

# Ghost Doctor 981

## Chapter 981: Appears

“You don’t want to? You still have to even if you don’t.” The steward signalled him to be escorted ahead. He stayed behind to wipe the cold sweat, then he kept up with them hurriedly.

“No, I don’t want to be sold to a male brothel. I want to go home. I want to go home...” He struggled and shouted, but he didn’t eat for a few days and his cultivation was sealed. He looked very weak, but he was led forward by two cultivators with difficulty.

When they reached the front site, he was locked inside the cage again. Besides him, there were five or six 15 or 16-year-olds in the cage. Their looks were better than those of ordinary youngsters. Moreover, they were all dressed up in new clothes and well-groomed.

He looked at those youngsters with anxiety. Would he really have to be sold to those places?

Just when he felt uneasy, he suddenly saw two familiar figures. His eyes were suddenly filled with surprise. With both hands clutching the door of the iron cage, he shouted. “Feng Jiu! Feng Jiu! Duan Ye, Duan Ye, save me, save me! I’m here, I’m here!”

The two people who were talking seemed to hear him inadvertently. Looking back, when their eyes made contact with the figure in the cage, Duan Ye stepped forward, while Feng Jiu slowed down a little.

“Little Fatty? Why are you here?” Duan Ye looked at the person locked inside the cage in surprise. It was as if he didn’t know anything, his question was tinged with confusion and amazement.

“Boohoo...Duan Ye. Someone sold me.”

His eyes turned red and he looked at the slowly approaching Feng Jiu. “Feng Jiu, I shouldn’t have run away. These people are all bad. They don’t give me food, and they make me do rough work. You see, my hands are full of blisters.”

Feng Jiu stopped at the iron cage and looked at the young man who turned gaunt and haggard after a few days. She asked with a smile, “Why didn’t you tell them that you are wealthy so that they let you go?”

“I did tell them, but they didn’t believe me.” He answered, looking aggrieved.

“Don’t you have certain cultivation for self-protection? Why don’t you run away? ”

“I can’t escape. My cultivation has been sealed.” He saw that she was clearly smiling, but there was no smile in her eyes. He was terrified when he saw Feng Jiu hadn’t yet said that she’s going to save him.

“Feng Jiu, you can save me, right?”

“I have nothing to do with you since you ran away. Maybe you can escape with your own skill.”

“No, I, I can’t get out.” He bent his head slightly, not daring to look her in the eye. “Please help me get out! Just this once. I will not rely on people to save me in the future, I will strive to practice, strive to become strong.”

“Will you be obedient?” She asked with eyebrows raised.

“Mm, I’ll listen. I’ll definitely listen.” He nodded quickly.

“Not running away?” She asked again.

“No, I’ll go where you want me to go.” He promised her in a hurry.

Hearing his promise, her lips curved up. “Wait up!” She turned away, leaving only Duan Ye there.

“Why are you guys still here? Are you looking for me?” Ning Lang asked Duan Ye who stood outside.

Duan Ye shot a glance at him and answered, “No, Feng Jiu said not to look for you after you left. Today, I only heard that there is a local market here and come to have a look.”

Ning Lang silently lowered his head.

Not long after, Ning Lang saw the thin as a monkey steward trotted. He came with Feng Jiu, his waist half bent with an ingratiating look. Seeing this different attitude, he sighed.

Wasn’t this different treatment due to strength? He’s really seen a lot these days.

### **Chapter 982: Song Ming, the debauchee**

She took them to the restaurant and ordered 12 dishes. Before all the dishes were served, Ning Lang, looking miserable due to hunger, scooped up some rice and started gobbling the food without caring to talk to the two of them.

Feng Jiu and Duan Ye looked at each other and sat down at the table. They only drank wine and didn’t eat much. Until, an hour later, Ning Lang took a breath slowly and finally put down his chopsticks.

“Full?” Feng Jiu asked him with a smile.

“I’m full.”

He rubbed his stomach and belched. “This is the most satiating and delicious meal I have ever had.” As soon as he finished speaking, he looked at the two people. “I thought you were gone. I thought I really had to be sold to the male brothel! Those people, I told them that I am from the Ning family and my family was very rich, but they didn’t believe it.”

