

GED 1321

Chapter 1321: An Astonishing Outcome

Seeing Zuo Qingyu, who was kneeling on the ground, Zuo Ming smiled at Emperor Wu. "Your Majesty, this is Zuo Qingyu, my second daughter. She was the one who insisted on coming to Master Rong Yang."

"Your Majesty?" The old steward was so shocked that his knees buckled.

Emperor Wu nodded. "Good. Your daughter will be rewarded once the formidable weapon is completed."

The formidable weapon?! Zuo Qingyu's stomach lurched when she heard those words.

Seriously? Emperor Wu had brought all these people here to witness the formidable weapon?

Zuo Qingyu looked up at her father.

Zuo Ming rubbed his chin in satisfaction and nodded at his daughter.

Instantly, Zuo Qingyu felt like passing out. She knew she was doomed.

She opened her mouth to say something, but all words failed her.

After checking the color of the sky, Zuo Ming smiled at Zuo Qingyu. "Xiao Yu, where is Master Rong Yang?"

With much difficulty, Zuo Qingyu said, "Master Rong Yang is working on the weapon as we speak."

Zuo Ming already knew the answer, but he needed to ask the question to bring up the next one. "You've been in closer proximity to the master than any of us. So, tell me, has Master Rong Yang hammered it 107 times?"

That was the last thing Zuo Qingyu wanted to talk about, but Zuo Ming wouldn't shut up about it. In her head, Zuo Qingyu was already screaming...

"Yes..." said Zuo Qingyu, clenching her fists.

Zuo Ming glanced at the other officials and smiled. "So, it's true. Lord Mu is right."

The old steward stared at Zuo Ming in bewilderment and wondered why Zuo Qingyu's father looked so happy.

He wanted to say something, but then decided that he should keep silent.

Feng Yanfeng sounded very envious as he said to Zuo Ming, "This weapon is going to be so amazing. Northern Feng General's spear was made with 107 and a half strikes, but the master may use all 108 strikes with this one. Master Zuo, congratulations."

Zuo Ming rubbed his chin and said, "You flatter me."

Zuo Qingyu finally realized what was going on here. Her father really thought that Master Rong Yang was building a weapon for the Zuo family.

She wanted to explain, but the emperor was here, and she didn't know what to say.

It just so happened that her father wouldn't shut up about it, and he was enjoying all the congratulations so much... Zuo Qingyu really wanted to cry now.

Right at that moment, there was another loud sound from under the well.

In the refinery room underground —

Rumble!

After a long while, Master Rong Yang finally made his 108th strike.

This was the first time that he had used all 108 strikes on a weapon!

Instantly, he felt the Fallen Star Sword begin to suck up all his spiritual essence.

He felt like a winter leaf rapidly losing its vitality!

Master Rong Yang began to age visibly. He was wasting away as his muscles shriveled up.

He had been a white-haired man with a young man's face before, but now, his face was haggard-looking.

The sword was draining him of all the spiritual essence he had accumulated over a lifetime.

The sword was like a bottomless pit; it was so terrifying!

Feng Wu was astonished when she saw what was going on.

She tried to pull him away, but as soon as she touched his body, she felt a streak of her spiritual essence being sucked away.

Chapter 1322:

A Hopeless Situation

That was crazy!

It was too late for Feng Wu to take her hand back now!

Whoosh!

Soon, Feng Wu was drained of her spiritual essence as well.

But she was a little better than Master Rong Yang, because she still had a free hand to replenish her spiritual essence.

Feng Wu had made a batch of a spiritual essence supplement a while ago, and had given Master Rong Yang some this time. Right now, she still had about a dozen left.

The spiritual essence supplement made by Feng Wu was nothing like those on the market. The amount of spiritual essence in each bottle alone was beyond imagination.

One bottle, two bottles, three bottles...

Feng Wu felt much more relieved when she drank the supplement. As a result, Master Rong Yang's situation improved as well.

However, the spiritual essence was consumed shortly after it entered her system.

The speed at which she was drained of spiritual essence was terrifying.

Even Feng Wu, who could remain unperturbed even in the face of an erupting volcano, had begun to panic.

At this speed, the amount of supplement she had wouldn't be enough.

Five bottles, ten bottles...

As time went by, Feng Wu was at a loss over what to do.

15 bottles...

Finally, Feng Wu used up all the supplement bottles she had.

Rumble —

She heard a rumble in her head, and began to faintly sense a little creature inside the Fallen Star Sword.

