

**Chapter 211: Ran Away From Home (3)**

With that said, Mu Su's legs suddenly turned jelly.

What did he say?

He actually said that His Highness was a wife of a bandit chief?

And it was even heard by His Highness...

There was no way he would get by the days!

"Your Highness, listen... listen to my explanation... I uh..." Mu Su really was about to cry as he looked at Han Cangming. Had he known that His Highness would appear at that time, he would definitely not dare to ramble on randomly even if everyone lent him their courage!

*Your Highness, why did you not appear earlier nor later but right at that time...*

*Did you really not appear to torture me on purpose?*

Mu Su was still thinking about how to make His Highness pardon him from death, but he noticed that...

Han Cangming's eyes did not even stay on him at all; they looked right over him and at the little figure which was riding away in the opposite direction.

*Is His Highness looking at Lady Ye?*

Mu Su's heart shook. He faintly sensed that the eyes that His Highness were looking at Ye Qingtang with were a little different from their initial coldness.

*Could it be that... towards Lady Ye, His Highness really "developed feelings after spending time together" in this half a month?*

"Uh... Your Highness, are you feeling better?" Mu Su asked cautiously. Han Cangming turned into animal form previously because of the surge of the Aura of the Evil. Now that he could return back into a human form, it seemed that... there should not be any big problems anymore.

"It is alright." Han Cangming replied.

Mu Su heaved a sigh of relief but did not dare to speak carelessly again, as he was afraid that Han Cangming would behead him once he remembered what he said about being the "wife of the bandit chief."

...

On the other side, Ye Qingtang was on their way to Spirit Condensation Mountain Village with Lin Long and the rest.

After a long day of traveling, the group stopped their journey as night fell. They lit a fire in a forest by the road and rested.

“Senior Brother Zhou, the Village Master of Spirit Condensation Mountain Village is skilled, and there are a large number of highly-skilled people in the village protecting the village. How could it disappear just like that?” A disciple could not help but question after pondering about the case.

Zhou Xuan replied. “This is hard to say. With over three hundred people dying in a night, it was impossible for the surrounding people to not know of such a big commotion. Furthermore, that entire area is under the influence of Spirit Condensation Mountain Village. If there was anything, the people outside the mountain village would definitely not sit still and do nothing. However, the report to the sect did not mention this. I think... perhaps the other party might have poisoned them in secret.”

Over three hundred people were killed in a night in Spirit Condensation Mountain Village, and it could be said that the amount of blood within the village could form a river. Yet, no one outside the sect realized it, and this was a little strange.

People nearby Spirit Condensation Mountain Village had investigated the matter before as well, but there was still no clue. Hence, they had no choice but to request Xuanling Sect for help.

“Could it be a vendetta?”

“Can’t be sure.”

Zhou Xuan and the two other disciples chatted by the fire. Lin Long had a quiet personality, and, thus, she only sat at a side while reading the file without saying anything at all.

And because of what Zhou Xuan deliberately said previously, the other two disciples disliked Ye Qingtang. On the journey, they were unwilling to speak to Ye Qingtang and treated her as though she did not exist.

During the conversation, Zhou Xuan purposely looked up casually at Ye Qingtang, who made her own fire, and his lips formed into a sneer.

*Ye Qingtang, cherish your limited days left.*

*Once we reach Spirit Condensation Mountain Village, I will bury you together with those three hundred dead souls in the village!*

## **Chapter 212: Spirit Condensation Mountain Village (1)**

On the journey, Zhou Xuan made things difficult for Ye Qingtang both covertly and overtly but never really attacked her. He merely used words to lead the two disciples who were dissatisfied with Ye Qingtang’s spirit root to give Ye Qingtang some attitude, although she completely ignored their sarcastic and discriminating gazes.

Very obviously, Zhou Xuan did not plan to attack Ye Qingtang on the road.

Although they left Xuanling Sect, killing off a fellow disciple would require a safe and sound opportunity. Zhou Xuan was not willing to let others have something on him. Thus... his target had been locked on the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village from the very start.

There was the main field for him to deal with Ye Qingtang.

After an arduous journey, the five people finally reached Spirit Condensation Mountain Village.

