

GHOST DOCTOR 381

[Chapter 381 News](#)

At this moment, in the Peach Blossom Ridge, Feng Jiu first arranged for the four Golden Core Cultivators to stay here before she made her way to the courtyard where she had placed the God Soul Wood.

That courtyard was situated at a secluded area where there was less sunlight and more yin energy. Ever since their family had started to cultivate here, the cold yin energy that accumulated here became very rich and dense.

Under the canopy of the luxurious trees, all the sunlight had been blocked and a few shadows gradually emerged. When they saw the arrival of Feng Jiu, their faces were filled with joy and they quickly bowed in reverence and greeted her.

"The Lord."

The four ghosts had been cultivating here for this period of time and their control over the yin energy had stabilized. Coupled with the fact that Feng Jiu had given them the methodology to cultivate as devilry cultivators, now, even if it wasn't night, they could also appear.

Feng Jiu's astute gaze fell over the four of them and smiled, "It seems that your cultivation speed isn't too bad, you've already mastered the first step - Spirit Formation."

"This is all thanks to the Lord, if not for the Lord giving us such a treasured manual for cultivating, we would not be able to attain the Spirit Formation in such a short time." The old man said as his face was brimming with happiness.

Being able to master Spirit Formation, they could appear like a living person during the day and could appear in front of others in a human form. This, to them was something that they would never have imagined possible in the past.

"It's a good thing that your cultivation has results." She nodded her head in approval and walked towards the table and sat beside it as she asked them about the things that had happened recently.

"The Lord, everything here has been the usual, even if there were any cultivators that came by, none could sense our presence. But...." The old man paused for a moment and continued: "That old man who sweeps the floor....isn't simple."

"Hmm?" She raised her eyebrows and said, "Tell me more."

"The Lord said that we could move about freely around the Peach Blossom Ridge, so that very night, we went around and we happened to meet that old man. He almost destroyed us, if not for us telling him in time that we had the Lord's permission to stay here to cultivate... He then flicked his sleeves and left after he warned us that we were not to harass or scare the people that came to the Peach Blossom Ridge."

When she heard this, she revealed a smile. From the first moment she met him, she had already discovered that he wasn't an ordinary person. The aura that he exuded was very clean and even she

could not discern his cultivation level. Such a long time had passed and seeing that everything was peaceful and fine, she no longer paid attention to the matter and let him continue to sweep the grounds.

"Just continue to cultivate here. Sunny is doing very well back at the manor. My father invited a teacher to teach him how to read and write. He's also personally teaching him some basic cultivation. Wait till your cultivation has advanced and when you are not afraid of the sun. At that time, you can go to the manor to see him."

Upon hearing this, they looked at each other with delight and looked back at Feng Jiu with gratefulness, and said: "Thank you Lord for gracing Sunny with all the education and training. We will definitely work hard on our cultivation."

After she nodded her head, she stood up and walked out. Just as she stepped out of the courtyard, she saw the grey robed old man sweeping the floor not far away. Seeing this, she smiled profoundly and walked towards him.

"Is there a matter?"

She stopped in front of him and asked, her heart was filled with curiosity. Who was he? Why was he willing to stay here quietly and do such a menial task of sweeping the grounds?

The old man looked at her and said: "Young Miss just came back and should not have heard the latest news that the Od Patriarch of the Feng Residence has gone missing."

The moment she heard this, her expression changed and immediately asked: "When did this happen?"

[Chapter 382 Returning home](#)

"It has been a few days." The old man said slowly as he continued sweeping the ground as he gradually swept further and further away.

Seeing this, Feng Jiu immediately rushed to the front and after she left some instructions with the four Golden Core cultivators, she swiftly headed back to the Feng Residence....

Because she had returned home earlier than expected, she had arrived at the outer wall before it was evening. Seeing that there was no one around, after she checked the surroundings, with the tap of her foot, she leapt up to the wall and landed in the courtyard. Almost immediately, there were a few shouts that rang out simultaneously.

"Who's there!"

The guards immediately rushed and surrounded her. Seeing that the intruder was wearing some rags and whose face was covered with ash, they could not identify and had proclaimed the intruder as an enemy. They were just about to draw out their swords when they heard a familiar voice.

"It's me." Feng Jiu said as she looked at the guards that surrounded her.