It looked like a tiny human baby with two pointy white ears. Right now, it was curled into a ball and sleeping soundly.

It was smacking its lips as well.

Feng Wu was speechless.

She was on the verge of passing out, when she heard Master Rong Yang's voice.

"Hang on, kiddo. You didn't think that a formidable weapon would be that easy to subdue, did you?"

"I made it with all 108 of my signature strikes; this is going to be the most formidable weapon I've ever made!"

"I don't think I'll be able to make anything better for the rest of my life!"

Feng Wu was astonished by those words.

She didn't expect the Fallen Star Sword to be so impressive, which explained why it was so difficult to subdue it.

Biting hard on the tip of her tongue, Feng Wu used the pain and the taste of blood in her mouth to rouse herself.

She needed spiritual essence. A lot of it.

There was no supplement left, but fortunately, she still had a lot of treasures in her ring space.

There were formations, spiritual equipment, spiritual plants, spiritual stones, spiritual soil... It was everything Feng Wu had accumulated over the years, but no matter how reluctant she was, she had to draw spiritual essence from them now.

Rustle...

Feng Wu could sense all her treasures turning into white powder as soon as the spiritual essence was drawn out of them.

Her beautiful master and his white jade ice bed remained untouched, because Feng Wu would rather die than bring harm to her master.

Time slowly went by.

There was nothing left that she could draw spiritual essence from. Feng Wu was overwhelmed with despair.

But the Fallen Star Sword was still drawing spiritual essence into it. What on earth did it want?!

Desperate and frustrated, Feng Wu trembled from head to toe.

She had to use her beautiful master's spiritual essence, or she would die.

Pfft —

Feng Wu couldn't bring herself to touch her beautiful master, so she gritted her teeth. However, she had reached her limit. The next second, she spat out a mouthful of blood!

Chapter 1323: The Weapon

Master Rong Yang gave Feng Wu a suspicious glance.

He could sense another source of spiritual essence inside Feng Wu, which she would rather die than draw from.

Pfft —

When the spirit of the Fallen Star Sword made another attempt, Feng Wu spat out a mouthful of blood again.

Her blood formed a thin mist which scattered all over the sword.

The blade that looked like a withered twig at first began to revive as soon as the blood landed on it.

All of a sudden!

The tiny sword spirit woke up from its deep sleep and flew toward Feng Wu's neck at lightning speed.

Gurgle —

Feng Wu could sense her blood being drained out of her body as she watched!

Gone with it was her spiritual essence!

Feng Wu could tell that the tiny sword spirit was devouring the spiritual essence in her dantian!

Master Rong Yang fell to the ground and panted after the sword spirit flew out.

All his hair had turned white, the skin on his face was sagging, and he looked so tired that he seemed to have aged 10 years.

But luckily, his life wasn't in danger anymore.

One couldn't say the same for Feng Wu.

She turned ghastly pale as the blood and spiritual essence flowed out of her body. She looked so exhausted that she could collapse at any moment.

But that wasn't the only thing the sword spirit was doing to her. Right now, Feng Wu felt as though her internal organs were being crushed.

She kept vomiting blood until the ground was stained red. It looked very terrifying.

Her vision went blurry, and she was losing consciousness...

She was about to crash, when the tiny sword spirit was finally satiated.

It then flew back into the Fallen Star Sword. The blade then lit up, looking as limpid as clear water, and gave out such dense spiritual essence!

Whoosh —

The sword then leapt toward the opening of the well.

Feng Wu cried out, "My sword —"

Master Rong Yang took a deep breath and said, "Don't worry, kiddo. It's not going anywhere."

After those words, Master Rong Yang dashed off as fast as he could.

However, the sword moved much faster than the master. It shot out of the well and charged at the crowd.

It had absorbed Feng Wu's blood, but that wasn't enough!

Pffft!

The blade cut Zuo Qingyu's arm open, splashing blood everywhere, before it charged at the old steward.

A large crowd had already gathered outside the well.

Emperor Wu and the others were sitting in their chairs and waiting for the formidable weapon to come out. However, this grand entrance wasn't what they had expected.

Whoosh —

Everyone sucked in their breaths when they saw the flying sword.

Right at that moment!

Zuo Ming finally reacted and cried out, "That's it! That's the weapon! That's the formidable weapon of my family! Qingyu, order it to stop!"

The blade had made such a deep gash on her arm that she could barely move.