Plants were flattened on a tall mountain, and there were houses situated from the foot of the mountain all the way to the peak. This entire mountain was under Spirit Condensation Mountain Village's possession, and everyone who resided there was a part of forces affiliated to Spirit Condensation Mountain Village. With one look, one could see that there were hundreds of families living there.

Ye Qingtang and the rest had just reached the foot of the mountain, but their Xuanling Sect uniform attracted the attention of the people nearby the mountain village. In no time, an old man and a handsome young man approached them quickly.

"Sorry for not coming ahead to welcome you as we were unaware of your arrival. Do pardon us!" That elderly lifted his clothes and knelt before the five teenagers on horses without caring about seniority.

The young man beside the elderly immediately followed the elderly and knelt with his head hung low as well.

Similarly, the surrounding citizens knelt down earnestly in awe and respect on both sides of the Xuanling Sect disciples.

The reverence of a sect was simply not what a normal person could offend. In the eyes of ordinary citizens, those who entered a sect were mighty figures standing on top of the clouds—holy and could not be infringed.

Zhou Xuan and the rest had been in the sect for a long time and were already used to such a grand greeting. This was how noble a sect disciple was in the eyes of normal people.

Moreover, Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was originally reliant on Xuanling Sect, and, thus, the people were even more reverent towards them.

"Rise. We are ordered here to investigate the tragedy in Spirit Condensation Mountain Village. Which of you is the current person in charge?" Zhou Xuan, who was sitting on a horse, glanced across the group of people before him.

That old man slowly rose and stepped forward. "I was originally the Apothecary of Spirit Condensation Mountain Village and am considered the person in charge of this place right now. This is..." He raised his hand and pointed to the silent young man beside him.

"This is the adopted stepson of the Village Master, Wu Zheng. We have been waiting for you all for a long time. Please do us, Spirit Condensation Mountain Village, justice."

"Of course." Zhou Xuan replied proudly.

"You all must be worn out from the journey. We have already prepared food and drinks. You all can dismount and rest for a while while understanding the situation here," The Apothecary said respectfully.

Zhou Xuan nodded slightly. After exchanging a look with the other disciples, he immediately dismounted and headed to their destination with the company of the Apothecary and Wu Zheng.

Ye Qingtang walked beside Lin Long at the tail of the team and looked at the surrounding citizen's faces casually.

Perhaps it was because a bloody massacre happened, fear and uneasiness were prevalent in the citizens' eyes, though they faked a calm front. Only after they saw Ye Qingtang and the others did that look of uneasiness fade away slowly, though their ash-pale faces were enough to prove the trepidation they felt over the past few days.

### **Chapter 213: Skull Tower (1)**

"Junior Sister Ye." Zhou Xuan suddenly called Ye Qingtang.

Ye Qingtang lifted her eyes slightly. Zhou Xuan's face was pale as he was disgusted by the skulls. Ye Qingtang's mouth tilted.

"Junior Sister Ye, this is your first time attending a sect mission. I will not risk your life for some dangerous tasks, but you need some training. The skulls here may contain some clues of the tragedy at the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village. Thus... you must check through every single skull here carefully to look for clues," Zhou Xuan said in a noble way. It seemed that he really picked the best task for Ye Qingtang wholeheartedly.

The two disciples sneered as Zhou Xuan finished his words.

Frankly speaking, if they took a few more looks at the rotten skulls, they would be vomiting. They would never touch the skull for investigation. Furthermore... the skulls had decayed to the extent that there were little or no clues left at all. They definitely did not want to waste energy on this kind of task.

However...

They were delighted if Ye Qingtang could take the task.

Lin Long frowned upon hearing Zhou Xuan's words.

Ye Qingtang clearly noticed what a hypocrite Zhou Xuan was. Surprisingly, she did not reject Zhou Xuan's proposal. She shrugged her shoulder and agreed. "Okay."

No one expected that Ye Qingtang would agree with that so easily.

Even an adult male might not be able to face the rotten skull tower without fear, how could a young lady be capable of such a feat? However, Ye Qingtang agreed without hesitation.

Zhou Xuan was expecting Ye Qingtang to reject his proposal. His mouth twitched. But when he remembered that Ye Qingtang would spend her time with the rotten skulls, he felt more relieved.

"Thank you for the trouble, Junior Sister Ye." Zhou Xuan faked a smile and looked towards the Apothecary.

"There are only the skulls of the three hundred people from the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village here. Where are their bodies?"