They were all stunned momentarily and only after they had regained back their senses did they quickly greet her respectfully: "Young Miss." And they all retreated to one side.

"Mm." She nodded her head and walked towards her father's courtyard.

"Neigh!"

When she passed through the Rock Garden, Old White who was sprawled on the ground called out excitedly as he immediately got up and ran towards her cheerfully as his tail swished playfully. He stuck his tongue out and was just about to lick her face.

"Old White." She patted his head affectionately and smiled, "I have something that I have to do now, I will come and find you later. Be good, go and play on your own first." After finishing her words, she continued on to her father's courtyard.

Old White did not pester her, however, he slowly followed behind and walked towards Feng Xiao's courtyard.

The few Feng Guards who were guarding outside the courtyard saw a figure in tattered clothes walking towards them. They froze for a while before calling out cautiously, "Young Miss?"

She looked at the few of them and asked, "Has Luo Yu returned?"

"Luo Yu has returned and is currently in the courtyard. Would you like the subordinate to call him over?" Fan Lin asked.

"There is no need." She swiftly walked towards the courtyard and saw that there were eight people in the courtyard that were in their 40s.

"Young Miss returned?"

When the eight of them saw her, they stood up and bowed as they greeted her respectfully: "Greetings Young Miss."

"Mm."

She nodded her head and walked forward. She did not recognise those eight people, however she still had some impressions of them in her memory. These were her father's Feng Guards and were also the eight Masters of the current Feng Guards.

"Mistress." Leng Shuang came out and there was a glint of joy that flashed by her cold gaze.

"How is my father?" She asked as she walked in.

The Patriarch is recovering well."

She followed behind as she reported and because there were people guarding the courtyard, the door to the room was not closed because Feng Jiu had instructed before that air circulation was very important to aid his recovery.

"Mistress, you are back!" Leng Hua smiled brilliantly when he saw her.

"I'm back." She nodded her head and stepped in.

"Father, I'm home."

Leng Shuang and Leng Hua both stepped out to give them some personal space. Leng Shuang said, "Ah Hua, stay here and wait. I have to return to our courtyard for a moment. After I'm done, I'll be back."

"Alright." He replied and saw her leave as he stood by the courtyard garnered the attention of the eight middle-aged men.

"You are called Leng Hua right?" One of the middle-aged man spoke up and on his serious face, he tried to smile but looked a bit stiff.

Leng Hua glanced at them and nodded, "Mm."

"What is that boxing method that you practise every morning in the courtyard? Who did you learn it from?" His curiosity had been piqued as he had witnessed the past two days that this youth was diligently practising a set of soft and gentle boxing style. He could not help but ask.

[Chapter 383 Enough with the Meddling!](#)

"That's called Tai Chi. I learned it from the Mistress," Leng Hua said with a smile, beaming with pride. Out of all the people in the Feng Residence, he alone had been singled out by the Mistress for training.

Tai Chi? The eight middle-aged men looked to one another. Though they'd never heard of this style of boxing before, with their cultivation and acute discernment, they could easily see just how precise each strike of his fists could be. Those graceful movements were packed with powerful potential.

"Heh! Leng Hua, why don't we try out some moves?" said one of them, hoping to scrutinize the power behind that fist.

Remarkably, Leng Hua shook his head and said, "Nope. The Mistress told me that other than improving my strength, Tai Chi is only meant for my protection, not for showing off."

Hearing this, several of them scoffed and said, "It's not showing off if we just want to compare notes!" How could this kid be so pig-headed? Isn't he the same one who rollicked the Feng Guards? Is he really going to dig his heels in over this?

"No, that'll never do. I refuse to fight my own people," Leng Hua said as he shook his head. Standing off at a distance, the topic was clearly not up for discussion.

To this, several of them shook their heads in amused disbelief. Who knows where the Young Miss could've found a disciple like this! Sure, he may be lacking in strength, but loyalty apparently pays off in spades with the Young Miss.

"Has Little Jiu returned?" asked Guan Xi Lin as he strode in from outside. Seeing the eight middle-aged men standing about in the courtyard, he nodded his head.

"Young Master, the Mistress has returned and is inside," said Leng Hua as he pointed to her room.

Guan Xi Lin strode forward, saying, "I need to talk with her about something." He knocked at the door, paused and entered the room to see two people sitting and talking.

"Father, Little Jiu!"