She looked frustrated when she said, "Father, it won't listen to me..."

"Impossible!" Zuo Ming wouldn't believe it. "It has tasted your blood, which means that there's a blood bond between you and the sword! Just recite the bonding spell!"

Zuo Qingyu's stomach lurched.

She knew better than anyone else that the Fallen Star Sword belonged to Feng Wu. However, she wondered if the method her father had mentioned would work.

Without thinking, Zuo Qingyu began to make a hand seal as she chanted the words.

Chapter 1324: Come Back Here!

Emperor Wu and the other officials were all astonished when they saw the irritated flying sword in the air.

This formidable weapon was quite the character.

Zuo Ming prompted Zuo Qingyu to subdue the sword, and she did as she was told.

She quickly chanted the spell.

All eyes were on the sword, and everyone wondered if it would surrender.

However, the old steward was flustered.

"This isn't right. The weapon belongs to Feng Wu. What's Zuo Qingyu doing?"

To his frustration, the weapon seemed baffled and actually stopped in midair. As Zuo Qingyu's chanting sped up, it slowly flew toward her.

Emperor Wu and the others watched with great interest, and the emperor rubbed his chin and nodded. "What an amazing sword."

Lord Mu cupped his hands at Zuo Ming and said, "Master Zuo, your family is so blessed. Zuo Qingluan is already the top teenage cultivator of her generation, and your second daughter seems to be as amazing as her sister."

Zuo Ming humbly expressed his gratitude, but couldn't hide the satisfied smile on his face. Deep down, he was overwhelmed with pride.

The Fallen Star Sword was slowly flying toward Zuo Qingyu, and her eyes lit up with excitement. Just when everyone thought that the sword was going to become Zuo Qingyu's —

"Come back here!"

They heard a furious voice.

Everyone jumped at the bellow and turned in the direction of the voice.

Feng Wu stood next to the well with her face drained of all color.

She was frowning, and the look in her eyes was as sharp as blades. She stared at the weapon in the air.

To everyone's astonishment, the sword that was slowly flying toward Zuo Qingyu paused for a moment in the air, before it turned around and flew toward Feng Wu.

Everyone was speechless.

Zuo Ming's face immediately darkened.

Zuo Qingyu didn't look any happier than her father. She stared at Feng Wu so hard that her eyes popped out.

"Come back here!"

Zuo Qingyu shouted at the sword as well.

But —

The Fallen Star Sword had recognized Feng Wu as its owner and no longer responded to Zuo Qingyu's voice.

Feng Wu spread open her palm, and the scarlet sword landed in it.

The red color disappeared after that, and the sword was silver and bright again. It glistened like flowing water and was as docile as a sleeping child.

Everyone was speechless.

Feng Yanfeng's eyes widened. "Feng Wu! You!"

Zuo Ming's face was darker than a stormy sky. He glared at Feng Wu and bellowed, "Feng Wu! How dare you steal my family's weapon?!"

Because she had used her own blood to nourish the sword, Feng Wu was ghastly pale at the moment and felt completely drained.

Zuo Ming's bellow almost struck her down.

Crack —

Feng Wu had to thrust the Fallen Star Sword into the ground to steady herself.

Zuo Ming turned around and stared at Feng Yanfeng. "Master Feng, is this how the Feng family does things? I'm amazed!"

Feng Yanfeng broke out in a cold sweat.

He was one of the lower ranking officials among these people, and had been feeling nervous, but Feng Wu had just dragged him under the spotlight!

Chapter 1325: It's Not Mine?

Feng Yanfeng immediately begged for Zuo Ming's forgiveness. He then glared at Feng Wu and bellowed, "Feng Wu! Do you have any idea what you're doing?! Apologize to Master Zuo now and hand over the sword!"

The emperor was right there with them; was she trying to ruin the entire clan?!

Feng Wu felt wretched right now.

Her head was completely numb from blood loss, as though it was buried under the snow. She was too weak to even lift a finger.

She had no strength to look up when Feng Yanfeng scolded her, and could only take in one deep breath after another.

Her spiritual essence would eventually recover, but it would take time.

After Feng Yanfeng lashed out at Feng Wu, he realized that she was completely ignoring him.

Infuriated, he rushed over to her and snatched the Fallen Star Sword away. "This belongs to the Zuo family!"

Feng Wu was so weak that she had no strength left to fight back. She even stumbled backward and almost fell to the ground.