While speaking, his face was filled with anxiety. “All my things were stolen by those people.”

Feng Jiu glanced at him and just threw a Heaven and Earth Bag at him. “Your things are all here. OK, since you’re full, let’s go!! We’ve been delayed here for several days.”

Ning Lang was startled. When he opened the bag to take a look, he was astonished. “This is indeed my treasure. How can it be with you...”

He wanted to ask, but seeing Feng Jiu and Duan Ye had gone outside, even the little round and white pet had followed, he quickly put the bag away and left.

After the three left the city gate and immediately tossed the magic flying weapon, they flew to the next second-grade country. About two days later, they arrived at a town in a country neighbouring the Indigo Country.

“Aren’t we going to Hell Mountains? Why are we here?” Ning Lang, at Feng Jiu’s side, looked at the red-garbed young man walking at a leisurely pace with some confusion.

The more he racked his brain these two days, the more he felt that something was not right. However, he couldn’t think of anything wrong. It was true that she did save him, but how come all his things were with her?

They arrived at the inn together. He also knew that Feng Jiu and Duan Ye didn’t go out at that time, so it’s impossible to find someone to clean him up at that time, but he still had a feeling of being schemed against.

But, taking her chilliness into consideration, he did not dare to ask again.

“We’re here to find someone, Song Ming.” Feng Jiu answered. They entered the city together. Looking at the bustling and lively city, her gaze fell on a tea stand ahead.

“Let’s have a cup of tea first!”

The two men and Little Devouring Cloud followed her obediently behind. When they came to the tea stand, there were some small refreshments in addition to the tea.

“Why do you want to find Song Ming? He’s a debauchee. He likes beauties and does not work all day.” Ning Lang curled his lips. He didn’t know Song Ming well, but he had heard of his reputation. It could be said that he was a local ruffian from a rich and powerful family.

Duan Ye knew the identity of Feng Jiu as a teacher. He knew long ago that she wanted to find Song Ming. Therefore, he held no sentiments about it. He never had a deep acquaintance with Song Ming, but in the past, he often heard of and paid attention to him in the academy. It’s just that in the two-star academy, Ning Lang, Song Ming, Luo Fei and himself were listed as the four big pricks of the academy. No teachers dared to instruct them and no one dared to offend them.

Therefore, from his people’s investigation, he knew that the other three men, like his Duan family, possessed a strong influence here as well as having families in the eight supreme empires.

### **Chapter 983: You must be cheating**

In fact, he was very much against the eight supreme empires. His family was considered a royal family on this side. But there, it was only a small clan. He didn’t want to go there, so he didn’t pay much attention to his training and didn’t return to the academy. He didn’t plan to be selected by the Nebula Sect in the future. If he was selected, he would have to go there.

He could be called Little Overlord here, but when he went to those places there, he would be a man with his tail tucked under, so he didn't want to do it.

"Quick, quick, Song Ming has put his bet in front again. He lost a lot of money yesterday. Let's go and have a look." Several men left together.

Feng Jiu and her group sitting at the tea stand listened, their expression changed. Reportedly, in addition to his immoral self-indulgence in loving beauties, Song Ming was skilled in gambling. How could he lose?

"Shall we go and see?" Ning Lang looked at the other two and asked.

"Mm." Feng Jiu nodded. After paying for the tea, they got up to follow the crowd.

At some distance away, an alley was crowded with people. A square table was placed in the middle of the crowd where a young man in brocade garment sat with his feet up, followed by a young attendant. There was a dice cup in front of him. On the table's surface, two characters were written: Big and Small. On top, there was a lot of money.

"Quick, quick, set your bet now, don't change your position later!" He cried, knocking on the table with one hand.

There were many people who had put their bets, almost all on the big side. As the crowd settled down, he opened the dice cup. Seeing the number on it, the crowd roared.

"How can it be small? Earlier, we had so many openings with small numbers. "

"I've lost a lot of money on the big side."

"This one must be big!"

