

Ghost Doctor 961

Chapter 961: Say Sorry

The guests all took their leave one by one with the City Master seeing them to the door personally. When all the guests had left, he went back inside and said to his wife: "I didn't expect Lang-er to do something like this after he found out the Ghost Doctor's identity. Do you think this matter will be exposed?"

"Lang'er probably didn't know the Ghost Doctor to begin with. I think the Ghost Doctor is a friend of Mister Duan, that's why they have arrived together." The City Master's wife said. After some thought, she continued: "Let them deal with this matter themselves! We shouldn't get too involved in their affairs."

"Yes, you're right." The City Master nodded without saying more, and retired to his courtyard with his wife.

On the other side, Duan Ye brought Ning Lang to a courtyard and asked: "Little Fatty, did you really take one hundred thousand gold each from those people? Also, how did you find out that Feng Jiu is the Ghost Doctor? When you found out you didn't even tell me. You're not a good friend."

Ning Lang scratched his head and replied with embarrassment: "You know how much I like money. When there is an opportunity to make money, I will seize it. That's why..." He looked at the closed door and asked hesitantly: "Do you think I should go inside and apologise?"

"Apologise? Haha!"

Duan Ye chuckled and patted his shoulder: "You! You sold Feng Jiu. I don't think a sorry is going to make it all okay. You better go back and sleep. I think he just wants an answer from you? When you've thought about it, come and tell him your answer. I think that would be better than an apology."

Ning Lang frowned and nodded his head when he heard this: "I understand. I will go back and think about it carefully." He was just about to turn around to leave, when he decided to walk to the firmly shut bedroom door.

"Feng Jiu, I'm sorry. My actions tonight are out of order. Sorry, please forgive me."

When he didn't hear any noise from inside the bedroom, he turned around and went back to his courtyard to consider whether he would go to Hell Mountains.

When he promised to give an answer the next morning, he was only stalling for time to get him to stay so he could make some money. However, he hadn't expected things to turn out this way. He had only thought of selling those invitations for one hundred thousand gold each, and not thought of the consequences.

Duan Ye watched as Ning Lang walked away with his head down. After a while, he knocked on Feng Jiu's door and shouted: "Feng Jiu, you haven't told me how you are the Ghost Doctor."

There was still no noise from inside the bedroom, so he tried to push the door open. He found that the door was locked from the inside. He didn't have any other choice but to leave it.

"I have to go to the He Family residence tomorrow. Stop disturbing me and go back to rest!" Feng Jiu's voice could be heard from inside the bedroom, but the door remained closed.

"When you go to the He Family Residence tomorrow, remember to come and get me. I want to go and take a look as well." He then retreated to his own bedroom to rest.

On this night, some people might find it difficult to get to sleep. However, under the influence of alcohol, Feng Jiu and Duan Ye fell into a deep slumber the moment they lay down to rest.

Early the next morning, the sun shone on the ground and the warm rays of light peeked through the leaves casting shadows on the ground. As the breeze blew, the leaves on the trees fluttered and landed gently on the ground.....

It was tranquil in the courtyard as the two people in the bedrooms were still fast asleep. Feng Jiu seemed to have forgotten that she was supposed to go to the Feng Family residence today. By the time she woke up, it was already late morning.

Chapter 962: Bone Erosion Poison

At the same time, Mr He had arrived at the City Master's residence but was afraid to disturb him, so he waited outside til he awoke.

After another hour, Feng Jiu roused from her sleep as she remembered that she was supposed to go to the He family residence today to assess the young master's condition. She therefore got up to wash herself and was ready in no time. As she walked out into the courtyard, she called for Duan Ye and instructed the servants to serve breakfast. She ate while she waited for Duan Ye.

Another hour later, after the two of them had eaten, they walked out to the main courtyard and saw Mr He hurry over to greet them.

"Ghost Doctor."

"I'm so sorry, I woke up late." She said apologetically.

"No, don't worry, I am early." Mr He said hurriedly. He looked at the young man in red and said respectfully: "Ghost Doctor, the horse carriage is ready. Ghost Doctor, you and Master Duan can get on!"

"Mmm." Feng Jiu nodded and walked outside with him.

The two of them got into a luxurious horse carriage with Mr He steering the horse personally up front. Some people who saw this were surprised and enquired secretly.

After about an hour, they arrived at the He residence. Mrs He had already instructed the servants to wait outside for their arrival. Upon their arrival, they greeted the guests and invited them inside.

“Ghost Doctor, this is my Hong’er’s yard. Because he is unable to get out of bed, he has not come out to greet you. Please do not take offence.” Mr He said.

“Of course not.” Feng Jiu shook her head and stepped inside.

As soon as she entered the bedroom, a strong smell of medicine entered her nostrils and the whole room smelt of death. Without looking at the person, she already knew that he was at death’s door.

“Open the doors and windows for some ventilation.” She motioned.

Upon hearing this, Mrs He immediately instructed the servants to open the door and windows. She walked to the bedside with Feng Jiu and said: “Hong’er, this is the Ghost Doctor, do greet him quickly.”

“Greetings to you Ghost Doctor, please do not take offence that I am unable to get out of bed.”

Feng Jiu’s eyes fell on the young man laid on the bed. He was about twenty five years old, his face was thin and pale, and breathless when he spoke. In contrast to his pale complexion, his lips were fiery red.

Upon seeing this, her head tilted as she said: “Let’s take a look at your legs!”

Mr He came forwards and pulled down the quilt that was covering his son. He was only wearing a pair of short pants as underwear. Both of his legs were black and red, and so swollen that anyone would be taken by surprise when they saw them.

When she saw this, Feng Jiu frowned slightly. She stepped forward and reached her hand out to take the temperature of his leg. Sure enough, it was hot to touch. She continued to frown as she looked at his legs, deep in thought. Finally, she said: “Lift his shirt up.”

“Okay.” Mr He hurriedly lifted up the shirt off his son’s body and looked at Feng Jiu, not daring to disturb him. Although he was anxious, he just stared silently.

Feng Jiu looked at his abdomen and then pressed down on it. When she saw the pain in the young man’s face, she retracted her hand and said: “The poison has started to spread upwards. At this point in time, the poison would have already spread to his internal organs. If he is unable to be treated within three days, he will die.”

When Mrs He heard this, her legs weakened and she cried out: “I beg you Ghost Doctor, please save my son. Please, I only have one son....”

“Don’t worry. As long as I am here, nothing will happen.” She comforted her and then turned to Mr He and said: “Mr He, come out with me! I need some medicine, Mr He you need to help me obtain them as soon as possible.”

Chapter 963: Nothing Will Happen

Upon hearing this, Mr He rejoiced and said hurriedly: “Okay, okay, what medicines do you need, Ghost Doctor? I will send a servant to get them immediately.” He walked outside with him as he spoke.

Duan Ye who was following behind them looked at the man on the bed and wondered, how can he be saved when he’s so ill? If so then he’s really got some skills!

“Hong’er, did you hear that? The Ghost Doctor said nothing will happen.” Mrs He wiped her tears and stayed by her son’s bedside, crying tears of happiness at Feng Jiu’s words.

Hong’er smiled weakly and said: “Mother, don’t cry.” He knew how bad his condition was, he knew that he wouldn’t live for much longer. As for the Ghost Doctor that his father and mother had invited over to treat him, he had heard of him before. However, he had reservations about what he promised, especially seeing that he was so young. How much can you believe of a nineteen year old boy?

Even so, he knew how worried his parents were, and could only play along. He had already accepted his fate, so even if the end result was his death, it did not matter.

However, he was worried about his parents and couldn’t bear to leave them. He was their only son....