Feng Yanfeng quickly walked up to Zuo Qingyu and handed her the sword with both hands. He smiled obsequiously and said, "Miss Zuo, here's your sword."

Zuo Qingyu felt conflicted.

She knew better than anyone else that Feng Wu was the owner of the sword. However, so many people were watching her now, and she had to stick to her story for the sake of her family's pride. She took the sword with both hands and nodded at Feng Yanfeng.

She looked so unperturbed and composed that the others were convinced that it was only right for Feng Wu to give the sword back.

The other officials all congratulated Zuo Ming for obtaining such a formidable weapon.

However, they heard a voice at that moment.

"It's my sword," Feng Wu stared at Zuo Qingyu and said coldly.

Zuo Qingyu's smile stiffened for a split second, before she snorted. "It's made with the dragon scale gold of my family. How can it be yours?"

She was determined to keep the weapon.

Feng Wu smiled coldly. "Zuo Qingyu, can you convince yourself with that lie?"

Emperor Wu and the others were on their way out, but they stopped when they heard those words and gave Feng Wu strange looks.

This was going to be interesting.

With the sword in her hand, Zuo Qingyu had no choice but to convince herself that the sword had been rightfully hers from the beginning.

As for the servants of the Rong manor, she was confident that she could silence them all.

Zuo Qingyu kept her cold gaze on Feng Wu and asked, "Feng Wu, I've been meaning to ask you. This formidable weapon obviously belongs to my family, so why did you even try to steal it? Who on earth do you think you are?!"

Feng Wu found her claim preposterous. If she wasn't so weak, she would have given Zuo Qingyu a long speech.

Unfortunately, excruciating pain would run through her body whenever she tried to speak.

Emperor Wu frowned, raised an eyebrow, and stared at Feng Wu.

Obviously, he knew who Feng Wu was, and for a while, he even thought that she and Jun Linyuan would be a perfect match. However, if she really was the kind of person that Zuo Qingyu was describing... Emperor Wu shook his head.

Feng Wu was so weak that she only managed to squeeze out a few words. "It's not yours."

"Did you just say that it isn't mine?" Zuo Qingyu smirked

Chapter 1326: Fallen Star Sword!

"If it's yours, why did it fly toward me after it was completed?"

Feng Wu smirked. "If it's yours, why did it come back to me?"

Zuo Qingyu's face stiffened. She then smirked and said, "You assisted Master Rong Yang in forging the weapon. Maybe you tampered with it. Who knows?"

"Luckily, you can't keep lying forever. No matter what trick you tried, you can't change the fact that this sword belongs to me!"

Zuo Qingyu sounded so righteous that she believed her own lie.

The old steward, Yuan, and all the other servants of the Rong manor gave her strange looks.

They had all been there when she made a bet with Feng Wu, and they all knew that the sword should belong to the latter. How could Zuo Qingyu tell such a blatant lie?

Feng Wu was so furious that she laughed, and her bloodless cheeks flushed. "Zuo Qingyu, I'm so amazed."

Zuo Qingyu smirked. "Are you mocking me now? So, tell me this: If this really is your sword, why does it contain my family's dragon scale gold?"

Everyone gave Feng Wu strange looks now.

Zuo Qingyu was right. The golden flash on the sword came from the dragon scale gold, something that only the Zuo family had.

“So, she’s Feng Wu.” Lord Mu finally recognized that name.

Mu Yaoyao had held a grudge against Feng Wu and provoked her repeatedly. However, she had been defeated every single time, and had had to drop out of school and go back to Firmament Palace in the end. Naturally, Lord Mu blamed everything on Feng Wu.

He glanced at Feng Wu coldly and told Emperor Wu, “I’ve heard Feng Wu’s name before. Yaoyao, my daughter, dropped out of school because of her.”

Those words instantly changed other people’s opinion of Feng Wu.

Zuo Qingyu smirked and was determined to keep the sword.

Feng Wu kept her back ramrod straight, opened her right hand, and shouted, “Fallen Star Sword, come back!”

Fallen Star Sword?

Was that the name of the sword?

All eyes were on Zuo Qingyu and the sword in her hand.

If the sword belonged to her, it would never answer Feng Wu’s summons.

However, to their great surprise, the Fallen Star Sword started struggling.

No!

Zuo Qingyu grabbed the Fallen Star Sword and held onto it with all her might.

The sword was only swaying slightly at first, but the harder Zuo Qingyu gripped it, the more violently it struggled.