"Xi Lin! Come take a seat," said Feng Xiao as he gestured to the spot beside him.

"Brother, what news do you have about that piece of jade?" asked Feng Jiu. Her father had already told her about what happened that evening, and to her, they had only taken her grandfather, leaving everyone else in the Feng Residence unharmed, so they probably wouldn't do anything to him. But what had they become dragged into? Why would they come here to snatch her grandfather away?

Given her grandfather's prowess, this captor must have exceptional strength. She was virtually certain that they were not from Sun Glory Country.

"I brought it to the Black Market and still haven't heard back," said Guan Xi Lin. "This kind of information takes time to make its way back to us. Don't think too much of it. Once there's a lead, we'll be the first to hear of it."

As he spoke, he looked over to Feng Jiu and said, "Luo Yu says that the two of you ran into a bit of difficulty, but I'm glad to see that you returned safely. What were you thinking trying to take on the Golden Cultivators? What would become of Father if anything had happened?"

"Indeed!" said Feng Xiao, "Little Jiu, you ought to think twice from now on. Don't go meddling in affairs like these. After all, you are only as strong as the people you travel with. You need to fight in numbers. If Luo Yu had perished, no one would blame you. You were messing with a far greater power. You were gambling with life and death, and we can't be having any more of that," said Feng Xiao as he fervently admonished her, hoping that she would remember the dire predicament that she had found herself in. Hopefully, she would know better next time.

"Yes, I understand," she said with a guilty smile. With her face smeared with dirt, she looked just like a mischievous kitten that had been caught playing in the mud, and Feng Xiao couldn't help but smile.

Shaking his head in consternation, he said, "You sure have gotten yourself all mussed up, young lady! Before we discuss anything else, hurry on back to your quarters and clean yourself up."

[Chapter 384 The Modesty of Little Fire!](#)

"Alright then, I'll see myself out to the courtyard," she said with a smile as she got up. Knowing that her grandfather's life was likely not in danger, her heart could rest at ease. In her eyes, her job was to safeguard the Feng family. She had to figure out who kidnapped her grandfather and why.

Feng Jiu felt that though this matter had come about quite suddenly, it should not have been without warning. Perhaps, clues could be found in her grandfather's room, and all of this could possibly be unraveled...

Arriving back in the room, she saw that Leng Shuang had already had someone heat the water for her, so she removed her worn clothes, rinsed off her face, and slipped into the tub. As she soaked, she felt every muscle on her body relax.

She rarely needed anyone to wait on her when she bathed, so Leng Shuang stood watch outside the door.

Though her muscles had started to relax, Feng Jiu's mind was still racing. To the Feng Residence, the disappearance of her grandfather only made matters worse. If only he were here, they would be quaking in their boots. Instead, his disappearance gave them a perfect opportunity. Right now, they had all but enough reason to move on the Feng Residence.

The eight Feng Guards serving her father all had the strength of Martial Cultivators, and with these men, together with her father and the Old Patriarch, it was no wonder that Feng Residence was known across Cloudy Moon City to be as impenetrable as Mount Tai. After all, their strength and prowess would still win accolades even if this were a different country.

To onlookers, of the masters of the Feng Residence, one had gone missing, and another had been toppled. All that was left to fear were these eight guards.

After about half an hour, Feng Jiu climbed out of the tub, wrung the water out of her hair, and got dressed. Leng Shuang brought in a bowl of bird's nest porridge, and she told him to not let anyone into the courtyard. With porridge in hand, she entered the Spatial Ring.

"Little Fire."

Feng Jiu came up to him. Knowing that he had been in a daze for so long, she was surprised that he wasn't exactly happy to see her and just stared at her. Lifting her eyebrows, Feng Jiu smiled and said, "After all this time, I thought you'd pounce at the sight of me!"

He was fuming. "You have no sense of modesty," he said as he stared at her with more bashfulness than anger. Seeing his little pink face and two black beady eyes looking at her in this way, she couldn't help but notice how cute he was.

"How could I have no sense of modesty?" she asked with a smirk.

"Just look at you, coming in here dressed like that. You... you haven't even drawn your robe together!"

Little Fire's tongue was tied. His face began to redden, and as he stared at her, his eyes began to wander, glancing down at her revealing attire and her faintly discernible figure. Though he was a sacred beast, he had male instincts, after all. For her to come in here so unabashedly, he felt a bit embarrassed for her.