When he thought of this, the tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes into the pillow, and disappeared.

Feng Jiu prescribed some medicine for him, and told them to prepare it first. She also gave them a list of medicines to purchase. To avoid any delay, Mr He instructed his most faithful servant to boil the medicine. The medicines that they had in the residence were taken out first and he went to buy the rest of the medicines personally.

Duan Ye was by Feng Jiu’s side the whole time and watched as she busied herself for half a day before she walked out to the courtyard to take a rest. He sat down at the table and asked her: “Are you really confident you will be able to cure him? He doesn’t look like he’s curable.”

“I have treated bone erosion poison before in the past. It is curable. However, he has been inflicted for a longer period of time, and is more serious. It is impossible for him to recover fully in a short period of time. After taking the medicine, his life will be saved. As for the damage done to his internal body, he will be able to recover by nursing his health.” She poured herself a cup of tea as she spoke to him.

Duan Ye propped his face up with his hand and looked at Feng Jiu: “Are you really from a Seventh Grade Country?”

Feng Jiu laughly softly: “What? You don’t believe me?”

“Um.” He nodded: “Seventh Grade Country is such a small country, how would they have someone like you?” Seeing that he only smiled back at him and said nothing, he stopped asking anymore questions.

After an hour, Mr He came running out, his forehead covered in sweat: “Ghost Doctor, Ghost Doctor, we have all the medicines.”

“Find a quiet courtyard for me to work in. I will concoct the medicine for you.” She stood up as she spoke.

Upon hearing this, Mr He brought him to a quiet courtyard and instructed that no one should disturb him. Even Duan Ye was waiting outside and didn’t dare enter. Feng Jiu was inside for a long time. It was late in the night by the time she came out.

“This is a medicinal pill, he can take one pill a day. When he has finished all the pills, he will be fine.” Feng Jiu handed a bottle to Mr He as she gave the instructions: “Also, the medicine that you boiled for him earlier, give it to him for half a month, then change to another prescription.”

Mr He was a little surprised when he heard the instructions: "This, this is it? And he will be cured?"

"Yes, once he has finished the medicine he will be fine." She looked at the sky and asked: "It has been quite a few hours since your son has taken the boiled medicine. He should have some response to it by now?"

"Yes, yes." He nodded: "Just as Ghost Doctor said, after he drank the medicine, he started having diarrhoea."

Chapter 964: Mixed Sky Silk

"Well, that is normal. There is fire poison within his body and this is the only way to expel the poison from his body. Okay, it's getting late, I should get going." She looked at Duan Ye as she spoke.

Duan Ye got up and walked over to his side.

When he heard that he said he was leaving, Mr He said hurriedly: "Please wait, Ghost Doctor." He then whispered an order to the servants. Not long after, the housekeeper arrived hurriedly, carrying something.

"Ghost Doctor, this is a treasure that I obtained unexpectedly. I hope you will accept it."

Feng Jiu had planned to refuse. However, when she set her eyes on the thing that was covered with a red cloth, she asked: "What is it?"

"This is a Mixed Sky Silk, an ancient treasure that my ancestor acquired by accident. It has always stayed in the possession of the He family." Mr He replied and looked at Feng Jiu: "Ghost Doctor, you have saved my son and I am unable to repay you. I know that you like red clothes and recalled that there is one such treasure in my residence. Therefore, I would like to give it to you, please accept it Ghost Doctor."

Feng Jiu's eyes lit up and she reached out to pick it up. Of course she knew of the Mixed Sky Silk. In the modern day, this was just a legendary treasure. She had not expected such a treasure to really exist at this moment in time. It was seven foot long and a sword wouldn't be able to slash it, it was defensive and offensive, it could be used as a guard or to trap your enemy, it could also be used as a belt and also to tie your hands together. This was indeed a good treasure.

"If that's the case, then I shall accept it." She smiled.

"Good, good." Mr He smiled joyfully and saw them out the door personally. Although the Mixed Sky Silk was an ancient treasure, it was however, seldom displayed in his residence. The people in his residence had no use for it, nor did they dare to use it.

Without a certain strength and power, who would dare show off such a treasure in front of others?

On the horse carriage, Duan Ye couldn't help but pursed his lips when he saw him playing with the Mixed Sky Silk: "The red silk looks like something a woman would use, I'm not sure why it would be called a treasure."

"This red silk truly isn't suitable for just anyone, women can be picky and few men will like it." As she spoke, she raised her head and smiled: "I, however, like this."

“Two prescriptions and a bottle of medicinal pills and he will be cured? His swollen legs are honestly quite horrifying.” He frowned as he spoke. As he’d not seen his condition improve, he was a little skeptical. However, Mrs He treated Feng Jiu like a celestial being and believed everything she said. How strange.

When they arrived back at the City Master’s residence, they saw Fatty waiting for them outside. Duan Ye and Feng Jiu looked at each other when they saw him, Duan Ye asked: “Little Fatty, why are you sitting here?”

“Stop calling me Little Fatty, call me Ning Lang.” He glared at Duan Ye with dissatisfaction as he reiterated. He then looked at Feng Jiu and his expression changed as he aimed to flatter, he smiled and said: “Feng Jiu, I have something to talk to you about.”

“Well, let’s go inside and talk.”

She nodded and walked inside, the two men behind her followed hurriedly. Neither of them had noticed that the seniority of the guest had changed. Even Duan Ye hadn’t realised that he subconsciously obeyed Feng Jiu and followed her instinctively, treating her as the most important person.

The three of them sat down at the table in the courtyard. Ning Lang chatted with Feng Jiu and asked how things went at the He family. After some hesitation, he said carefully: “So, Feng Jiu! I have thought about it seriously and I think that Hell Mountains is way too dangerous, so I won’t be going.”

Chapter 965: It Must Be Him

After he said this, he looked at Feng Jiu closely and watched her expression. When he saw that it had not changed, he was relieved. He thought that maybe it didn’t matter much whether he went or not. And that if he didn’t go, they could find someone else to go.

After hearing his words, Duan Ye glanced at him and wanted to say something. Finally, he looked at Feng Jiu and said nothing.

“It doesn’t matter. Hell Mountains is a dangerous place and it is only normal that you don’t want to go.” Feng Jiu nodded with an understanding expression.

“Hehehe, I knew you would understand.” He patted his chest and grinned: “I am actually quite busy, and I can’t really leave. I have a lot of business to take care of in the city and they won’t be able to manage without me.”

“Mm, I understand.” She smiled and squinted.

“So that’s it for now. I will go and tend to my business. I will take you on a tour around the city later in the afternoon.” He smiled happily as he got up and waved at the two of them before he rushed out.

After he had left, Duan Ye asked Feng Jiu: “How do you plan on taking him away?” He asked, a little confused: “Why does it have to be him?”

Feng Jiu took out a jade token and placed it on the table in front of him: “Because of this.”

Upon seeing the Two Star Academy teacher identity jade token on the table, Duan Ye took a deep breath. His baby face was filled with surprise as he stared at him: "You, you are a teacher from the Two Star Academy? So it was premeditated that you found me?"

"What premeditated? It was always the plan."

She shrugged and said: "I will tell you frankly! It was because of something, I became a teacher of the Two Star Academy. However, I am not in charge of teaching the other students in the academy. The only students I am responsible for are you four troublesome thorns. It is only for one year. Don't worry, after one year, I will take you back to the Two Star Academy. At that point, whether you decide to stay at the academy or go home, it's none of my business."

"I assume the people at the Two Star Academy don't know that you are the Ghost Doctor?" If they had known, he was sure that they wouldn't have sent him. Moreover, along their journey, he felt that he was an unfathomable and dangerous person. Who said that the Ghost Doctor was only knowledgeable about medicines and elixirs? He didn't even blink an eye when he killed!

