

The Good-for-Nothing Seventh Miss

Chapter 14: Returning to the Peak (2)

When Shen Feng threw that question at everyone, all of them looked at each other in dismay. Other than Shen Ling, who had a slight understanding of that matter, no one else knew what the beast imprisoned in the dungeon looked like. They only knew that, ever since the magical beast was brought back into the estate, Shen Feng had passed a strict order not to allow anyone to enter without permission.

Even though they were curious, they also knew the importance of Shen Feng's orders in the Vermilion Bird Family. Who would dare to go against him?

Even if the twins were curious about that magical beast, they only dared to secretly coax Shen Yanxiao to take a peek behind everyone's back. However, they did not dare to take a single step inside the dungeon.

No one expected to see the scars and blood that covered Shen Yanxiao's body when she was lifted out of the dungeons by the guards. Her entire body seemed to have been soaked in blood, and if not for the slight movement in her chest, everyone would assume that she was dead.

Everyone, except for Shen Ling and Shen Feng, was completely oblivious as to what had happened with the magical beast in the dungeon.

No one dared to say anything when Shen Feng mentioned the magical beast that day.

Shen Feng coldly snorted. "No one in my Vermilion Bird Family had been able to awaken the Vermilion Bird in hundreds of years. It's ridiculous how all of you are so incompetent."

Shen Feng's words shocked everyone. The reason the Vermilion Bird Family possessed such an eminent and unapproachable position in Longxuan Empire was all because of the ancient mythological beast that their ancestors had obtained when the Longxuan Empire was founded. With the help of the Vermilion Bird, the family's ancestor assisted the monarch during the war as they established the country, and they obtained a huge advantage. Among the thousands of magical beasts, the Vermilion Bird's disposition was a highly respected one, and the other beasts would yield themselves in worship. A single cry from the Vermilion Bird was enough to startle all of the aerial types of magical beasts.

The Vermilion Bird's strength far exceeded the ordinary magical beasts' power, but they could only surmise its strength from rumors. As for the Vermilion Bird Family who was established with the Vermilion Bird's strength, they were in a slow decline after they had flourished for the past two hundred years. It had been nearly a hundred years, and there was not a single person in the Vermilion Bird Family who could awaken the sleeping Vermilion Bird again, let alone to make a contract with it.

That had remained a touchy subject for the Vermilion Bird Family for many years.

Everyone knew that if one possessed the Vermilion Bird, they would command the Vermilion Bird Family and they could also lead the family back to their peak!

It was something that every disciple of the Vermilion Bird Family longed for day and night. However, after so many years, no one could awaken the Vermilion Bird that laid dormant in the Lava Mountains, let alone to sign a contract with it.

"Family Head, this isn't only applicable to our Vermilion Bird Family. For the Azure Dragon, the White Tiger, the Black Tortoise, and the Qilin family, it has already been over hundreds of years since someone could awaken their mythological beast." Shen Feng's third son, Shen Jing, softly muttered.

Shen Jing's words were a fact. When the Longxuan Empire was founded, it obtained the protection of the five ancient mythological beasts, and they began to establish the country complacently. However, within those hundreds of years, the five mythological beasts seemed to have agreed to enter a state of slumber together, and none of them had woken ever since. That had caused the five aristocratic families to be anxious and worried as the mythological beasts were the basis of their foundation.

Shen Feng frowned and shot a glance at Shen Jing. He had six sons, and Shen Jing was the most incompetent of them all. If he did not spend his time in drinking and pleasure, then he would fool around with the other aristocrats all day long. If it was not for his bloodline, Shen Feng truly wished that he had thrown his unfilial son to the other branch of the family where he would struggle for his survival.