Hearing this, Feng Jiu blanched, ever so slightly. She looked down at her clothes and burst out laughing. "You naughty little thing you!" she said, "You're just a beast, and it doesn't matter what you see." She winked at him seductively, deliberately teasing him, and watched as Little Fire's bashful face boiled with indignation. She couldn't shake his heavy heart.

"Humph!"

Flustered, Little Fire crossed his arms in front of him, squeezed his eyes shut, and ignored her.

"Fine, fine. I'm just messing with you. I just got out of the tub and am still drying off at home. There's nothing wrong with wearing something like this in my own quarters."

She sat down in front of Little Fire and said, "See what I brought you?" She lifted up the bowl of bird's nest porridge that was in her hands as a grin tickled across her face.

Little Fire snorted, surprisingly, and with arrogance and disgust, said, "Only your kind would ever delight in dining on bird slobber like that."

[Chapter 385 Sneaking a Bite of Ginseng!](#)

Hearing this, Feng Jiu grimaced.

Slobber...

Did he have to make it sound so gross? Clearly, this porridge nourishes one's skin and was great for maintaining one's youth, but to Little Fire, it's nothing more than bird slobber.

"Well, you're a bird, after all, so there's no point in you trying to eat this," she said with a smile as she began to eat it herself.

To a girl like her, bird's nest porridge is simply divine for your skin, silky smooth on the palate, and filled with protein. Just because he wasn't going to eat it, didn't mean it would go to waste.

"Little Fire, how are you feeling? Are you recovered yet?" asked Feng Jiu as she ate her porridge.

Little Fire turned around, glanced at her, and spoke tenderly, saying "I guess so. I'll be back to my old self in a few more days."

"Mm. That's what I want to hear. Will you still be here tending to yourself in a few days? Or do you want to come out?" She finished off her bowl in a few more bites and set it aside.

Little Fire blinked and softly said, "Your house is upside down! No way am I going to stick my nose in that mess. I'm going to look after myself in here."

"Mm, alright then."

She nodded her head and was happy that he wished to stay in the Spatial Ring to tend to himself, given the strong spiritual aura that permeated throughout this place. Tending to himself, after all, would save everyone a bit of trouble. His face had been scarlet red this whole time, though, and something didn't seem right.

"Are you feeling okay? Why is your face so red? Stick out your hand for me to take a look." This naughty little fella ought to know when he's feeling sick, right?

"No, no, I'm fine." He pulled his hands back and shoved them behind him.

Seeing the look of guilt that washed over his face, Feng Jiu raised her eyebrows questioningly and asked, "You're fine? If you're fine then what have you got to be guilty for?"

"Who says I'm guilty!"

"Oh, no? Who keeps avoiding eye contact with me? Who seems to be shrinking into a corner? Who's hiding their hands behind their back? Confess! What have you got to hide?"

She grinned as she looked at him, seeing him as plucky and unruly as a human child. He could be just as guilty and bashful, and you couldn't find a better example of a little rascal trying to act like an adult.

"Nothing!" He turned away and shut his mouth.

Seeing his face redden again, Feng Jiu felt a spiritual premonition. Thoughtfully, her eyes swept across the room, and when they landed on a long box, she lurched over to the box and popped it open.

"How did you manage to eat half of a Millennium Ginseng?"

She raised her voice a little and turned to Little Fire, who was trying to shrink into his own skin, with a shocked look on her face, shaking her head with a look of disbelief, saying "Don't you know you ought to take it easy when you're feeling down? What's more, for something as potent as Millennium Ginseng, a single slice could save someone's life. You, however, went and ate a whole half of it! You'd be lucky if all you burst is a blood vessel!"

Knowing he was caught red-handed, Little Fire stole a look over at her and nearly whispered, "I... I was a little hungry when I came to, and it's not like there was anything else in here to eat..."

Feng Jiu laughed, helplessly, and said, "Fine, that's all I'm going to say, but don't go wasting the medicinal effects of that Millennium Ginseng either. I want you back in fighting form!" She put the other half back where it belonged and continued, saying, "You better not touch this other half. Your little body wouldn't be able to handle it."

"Mm." Little Fire Phoenix answered, only breathing a sigh of relief as he watched her leave the Spatial Ring, carrying the bowl with her as she left.