Feng Jiu touched her chin as she thought: "Well, I don't think they know." After a while, she stood up and said: "Okay, you go and pack! We will leave when it is dark. The longer we stay here, the more trouble there will be."

When he saw him going out, Duan Ye asked: "Where are you going?"

"I am going to look for the City Master for a chat." She waved her hand without looking back. When she got to the front, she found the housekeeper who took her to the City Master's courtyard....

The City Master and his wife were in the middle of a discussion when they heard the housekeeper's announcement outside. They were startled, and got up in a hurry to greet Feng Jiu. When they saw the figure in red in their courtyard, the couple looked at each other and walked forwards: "Master Feng? Is there something we can do for you?"

Feng Jiu smiled: "No, there isn't. I have something to discuss with you."

They invited him to enter their room and closed the door. Other than the three people in the room, no one else knew what was being said in the room. It was only known that after about half an hour, the City Master and his wife respectfully saw Feng Jiu out.

Chapter 966: Taken Away

"Go and bring the young master here." The City Master instructed.

"Yes." The housekeeper responded and went to look for Ning Lang.

Not long later, Ning Lang arrived at the courtyard and saw that his father and mother were sat at the table drinking tea. He went to sit down next to them: "Father, Mother, what did you want me for?"

"You child, you child, all you care about is making money. You don't even pay attention to your own health. Come, mother ordered for this soup to be made for you." The City Master's wife pushed the bowl of soup on the table towards him.

“Mother is the best.” He smiled and drank the soup.

The City Master watched and coughed lightly. After he had finished the soup, he instructed: “Be careful at all times when you go out. You have to listen to Master Feng and if you don’t know something, ask. You can’t be wilful like you are at home, you have to think twice about everything before you act. Also.....”

As he listened to his father go on, Ning Lang scratched his head: “Father, why are you telling me this? I’m not leaving home.” Why was his words so baffling?

“Just remember everything your father said. Lang’er, you need to know that money isn’t everything. Mother hopes that when you return your money-loving attitude would have changed. How will you manage when your father leaves the City in your care in the future when you only have passion for money?”

The City Master’s wife spoke in a serious tone and she saw the anxiety appear in his eyes.

“Mother, you just...” He paused and shook his head: “It’s strange, why do I feel... dizzy?”

He looked at his father and mother as the two of them became four. He shook his head to see more clearly but found that he couldn’t see. His head dropped and he collapsed.

The couple looked at each other and sighed. They put everything they had prepared for him on him and instructed: “Get a few people to carry him to the horse carriage.”

“Yes.” The housekeeper replied and called two guards in to carry him to the horse carriage.

On the other side, Feng Jiu and Duan Ye had walked out and saw the unconscious Ning Lang being put onto the horse carriage. Upon seeing this, Duan Ye pursed his lips and glanced at Feng Jiu.

He really meant what he said, and managed to take him away. At this point, he strongly suspected that had he not agreed to leave with him back then, would he also have rendered him unconscious and taken him away in a horse carriage?

The more he thought about it, the more he realised the possibility.

“Master Feng, everything is ready.” The City Master said. He sighed as he looked at the horse carriage, then bowed to Feng Jiu and said: “My good for nothing son will be in Master Feng’s care now.”

“Rest assured City Master.” She nodded slightly before she got onto the horse carriage with Duan Ye. The difference with this horse carriage was that there was no driver and Duan Ye had to change his clothes and steer the horse.

Because the horse carriage was at the back door, they managed to leave the city in the middle of the night before the gates closed, without anyone noticing. After all, no one had expected that he would visit the He residence today and then leave the same night, and by the back door.

On the dark mountain road, a horse carriage moved slowly under the faint moonlight towards the next target....

Chapter 967: A Chance To Slip Away

The horse carriage travelled all night. Ning Lang finally woke up the next morning to find himself in the shaking of the carriage. When he woke up, he thought of his father and mother and him passing out, and instinctively jumped up. As he jumped up, he hit his head on the roof of the carriage.

“Boom!”

“Ouch! It hurts!”

At the same time, his hand covered his forehead and he looked in anger at the young man in red who had his eyes closed and hands across his chest.

“Feng Jiu! I already said I’m not going, why did you take me? You even encouraged my father and mother to drug me. You, you are despicable!” He pointed his chubby finger at Feng Jiu as he scolded.

Feng Jiu opened her eyes slowly and looked coldly at him: “Ning Lang.”

Ning Lang’s heart sank with just one look and he lowered his finger, his eyes avoiding her stare. Even his anger softened into grievance, he pouted and turned his head refusing to look at her.

“I’ve already said that I’m not going, why did you take me with you? And you used such despicable means.” He muttered quietly, not daring to scold again.

Duan Ye who was steering the horse carriage outside heard all this and his heart wavered. The more time he spent with Feng Jiu, the more he found that he didn’t understand this teacher. Sometimes he was quite easy-going and you could say anything to him. But sometimes he was a bit strange and not easy to get along with. And when he stared coldly, the breath emanated from him was strange and really scared him.

He had only become the driver because he was ordered to do so and he obeyed, let alone Little Fatty Lang.

“From the moment you left your house, you have to obey me. Don’t create any trouble for me or you will be sorry when I teach you a lesson.” She instructed coldly then closed her eyes and stopped looking at him.

Ning Lang opened his mouth a few times but never said a word. He looked at Feng Jiu with his eyes closed, resting, and murmured in his heart: He would stop arguing with him. When he had a chance he would slip away. He refused to believe that he would be unable to find his way home.

He calmed down when he thought of this and looked around the horse carriage. He drew up the curtain. When he saw Duan Ye outside wearing grey coloured clothes and couldn’t help but laugh: “Duan Ye, what are you wearing? A Prince wearing these clothes, are you not afraid of being laughed at?”

Duan Ye looked back at him with his baby face, and he looked at Feng Jiu who still had his eyes closed: “Stop talking about my Prince status.”

“Okay, okay, I won’t say anymore.” He patted his shoulder and looked outside asking: “Where are we going? My whole body is sore from being in the horse carriage. When can we get to an inn to rest?”

“I will let you know when we arrive.” He sped up the horse carriage.

Upon seeing this, Ning Lang said nothing more and sat back in the horse carriage staring at Feng Jiu, thought running through his head quickly.

After about two hours, they arrived at a town. When they got inside, Duan Ye found an inn and stopped the carriage. He got off the carriage and said to the two people inside: “We’ve arrived at the inn.”

Ning Lang jumped out immediately, his chubby frame was quite agile. He stretched his back after he got out of the carriage and headed inside the inn: “Boss, we need three rooms.”

Behind him, Feng Jiu got off the carriage and walked into the inn after glancing at the chubby frame in front of her.

Chapter 968: Each Has Their Own Skills

When the guests in the inn heard the commotion, they all went over to take a look.

They saw the chubby fifteen or sixteen year old boy who had walked in, clad in expensive robes that glittered so much they could barely keep their eyes open. Their eyes were all on him.

It was obvious that he was a wealthy young master.

When they were still in their thoughts, they saw another young man dressed in red robes enter the inn, his dazzling red robe like fire. His beautiful face and remarkable temperament was dazzling, and people couldn’t help but stare. The young man’s eyebrows exuded confidence and his serene eyes hid power. When he raised his hand, he exuded confidence and authority, magnificence and heretical blended together, seemingly honourable and also evil, noble beyond comparison.