"Hey hey, I'm sorry, everyone. My luck is still good today. I won again." He laughed. The young attendant behind him came up to collect the money, then stood at a distance behind him.

Song Ming grabbed the dice on the table and shook it. After putting it down, he yelled, "Set your bet, can't change later!"

"I stake on the big!"

"Me too, I stake on the big!"

"It must open with the big number!"

"I don't believe it won't open at this side!"

The crowd gambled with passion. Their eyes turned red, not scared to take out money to stake on the big side.

Feng Jiu's group of three were looking on. Those people were yelling and roaring there. But at the moment of opening, it was opened to the small one again. After several sets, those who lost had their eyes turn red.

Finally, someone got rid of his own fallacy, shouting: "It's been open to small, I'll buy small!"

“Me too, I’ll buy small!”

Another person followed. In a blink of an eye, the small side was filled with a pile of gold and silver coins. When the cup was opened, there was a silence around, and then there was a round of abuse.

“Song Ming! Are you cheating? We bought big, it opened small. When we bought small, it opened big. You must be cheating!”

“Right, you must be cheating! Return our money!”

Everybody was angry. They came forward to grab the money, however, at this moment Song Ming snorted heavily. Both his hands slapped the table. The Foundation Building late-stage cultivator’s aura started attacking and instantly pushed the people surrounding him out.

He stood up, looking calm and collected, staring at the people around him who fell to the ground. He snorted coldly, “How dare you rob my money? I think you have the guts!” As soon as he finished speaking, he signalled the young attendant behind him to collect all the money on the table.

Alright, I won’t play with you today. I have to visit the Beauty Pavilion!”

#### **Chapter 984: All of you are troublesome**

As soon as he finished speaking, his gaze fell on the three people on that side. One of them, dressed in red, looking triumphant and wanton. He had a beautiful face and outstanding temperament. His beautiful lips held a subtle smile. For some reason, seen from his perspective, there’s something strange going on.

Next to him was a young man in purple and another in an ornate dress. The former was baby-faced. His chin was slightly lifted, looking a bit arrogant. The latter was a chubby guy with a good-natured mien and tiny eyes narrowed into a line.

Seeing these three men’s eyes were fixed on him, he folded his arms across his chest, asking. “You guys, what are you looking at, staring at me?”

“Song Ming.”

Feng Jiu looked at him, sizing him up thoroughly as if penetrating to the very bottom. He’s at the later stage of Foundation Building, around 18 to 19 years old, wearing a loose long gown, leaning against the wall with his hands folded across his chest and his feet swaying slightly. He looked like a slovenly ruffian.

From the information that she received from the academy, Song Ming’s family was somewhat complicated. His mother died of illness when he was five years old. In the same year, his father had a woman on the side as well as two sons. One was the same age as him and the other was one year younger than him. In the year of his mother’s death, his father married the woman.

A five-year-old child could incite his mother’s clan and prevent his father from marrying the woman as the legal wife of the Song family. Under the pressure of the elders and the family members of his mother’s clan, the woman could only be a concubine and was called Second Madam. The two sons related to him could only become sons born of a concubine.

Perhaps due to his family environment, he was unruly since childhood. He's associated with all kinds of brawls, gambling and beautiful women. However, he was remarkably gifted since he was young, supported by his mother's family and supported by his family's elders. It's not too much to say that he was also a tyrant at home and no one could discipline him at all.

She looked at him, but said nothing, for when Song Ming caught sight of a few people not far away, he took the money wrapped inside the Heaven and Earth bag from the young attendant's hand and ran away. "You go back first, I'll go chat with a beauty."

"Young Master, don't run away. The family head wants you to go back!" When those people saw him escaping, they immediately shouted and chased after him.

Feng Jiu glanced at those men. Two of them were Golden Core cultivators while others behind them were Great Spirit Master. It seemed they could catch Song Ming in no time at all.

"I've met Song Ming for one or two days a long time ago, but it seems that he doesn't remember us." Duan Ye commented. He looked at Feng Jiu and asked, "How are you going to take him away? His family is a mess! He probably wants to stay here and make trouble for his licentious father. He won't go with us to the Hell Mountains."