Later that evening, the door to Feng Jiu's room cracked open and Leng Shuang, who was standing guard outside, stepped in.

"Miss, Little Hua says that the master has prepared a meal in the main building and would like you to go and eat."

"Mm, let's go!" she nodded in affirmation, and they made their way to the main building...

[Chapter 386 Making Plans!](#)

Perhaps they had grown accustomed to her fresh, refined appearance as she often dressed in white at home. Now, however, Feng Jiu wore a dress as red as fire, and not a single person in the entire residence could look away.

Her beauty was known to all, and it was no wonder that she was lauded a beauty among beauties.

Having served in the Feng Residence for all these years, it's not like they had never seen her dressed in fine clothing, yet there was something about the fiery red dress she wore and the lovely way she carried herself that left them at a bewildering loss for words.

When the Feng Guards and others saw her steadily approaching, they had trouble hiding their blubbery infatuation.

To watch her graciously approach, wearing her dress that seemed to flicker with fire, and to see the cool collected look deep in her shimmering eyes was almost too much to bear! Her nonchalance seemed to evoke a devilish persuasion, a burning fascination. As if she had cast a spell, her radiant beauty was beyond compare...

Despite their best composure and training, they couldn't help but stare, meeting her cool, collected glance that chilled them down to their toes. In an instant, they each felt a tug at their hearts and a surge to their pulses. What beauty! What allure! A moment more and it all had disappeared. All that was left was an awkward silence.

This was going to be their new mistress, and for them to gawk like that would be a disgrace!

"Young Miss!" Several guards called out as they scrambled to gather their composure.

Feng Jiu looked away and gingerly walked into the courtyard. As she entered, several others sprung to attention and called out, "It's Young Miss!"

"Mm," Feng Jiu said with a slight smile. She looked at them, laughed, and asked, "So, you've all eaten already?"

"Heh! We aren't hungry yet, so we'll eat later," said one of the middle-aged men. "Go on in, Miss!" he said, gesturing to her "The Master is inside waiting for you."

"Alright," she replied and went inside.

"Little Jiu, come in! Sit here," said Feng Xiao as he waved her over to the seat next to him. Feng Xiao, Guan Xilin, and Leng Hua, who off to the side attending to them, were the only people in the room.

Guan Xilin poured the wine, smiling, as he said, "Father had them prepare your favorite dishes, and I've brought some spiritual wine. Little Jiu, have a taste tell me what you think."

"Mm," she said as she sat down at the table. Taking in the fragrant aromas of the dishes before her, with a warm smile across her face, Feng Jiu said, "There's no place like home! No matter where I go, I can never find dishes that are made as good as these."

"Well, have as much as you'd like," said Feng Xiao, as he plucked a piece of meat and dropped it into her bowl, "You've been out running around too much lately and have gotten as thin as a rake!"

"Yeah, yeah," she said as she grabbed a pair of chopsticks and dug into the meal.

At the dinner table, the three of them only spoke of everyday matters. It was only after they had polished off their dinner and Leng Shuang had cleaned away their dinnerware did they begin to talk business.

"Little Jiu, did you know? Those two audacious old bastards came here for Old White that one day," said Feng Xiao, "and they clearly intended to rob our Feng Residence in broad daylight. If it weren't for Yi Xuan, they probably would've gotten away with it!" Clearly, Feng Xiao was evidently still upset about the matter.

After having protected Sun Glory Country for all those years, once they were made useless, cruel treatment and wretched schemes were already lying in wait for the Feng family. This great slight vexed Feng Xiao to no end.

Fretful, Feng Jiu turned to her father and asked, "Was it the same two men who ambushed and planned to kill you?"

"It was the very same two old bastards," he said, "and they thought that no one would find out what they had done because I was in a daze. They even dared to come to our house for Old White in broad daylight! What brazen insolence!"

[Chapter 387 Apprehension!](#)

Hearing this, Feng Jiu laughed and said, "They're nothing to be afraid of. Once I think of a plan, I'll finish them off."

Shocked, Feng Xiao and Guan Xi Lin replied, "Finish them off? Those two are Martial Cultivators. I'm afraid that killing them won't be so easy." Naturally, they'd come to this conclusion as well, but they had yet to reach a surefire solution. Those two were rulers, after all, and if they couldn't defeat them with a single attack, well, that was a risk that they were unwilling to take.

