

GHOST DOCTOR 39

[Chapter 39 Fallen Into A Nest of Mice?](#)

"Squeak squeak squeak!"

Surrounding her on all sides were about forty or fifty of those Burrowing Gophers, and every single one of them were of an enormous size. At that moment, she was surrounded by all of them, one by one all staring at her, squeaking incessantly.

With the powers she had, how was she going to get herself out of this predicament?

Kill all of these forty to fifty Burrowing Gophers? These Burrowing Gophers were obviously mutants and they might not be that easy to take out.

As she thought through her options, she felt a fierce wind rush from the side and saw a Burrowing Gopher leaping at her after giving out a squeak from the left.

She pushed the pain wrecking at all parts of her body away from her mind and her eyes steeled as they swung around with her hand lashing out gripping the dagger at the same time. A faint red glow of mystical power aura encased the sharp dagger slashing out through the air with a swoosh, aimed at the attacking Burrowing Gopher.

At that moment, the rest of the forty to fifty Burrowing Gophers squeaked out and they all leapt at the same time at her, completely surrounding her, biting and clawing.

"ARRRGH!"

The pain caused her to cry out, but even with forty to fifty Burrowing Gophers biting and tearing at her, the speed of her slashing dagger did not slow in the slightest. At that moment, she was like the incarnate of death as she screamed out while her body spun with her dagger lashing out lightning quick, piercing and pulling back, only one lone thought filling her mind, and that was to stay alive!

"Squeak!"

Squeak squeak....."

The number of fallen Burrowing Gopher corpses on the ground grew more and more, and the rest of them did not dare to come too near her anymore.

The corpses of the Burrowing Gophers had already piled up to form a little hill around her and a thick stench of blood hung heavily pungent in the dark little space.

As for her, Feng Jiu was covered in dripping blood, both her own and the blood from the Burrowing Gophers....

"Come on! Not going to leap at me anymore?"

Her icy tone was heavily laced with devilish challenge and her gaze swept over every single one of those slowly retreating Burrowing Gophers. Her entire body flared with bloodthirsty murder and her gory

blood covered self made her look every inch like the blood drenched death come to claim their lives. The terrifying bloodthirstiness emanating from her entire being alone was enough to make the rest of the Burrowing Gophers too frightened to take a step forward.

"Too scared! ? Hah! I am not done with the slaughter!"

The same moment her malicious voice stopped, her body immediately moved, the sharp dagger gleaming chillingly as it thrust towards another Burrowing Gopher. The incredible speed that the dagger moved at did not allow it to even dodge.

"Squeak!"

A pitiful squeak sounded, warm blood flowed, and another Burrowing Gopher was killed by the dagger.

"Squeak squeak!"

The rest of the Burrowing Gophers numbering slightly more than ten squeaked loudly and ran away through the tunnels in a panic.

She bit down on her lip as she stared at the tunnels a moment, before she went step by step towards a direction where she felt a slight breeze, with every one step she took, she left a footprint, and with every footprint, she left behind a drop of blood.....

She walked for almost close to an hour and the first sound she heard was the sound of flowing water, and thereafter, a gradually brightening ray of light. As there was water present, the surrounding air was rather humid, and she bit down hard with every step, tolerating the almost unbearable pain, taking step after step, till she reached the flow of water.

It was a deep pool, the bottom not visible but the water was crystal clear. The water was moving and flowing, but it was not known where the it flowed out to.

There were no other routes that she could see from here, the slanted light rays were coming from above her head seemingly like she was at the bottom of a deep gorge. As water flowed down the steep walls in thin rivulets, they were covered in green moss and algae, while vines hung down.

She gave them one glance and she turned her eyes back. What she needed to do now was not to leave this place, but to be concerned about the wounds and injuries upon her body.

If those bites and scratches from the Burrowing Gophers were not treated, they would become infected and fester. Fortunately, she had chanced upon this clear pool of water.

She removed the blood drenched clothes off her body and carefully placed the golden egg aside, before she slid herself into the pool, letting the clear and cool water cleanse and wash out her wounds.....