“The corpses are scattered around the village. I will show you the way.” The Apothecary answered.

Zhou Xuan lifted his eyebrow slightly and took a glance at Ye Qingtang.

“Okay then,” he said.

“Junior Village Master, I’m afraid you have to accompany this lady here to identify these skulls,” The Apothecary said towards Wu Zheng.

The handsome young man who remained silent nodded without any expressions.

The Apothecary then led Zhou Xuan and the rest to other places in the village. Lin Long wanted to stay, but Ye Qingtang shook her head. Lin Long paused for a moment and followed up with Zhou Xuan.

Ye Qingtang chuckled as Zhou Xuan and the rest left.

How could she not know Zhou Xuan’s intentions?

However...

Zhou Xuan wanted to scare her with these rotten skulls, but he would be disappointed soon. What kind of bloody scene had she not witnessed before in the tortures of her previous life?

She even spent days under rotten corpses to hide from the killings.

How could she be scared of a few hundred skulls?

Such a joke.

Ye Qingtang withdrew her sight. She did not bother about Zhou Xuan’s little trick. She only cared about the tragedy at the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village.

In her previous life, the tragedy remained unsolved after two hundred years, and this was Ye Qingtang’s first sect mission. It would not be good news for a new disciple to fail their first mission.

## **Chapter 214: Skull Tower (2)**

Though the skulls were sprinkled with powder that delayed the decaying process, the degree of decaying of the flesh was still very obvious. Furthermore, the skulls were exposed in the open yard, and the crows that were attracted by the decaying smell pecked the skulls. Among the flesh, pus that came from the decaying matter had covered the entire skulls, making them look extremely disgusting.

However, Ye Qingtang seemed to not notice the disgusting scene. She walked to the skull tower directly and took down the top skull.

The moment the skull was removed, the whole skull tower seemed to experience severe vibrations. The three hundred skulls rolled down and fell beside Ye Qingtang’s feet. Ye Qingtang was surrounded by the hundreds of rotten skulls within a second.

Wu Zheng who remained silent throughout shivered slightly. The horrifying scene was hard to look steadily at.

However...

When Wu Zheng looked up, he was shocked by the young lady who seemed to be standing in a scene of carnage.

The young lady stood among the flesh with the sunlight shining on her. There was no trace of fear on her delicate face. Her eyes were lowered to stare at the rotten skull in her hands. When the sunlight reached her long eyelashes, she appeared so mysterious.

She seemed to be smiling with her lips tilted slightly.

It seemed like...

She was holding a piece of jewelry instead of a disgusting skull.

Ye Qingtang flipped the skull in her hand to have a view of all sides. She just allowed the pus to drop through her fingers freely. She scanned through the skull that belonged to the Village Master Wu Chengze.

Wu Zheng had never met such a young lady before. She could still remain that calm in front of the bloody scenes.

Ye Qingtang stared at the skull for quite a while. She suddenly looked up and asked Wu Zheng who was stunned at the side. "This belongs to Wu Chengze?"

Wu Zheng pulled himself out of astonishment and nodded slightly.

Ye Qingtang did not ask further. She just took a look at the skull again and left it at the side. She then picked up another skull...

"Are you the adopted son of the Village Master?" Ye Qingtang checked through the skull on her hand and asked questions that seemed to be irrelevant.

"Yes." Wu Zheng answered respectfully. He had to be polite and respectful in front of a sect disciple even if he was the Master's own son.

"When did you come to the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village?" Ye Qingtang seemed to be asking Wu Zheng, but her sight never left the skulls.

Wu Zheng looked down and said, "When I was still an infant, father brought me back to the village."

"Where were you when the tragedy happened?" Ye Qingtang looked towards Wu Zheng.

Based on her memory from her previous life, the whole force collapsed after the tragedy. But she had never heard of people mentioning about the adopted son Wu Zheng.

"Father asked me to send the Young Lady of the Dongyue family back. She came for a birthday celebration." Wu Zheng replied.

### **Chapter 215: Skull Tower (3)**

The night before the tragedy was Wu Chengze's fifty years old birthday celebration. Many guests came, and the celebration lasted until midnight.

The Dongyue family that Wu Zheng mentioned was another prestigious family nearby. There was a rumor that the two families had agreed on the marriage alliance.