"Yes, I know. Don't worry, father! I won't mess with anything I can't handle," she said as she smiled and stood up. Their conversation continued on, and they discussed other matters. It was only when the day had started to wane into twilight that Feng Jiu and Guan Xi Lin both emerged from the room planning to head home that she was beckoned.

"Young Miss!"

Feng Jiu paused, looked over to the eight men and the seven Feng Guards that stood behind them, and said, "Is there a problem?"

The middle-aged men looked to one another as one of them leaned over, glanced back at the others around him, and laughed, saying, "These are the ones who claim fealty..." but before he could finish, he was interrupted.

"That can wait," said Feng Jiu as she waved them off and left the courtyard with Guan Xi Lin, leaving them in dismay.

Surprised by this, the seven Feng Guards were embarrassed and somewhat taken aback. These guys had rushed here to claim their fealty to her, but instead, Feng Jiu wanted nothing to do with them. Were they not good enough for her? Did she think that they weren't up to the task? Thinking of this, the embarrassment and shame melted from their faces, only to be replaced with worry and apprehension.

"Master, tell us, are we not good enough for the Young Miss?!" Qi Kang nervously asked, having lost all confidence.

"Humph! Feeling a bit worried?" snorted one of them who looked hard at each of them with an unsympathetic glare, saying "If the Young Miss won't have you, she can replace you all at the snap of her fingers. She can always pick out others from among the Feng Guards."

"What? You don't mean it, do you?" one of them asked. Hearing this, several of them seemed to be on the verge of tears. They had worked this hard to just earn their ranks only to be replaced so offhandedly. Who wouldn't be upset?

"Don't mean what?" yawned Luo Yu as he strolled into the courtyard. He had been sleeping ever since he got back but had heard that the Mistress had already returned. Looking around the courtyard and seeing the grin on his master's face, his fellow disciples, and all these sullen old uncles, Luo Yu was suddenly gleeful. "Man! What's the matter guys?" he asked, "What's got you all so down?"

"Heh," chuckled Luo Yu's master, saying "your Martial Uncle is giving them an earful for their thick skulls. All this time, they've never claimed their allegiance. Now that they're eager to do so, the Young Miss brushed them all aside." Looking to Luo Yu, he said, "If you've rested up, keep a close watch over the Mistress. Don't be nodding off."

"I know. Don't worry, Master!" said Luo Yu. Smirking, he asked, "And the Mistress? She isn't here?"

"She just went home," said his Master.

"Well then, I'll come back for her tomorrow," he said with a smile. Glancing over at Fan Lin and the others, he grinned and said, "What's the matter? Should've listened to me earlier, huh?"

The seven grumbled amongst themselves and glared in his direction.

"Heh! That's all I'll say to you guys. You'd better come up with a good reason for the Mistress to keep you guys around while you still have the chance!"

"Cocky, aren't we?" scoffed one of them, who quickly aimed a kick, though Luo Yu dodged it with ease.

[Chapter 388 A Plan Transpires!](#)

Smiling to himself, Luo Yu sauntered over to them and smugly said "Heh! Listen, you guys are really going to regret not acknowledging the Young Miss!" He then turned away from them and walked up to his master. "Master, this is a symbol of my filial piety," he said as he took out a small vial from his cosmos sack and presented it to him with both hands.

Taken aback, his master carefully examined what was in his hands. "That's..." Could this actually be a potion that the Young Miss refined herself? Lost in thought, he unconsciously plucked the vial out of his hands, popped it open, and sniffed at its contents.

"Heh! It's a potion, concocted to enhance one's strength," explained Luo Yu, saying "Your cultivation base has plateaued for years, but with this potion, you'll reach a breakthrough in only a week or two!"

Hearing this, the seven middle-aged men stared greedily as Luo Yu's master held the potion in his hand, laughing with joy. In a fit of jealous rage, they laid on their disciples with flying kicks.

"You little snots! We ought to have never let you off so easy for not acknowledging her!"

Having all been kicked soundly in their rears, the disciples winced at the pain and confusion as they jumped out of the way.

Could the Young Miss have actually given that potion to Luo Yu? Where would she come up with something like that? Suddenly, a faint impression arose in their heads, but they all stifled it at once, as unbelievable as what that would mean.