As for the young man next to the one dressed in red, he was dressed in grey servant clothes and because of his baby face, he looked like a boy of twelve. The baby face was also extremely exquisite and outstanding. Although he was dressed simply, it could not conceal the young man’s prestige and splendour. He was probably also a person of high status.

Upon seeing these three people, everyone in the inn had different thoughts and were curious about the three young men.

Three young men with three different attitudes, and none of them could be compared to a normal family’s young master. Where on earth did these three young men come from? Why did they appear to not have any strong guards protecting them?

When the innkeeper saw the three men walk in, he knew immediately that they were not ordinary people. Hence he smiled widely as he greeted them enthusiastically and said: “Hehehe, three Masters, please follow me. There are rooms upstairs.”

Ning Lang held his chin and walked upstairs in a figure of eight. A young boy but yet exuded the demeanor of a rich man. As he walked, he said to the innkeeper: “I want a quieter room with a good view. Add two extra layers on top of the mattress. It doesn’t matter if it is more expensive, as long as I am comfortable.”

“Yes, yes.”

The innkeeper followed them with a smile on his face and after he brought them to the three rooms upstairs, he said: “The three rooms aren’t next to each other, but they are close by. There is a lake at the back and the view is excellent. Please take a rest first.” The innkeeper turned around and left to instruct two stewards to add two extra layers on top of the mattresses in their rooms and send up tea and refreshments.

“Feng Jiu, Duan Ye, we shall rest here tonight and leave early in the morning! You can rest assured that while I am here, I will pay for all our food and accommodation along our journey.” He lifted his chin slightly and patted his chest.

Feng Jiu and Duan Ye looked at him and retired to their rooms to rest. When she was inside her room, Feng Jiu took Cloud Devouring out from space and patted his head as she instructed: “Spy on Little Fatty secretly.”

Cloud Devouring whimpered and went to the door to guard it. If Ning Lang were to go out, he would be able to sense it from there.

After the three of them had ordered something to eat, they took a bath and went back to their rooms to rest. Duan Ye who was steering the horse carriage from late last night and had no time to rest fell asleep almost immediately after laying down on the bed.

As for Feng Jiu, she was sat cross-legged cultivating with Cloud Devouring sprawled in front of the door keeping watch.

Only Ning Lang opened the door quietly to leave shortly after going inside.....

Chapter 969: Ask Him For The Room Rent

He walked stealthily and lightly as he crept down the stairs quietly. However, just as he was about to go out, someone called out to him.

“Young Master, Young Master.” The innkeeper called to him with a smile on his face without realising that his enthusiastic voice had scared the life out of Ning Lang.

Ning Lang patted his chest to calm his beating heart then turned back and glared at the innkeeper: “Why are you shouting so loud? What do you want me for?”

“Hehe, Young Master, the rules of our inn is that the rent must be paid for half a day in advance, so you see....” The innkeeper said as he walked over to him.

Upon hearing that, Ning Lang frowned: “Pay half a day in advance? Are you afraid that I don’t have enough money and will run off?”

“No of course not, it’s just that.....” The innkeeper was interrupted before he could finish speaking.

“Okay, just go up and look for the man in red clothes for the rent for half a day. I need to go out, don’t delay me.” He waved his hand, he had completely forgotten that he told Feng Jiu and Duan Ye that he was going to take care of all expenses on their journey.

Or perhaps he hadn’t forgotten, and it was just his nature that he enjoyed making money, but when it came to spending money, he thought twice.

The innkeeper stared blankly after the chubby young boy as he went out. He thought to himself, the young boy’s clothes glittered and he oozed money, he was obviously rich, and yet he hadn’t even paid half a day’s room rent.

He thought maybe the young boy didn’t have any money on him, but he dismissed that idea immediately. How could he not have any money on him? At this point he saw a little beast wander out and followed him. He was startled: “Whose little beast is this? When did it come in?”

However, before he had come out of his daze, the boy and beast had already disappeared without a trace. He shook his head and was just about to return to the counter when he saw the young boy dressed in red come downstairs. Therefore, he smiled and walked forwards: “Young Master, the other young man said to come to you for room rent. Hehe, the rules of the inn is that you have to pay for half a day’s rent when you check in. So this.....” He rubbed his hands and looked at the young man with a smile on his face.

Upon hearing this, Feng Jiu’s eyebrows raised and her lips curved upwards in an evil charming smile: “He said to ask me for room rent?”

“Yes.” The innkeeper nodded.

Feng Jiu’s smile deepened and tossed two gold coins at him: “Is that enough?”

“Enough, that’s enough.” The innkeeper nodded with a smile.

Feng Jiu smiled and walked out of the inn. She made use of the contract between her and Cloud Devouring to follow them at a distance.

At this time, Ning Lang had not realised that the moment he left the inn, he was being followed. It wasn’t Cloud Devouring, nor was it Feng Jiu, but some casual cultivators.

It could be said that from the moment they had entered the inn, someone kept watch on them. The devilish handsome young boy in red, the rich baby-faced young boy, and the obviously wealthy chubby young boy.

The glittering outfit was basically telling everyone that he was rich, he was extremely rich. Coupled by the fact that they had no bodyguards, and was probably only fifteen or sixteen years old of age, it was only natural that he would become an easy target.

As Ning Lang was afraid that Feng Jiu and Duan Ye would come after him once they had discovered that he was not there, therefore, he walked through alleys and side roads that weren’t crowded. After he took a turn, he felt that something was wrong.

Chapter 970: A Mallet

Could it be that Feng Jiu and Duan Ye realised that I have run off?

As soon as the thought entered his head, his back stiffened, and even his arms and legs were stiff as he walked. However, after walking on for some time, he still hadn't heard their voices and realised something was amiss. If the two of them realised that he had run off, they would shout at him. That meant that it wasn't them?

"Who's there? Why are you sneaking around..."

"Boom!"

He had turned back and shouted. However, what greeted him wasn't anyone's voice, but a mallet that hit him with a great blow. It had happened so quickly that he hadn't been able to block dodge. He had fainted before he got a look at who attacked him.

Cloud Devouring who was following behind was about to leap out but was stopped by Feng Jiu. She grabbed Cloud Devouring in her arms and stepped backwards as she looked at the few cultivators who took Ning Lang away.

She smiled as she quietly followed the men.

The little fatty was savvy, but he was not vigilant enough in the real world. He was a Foundation cultivator, and yet when he was up against men who were only slightly higher than him in cultivation, he was helpless. Oh no, it should be said that he hadn't even had a chance to retaliate. He was hit with a mallet and passed out.

She followed the men to a slum area where poor people and cultivators who were missing arms or legs lived. It was also where some of the most wicked people lived. In the street and alleys, groups of three to five men squatted on the ground. Some of them were drinking wine from a bottle in their hands, and some were gathered around gambling.

When she walked in with her red clothes, those people stared at her, their eyes followed her closely and they observed her and sized her up.

Out of the poor, only the elderly and young children were left, Young women wouldn't be able to stay in such a place for too long as it was too unsafe. Therefore, there was barely a woman in sight in this place, other than obese and ugly women.

Because of the poverty in the area, the place was messy and trash lined the streets. The dilapidated houses gave the impression it was going to collapse if it were pushed too hard. It looked very dangerous.

She walked along carrying Cloud Devouring, her eyes fixed on the few people in front of her who had kidnapped Ning Lang, so she wasn't afraid that she would lose sight of them. Her pace was not fast, and she looked around her surroundings as she walked along. She frowned when she saw two young children about the age of four or five playing by a near collapsing wall.

The world was so unfair sometimes. Some people lived in luxurious palaces and yet some people didn't even have a roof over their heads. Some people would have feasts of meat and seafood every meal, and some people would be so hungry they were skin and bones.

