piece here, ten gold coins will be sufficient."

Hearing that, Feng Jiu went to the side and suppressed her voice to a whisper to ask: "Uncle, is that item the correct one?"

Ling Mo Han glanced at her and asked: "Are you intending to buy that back to learn how to forge artifacts?"

"That's right! I had initially thought of buying an elixir stove but it's too expensive and I cannot afford it. So I thought of learning the skill myself and see if I can forge an elixir stove to use. What do you think? Isn't this idea of mine just great?"

Seeing her so immensely pleased with herself, he secretly shook his head and went over to the side of the counter to point at a elixir stove inside as he said to the shopkeeper: "Bring this out for her."

"Hoho, of course." The shopkeeper smiled in acknowledgement, and just as he was about to take the elixir stove out, he heard the red clothed youth's voice sound out.

"No need. I'll just buy the materials back to learn artifact forging and I don't believe that I am unable to forge one myself."

The shopkeeper smiled and said: "Hoho, the forging of artifacts is not as easy as just saying it. To want to successfully forge a fourth grade elixir stove, it is completely impossible without having at least ten years of experience."

Feng Jiu then choked when she spotted the characters under the elixir stove. [First grade spirit artifact, price: Two million eight hundred thousand gold coins.

"Uncle, this one is so expensive. I won't be able to afford it."

His deep gaze swung fleetingly over her as he said: "This House of Hundred Treasures allows barter trading."

"Even with barter trading, I also do not have anything worth that much money to trade for it. But Uncle, let's discuss this a little."

She leaned in close to him and her voice suppressed, she said sheepishly: "We're already so familiar with each other, would you lend me some?"

Looking into that lovable face with that ingratiating expression, his heart thumped and his breath grew short as he turned his eyes away, fighting down the urge to embrace her within his arms, his deep voice turning slightly raspy at that moment.

"Borrowing from me will incur you interest."

Her eyes took in the whole scene of his demeanor at that very instant and Feng Jiu's gaze then flashed slightly as she said with a smile: "Interest it is then."

Hence, Feng Jiu then took the purple crystal card he gave her and bought a whole lot of stuff and kept them into the space, her smile helplessly lifting up the corners of her mouth.

"Uncle, let's go!" She said with a big grin upon her face. However, in the very next moment, her face changed slightly: "Ow!"

Seeing her face looking rather bad as she clutched at her stomach, his brows creased up and he asked: "What's wrong?"

"My stomach..... hurts!"

Her face pale and all cringed up, she looked towards the shopkeeper. "Shopkeeper, do you have a lavatory in this place?"

The shopkeeper was rather taken aback but he went on to nod his head and said: "We do, at the back."

She looked at Ling Mo Han and she said with her face all scrunched up: "Uncle, I think I ate something bad just now and I need to go to the lavatory now. Can you wait for me here for awhile?"

"Go on ahead!" Ling Mo Han said, and then watched her running towards the back.

Until, after he had already waited for close to an incense stick's time and did not see her come back, he seemed to realize something before rushing towards the back of the shop.....

### [Chapter 237 Jaw Clenched with Gritted Teeth](#)

Staring at that vacant and empty lavatory, Ling Mo Han's face darkened completely, his deep eyes narrowing up with a dangerous glint inside.

"Good! Very good! This time she had actually slipped away from right under this Lord's nose. You've got guts!"

That voice, sounded right through tightly clenched jaws and gritted teeth.

Thinking back about it, it was bound to happen. He had showed up as Ling Mo Han and who knew that only barely half a day had passed and she had noticed that something wasn't right. He didn't really mind that he was conned of a big sum by her but the issue was that that woman had managed to run away once again!

His face was dark as he stroked at the beard on his chin. How did she manage to recognize him? And when did she realize that it was him?

Could it be that when he deigned to appear as Ling Mo Han, she had already plotted to turn it back upon him?

Meanwhile on the other side, Feng Jiu had returned to the inn and she went straight to lie down upon the bed. She patted herself on the chest as she blew out a long breath in relief. Even though she was back in her room inside the inn, her heart was still beating fast and furious.

That had been too thrilling!

She had not thought that Uncle was actually the Hell's Lord! Never had she ever expected that she would deliver herself right up to him! Fortunately she had discovered it early and she had managed to slip away, or she would have fallen right into his hands once again!

That's what she had told herself! How could the physiques of two people be that much alike? Even their eyes and brows had been exactly the same, and the Hell's Lord had just appeared in this Six Path City before the Uncle had showed up so quickly after in the same place.

The Hell's Lord was researching into an antidote for the Thousand Year Frost Poison in the Medical Tower and the Uncle was afflicted with the Thousand Year Frost Poison. That was just too much of a coincidence and if she was still oblivious, then she would have turned into an idiot.