Luo Yu's master looked at the potion with delight, but instead of putting it away, he asked, "If you give me this potion, what does that leave you with?" If there was just this one vial, there was no way he'd keep it for himself. The Young Miss had given it to Luo Yu, after all.

"Heh!" laughed Luo Yu, "when the Mistress gave me a vial, I asked her for another for my master."

Laughing with glee, he said, "Master, Martial Uncles, I'm off!" In a flash, Luo Yu was gone before they could say anything, much less press him for answers.

"Master, Martial Uncles, we're leaving too!" the seven exclaimed in unison as they rushed out the door to chase after Luo Yu to figure out what else he knew.

"What a bunch of louts! Aigh!"

They shook their heads and several of them let out a deep sigh. Glancing longingly at the potion in Luo Yu's master's hand, one of them exclaimed with envy, "That youngster Luo Yu sure is considerate!"

"You bet!" said Luo Yu's master as he laughed with pride, "Would you expect anything less from one of my disciples?" With a big smile, he said to several of them, "With you guys standing guard here, I'm going to go in and say a word to the Master and then see what this here potion can do."

"Sure, go on then! Don't worry, we've got this covered!" said one of the seven. The others nodded and smiled.

"Alright," said Luo Yu's master as he entered the room. After reporting to Feng Xiao, he returned to their quarters for some serious cultivation practice...

As for Feng Jiu, after returning to the courtyard and giving some instructions to Leng Shuang, she returned to her room for cultivation practice. She continued up until the early morning hours of the next day, after which she climbed onto Old White and rode off.

Because Luo Yu was engrossed in closed-door meditation, the only ones left to account for were Fan Lin and the other six. After they caught up with Luo Yu that evening and after he told them that the Mistress was the Ghost Doctor, they all rushed to their masters for vindication.

When Luo Yu's unbelievable news checked out, they were stunned. Not a single one of them could sleep a wink that night.

Getting up early that next morning to stand guard, who else did they see but Feng Jiu riding off with Old White! "Where do you think the Mistress is off to this morning?" one of them asked, and though they had yet to claim their fealty, now that they knew she was the Ghost Doctor, they were all dying to kneel down before her. Though they were as keen as mustard, the Mistress, alas, had more important things to attend to.

[Chapter 389 Hooked!](#)

"She didn't even take Leng Shuang! Do you think she's okay going out on her own?"

"Mm, there's been more than a few pairs of eyes peeled towards the Feng Residence. Who knows what else could happen?"

"Why don't we go check things out?"

"No, that won't work. We weren't commanded to do so, so we'd be hounding the Mistress, which wouldn't be right," says Fan Lin, shaking his head. Pausing, he then says, "Why don't we go see our Martial Master?! We ought to report the Mistress' departure to them, right?"

"I think it goes without question that if they felt that the Mistress couldn't fend for herself, they would've ordered us to follow. Also, didn't Luo Yu say that the Mistress had extraordinary skills? Didn't she give him a good hiding?"

Hearing this, the others were silent for a good while before they went over to the Pavilion in the Rock Garden.

As Feng Jiu flew out from the Residence in her red dress, she was redolent with a headlong air of valiant determination. Old White and Feng Jiu struck an impressive figure as they galloped down the street in the early morning light.

Especially now, as troubles beset the Feng Residence, the eyes of various forces across the city had been watching them with bated breath. To see Feng Jiu lead her horse out like that early in the morning was puzzling indeed.

But to see her lead her horse out like this for several days in a row, news of this even reached Murong Yi Xuan. Remembering what she had said to him that day, however, he resisted the urge to call in on her.

What's more, his heart was heavy, for he worried that her father's stupor was at the hands of his Imperial Father. If that were so, any hope for a chance with her would disintegrate.

On the third morning, Feng Jiu left with Old White once again, yet this time, Little Ball followed in tow. Because Old White would never let Little Ball ride on his back, the little fella had no choice but to race along beside him as fast as his little legs would let him.

Because he was a little fluffy, round ball, as they crossed the street, they caught the attention of many women and children.

"A puppy? How cute!"

"No... I think it's a cat?"

"Look how long its hair is, and it's just like a little ball! And look how fast it can run!"

"It's so adorable! Where can I buy one?"

"That's the Young Miss of the Feng family, don't you know? Not just anybody can afford what she can!"

"That kind of looks like a spirit pet, doesn't it? We hardly ever see those here in Sun Glory."