“You two, come over here.” She stopped and smiled at the children as she motioned for them to come over to her.

Although the two children were only four or five, they were alert and wary. They looked at the cute little pet in Feng Jiu’s arms with envy and curiosity in their eyes. However, they daren’t go over and leaned against the wall, their fingers scratched the mud wall as they looked over at Feng Jiu.

Upon seeing this, Feng Jiu took out a small box of snacks from space then took a piece out: “Look, I have cakes! Come over and you can have some to eat.”

The two children looked at the fluffy white cakes, craving in their eyes. In the end, they couldn’t resist the temptation of the sweet cakes and walked over to Feng Jiu.

Chapter 971: Bare Naked

Upon seeing this, Feng Jiu’s lips curled into a smile: “In the future, don’t play by the wall anymore, do you understand?”

The two children nodded with understanding as they stared at the cake in her hand, swallowing saliva.

“Here, this is for you.” She noticed that their hands were dirty, hence she put the cake back into the box and gave the box of cakes to the two children: “Take them home to eat.”

The two children appeared to be in disbelief as they stared blankly at the God-like person in front of them. They couldn’t help but ask softly: “It’s, it’s all for us?”

“Yes, it’s all for you.” She put the box in their hands and said: “Go home.”

The two children smiled happily. After they took the box, as if afraid that it would be taken back, they ran off without even saying thank you.

Feng Jiu smiled and went off in search of the few men with Cloud Devouring.

Inside a dilapidated mud house, a few strong men threw Ning Lang onto the ground. One of them panted as he wiped his sweat and said: “This guy is as heavy as a pig. I’m exhausted after carrying him for so long.”

“Quickly, remove all the valuable things on his body.” Another man said as he rummaged through Ning Lang’s clothes and pockets. He removed the gold belt, jade pendant, and the rings on his fingers. The three men then started to split up the items.

“This guy has quite a lot of things on him. Here, this is for you, this is for me, and this is for you...”

Feng Jiu looked through the cracks of the wall and watched the three men distribute the loot, then look at the unconscious Ning Lang and shook their heads.

“If we sell the clothes on this guy, it should be worth quite a bit of money too. Let’s remove his clothes and sell him too and make some more money.” One of them suggested.

“Yes, the material of his clothes is very valuable. We can just put any clothes on him after we take them off and sell them quickly.” The man beside him nodded in agreement.

The three men really did strip him of his clothes and he was bare naked. They found some old smelly clothes and put them on him.

“While it’s still early, let’s put him in a sack and take him to sell. If we take the side roads and alleys, we won’t be noticed.” After saying that, the three men found a sack and put Ning Lang inside. They put the sack over their shoulders and opened the door to go out but they got a shock.

They saw a young man dressed in red with a little pet in his arms standing outside the door. Handsome with a devilish charm and distinguished disposition. In sharp contrast to the mud house, it was as if an immortal had fallen into a dusty house. He didn’t look like he belonged there in the shabby slum.

When the three men came out of their shock, they glared at him with a fierce and wicked face and shouted: “Who are you? What are you doing here?”

In actual fact, they did recognise him, he was with the little fatty and arrived together in the horse carriage. They just hadn’t expected the youth in red clothes to appear here. How did he find them? They actually didn’t even know they were being followed?

“Where do you intend to take him to sell? Is there a human trafficking market in this city?” Feng Jiu’s lips curved upwards revealing an evil smile. Her eyebrows raised slightly as a hint of interest flashed across her eyes.

Chapter 972: Bring The Fatty To Sell

Upon hearing this, the few men stared at him warily and one of them stepped forwards with his fists screwed up: “Since you showed up, we shall take care of you as well!”

That fist harnessed energy and struck out, but before it reached Feng Jiu, she kicked it away. He was pushed back into the house and fell onto the ground. Perhaps he couldn’t catch his breath, he lay there and stared for a few moments before he got back up.

“Get him!”

The sack that contained Ning Lang was thrown onto the ground. The sound of a heavy object crashed to the ground as the three men charged at Feng Jiu, their moves swift with the intention to kill.

Two of the men were Foundation beginner-rank cultivators and one of them was Foundation medium-rank cultivator. They would be able to deal with Ning Lang, however, against Feng Jiu they didn’t stand a chance.

The three men only saw a flash of red go past them, a powerful breath and energy permeated the small mud house, the Golden Core energy shocked them. Their faces were pale as their opponent was so fast that they couldn’t even retaliate. They thought of escaping, but the entrance was blocked by the boy in red.

One of them men flung around with the intention of escaping through the broken window at the back. However, unexpectedly, as he approached the window, a loud roar sounded out as Cloud Devouring leapt out and bit the man’s calf dragging him back.

“Hiss! Ah! My leg...”

Blood oozed out and the breath of death hovered, making the three men tremble in fear and horror as they stared at the young boy in red stood in front of the door with his arms crossed.

“We will return everything to you, we will return the boy to you, don’t kill us, don’t kill us.....” The three of them hurriedly threw everything onto the floor, the gold belt, the rings, the jade pendant, everything piled onto the ground forming a little mountain.

Instead of money, they would rather live. If they weren’t alive, then money was no use to them anyway.

“Not running away anymore?” Feng Jiu glanced at them and spoke, her voice exuded a cold breath.

“No, we’re not running away now, we’re not running away.” The three men said hurriedly as they looked at the young boy, their heart shaking with fear.

Cloud Devouring opened his mouth and released the leg of the man he bit and growled threateningly through his sharp teeth before he returned to Feng Jiu’s side.

“Have you taken everything back out?”

“Yes, yes we have taken out everything. We’ve even taken out the things we took previously, really.” The three men said quickly and turned out their clothes to show him that they didn’t have anything that belonged to the little fatty.

“Earlier on you mentioned that you were going to take him to sell? So where in the city is there human trafficking business?” She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

When the three of them heard this, their hearts raced: “No no no, we daren’t sell him, we daren’t...”

“I asked you a question! Where is the human trafficking business? What kind of people are the traffickers? Make it clear.”

Seeing that he wasn’t not laying blame on them, they said bravely: “It’s in the underground market in the city. There is a slave market there. We had intended to sell him to make some money...”

Feng Jiu’s lips curled and she smiled: “Since this is the case, then do as you originally planned!”

The three men stared dumbfoundedly at her and asked: “What, what do you mean?”

Feng Jiu glanced at them and said: “That’s it, just take him to sell.”

Chapter 973: This Merchandise Is Pretty Good

When she saw the three people staring at her, unmoving, with a look of shock on their faces, she repeated: “That’s it, stick to your original plan and take him to sell. After you’ve sold him, you can keep the money. Just sell him quickly. Take him away before he wakes up.”

When they realised that he wasn’t joking, the three men lifted up the body and were about to carry it out when they heard the young boy in red shout.

“Wait.” Feng Jiu seemed to have remembered something and walked over: “Put him down and untie the sack.”

The three men weren't ask any questions and did as they were told quickly. Upon opening the sack, it revealed a chubby young boy in rags.

Upon seeing the unconscious fatty, Feng Jiu's lips curled upwards. With a quick movement of her fingers, she used a silver needle and blocked the spiritual breath and energy within his body. She then signalled: "Okay, carry him away!"

"Yes." The three men looked at each other, secretly frightened, and carried the body away hurriedly, limping under the weight as they walked out.

Feng Jiu put all the things on the ground into a Qiankun bag and put them into space. She brought Cloud Devouring along as she followed the three men. Didn't he want to run away? She wanted to know what Ning Lang's reaction would be when he woke up and realised that he had been sold.