"That's it. This Six Path City is no longer safe to remain in. Now that the purchases are almost done, it's better to quickly go to the Black Market to find Leng Shuang before deciding the next step."

She flipped herself and jumped out of bed before walking over to the table to pour herself some water to drink. She then went downstairs to check out of her room where she was then led by the innkeeper to go to the horse stable at the back. Who knew.....

"This is my steed?"

She saw the innkeeper leading a white horse out and her brows creased up slightly as the corners of her mouth curled up to reveal a smile, but that smile did not reach her eyes.

The innkeeper was startled as he asked: "isn't this the Young Master's ride? I heard from the assistant that the Young Master's ride is white and there is only one single white horse in here!"

"Then where is the assistant?"

"He resigned from the job this morning....." When said those words, the colour on the innkeeper's face changed. "Don't tell me that he secretly switched out the Young Master's horse?"

"Horse? Ha!"

Feng Jiu sneered. "My ride is a spirit beast, and not a horse."

Sensing the gravity of the problem, the innkeeper hurried to say: "I'm really sorry that such a thing had happened while the Young Master stayed with us and it is due to the fault of our management. Will the Young Master please wait a moment while I send people to go to the assistant's home to search. He resigned just this morning and he should still be home."

Seeing that the innkeeper truly did not know anything, Feng Jiu's face then warmed up as she said: "Get people to bring me there!"

The innkeeper quickly agreed and the left instructions for people to watch the inn as he brought Feng Jiu to go to that assistant's place of residence but they spotted the assistant who was smiling widely just turning off the street into an alley.

"It's him! He's there!" The innkeeper pointed, and his voice had just fallen when he saw the red shadow right beside him leapt, already making his way forward. Seeing that, he quickly hastened to catch up.

On another side, when Grey Wolf and Shadow One saw the ugly colour of the Lord's face when he returned and they could not help but be surprised.

The two men exchanged glances and Grey Wolf paused for a while before enquiring highly warily: "My Lord, where is the Ghost Doctor? Why have you not brought him back?"

### [Chapter 238 Old White Gets Stolen!](#)

Those words had just fallen when he saw his Lord swing his cold eyes over him, that gaze driving a chill right into his heart.

[Could something unexpected have happened again?] His heart filled with puzzlement, but he did not dare ask any further.

The Lord had always been exceptionally concerned with things that had to do with the Ghost Doctor and having thought that the Lord would not return till nightfall at least, who knew that he would suddenly

come back before half the day had even passed. Hence, he guessed that something unexpected must have occurred.

But, just what had actually happened? Could the Ghost Doctor have shown a sour face to the Lord?

The two men kept their apprehensive feelings to themselves as they looked at their Lord's darkened face who went into his room without saying a word.

It was only after awhile that the two men looked at each other before walking outside the courtyard to discuss in hushed voices.

"What would you say could have happened?" Grey Wolf asked as he looked at Shadow One.

Shadow One was thoughtful a moment before he said: "It must have something to do with the Ghost Doctor. Otherwise, the Lord's face would not be so ugly."

"Don't you say! To not allow us to follow. If we had followed them in secret, it would at least let us know what really happened between the Lord and the Ghost Doctor!"

Giving it another thought, Shadow One then lowered his voice to say: "Why not this? You go out and gather some information. About where and the kind of places the Lord visited after we came back, and also where the Ghost Doctor had gone to? We have our own people here in the Six Path City and it wouldn't be all that hard to look into."

"Investigate into the Lord's affairs? That..... isn't very nice is it?" Grey Wolf's face didn't look too comfortable as he continued: "If this is known by the Lord, we'll not be able to answer for it!"

"You are the Lord's close attendant and I am the Lord's Shadow Guard. You saw for yourself how ugly the colour of the Lord's face had looked when he came back, shouldn't we get a clear understanding of the situation at least? Moreover, the matter must have something to do with the Ghost Doctor and if you do not dare to investigate into the Lord's whereabouts today, then go look into the Ghost Doctor's."

Hearing him say that, it seemed to sound a little reasonable, and hence, Grey Wolf nodded his head. "Alright, I'll be coming right back."

Grey Wolf had just taken a few steps when he suddenly paused and then turned to look at Shadow One to ask: "Why are you not going yourself? This is a task that you can complete as well!"

Shadow One glanced at him and said: "I need to be here to guard the Lord!"

"I can stay here and guard the Lord as well. You go investigate. If not, I might end up having to suffer the blame for it again." Grey Wolf said as he came walking back, indicating that Shadow One was to go.

"You're really not going?"

"No way!" Grey Wolf shook his head, thinking that it sounded like a thankless task to take on.