Ye Qingtang nodded and did not speak anymore. It seemed that all the questions before were just some random thoughts. After that, besides asking Wu Zheng about the origin of the skulls, there was no further conversation.

Before the sunset, Zhou Xuan and the rest who walked through the entire village were all very pale.

The Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was not small, but the three hundred corpses were everywhere in the village. Everywhere that they could see was covered by blood. The decaying smell made them feel like they were walking in hell.

"Senior Brother Zhou, the situation of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village... seems to be more complicated than what we thought," a disciple who vomited many times said.

Zhou Xuan nodded in acknowledgment. Everything they saw today was bloody, but there were no useful clues at all.

"Everyone's head in the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was chopped off, and the wound was very neat. There were no traces of fighting beside the corpses. It's not revenge."

"If it were revenge, how could they just succumb so easily?"

Zhou Xuan contemplated for a while and looked towards the Lin Long, who was walking at the back. "Junior Sister Lin, did you discover anything?"

Lin Long shook her head.

Zhou Xuan frowned and felt a bit annoyed. How could they accomplish the mission without any clues?

"There are no clues here. What about the skulls?" One of the disciples said.

Zhou Xuan was stunned for a while and then remembered that Ye Qingtang was still in that mountain of skulls. He sneered and said, "We shall see Junior Sister Ye's investigation results."

"What can she find out? I don't think she will be able to find any clues at all. I suppose that she was terrified by the skulls and did not even dare to touch the skulls. Senior Brother Zhou, Ye Qingtang is just a burden. She can't do anything besides finding more troubles for us." One of the disciples twitched his mouth and did not expect any results from Ye Qingtang.

"It's her first time attending a sect mission. We should tolerate her even if she creates some trouble. We are all her Senior Brothers and Senior Sisters, so we must look after her," Zhou Xuan said with a strong sense of righteousness.

"Senior Brother Zhou, you are too kind to her. She did not feel grateful to your kindness at all," another disciple said coldly.

Zhou Xuan did not say much. He just waved his hand. "Don't mention it anymore. We shall go check out the situation at the yard."

In the eyes of the two disciples, Zhou Xuan was taking care of Ye Qingtang in all perspectives. Even if Ye Qingtang died, they would not find Zhou Xuan suspicious at all.

And this...

This was what Zhou Xuan wanted.

The two disciples were obviously misled by Zhou Xuan's fake kindness and looked down on Ye Qingtang, who only possessed a red spirit root. The group of people walked into the yard and waited to see Ye Qingtang's pale and panicking face.

However...

They were shocked by the view in front of them when they reached the yard.

### **Chapter 216: Burden? (1)**

There was an "odd" harmony in the bloody yard.

The skulls that were stacked up previously were now arranged neatly in a few lines on the ground. All of them were facing the same direction without any flaws. It seemed that countless corpses were buried underground, leaving only the skulls above the ground. Those pairs of empty eyes stared straight at the direction where Zhou Xuan came from.

The disciple who almost vomited previously was shocked by the scene. His legs trembled and almost fell to the ground.

"What the hell!"

Ye Qingtang, who was wiping off the dirt on her hand, raised her head when she heard the scream. There seemed to be a faint smile on her delicate face, and her eyes were half-closed, looking towards Zhou Xuan and the rest.

"My fellow Senior Brothers and Senior Sisters, how's the investigation?" Ye Qingtang asked in a lazy voice. Her tone seemed to be filled with slight sarcasm.

Zhou Xuan was stunned when he saw Ye Qingtang standing there and smiling to him. She did not seem to be affected at all.

What was Ye Qingtang planning to do?

Was she really a fifteen-year-old young lady?

How could a young lady remain so calm in front of all the rotten skulls? If it was other normal people, they might be scared to death.

Besides Zhou Xuan, the other two disciples who were unhappy with Ye Qingtang now stared at her in horror.



Zhou Xuan suppressed his astonishment. He did not answer Ye Qingtang directly. Instead, he scanned through the skulls and said, "Junior Sister Ye, What is this for? The people of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village died mysteriously. Even though you are still playful at your age, you should not play with the skulls of the dead people."

Zhou Xuan sounded like he was trying to educate Ye Qingtang. However, he was actually criticizing her for not respecting the dead.

Ye Qingtang sneered. She bent down and picked up one skull.