As the three men knew that the boy in red was following them, they didn't dare delay their task. They brought the boy to the underground market and found the manager in charge: "We want to sell this person to you, give us a price!" The three men had initially wanted to dump the body and leave. However, they thought about the poverty at home and decided that they should stay and make some money.

"Who is this person?" The manager glanced at the body and kicked it with his foot. He looked at the three men and asked: "A man? Men aren't worth much money."

The three men swallowed and replied: "This young boy is fair and chubby. He is quite adorable. Please take a look first." Saying that, they untied the sack and revealed Ning Lang's head.

The manager stepped forwards to take a look. A fifteen or sixteen year old boy, he was indeed fair and chubby faced. He looked wealthy but there was no presence of spirit energy on his body. He was probably just an ordinary boy. Therefore, he nodded his head: "Well, he looks ok. Tell you what, I will give you two hundred silver coins."

"Two hundred silver coins?" The three men were stunned: "The merchandise is so good, he can't be only worth two hundred silver coins. We don't want much, just another hundred silver coins! Just enough to split between the three of us!"

The manager glanced at the three men and waved his hand: "Okay, I will give you three hundred silver coins! Go over there to get your money!" Saying that, he lifted his hand to beckon someone to come over and told the three of them to follow him to get their money.

"Hmmm....."

Whilst Ning Lang was unconscious, he seemed to have overheard their conversation, said that he was worth three hundred silver coins, there was a deal. The originally unconscious mind was suddenly wide awake and immediately asked: "What merchandise? Let the master take a look."

The manager who was standing by his side smiled: "What young Master? You little fatty want to be called master? Stop dreaming." He then shouted loudly: "Get two people, give this boy a wash and a change of clothes and lock him up with the other teenagers."

Ning Lang was stunned and jumped up: "What did you say? What do you mean by locking me up?" He had only just got out of the sack and was held down.

"You've been sold. Didn't you know? Three hundred silver coins. Don't worry, I will sell you for a high price." He laughed and walked away with his hands clasped.

Chapter 974: Wearing off one's energy

Ning Lang was dumbfounded and he stood there in disbelief: "Three, three hundred silver coins? Who? Who sold me? I'm only worth three hundred silver coins? You must be joking? Come back! The one skinny like a monkey, come back! Tell me properly!"

The manager who was already walking away stopped and turned around when he heard what he said, his face somber. He walked forwards and glared at Ning Lang gloomily: "Fatty, who are you calling a monkey?"

Ning Lang was conscious of the man's sullen face and couldn't help but be secretly startled. The man was a Foundation mid-rank cultivator and he didn't dare offend him. He calmed down and said: "If you release me, I can give you money."

The manager looked at him up and down, his face revealed contempt as he said: "Give me money? All you have left on you is fat and these rags for clothes. Where will you get the money?"

"I..."

He glared back at him angrily and was about to speak when he realised that something was amiss. The spiritual breath and energy in his body had disappeared, he was like an ordinary person. He was flustered and swallowed, holding back what he had wanted to say.

He was the young master of Ning City and his status was beyond anyone's imagination. However, if he were to tell these people who he was, wouldn't it be even more dangerous?

At the same moment he changed his mind, the manager waved his hand: "Take him away and keep a close watch on him. There is an auction tonight, take him there. He is fair and chubby, I'm sure someone will offer a good price."

Upon hearing this, Ning Lang's eyes narrowed: "What do you mean by offering a good price? I'm telling you now, don't do anything to me! You better let me go or you will regret it! Did you hear me? Let me go!"

"Let you go? In your dreams!" The manager pinched his chubby face with glee: "Fatty, you seem to be well fed, you're much meatier than other people."

"Old thing, you dare take advantage of your grandpa! Do you also pinch your grandpa's face?" Ning Lang was furious. His hands were tied and he was lifted off his feet and carried away. Fortunately the manager stepped away quickly, otherwise he would have been kicked in the crotch.

The manager who avoided the kick had a somber face, his fists were scrunched up as he made a loud rattling noise. The next moment, he punched Ning Lang in the stomach viciously. Only a loud bang could

be heard and Ning Lang groaned. His face was flushed and his body shrank back slightly as if he couldn't catch his breath. He didn't speak for a long time.

"You dare cause trouble here? You're just asking to be beaten up! Leave him be for now. Lock him in iron cage number nine and let him slowly wear off his energy. I want to see if he dares cause more trouble while he is locked up in iron cage number nine!" He snorted heavily and walked away with a sweep of his sleeve.

The two strong men brought Ning Lang, who was screwed up into a ball, to the iron cage with a number nine marked on the outside. They opened the iron cage and pushed him inside before they locked the cage.

"What are you doing! Let me out! Let me out! Asshole! Let me out!"

He was banging on the iron bars and shouting, but he was ignored. Suddenly, he felt a dangerous breath behind him and turned around cautiously. What he saw turned his face pale white and he couldn't help but swallowed nervously as he pressed his back against the iron bars of the cage.

Chapter 975: Realisation In The Cage

Within the iron cage the size of a small room, there were eleven vicious looking strong men, some squatting, some standing. They were bare-armed and only wore a pair of shorts each. Their muscles on their arms and abdomen were well defined and there were multiple scars on their bodies. They looked like bloodthirsty demons, and at this point in time, they were staring at him in an unfriendly manner.

Ning Lang who was screaming and shouting scrambled to a corner and watched them warily when he realised that something was amiss.

The strong man who was sitting in the middle, raised his chin and signalled. The ten men on either side of him stood up scrunching up their fists and twisting their necks from side to side as they approached.

"You, what are you going to do?" Ning Lang retreated but found that there was nowhere else for him to go.

"What are we going to do? Now that you're in here, of course you need to learn the rules." One of them snorted coldly.

Two of them stepped forwards and caught hold of Ning Lang's shoulders on each side, twisting his arms behind his back and pushing him backwards.

"Don't mess around. I have money, I can give you money." He said quickly.

"Money? Hahaha, what a joke. What do we need money for?" The man laughed loudly and punched Ning Lang in the abdomen brutally. He leaned in close to his ears and said: "Little Fatty, let your grandpa teach you a lesson. Money is useless to us here. Don't you know that? The strongest person is the boss of the cage."

"Boom!"

After speaking, another fist landed on Ning Lang. He was beating Ning Lang up as if he were a sandbag. Each punch was strong and dark, the sound of banging and Ning Lang's cries sounded through the cage and spread to the surroundings.

These sort of situations were much too common here and no one took any notice. They just watched the show. Besides, it wasn't them getting beat up.

"Ah.... stop hitting me..."

His face was flushed and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth. Because he was pushed against the iron cage, there were also some bruises on his face. He screwed up into a ball from the pain. The people in here were either Great Spirit Masters or Martial Masters, or Foundation cultivators. He currently had no spiritual energy, and even if he did, he wouldn't have been able to take on so many people by himself!

In the past, no matter where he was, no one had dared to beat him up. Today, he was captured and brought here to be sold, he was even beaten up. He was angry and aggrieved.

It was the first time since he had left home that he realised, with no bodyguards protecting him, his own strength was not enough to protect himself. It was as those people had said, money was of no use to them while they were locked in here. For the first time in his life, his heart sank.

He cowered on the ground and covered his head. He clenched his teeth and didn't beg for mercy.

Feng Jiu was watching secretly in the dark, she saw him holding his head like a little beast cowering on the ground. She saw the anger and aggrieve in his eyes, and the confusion that emerged.

She didn't show herself or stop it because the beating only caused minor injuries, it wasn't fatal. She wanted to teach him a lesson, and to make him aware and understand why he was in his current predicament.

Rather than asking others for help in the face of death, and putting his fate in other's hands, it was better for him to realise that it was always only him that would be able to save himself.