"I'll go if you are not. But, do not ask me anything about it when I come back."

"On what basis?"

Shadow One went walking out as he said: "Because I will only investigate into the Ghost Doctor." If only the Ghost Doctor was investigated into, that it would be fine even if the Lord came to find out about it.

"How sneaky!" Grey Wolf cursed in a low voice, as he watched Shadow One walking further away and he went back into the yard to keep guard.

On another side, in an alley.

Feng Jiu's foot was stepped upon the assistant's back as she leaned her body forward and toyed with her dagger in her hand, to stare at the assistant's pale and terrified face as he lay sprawled upon the ground.

"Where did you make my steed go?"

"What..... What steed? I..... I do not know..... Argh!"

Before he even finished his words, a pitiful howl rang out.

Only to see the assistant who was sprawled upon the floor finding the back of his hand pierced through by the dagger, his blood flowing out immediately. The innkeeper who came rushing over was so shocked that his entire body trembled as he stared at Feng Jiu.

"Young..... Young Master. We can discuss this calmly, please do not cause any loss of life."

Feng Jiu pulled out her dagger and wiped the blood on the face of the assistant, her voice soft and tinged with indifference but sounded so chillingly terrifying.

"Where is my steed?"

The pale face assistant stared at that sharp dagger and then gulped back his saliva to say in a trembling voice: "At..... at the Famed Cloud Loft..... Arghhh!"

### [Chapter 239 Famed Cloud Loft](#)

"Famed Cloud Loft?"

Feng Jiu arched up an eyebrow and stared at the innkeeper who was bathed in cold sweat. "What kind of a place is that?"

Upon hearing the name of the place, the innkeeper had been stunned a moment before he then flew into a rage to kick the assistant a few times and say: "You deserve to die by a thousand cuts! Such thieving hands! You actually sold the patron's steed to the Famed Cloud Loft! ? What a scoundrel!"

"Oww! Argh! Boss! Stop hitting me! Young Master have mercy! I will not dare to do it again....." The assistant cried in plea, every single ounce of delight he had felt when he received the money completely evaporating at that moment.

Remembering that the red clothed Young Master was waiting for him to say something, the innkeeper was highly hesitant and filled with unease as he said: "The Famed..... Famed Cloud Loft is a place where the city's nobility and some cultivators relax and seek fun when they have nothing better to do. That place is not the same as other places in the city where they would purchase ferocious animals and spirit beasts to let their guests hunt and kill."

Hearing that, Feng Jiu's eyes narrowed and she stepped her foot onto the assistant's wounded hand, where her chilly voice then rang out, sounding like winter's ice.

"How did you steal my steed?"

With Old White's personality that was lazy as a sick dog, where even Bai Xiao had not always been able to make it move, how did this assistant manage to bring it to the Famed Cloud Loft to have it sold?

"I..... I put some drugs into the fish and prawns that it eats and then used a cart to carry it away."

The assistant was already thinking to die at that moment as he had initially not thought that the patron would discover his steed had gone missing so quickly. Who would have known that the patron would come looking before he could even run away.

Feng Jiu reached her hand out and tugged with a twist, pulling one of his arms out of its socket. A mournful wail suddenly sounded and right after that, the assistant fell into a dead faint.

The innkeeper was shocked as he quickly asked: "Is..... is he de..... dead?"

Feng Jiu glanced at the assistant and said: "I merely maimed one of his arms. He won't die from it."

The moment her voice fell, she then went on to ask: "Where is the Famed Cloud Loft? Bring me there."

The innkeeper gulped loudly and then said: "Young Master, things that sold into the Famed Cloud Loft are impossible to take back. Moreover, those people are not to be trifled with....."

"They are not to be trifled with, and I am to be slighted so easily?"

She shot the innkeeper a glance and said: "My steed has been lost by your people in your inn and I will settle the scores for this with you later. Now just hurry up and lead the way instead of dawdling here."

In the end, the innkeeper had no choice but to lead the Young Master to the Famed Cloud Loft and said: "This is the place. Young Master, I..... I will not be going in."

Feng Jiu waved her hand dismissively, indicating that he could go back as she went striding inside herself. Led by an attendant, she then came to the open air beast arena.

The arena was formed by steel cages that held ferocious beasts in them, the surrounding steel cages reaching a height of three meters. There were a hundred steel cages and also a hundred ferocious beasts and spirit beasts.

Loud cheering surrounded the place at that moment and the venue seemed to be brimming with excitement, where voices raised in bets and excited conversation reached her ears.

"Do all of you think that Young Master Liu will be able to tame that spirit horse? Not to mention that if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I really wouldn't be able to tell that such a fat horse would possess such capability."