Feng Jiu looked askance at him and answered in a leisurely manner. "You also know that each one of you is troublesome?"

Duan Ye snorted and didn't open his eyes. They weren't troublesome! They just didn't want to be constrained.

"Let's find a place to stay! It's all here. Now that we are here, why don't we visit the Song Family sometime?" Ning Lang spoke and looked around. "Let's go and have a look. There should be an inn ahead."

"Let's go!"

She went with them, intending to find a place to stay in the inn first. However, after entering the inn and following the shopkeeper to their three booked rooms, just as she was about to go upstairs, she heard a young man's surprised voice from behind.

"Whose pet is this? Is it for sale?"

### **Chapter 985: Gentlemen, please don't fight**

Feng Jiu looked back and saw a young man in a brocade robe standing in front of him. He watched the round and white Little Cloud Devouring Beast with a look of surprise. If it wasn't for Cloud Devouring Beast to snarl and stare at him with hostility, seeing from his overstretched arms, he would have wanted to embrace him.

"Not for sale." Feng Jiu answered, called Cloud Devouring Beast which then jumped to her feet.

"I'll pay a high price, sell it to me!" The young man came to Feng Jiu's side.

Feng Jiu couldn't help but curved her lips, glancing at the young man. "Do you see me like a pauper?"

The boy sized him up from top to bottom. He just noticed this person's bearing was extraordinary and her dress was top grade, especially the dazzling rainbow-coloured glazed feather that covered half her waist.

"Then, I'll give you something in exchange." He put it another way.

Feng Jiu didn't pay attention to him. She glanced at him coldly and then walked upstairs with Cloud Devouring Beast.

At that glance, the young man felt a chill rising from the sole of his feet to his heart. Seeing her going upstairs, he still wanted to speak again and was pushed aside rudely by Duan Ye. "What are you doing? Do you want to be given a lesson?"

"What are you pushing me for!" The young man was angry and stared at the baby-faced Duan Ye. Compared with the young man in red with chilly eyes, the baby-faced boy was not as imposing and scary, so he was not afraid.

"Stay away from us!" Duan Ye snorted coldly. After putting out a word of warning, he turned around and walked upstairs. However, at this time, his robe was stepped on, almost making him bounce forward.

"Ah! Sorry, I accidentally stepped on your robe." The young man said apologetically, but his face was full of provocation.

Duan Ye was not one to suffer losses. Seeing that the young man dared to step on his robe in the back, his doll face suddenly turned gloomy and directly raised his feet for a kick.

"Bang!"

"Hiss, ah!"

He kicked the boy's chest as he flew out of the room. It hurt so much that he fell to the ground and was unable to stand for a long time.

"Third Young Master!"

The guards outside stepped inside quickly and helped him up. At the same time, two of them pulled out the long swords at their waists and attacked Duan Ye and Ning Lang. "How dare you to hit my young master. You are looking for death!"

Ning Lang was staring at Duan Ye's trampled robe and found a set of footprints on it. He wanted to laugh. Seeing Duan Ye kicked the young man out of the room and turned around, his mouth opened wide in astonishment. He was totally stunned. Several guards rushed in from outside. Some helped the young man up and some drew their swords and slashed at them. He was so surprised that his consciousness suddenly returned.

"Why did you slash at me? I didn't kick your young master!" He yelled as he dodged, punching one of the guards right in the eye.

"Ah! My eyes..."

“Damn it! You two kids!”

The other two guards also followed. Their long swords came out and the blade’s light swept past them. They came to attack at the inn’s interior. Some ordinary inn guests were frightened and hid, while some cultivators were still sitting and staring at the people fighting with interest.

The innkeeper hid behind the counter. He saw the chaotic first floor and cried with a pale face filled with anxiety. “Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop fighting, stop fighting. If you keep on fighting, this little shop will be smashed...”

When he was still shouting, he saw the shadow of a sword coming to him. He got scared to the point of crouching down. He felt that the sword shadow cut at the top of his head. He wiped his cold sweat and climbed out using both hands and feet.