Chapter 976: Not Privileged Enough To Know

She looked away and walked over to the other side to speak to the manager, she asked: "Are you in charge here?"

The manager was drinking tea when he heard the voice. When he looked up and saw a handsome young boy, he put his cup of tea down and said with a smile: "All the merchandise here is under my control. Is mister looking to buy some slaves? What kind do you want? I can recommend some to mister."

Feng Jiu looked at him and said: "The fatty who was brought her earlier, look after him. Don't sully him or kill him."

Upon hearing this, the smile on the manager's face narrowed as he looked him up and down: "What does mister mean by this?"

“Can you not understand? He belongs to me. I am borrowing you to teach him a lesson, but make sure you don’t sully him or kill him. Do you understand this time?”

“Hahaha, mister must be joking. All the merchandise here is bought with money. Yes we did buy a fatty earlier on, so why is mister saying he belongs to you? Besides, we have big plans for the fatty. We bought him for three hundred silver coins, but we will be able to sell him for much more than that.”

Feng Jiu’s lips curved: “You’re not the one in charge here. Go! Get your manager here now!”

He was displeased when he heard this and his face was gloomy: “What a rascal! Take a look around you, you dare to cause trouble here? Come! Kick him out!”

“Get out!”

Four cultivators stepped forward to surround him. One of them was about to grab Feng Jiu’s collar and throw him out, but the young man looked at them casually, his cold eyes filled with immense power. The energy and breath coming from him permeated through the air and the cultivator felt only murderous energy coming towards him. The chill crept up through the soles of his feet and reached his heart. The intense shock of power and energy made him tremble and his forehead broke out in cold sweat. His legs went soft and he fell to the ground with a bang.

Of the cultivators present, two of them were Foundation cultivators, and even the manager was a Foundation mid-rank cultivator. When they saw the power the young boy in red exuded, they were shocked and their eyes were filled with shock and confusion.

How could a young boy of only sixteen to seventeen years of age possess such immense power? Who on earth is this teenager?

“Who, who are you?” The manager asked trembling. He knew that he was extraordinary and didn’t dare make any rash moves. A Golden Core cultivator was not scary.

However, a sixteen to seventeen years old Golden Core cultivator was definitely extremely scary. What talent was needed for a sixteen or seventeen year old boy to become a Golden Core cultivator?

Feng Jiu glanced at him casually, her voice cold: “You are not privileged enough to know.”

If the manager had heard this earlier on, he would have scolded the boy. However, now that he had seen him make a Foundation cultivator drop to the ground without moving, he was afraid to show any dissatisfaction.

This was how it is in the world, if you proved that you are stronger, you would naturally gain the respect of others. As for the weak, no one would pay any attention to them.

“Please come inside mister. I will go and get the Chairman.” The manager wiped his cold sweat as he bowed and led the way. He led Feng Jiu to the living room inside.

Chapter 977: So It’s Young Master Feng

“Young Master, please drink some tea while I go and get the President.” The manager signalled for a servant to serve tea as he retreated.

Feng Jiu tapped her fingers on the table lightly with one hand and made a gurgling noise. She looked around the room and felt two distinct breaths. The corners of her lips twitched.

Cloud Devouring was sprawled by her feet, unmoving, obedient like a kitten. After the servant served the tea, he left. The living room was empty and quite quiet.

She took a sip of tea while she waited. Not long after, she saw the manager leading a middle aged man into the room.

“Young Master, this is the President of our underground market.” The manager introduced and retreated to the side.

From the moment the middle-aged man walked into the room, he was already looking Feng Jiu up and down. He knew who the person was with just a glance. Although he was pleasantly surprised, he was also confused, why was the Ghost Doctor here?

“I didn’t realise that Ghost Doctor was here, apologies for any disrespect.”

He bowed and smiled at Feng Jiu. He asked eagerly: “May I ask why Young Master Feng has come here? If there is anything I, Lin, can help, please be frank and let me know. I will definitely not refuse.”

The manager was so shocked when he saw the President greet him with such eager and flattering attitude that his legs wobbled. As he wiped the cold sweat off his forehead, he glanced sideways at the boy in red, trying to guess who he was.

What Young Master Feng? The President didn’t even greet the wealthy families in the city with such respect. Why was he like that with the young boy? Who on earth was this person?

When he thought back to his disrespect towards him earlier, he couldn’t help but lower his head and quietly retreated as he didn’t dare appear in front of him again. If he were to bring up what happened earlier he would be in trouble.

She wasn’t surprised that the President recognised her. They had told her at the Black Market that her portrait was passed through the hands of the heads of many influential families. So although ordinary people wouldn’t recognise her, those in charge would definitely have her portrait in their hands.

The thought of these people keeping her portrait, she sighed. It made her feel weird as it was like she was a wanted person.

“I was only passing through, but it just so happened that something happened and I need your help President.” She said slowly as she sized up the person sat in the Master’s chair.

Upon hearing this, he was a little surprised as he hadn’t expected this. After all, he knew that the Ghost Doctor’s relationship with the Black Market was not an ordinary one, and there was a branch of the Black Market in the city. He thought that if he needed any help, he would go to the Black Market. He didn’t think that he would be able to help.

For a moment, he rejoiced and asked: “May I know what it is? Young Master Feng please feel free to elaborate.”

“So, I have a friend....” She explained the situation to the President simply, all she wanted was to give fatty a memorable and vigilant experience.

After hearing what he had to say, President Lin nodded and smiled: “This is a trivial matter. Young Master Feng please rest assured. I will go and arrange it later. Young Master Feng, you won’t have to worry about your friend. I will make sure that I have my men keeping an eye on him. It won’t be a big problem.”

“Well, thank you very much.” She got up and thanked him.

Chapter 978: You have to bear hardships

“Young Master Feng, you’re too courteous.” He got up and answered her thanks with a salute. “It’s not very convenient for you living in the inn. Can I arrange a residence for you?”

“We are staying here for a very short time. There’s no need to inconvenience you.”

“All right then! I’m seeing Young Master Feng off.” He personally sent her out. Only after she left did he go take a look at the iron cage number 9. The white and chubby young man was badly battered with an indignant look full of grievances. He couldn’t help dodge his sight.

If it wasn’t for Ghost Doctor, he couldn’t recognize that the chubby little guy in shabby clothes was Ning Lang, the son of Ning Yuan, the richest man in Indigo Country. Even though he had some friendship with Ning Yuan, he had never seen his son. Unexpectedly, it happened under this kind of circumstance.

Seeing the kid’s indignation, he smiled, shook his head and walked away. He had to let him suffer a little.

“Chief.” The steward stepped forward, looking at him with an ingratiating look.

“Watch over that little fatty. He’s my old friend’s son.”

The steward was shocked. The memory that he had beaten the little fatty before put him in a cold sweat. He asked, “Then, shouldn’t you take the little young master out?”

“No, let him stay there! Don’t let him sense that he’s treated in any special way. Do what you should do, but we can’t have any serious problems, or you won’t be spared.” He spoke calmly with a warning tone in his voice.

“Yes, yes.” The steward responded hurriedly. After he left, the steward collapsed on the ground.

Why was he so unlucky today? The shocking blows came one after another so that his heart couldn’t bear it. It was the fault of the three of them that caused him so much trouble.

On the other side, when Feng Jiu came back to the inn, Duan Ye had already taken a seat on the first floor waiting. Seeing her returning, he asked, “Did Little Fatty really run away?”

“He did.” She nodded and smiled. When she reached the table and sat down, she poured a cup of water to drink.