Zhou Xuan sneered secretly after witnessing Ye Qingtang's move, but he did not show anything on his face.

"Junior Sister Ye, that's not appropriate," He said and frowned.

He then looked towards the Apothecary and tried to apologize.

"My Junior Sister is still young and does not know her manners well. Please understand."

Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was a side force of the Xuanling Sect. Under any circumstances, disrespecting the dead was out of the manner.

The Apothecary was stunned, but he did not dare to blame a sect disciple. He could only shake his head.

Zhou Xuan then looked towards Ye Qingtang and commanded. "Junior Sister Ye, do not do such unreasonable things. We are here for an investigation, not to mess around. Put back the skulls now."

Zhou Xuan's command made the other two disciples dislike Ye Qingtang even more. They were surprised by Ye Qingtang's courage, but disrespecting the dead was really inappropriate.

"Junior Sister Ye, Spirit Condensation Mountain Village is under our sect. Do not ruin our fame!" One of the disciples was displeased.

Ye Qingtang raised her eyebrows slightly. She smiled when she noticed how the rest were convinced by Zhou Xuan. She ignored Zhou Xuan's cankered face and looked straight to the skull on her hand.

"The degree of the decay of these three hundred skulls here is very severe. However, there is no obvious wound besides normal decay."

## **Chapter 217: Burden? (2)**

Zhou Xuan was stunned a little when Ye Qingtang suddenly spoke.

"Junior Sister Ye, there are three hundred skulls here. We need further investigation to understand the situation. You should not be so certain with your judgment. Our investigation is closely related to the three hundred lives here. We should examine every single skull. You cannot just conclude with a few sentences. Take this seriously." Zhou Xuan sneered.

The other two disciples also showed unpleasant expressions. They would not believe that Ye Qingtang could investigate the three hundred skulls within such a short period of time and reach a conclusion.

Ye Qingtang smiled when the rest challenged her. Her white fingers swiped through the pus on the decayed flesh. She forced open the mouth of the skull and pulled out the rotten tongue.

“Senior Brother Zhou, look carefully. Is there anything abnormal with the tongue?”

Zhou Xuan frowned as he felt disgusted by the rotten tongue. However, he did not show anything on his face and pretended to be calm. “Just a rotten tongue.”

Ye Qingtang chuckled and pulled out the dagger from her waist. She used the dagger to scale down a layer of mucus from the tongue and put it in front of Zhou Xuan.

Zhou Xuan almost vomited when he suddenly saw the disgusting mucus in front of his eyes.

“Senior Brother Zhou, the tongue is severely rotten indeed. But the residue of the Duanyuan Grass is well preserved.”

“Duanyuan Grass?” Zhou Xuan’s face changed. He controlled his impulse to vomit and took a closer look at the mucus.

It was true that there was some dark green plant residue among the mucus. The residue was very tiny, and it was easily neglected if one did not examine carefully.

“Duanyuan Grass is a type of poisonous grass grown at the edge of the cliff. It is not fatal, but it will cause people to faint within a short period of time. The person will lose all senses and will not wake up no matter how noisy the surroundings are.”

“Furthermore, it does not contain any smell. If it is crushed and put into tea, people will only treat it as tea leaves. No one will be able to detect that.”

Ye Qingtang smiled and explained.

“The night when the people of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village were murdered was the village master Wu Chengze’s birthday celebration. They were busy for the whole night and were definitely exhausted in the morning. It’s absolutely normal for them to drink some tea to quench their thirst. However, the tea that was mixed with Duanyuan Grass was enough to make everyone in the village faint. I’m afraid they didn’t even know how they died when they were murdered.”

Ye Qingtang spoke slowly. However, Zhou Xuan and the rest were pale when they heard what she said.

They had noticed earlier that all the victims did not fight back before they were murdered. They suspected that someone poisoned them and tested the corpses with a silver needle. But the silver needle did not turn black.

They thought that their direction was wrong as even the most basic drug could turn the silver needle black.

They had never thought that the murderer would use Duanyuan Grass, which did not need any extraction processes.

Duanyuan Grass could make people faint, but it was not poisonous. Thus, no matter how they tried, they would have never found out the conclusion by using the silver needle. Furthermore, Duanyuan Grass

was crushed to powder. If it entered the stomach and was mixed with the flesh, no one could find out anything!