### **Chapter 986: Talking money with your Grandpa Ning?**

Upstairs at the guest room, Feng Jiu heard the pandemonium and exclamations on the first floor. She shook her head. It was full of clamour everywhere, especially with some people who could stir up trouble.

Ning Lang was not very powerful, but he was shrewd. Duan Ye could fight against Golden Core, so she didn’t have to worry about them losing.

So she rubbed her neck and ordered Cloud Devouring Beast to guard the door. Then she went to bed and rested.

Downstairs, several guards with Great Spirit Master cultivation were vulnerable at Ning Lang and Duan Ye’s hands. They could only help the third young master who had been beaten black and blue to escape. However, before they left the gate of the inn, they were blocked by Ning Lang, who smiled and narrowed his eyes.

“Hey hey, you can leave, but shouldn’t we deal with compensation first before leaving?”

“It’s you who smashed the shop!” The young man glared at him angrily while gnashing his teeth ferociously.

“What did we break? You’re the one who smashed it, what do you say, shopkeeper?” Ning Lang smiled and squinted at the shopkeeper who had just emerged.

The shopkeeper wiped his cold sweat. He looked at Ning Lang of Duan ye, then at the young man and his several guards. He didn’t know the former’s origin, but his strength was extraordinary. The latter was the Song family’s Third Young Master in the city that he didn’t dare to offend.

After hesitating again and again, he carefully answered, “This, otherwise, why don’t you both compensate me a little, I...” Before he finished speaking, Ning Lang interrupted him.

“What? Do you want me to pay damages? Shopkeeper, are you serious? Are you sure your eyes don’t grow at the sole of your feet? It was obvious that they brought people to make trouble here, moving the sword blades to your table and chair and chopping them down. To my surprise, you still want to make



this young master pay damages? In your dreams! It's your luck that I didn't ask compensation for startling me. You want me to pay damages? You think it's easy to earn my money, don't you? "

The chubby boy stood in the doorway with his eyes staring, blocking the boy's departure. While glowering and scolding at the shopkeeper. If you dared to make me pay damages, I would dare to fight hard with you. The shopkeeper was at a loss.

The Song family's men were pretty good at using their swords. But if they didn't lift up their chairs and tables and smash them at him, the furniture wouldn't be chopped into pieces and the first floor wouldn't be destroyed like this. The shopkeeper couldn't help but face several people of the Song Family. For a moment, he felt upset.

"What are you stunned there for? Pay the damages!" Ning Lang stared at the people in front of him. "Or, do you think it's not enough? Do you want another fight? "

The young man gritted his teeth. The pain on his face made him swallow his anger into his stomach and said to a guard, "Pay damages!"

A guard saw this and took out some money to compensate the shopkeeper hurriedly so that his young master could leave.

"Little guy, talking money with Grandpa Ning? It's already good that I didn't ask you to compensate me with the underpants." Ning Ye snorted. "Bring us some snacks and send them upstairs." He ordered the shopkeeper.

"Yes, yes." The shopkeeper assented, watching them both go upstairs.

On the first floor, some cultivators sitting in the corner were surprised to see this scene. He didn't expect that the two youngsters could beat the guards and the young man and made them pay damages.

However, the young man who was beaten was the Song family's third young master. Even if he was born from a concubine. since the Song family head only had three sons, he loved them dearly. Since these two youngsters beat him, they would be in trouble soon.

## **Chapter 987: Second Madam**

However, those people on the first floor had guessed wrong. The young man did complain when he reached home. However, the Song family head was worried about his eldest son, Song Ming, and could not care about his younger son. Therefore, after listening to the guard's explanation, he just told him to stay out of trouble, so there was no aftermath.

In the West courtyard, a beautiful lady was looking at the jewels brought from the jewellery shop. She picked up a necklace and asked the servant girl to put it on her. After inspecting the result, she heard the sound of kicking and swearing outside.

"Go and see what's going on." The beautiful lady spoke slowly. Her voice was gentle and soft, just like a sweet-tempered and delicate beauty. Her physique and complexion were indeed like that. Even though she was in her thirties, she looked just like a woman in her twenties.