Hearing the people prattle on, Feng Jiu lowered her head slightly and saw a flock of children chasing after Little Ball. Chuckling to herself, she told Old White to slow down. Feng Jiu reached out both hands to the breathless Little Ball and yelled, "Come on up!"

"Aoooo!" yelped Little Ball, leaping up with all his little might, surprisingly, into Feng Jiu's arms.

Feng Jiu couldn't help but smile. Rubbing Little Ball's head as she held him in her arms, she inadvertently looked behind her to see a figure robed in white standing next to the window of an inn, watching her with a burning gaze.

It was Murong Yi Xuan. She returned his gaze with a soft smile and spurred her legs into Old White.

"Hyah!" she yelled as she galloped past the people standing about, disappearing from his line of sight...

Standing at the window on the second floor, Murong Yi Xuan watched as her figure disappeared, thinking of the smile she had just given him calmed his soul. He had been worried that the stress of all the troubles that had befallen the Feng Residence would be too much for her to handle. Seeing her ride out for a diversion, he realized that she was coping well.

He turned around to sit down, turning his back away from the window. At that very moment, two shadows materialized and followed after Feng Jiu...

[Chapter 390 Tempting Death!](#)

At the remote outskirts of the city, Feng Jiu slowed Old White and unmounted. Unhurriedly, she carried Little Ball over to a creek up ahead, and Old White laid down on the grass. Rinsing her face off beside the water, she noticed the gentle and refreshing breeze and sat down on the grass. From her sleeve, she pulled out a piece of fruit and began to eat it, looking up to the sky, observing the ripple of the creek. It seemed as if she was waiting for something.

In about half the time it takes to burn a stick of incense, two shadowy figures suddenly approached. After their treacherous gaze fell upon the figure in red, they noticed Old White laying in the grass.

To them, anything that they could not possess would be as good as dead!

Sure, this was only a low-ranking sacred beast, but if they couldn't have it, no one can! What's more, this Old White had kicked them, spoiling their plans. Oh, how they had wished to kill him!

"Tssh!" snorted Old White, who was kneeling in the grass, as he lifted his head and looked about.

Feng Jiu, who was eating her piece of fruit, tussled Little Ball's fur, and it seemed as if she didn't even hear what was going on behind her. And yet, a calculating look glimmered in her eyes.

The old man hiding in the shadows withdrew a sleeve arrow and planned to kill Old White. As for Feng Jiu, the Ruler would wed her off to Green Gallop Country, so they couldn't so much as harm a hair on her head. This horse, though, was dead meat!

Suddenly, a fearsome gust of wind blew forth, jolting the two men. Spinning around, they were shocked at what they saw.

"Who are you all!?"

In an instant, they were surrounded by two elders and two middle-aged men. Their formidable opponents caused their hearts to skip a beat and a cold sweat broke out upon their foreheads. Ever so faintly, a sense of dread arose.

"Your executioners, naturally."

Finishing off her apple, the red-dressed Feng Jiu walked over and casually glanced at the two pale-faced men. With an impish grin, she said, "You guys had me wander about for three whole days before you caught the scent! That was no easy trick!"

Hearing this, the color drained from their faces. With hindsight, they exclaimed, "You saw us coming!"

In an instant, it all made sense to them, "Feng Xiao never lost his consciousness!?" Of course! Only Feng Xiao would've been able to relay things so clearly. That's why they were on guard! That's how the Young Lady Feng could lay such a devious ruse for them!

But who were these four? Their awesome strength was alarming. That wind was not an elemental gust of any ordinary martial sect. It... it was spiritual qi! This strength, somehow, far surpassed any ordinary foundation establishment!

How could a mistress like her, tucked deep away in her chambers, find fighters like these? With that kind of strength, why would they ever heed her commands?

As these questions flooded through their minds, no conclusions arose. The only answer could be that they fell for her trap. Today, alas, would be their doom!

As this thought, a fear rattled out of their hearts, and they turned to run. At the instant that they moved, however, the four figures swept upon them.

"Run? Ha! Let's just see you try! If you can escape us, we'll chalk it up to some serious skill!"

One of the men sneered and his figure disappeared. In a few breaths, he caught up to one of them, reached out from behind, and surrounded the old man with a spiritual power, visible to the naked eye. Suddenly, the old man was stuck, frozen in place.