"It is as you have said. I heard that they had only just brought it in at dawn and nobody had paid it much attention at first as that fat horse had just laid there so lazily all this while. It was only when those ferocious beasts had become anxious from being hunted and charged heedlessly straight at that fat horse. Everyone had thought that the fat horse was surely doomed but the beasts were instead sent

flipping over. You guys came too late and did not see it but that was a scene that roused the entire crowd in here to stand up."

"Heh, those aristocrats are all facing up to that fat horse and the Famed Cloud Loft must be secretly laughing to themselves. How much are they going to earn from this?"

Hearing those words drifting into her ears, Feng Jiu turned to look towards the arena, and saw that the fat horse right in the middle of it, was definitely Old White.

### [Chapter 240 Who Is Taming Who?](#)

At that moment, the Young Master wearing a brocade robe suddenly leapt straight at Old White and grabbed onto its neck thinking flip himself up to ride on it. But with a throw of Old White's back, the Young Master flew up and flipped in the air before landing back on the ground to backpedal a few steps.

And at that moment, Old White seemed to be highly restless, its hooves kicking upon the ground as it neighed softly a few times before it suddenly charged straight towards the man wearing a brocade robe, to knock down the man who had just barely managed to regain his balance and pinned him under its great belly.

Seeing the brocade robed man crushed till his face flushed a deep red, unable to escape as he struggled in vain, the crowd outside the arena roared with laughter, the raucous laughter reverberating throughout the venue, exceptionally loud.

The brocade robed man was feeling rather humiliated from being laughed at and being pressed down by the immovable fat horse on top of his body, rage immediately filled up within him. He then pulled a dagger from out of the air and immediately stabbed it straight towards Old White.

Seeing that scene, Feng Jiu's eyes flashed with a cold glint and with a flick of her fingers, a silver needle shot out, whizzing through the air.

"Oww!"

The brocade robed man cried out in pain, and with a gasp, the dagger dropped from his hand. When he saw the silver needle dangling from his wrist, he shouted out in rage.

"Who is it! Who executed that sneak attack on me!?"

Everyone saw that his hand had been about to stab down but he had suddenly cried out and stopped, the dagger in his hand then falling to the ground, The crowd then immediately started murmuring.

At that moment, Feng Jiu who was among the crowd tapped down the tip of her foot and summoned her Qi to leap gracefully into the arena.

Everyone only saw an eye catching flash of a red figure, and red clothes soaring through the air where in the next moment, the figure landed gracefully on the ground. That fabulously handsome countenance and his entire being exuding with nobility, the devilish youth stood within the arena with his hands behind his back. His chin slightly lifted, his clear eyes looking down at everything, an entity that was the pure example of peerless and alluring reverence.

"Who is that person? Why did he suddenly go in there?"

"That youth looks just amazingly outstanding! Could he be a member of the nobility?"

"Doesn't seem to be someone from our Six Path City. Never seen him before."

Just as everyone was debating heatedly, because Feng Jiu had suddenly intruded into the arena, the Famed Cloud Loft's people were coming out to question her when they heard the voice of the red clothed youth sounding out in the arena.

"Old White, come here."

Feng Jiu called out, and she saw Old White who was sprawled right upon the brocade robed man shiver before it quickly turned its head around. The moment it saw Feng Jiu, it neighed loudly and immediately went running over in delight.

Seeing that scene, everyone's expression turned strange in various ways, their gazes falling upon the red clothed youth, silently gauging.

Looks like that fat horse belongs to that red clothed youth? But, if it was his, how did it come to be sold to the Famed Cloud Loft? Everyone's eyes then turned upon the people of the Famed Cloud Loft, thinking to see how they would deal with such a situation.

Feng Jiu then patted Old White's head in the arena and said: "There's no need to kick anymore. I came to bring you back."

"This Spirit Beast belongs to the Famed Cloud Loft and we cannot allow the Young Master to bring it away." A middle aged man said as he stared at the red clothed Feng Jiu while walking towards her with his hands behind his back.

"That's right! This Young Master here has not tamed it yet, how can it be allowed to leave?"

The brocade robed man came walking over as well, eyeing Feng Jiu hawkishly as he said: "You were the one who sneakily ambushed me with a silver needle right? How dare you! ?"

Feng Jiu glanced at that man and said jeeringly: "Are you sure it was not my dear Old White taming you instead just now?"

Hearing those words, the surrounding crowd broke out with suppressed and muffled laughter. The face of the brocade robed man then flushed a deep red and he charged right towards Feng Jiu with a shout: "What audacity!"

A fist imbued with a surge of Qi was thrown. But before that fist had even touched Feng Jiu, his entire person was sent flying out with a kick from her.