### **Chapter 218: Burden? (3)**

The residue on the tongue was mixed with blood. How many people could notice that?

Zhou Xuan's face clouded up. It was funny to recall how he mocked at Ye Qingtang previously.

They were looking everywhere for the whole afternoon to no avail, yet Ye Qingtang alone found out the hidden clues from such insignificant details.

Burden?

If she was counted as a burden, then... the rest of them could be called useless.

Zhou Xuan, who tried to make things difficult for Ye Qingtang, was embarrassed now. All the sarcastic things he said were punching his own face now.

"Junior Sister Ye, you are... good at... finding details," Zhou Xuan said and gritted his teeth.

Ye Qingtang lifted her eyebrows and said, "Senior Brother Zhou, do you want to take the residue for further investigation?"

She moved the dagger with mucus closer to Zhou Xuan.

The foul smell immediately flew into Zhou Xuan's nose. He stepped back to prevent any contact with the mucus.

"Junior Brother Liu, what are you waiting for? Keep the things here." Zhou Xuan tried to remain calm as he called one of the disciples at the side.

That disciple had vomited a few times by the scenes in the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village. His face was as pale as a piece of paper when Zhou Xuan called his name. His unpleasant face was a clear comparison with Ye Qingtang's smile.

Junior Brother Liu could not help but go forward and take over the dagger. His body was full of goosebumps instantly.

Ye Qingtang smiled as she saw the unpleasant faces.

"Only some of the skulls here have Duanyuan Grass residue, and some are not obvious. If you want to look closely, you need to take their tongues..."

"Junior Sister Ye!" Zhou Xuan stopped Ye Qingtang before she finished her sentence.

He could guess what she was about to say.

The sect disciples here all came from prestigious families. They lived a comfortable life when they were young. Though they were requested to attend the mission, they would never use their hands to touch the filthy stuff. However, Ye Qingtang did not seem to be bothered by that at all.

None of the rest wanted to scale mucus down from the dead people's mouths.

They could feel the goosebumps by just imagining that.

"It's getting late today. We should not rush now. Tomorrow, I will ask the Apothecary to find someone to do that. We need to analyze other things as well. Since we have figured out that it was all caused by Duanyuan Grass, we should discuss the potential suspects who could have used the Duanyuan Grass." Zhou Xuan tried to speak in a normal way, but he felt constricted by Ye Qingtang's behavior and words.

Ye Qingtang just shrugged her shoulder and did not say anything.

"Apothecary, please lead us to the place that we will be staying at. We will figure out the murderer based on the investigation today." Zhou Xuan looked towards the Apothecary and said.

"Yes." The Apothecary replied respectfully.

The Apothecary and Wu Zheng then led the group to their living place. Only after the gate of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was closed, Zhou Xuan and the rest felt slightly relieved.

### **Chapter 219: Hidden Danger (1)**

The Apothecary still found a relatively nice house for Zhou Xuan and the rest to stay even though the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village was destroyed. He did not dare to neglect these disciples of the Xuanling Sect.

"We will go pack our luggage now and gather at the Level 1 hall later to discuss the clues we have found today." Zhou Xuan acted as a leader and gave out commands.

No one had any objections, and everyone returned to their respective rooms.

Zhou Xuan held his composure until the moment he closed his door. He quickly removed his shirt and washed his hands repeatedly with water.

The corpses of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village were there for quite a long time. Though they were spread with powder, it could not slow down the speed of decay. Furthermore, the weather was not cold, and it was possible to have a plague outbreak. That was the reason why Zhou Xuan did not touch any single corpse today.

"Where does Ye Qingtang come from?" Zhou Xuan finally washed off the stink on his body and then remembered Ye Qingtang's behaviors today.

He intended to make things difficult for her by asking her to investigate the skulls. However, she was not scared at all and found out the only clue.

Zhou Xuan felt slightly embarrassed, but... he was not in a rush to eliminate her now.

Zhou Xuan clearly remembered the revenge for Zhou Qu and the orders from Senior Brother Ning Luo. However, he realized the value of Ye Qingtang today. If he could make use of her to find out the truth of the tragedy in Spirit Condensation Mountain Village, it would save a lot of troubles for himself. He could eliminate her afterward... Then, he could kill two birds with one stone.