This beautiful lady was the Song family's Second Madam.

"Madam, it's Third Young Master who is sulking outside. He had no idea who hit him. His face is injured, but he won't let me put medicine on his wound."

"Beaten?"

Second Madam was stunned. She put down her jewellery and went out. When she came to the courtyard and saw her son's face black and blue, she approached him feeling distressed. "Who had the nerve to beat you like this? Quick, take some medicine and apply it on Third Young Master's wound."

"I don't want to!" He pushed Second Madam away and snapped in anger, "I won't apply the medicine!"

"If you get hurt, you have to apply the medicine. How can you not put it on? Don't be angry. Hurry up, Mother will do it for you." She looked at her son with heartache, took the medicine handed by her servant girl, and was about to put it on him.

"Don't apply it! Don't!" He pushed away angrily, shattering the medicine in Second Madam's hand on the ground.

Seeing this, Second Madam's delicate face appeared a little worried and asked: "Then tell Mother, who beat you? It's not your big brother who pulled you to the training ground and beat you like this again, is it?"

"It's not him! It was two rotten kids. They beat me up and forced me to compensate the shopkeeper. I can't swallow the tone, but Father said that he is busy with big brother's matters. He asked me not to cause trouble and can't get rid of the problem for me." He said resentfully with unwillingness in his eyes.

Even if his father doted on him, his matters would never be more important than that of his eldest brother. Just because he was born of a concubine and his mother was not the Song family head's legal wife.

Second Madam's eyes flashed. She told him softly, "Since your father said so, don't think of this matter again, lest make your father unhappy."

"Big Brother is causing trouble outside all day, but Father didn't say anything. If Big Brother is bullied outside, Father will help him out." He said angrily with clenched fists. The more he thought about it, the more difficult it was to let go.

"Don't always compare yourself with your elder brother. Your elder brother is the legitimate son. Your father values him on this basis. It's alright to talk about these things here, but don't talk outside and let others hear them. Otherwise, if your father and elder brother know, they will be unhappy."

She patted his hand. "Alright, go back first! Don't talk about it again."

"But..."

"Go!" She beckoned and ordered two people to send him back to his courtyard. After he left, she sat in the courtyard with a gleam in her limpid eyes. "Call the guards who went out with Third Young Master today."

“Yes.” The servant girl went out and called those people.

In the evening, when the night was getting darker, two figures in black flitted across the roof and descended soundlessly on the roof of an inn.

### **Chapter 988: A chill**

Light footsteps flitted up the inn’s roof. Inside the pitch-black room, Feng Jiu, still sleeping on the bed, opened her eyes after hearing the movements on the roof. Her eyes were as brilliant as the stars in the night sky.

Cloud Devouring Beast that was reclining at the room door, straightened up and went to the bed to see its mistress awake.

Feng Jiu waved her hand gently and motioned for it to lie down. It went back to reclining on the ground and closed its eyes.

Instead of getting up, she closed her eyes and listened attentively, wanting to see how alert Duan ye and Ning Lang were. After these two boys had a fight with people in the daytime, would they fall asleep or remain vigilant?

In the other two rooms, Duan Ye and Ning Lang woke up when someone descended on the roof. Duan Ye was originally vigilant. Since Ning Lang suffered misfortune before, he didn’t dare to be careless and stayed alert.

There was very little movement and the breath was so well masked. It was evident that the person who had come was not a Foundation Building cultivator but a Golden Core.

Was he from the Song family? This kind of sneaky conduct was really despicable. During the day, they had a fight with their family members. Tonight, they came to deal with them. Even fools knew it’s the hands of the Song family. But apparently it’s still the same thing. This kind of thing done in secret was truly beyond contempt.

However, as they laid still on the bed with their eyes closed, they were surprised to find that there was no movement at all. Was this man perhaps not from the Song family?

When they were still thinking about it, a faint fragrance dispersed. When they smelled the fragrance, they cried inwardly, it’s a mess! They were about to jump, but their vision darkened and they lost consciousness.

