

Overbearing 8

Chapter 8: Retract the Divorce Letter? I

Feng Ruqing's eyes narrowed but she did not utter a word.

"Besides the recipes, Qing Han and I are very useful. However, we have been starving for years so our strengths have not been improving. Once we have regained our strength, we could be your most powerful warriors," said Fu Chen anxiously as he saw the silent Feng Ruqing.

"How do you improve your strength?"

"We are a little special, we feed on Grade-3 spirit herbs..." Fu Chen raised three fingers as he looked fearfully at Feng Ruqing.

"Grade-3 spirit herbs? You are no different from a thief," Feng Ruqing snarled.

A Grade-2 spirit herb was extremely rare in this kingdom, let alone Grade 3. Even if she spent all her savings, she could only afford a Grade-2 spirit herb. These little kids were actually asking for Grade-3 spirit herbs?

"No, you are our herb..." Before he said the word 'slave', Fu Chen quickly noticed the murderous intent flashing in Feng Ruqing's eyes and held his tongue.

"You are our mother ¹. Naturally, you would find a way to get Grade-3 spirit herbs. Presently, your strength is too low and can only sow Grade-1 spirit herbs."

Spirit herbs would only grow with spiritual qi in the surroundings. Even though it could be replicated by humans, one would need to attain a certain level of strength to sow them.

"How do I leave this medium?" Feng Ruqing asked softly.

She had left her chamber for quite some time. Someone might find out that she was missing if she did not get back in time.

"We can send you out. You can just call our names if you want to get back in here again."

"Alright, get me out now."

As soon as she finished speaking, she was engulfed by warm sunlight. A blinding light flashed, making her close her eyes. After the light faded, she was back in her chamber.

Feng Ruqing lowered her eyes and rubbed her wrist. The red thread on her wrist was gone without a trace.

At this moment, the door opened. A pretty servant walked toward her with a bowl of plain congee in her hands. When she saw Feng Ruqing lying on the bed, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"Your Highness, this is the plain congee that His Majesty had ordered the imperial chef to cook for you. Let me feed you."

This servant was the first person Feng Ruqing had met. She was the maiden who had ran away from Feng Ruqing as if she had received too much of a shock.

“I don’t want to eat it now. Put it down. I want to meet my father.”

“Your Highness, you have not fully recovered yet. Please get some rest. You can take revenge on Tan Shuangshuang anytime when you fully recover.” Stunned, Qing Ling leaned over and held Feng Ruqing in her arms.

All these years, Qing Ling had always been by her side whenever she looked for trouble. Hence, when Feng Ruqing wanted to get up, she quickly thought that Feng Ruqing wanted to take revenge on Tan Shuangshuang. The princess had nearly lost her life because of Tan Shuangshuang. Naturally, the princess would not let her off so easily.

“Why should I take revenge on Tan Shuangshuang? I have something to discuss with the emperor. You don’t have to come with me.” Feng Ruqing frowned. She got off the bed and put a shawl around her shoulders.

Qing Ling stood rooted to the spot. The princess was completely different after she had woken up. She was colder than she was before.