Zhou Xuan was proud of himself for such brilliant plans. He sat lazily in his chair with his legs crossed. He leaned on the back of the chair, and his eyes were cunning.

“Ye Qingtang, you should treasure the time you have left with and use your brain to help me complete my mission.”

While Zhou Xuan was scheming against Ye Qingtang, Ye Qingtang left her room after washing up.

When she reached the hall, there were no other disciples yet. There was only one tall and handsome young man standing in the hall.

Wu Zheng heard the footsteps and saw Ye Qingtang coming down. He withdrew his sight and lowered his head humbly.

“Lady Ye.” Wu Zheng addressed her with respect.

Ye Qingtang smiled and walked downstairs. She sat on a random chair and used one of her hands to support her head and looked towards Wu Zheng.

Wu Zheng was very tall and had delicate features on his face. He was not that shockingly handsome, but his face was flawless when one observed closely.

“Don’t be so polite, Young Sir. Just sit down and talk.” Ye Qingtang smiled at him.

Wu Zheng hesitated for a while and eventually sat down.

“Since you are adopted by Wu Chengze, do you know who your real parents are?” Ye Qingtang pretended to be bored and threw out a random question.

“My parents are normal hunters. They were killed while hunting. Father adopted me when I was still young back then.” Wu Zheng replied.

“Young Sir, the Village Master and the Junior Masters died during the tragedy. I’m afraid that you will be the heir of the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village in the future, right?” Ye Qingtang chuckled and asked.

## **Chapter 220: Hidden Danger (2)**

Wu Zheng was stunned. He raised his eyes to look at Ye Qingtang, and a trace of shock appeared in the pair of clear eyes.

“Lady Ye, are you suspecting that...”

Ye Qingtang smiled but did not reply to Wu Zheng. Instead, she murmured to herself. “There is a cliff behind the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village, and there should have Duanyuan Grass. Only close people would have the chance to put the Duanyuan Grass in tea after the celebration.”

Wu Zheng’s eyes sparkled. He did not say anything and lowered his eyes.

Ye Qingtang took a glimpse at Wu Zheng and smiled.

“Since it’s not done by strangers, it must be people who are close. Young Sir, did Wu Chengze mistreat anyone supporting the Spirit Condensation Mountain Village before?”

Wu Zheng frowned and shook his head.

“Father is always a kind Village Master. Hundreds of families nearby benefited from father. They were not requested to submit any offerings, as father treated them as family. If Lady Ye has any questions, you can ask around.”

Ye Qingtang nodded. Actually, Spirit Condensation Mountain Village always had a good reputation. There were no rumors about Wu Chengze mistreating the people here.

Lin Long walked down slowly when they were chatting. She exchanged a glance with Ye Qingtang and sat at the side.

While they were waiting for the rest, they heard a range of footsteps from the second level. One of the disciples rushed to the staircase. “Senior Sister Lin! Something’s wrong! Junior Brother Liu... You should go and take a look now!”

The disciple was panicking, and the three people were stunned slightly after hearing his words.

Lin Long stood up immediately and dashed to the second floor. Ye Qingtang and Wu Zheng also followed up.

They soon arrived at the room of Junior Brother Liu.

Junior Brother Liu, who came back with the rest, was extremely pale. He fell by the side of the bed, and his whole body was shivering. His clothes were only half-removed when he collapsed onto the ground and lost his consciousness.

“What happened?” Zhou Xuan also came over. He glanced at Junior Brother Liu who fell onto the ground, and his face suddenly changed.

“I don’t know as well... Just now I wanted to ask him to go downstairs, but I knocked his door for a while, and no one came. Thus, I pushed open the door. I did not expect that... He was lying on the ground when I came in...” The disciple who went to call up the rest replied in fear.

Zhou Xuan put up an unpleasant face. Junior Brother Liu was normal just now. What happened to him within such a short period of time?

“Help him up first.” Zhou Xuan commanded.

The disciple immediately helped Junior Brother Liu up to his bed, and Wu Zheng went to invite the Apothecary over at the same time.

“What happened?” The Apothecary rushed over, and he appeared to be very nervous.

“Please help to take a look at my Junior Brother.” Zhou Xuan requested once he saw the Apothecary.

“Sure, sure...” The Apothecary nodded immediately and went forward to do a checkup for Junior Brother Liu.