Just when they lost consciousness, a shadow came in from the door, pierced their arms with a drug-infused needle, and then left.

In the other room, Feng Jiu also listened to the movement. However, no movement was detected for a long time, until a faint scent filled the room. Her heart stirred. She told Cloud Devouring Beast telepathically to be obedient and behave like a harmless pet, then act according to circumstances.

Not long after, the door was opened from outside. Two black shadows came in. One of them picked up Cloud Devouring Beast on the ground, while the other came forward with a drug-infused needle in his

hand. When he was about to inject it, Feng Jiu who was still lying in bed suddenly opened her eyes, reached out and broke his bone.

“Crack!”

“Argh!”

The sound of bone snapping rang out in the pitch-black room. The cultivator’s cry of pain suddenly stopped, as if his voice was stuck in his throat. He sensed the pierce of a needle in his body and he collapsed weakly.

This sudden scene surprised another man in black who was holding the small beast. When he was about to leave quickly, the small beast without killing power, which he held in his arms and had no lethal power, suddenly roared and a flash of light emanated from its body. It transformed from a small pet to a huge and powerful beast. Its claw pressed down on the shocked Golden Core cultivator so that he was unable to move.

“Hiss! You...”

The Golden Core cultivator, who had been pinned to the ground by Cloud Devouring Beast whose body had been restored to its original shape, gasped and exclaimed in shock seeing Feng Jiu and the divine beast. At the same time, his voice also stilled. After that cursory movement, the room was calm again, as if it was just an illusion.

Feng Jiu took the needle in his hand and lit the light in the room. She looked at the dark glow inside the needle and a chill flashed in her eyes.

### **Chapter 989: Will die in 3 days**

“Is this the Song family head’s idea?” She raised her eyebrows and stared at the cultivator who was pressed to the ground by Cloud Devouring Beast and could hardly breathe.

The cultivator trembled all over, unable to get up. He said nothing but looked at the red-robed young man in horror.

“Not telling? It doesn’t matter. I can take you back to the Song family and ask for an explanation. Don’t think about death. If you die, I will feed you to my little beast. ”

She spoke in an unhurried tone while glancing at the man on the ground. He was not afraid of him committing suicide, for she had seen that he was afraid of death. Otherwise, he would have committed suicide at the moment he was caught, not waiting until now.

“Watch them.” Feng Jiu told Cloud Swallowing Beast to guard the two men. She went out and came to Duan Ye’s room first to check his situation.

“This idiot.” She couldn’t help cursing. They were still tricked.

Immediately, she took out a silver needle and pricked Duan Ye's acupoint to wake him up first. Unexpectedly, when he awakened, his fist containing dark energy swung toward her face. She blocked it quickly and told him gloomily, "It's me."

He slowly regained consciousness when hearing Feng Jiu's voice. Duan Ye was surprised. "Why are you here?" He sat up in a hurry. When he felt that there was nothing wrong with his body, he relaxed. "Fortunately, it's nothing. I thought I was tricked!"

"Nothing?" Feng Jiu looked askance at him, her expression turned strange. She stood up and flicked her robe. "Do you think it's nothing?"

Hearing this, Duan Ye's heart sank. He had an ominous premonition. "It seemed that I fainted when I smelled something. Now I wake up and my body is OK, isn't it?"

"Let's first go to the next room to see Ning Lang." She turned around and walked out with Duan Ye close at her heel. When they reached the next room, they found Ning Lang was also passed out on the bed.

He watched Feng Jiu come forward, took his pulse, and pricked his acupoint with a silver needle to wake him up.

"Mm?"

Ning Lang opened his eyes slowly. When he saw Feng Jiu sitting beside the bed, he was shocked: "Feng Jiu? How did you come to my room?" He sat up and saw that Duan Ye was also there. He couldn't help sighing. "Everyone's here! That's good. I tell you, when I was sleeping, I heard some movements. Did you hear anything? I suppose they were sent by the Song family."

"Now that you know it, you've got yourself in danger. You dislike having a long life, don't you? Why don't you know how to react in the first place?" She looked at the two, her voice was cold and fierce.