“You didn’t catch up with him? That couldn’t be, could it?” With her strength, he couldn’t manage to catch Ning Lang?

“I caught up with him, but didn’t bring him back.”

“Why don’t you bring him back?” He asked, puzzled.

Feng Jiu’s lips curved. “Because he was sold. He’s held inside a cage!”

“What? He’s sold?”

His voice was so loud that people around him looked up. Duan Ye didn’t pay attention to the others on the first floor, but inquired Feng Jiu, “How could he get sold?”

At least, he is also a Foundation Building cultivator! And that little fatty is smart! It’s possible to sell others, but how could he get sold?”

“I followed him and saw him getting stared at as soon as he left the inn. When the kid went down a small alley with no one around, he was knocked unconscious with a club and carried away by three cultivators. Later, he was sent to the underground market as a commodity for sale.” She spoke with a casual air. Recalling the little fatty beaten up and looked miserable, she couldn’t help but smile.

Someone had to teach him a lesson.

Duan Ye listened to her with shock. His gaze was fixed at her strangely. “What do you want to do? Would you perhaps want to teach him a lesson?” Knowing that he got sold, yet not rescue him back and stay here smiling, what kind of wicked ideas does she have in mind?

Feng Jiu stretched out her hands to rub his baby face and said with a smile, “Duan Ye, you get better at knowing my mind even before I even said that! So, you know that I want to sort him out. “

Chapter 979: It’s better to rely on oneself than on others

Duan Ye swatted her hand away and glared at her. “Two big men should keep their hands off each other.”

“Hahahaha...” Feng Jiu burst into laughter and patted his shoulder. “So to speak, you’re sensible.”

Hearing this, Duan Ye’s lips twitched. He was indeed sensible – if not, he’d be tormented by her. He didn’t deny that, except for the little fatty, the other two weren’t as easy to fool as the little fatty.

They settled down at the inn, eating tasty food and living well, while Ning Lang spent a day in the cage hungry. The next morning, starving, he was taken to the mountain behind the underground market to dig up the ore and transport it.

Under the scorching sun, sweat streaming on his back, his hands and feet were worn and blistered. He was hungry and tired, his whole body was aching. The bruises on his face were still there and he was smeared with soot. He cut a sorry figure everywhere.

“Alas... I quit. I’m out of strength. I can’t move. ”

He plopped down on the stone and cried like a child. "Father, Mother, boohoo....save me... The people outside are all bad. It's too dangerous outside. I've been sold. Boohoo... Father, Mother, I want to go home..."

"Whiz!"

The sound of a whip whizzed by. When the whip hit on the stone beside him with a bang, a harsh shout was also heard. "What are you bawling about? Get up and get on with it!"

"Boohoo...I haven't eaten. My stomach, I can't move..."

Ning Lang sniffed, he shrank his body while watching the malicious looking guy. He had been beaten since yesterday. He was afraid. When he was still at home before, who would dare beat him? Sure enough, the people outside were all bad. The world outside was too dangerous. It's safe to stay at home.

"Hungry? Come with me." The big man glanced at him and turned to leave.

Hearing this, Ning Lang quickly stood up and followed him around until he came to a small shed. When he saw the man scooping a bowl of things from a bucket, he handed it over.

"Eat! Once you finish eating, go back to work quickly!"

Ning lang reached out and took it. When he saw what's inside the bowl was too watery and the porridge had a weird smell, he was shocked. "This is... this is pig feed?! It's not human food. How could this fill my stomach?"

"Are you still complaining?"

The big man snorted heavily and looked at him with contempt. "People with no ability like you can only do some rough work of lifting and carrying every day. You eat people's leftovers."

"What do you mean, no ability! I can do business, I can balance the accounts, I can make money! I'm a Foundation Building first stage cultivator!" He wiped his tears and roared resentfully.

"Doing business? Balancing accounts? A Foundation Building first stage cultivator? Tch!"

He sneered. "Kid, Grandpa will teach you! In this world, only the strong are respected. Since you do business and earn lots of money, can your Foundation Building first stage protect you? So long as a person has better cultivation than you, he can kill you at any time and take the money you earn with much toil. Do you understand? Only strength is the most reliable."

Ning Lang stared at him blankly, thinking in a daze. In the past, he would have said that with money, he could have hired a lot of powerful people to protect him. However, in only two days, what he had experienced was something he had never encountered before. The reality of his own experience made him realize that it was better to rely on himself than on others.

Chapter 980: Fetching a high price

Looking at this dumbfounded little fatty in front of him, the big man kept a fierce look on his face, but he was cursing inwardly. On top of the tasks assigned were unexplained, he was given such a lousy task. He couldn't hit or touch or knock but educated him like his own son. He had never received such a task. It simply made him depressed – better let him move a big rock.

“Are you eating this porridge or not? If not, go back and move stones!” The big man yelled with a gruff voice and glared at him.

Ning Lang bit his lip tearfully. With both hands holding the broken bowl with a missing corner, he was very aggrieved. None of his servants used such broken bowls nor did they drink such thin and watery porridge. He did rough work, and this was the only thing he had to eat.

“Do you have steamed buns or something? I won't eat enough with this.”

“There's none, do you want to eat or not!” The big man yelled with his eyes glaring at him. If it was a normal case, he would whip him directly.

“Rumble...”

His stomach started growling, Ning Lang looked at the bowl in his hands. He could only drink it with his eyes closed. After downing the whole bowl, he felt it was like drinking a bowl of water. He licked the corner of his mouth and stared at the bucket. “I want more.” It's not tasty, but it's better than starving.

“You still want some more? What do you think this place is? No, get to work!” The big man grabbed the bowl in his hand and put it back, pushing him forward. “Go back to work quickly!”

Ning Lang stared. “You won't let me drink enough of this watery porridge first?”

“Tch! Don't think about it. It's okay as long as you're not starving to death. Do you want to drink enough? Do you think this is your home?” The big man pushed him and lashed the whip in his hand toward him. “Go!”

Ning Lang gritted his teeth and stared at him hatefully. He thought to himself, “Just you wait. Wait for this young master to leave this place. I must clean you up!”

In a place not far away, Feng Jiu and Duan Ye stood watching. The two took the whole scene in different perspectives. One saw it as a joke, the other had a surprise.

“How long are you going to keep him here?” Duan Ye asked Feng Jiu.

“Wait until he can't endure it anymore.” Her lips curved up. “Right now it seems that he still has some strength.”

Duan Ye's lips twitched, looking at Ning Lang below who was ordered to carry stones. He's wearing ragged clothes and a pair of worn-out shoes. His hair was in a tangle and his face bruised and swollen.

This kid deserved it. Who lets him sell Ghost Doctor's identity as soon as he met Feng Jiu? From the time he knew of that matter, he was certain that this boy had to suffer. Unexpectedly, it happened at this place!

“Let’s go! Let’s find a place to drink.” Feng Jiu told Duan Ye, then turned around to leave. They came and left quietly. Ning Lang, who was not far away, knew nothing.

Until, three days later early in the morning, Ning Lang, who was still asleep, was called up, and was taken forcibly for a bath by two men. He put on a suit of bright-coloured clothes and was attended from head to foot.

Ning Lang was frightened from the beginning to the end. He couldn’t help but scream when someone dabbed some powders on his pale face, which was thinner than that of the previous days.

“What do you want to do!”

“What are we doing? There are people in the male brothels who come to pick young men. They like those of 15 or 16-year-olds like you. It’s just the right time to sell you for a high price.” The steward who came in smiled with narrowed eyes but inwardly, he felt apprehensive.

When he heard this, Ning Lang’s pale face turned even more white. He looked at him incredulously.

“Male Brothels? I don’t want to! “