They were silent for a while, looking at each other and then toward Feng Jiu waiting for her to continue. When he woke up, he saw her angry face. Obviously something was wrong.

"You're poisoned. This poison is highly toxic and takes effect slowly, killing people in three days. This man is very cruel. He fought in the daytime and sent someone to take your life in the evening." She leaned on the edge of the bed with her arms folded across her chest, her beautiful face was cold and a chill flashed in her eyes.

For this kind of person who would easily kill and had a malicious mind, she suddenly felt her hands itching again.

Hearing her words, Duan Ye's face sank with gloom and murderous aura emanated from his body, while Ning Lang's eyes widened in amazement and shock with a somewhat incredulous look.

"Really? Sending someone here to poison us, moreover, using that vicious and sinister method? It's to let us die quietly in three days so that no one can find out who poisoned us? Who did such a sinister thing?"

**Chapter 990: A way out**

"I want to know who did it, too." Duan Ye's voice was thoroughly chilly and murderous. His doll face looked ferocious and blood-thirsty.

Feng Jiu's glance swept past the two men. "The two Golden Core cultivators are still in my room. Let's go! Go there and ask." She turned around and went to her room.

They were shocked to hear this. Those two Golden Cultivators were defeated by him? Puzzled, they followed her and came to her room. As soon as they entered the door, they were both startled and almost cried out in fear.

In the middle of the room, a huge beast emanated a strong pressure all over its body. It was as fierce as a tiger or a lion. Its vigour made them halt their steps and they didn't step into the room for a long time.

That's a divine beast! A divine beast! But to their surprise, they actually sensed Cloud Devouring Beast's aura from the powerful beast. The eyes of the beast were more terrible than those of the tiny Cloud Devouring Beast. Its bloodthirsty and ferocious eyes were full of horrible killing intent. Just a glance made the two men shudder.

In particular, under the beast's claws was a Golden Core cultivator, almost trampled by the beast. He laid still, seemingly unable to breathe, pale and faint, as if he were going to die at any moment.

The other cultivator fell unconscious on the ground. The two Golden Core cultivators were watched by the beast. Not to mention just two, even if there were two more, they wouldn't be able to leave.

"They are there, question them in detail!" She motioned. Instead of approaching, she sat down by the table and poured out a cup of tea.

Since it's concerning their lives, Duan Ye and Ning Lang looked at each other, stepped forward and questioned the Golden Core cultivator trampled by Cloud Devouring Beast in a cold voice. "Who told you to use such an evil method?"

The Golden Core cultivator gasped as if he could not breathe. He looked at the two of them without speaking.

Cloud Devouring Beast saw the two men were there and withdrew. It shrunk its body back to a small and round one. Like a small pet without attacking ability, it came to Feng Jiu's side and sat crouching.

"Not telling?"

Duan Ye unsheathed a long sword and pointed its sharp and cold blade at the man's crotch. "Are you telling us or not?" As soon as his words rang out, his long sword went a little deeper. With just a single stroke, his trousers were cut.

The Golden Core cultivator who had been pressed to the ground by Cloud Devouring Beast earlier turned pallid. "No, don't, I'll speak, I'll speak."

There was no doubt, the cowardly Golden Core cultivator was more afraid of becoming neither a male nor female than with keeping secrets. So, in a moment of crisis, when he felt a chill in his crotch and cold sweats broke out all over him, he chose to name the person who commanded him.

“It’s, it’s the Second Madam. We are Second Madam’s underlings. You beat Third Young Master up. Since the family head was dealing with Eldest Young Master’s matters and only told Third Young Master not to cause trouble, he couldn’t swallow this tone and begged to go to Second Madam. Then, Second Madam told us to take the medicine. Because she didn’t want others to suspect the Song family, she gave us the slow but highly toxic poison to use. It will take three days for the poison to set in. Even if you die, no one will doubt the Song family. That’s what we know. I’ve said everything. Please let me live! ”

The Golden Core cultivator quickly blurted everything he knew in exchange for a chance to live.