“No! I won’t let it!”

Zuo Qingyu wrapped her fingers even tighter around the hilt.

Bulging blue veins were visible on her forehead and her arms, and her hands shook nonstop. Her face twisted with all the effort.

Emperor Wu frowned.

As an emperor, he was anything but dumb. It was obvious that the Fallen Star Sword didn’t recognize Zuo Qingyu as its owner. Instead, Zuo Qingyu was forcing it to stay with her.

Crack —

Soon, the sword’s movements couldn’t be controlled. In the end, there was a loud thump.

Poor Zuo Qingyu. She was thrown off balance and fell backward. As everyone watched, the Fallen Star Sword flew toward Feng Wu.

It moved at lightning speed and landed in Feng Wu’s palm.

Chapter 1327: She Says It’s Her Fallen Star Sword!

The scarlet blade calmed down once it was resting in Feng Wu's palm.

The roaring sound faded until it completely disappeared.

Everyone was speechless.

"Feng Wu! Give me back my Fallen Star Sword! Give it back to me!" Zuo Qingyu pounced at Feng Wu and tried to hit her. She looked like she had lost her mind.

Feng Wu only sneered at her in silence.

A murderous look flickered in Zuo Ming's eyes, and he glared at Feng Wu. "Feng Wu, are you going to declare war against the Zuo family now?!"

Feng Wu only smirked.

"I see! You're the first person who has dared to ignore me like this! No one will blame me for killing you, then!" Zuo Ming raised a hand, and a streak of cold light shot at Feng Wu's face.

Jun Linyuan had kept his silence the entire time, but he was also watching Feng Wu closely.

He wondered how stubborn the girl could be.

The Zuo family had cornered her, but she still wouldn't ask for his help.

One word from her and he would stand up for her.

As frustrated as the crown prince was, he couldn't bring himself to see Feng Wu hurt.

Hence, as soon as Zuo Ming took action, the crown prince stepped out.

However, someone else got there first.

Master Rong Yang had finally climbed out of the well on trembling legs.

The first thing he saw was the sharp object flying toward Feng Wu, so he struck down at it with his walking stick.

It was no ordinary walking stick.

Thump!

It hit the flying weapon and made a loud clang, sending sparks everywhere.

The noise shocked everyone.

"Master —"

Seeing his master, the old steward ran to his side immediately.

Instantly, everyone turned to look at Master Rong Yang.

All his hair had turned snowy white, his skin was sagging, and he looked at least 10 years older.

Even Emperor Wu looked surprised; he couldn't believe that this man was the Master Rong Yang he knew.

Zuo Qingyu blanched as soon as she saw Master Rong Yang. Her heart pounded, but she still wouldn't give up hope.

Master Rong Yang owed the Zuo family a favor, which was why he had agreed to help Zuo Qingyu when she showed up at his door.

Zuo Qingyu prayed in her heart that Master Rong Yang would show her family some consideration.

He didn't have to take her side. All he had to do was keep his silence.

But Zuo Qingyu was soon disappointed, because right now, Master Rong Yang was glaring at Zuo Ming.

Zuo Ming had always considered himself a friend of the master, so he frowned and asked, "Master Rong Yang, what did you do that for?"

Master Rong Yang bellowed, "That's *my* question! What did this girl do? Why are you trying to kill her?!"

Realizing why the master was angry, Zuo Ming smirked. "Master, you weren't here earlier. This girl is unbelievable. She's saying that this Fallen Star Sword belongs to her! How ridiculous is that?!"

Ridiculous? Zuo Ming was ridiculous! Master Rong Yang glared at Zuo Ming and asked, "What's ridiculous about that?"

Zuo Ming snorted. "This formidable weapon belongs to the Zuo family, and Zuo Qingyu, my daughter, has formed a bond with it. This girl just tried to take it away, and even claims it's hers. Master Rong Yang, don't you find that preposterous?"



Chapter 1328: Whose Sword Is It?

Master Rong Yang looked stunned. He then stared at Zuo Ming with a strange look on his face before shifting his gaze to Zuo Qingyu.

For a moment, everyone just stood there in silence and looked at Master Rong Yang.

What was happening?

When Master Rong Yang finally spoke again, he asked, "What did you say? Your Fallen Star Sword?"

Zuo Ming asked, "Am I wrong to say that?"

Master Rong Yang said, "And you say that Zuo Qingyu has bonded with it."

Zuo Ming said, "Did I say something wrong?"

"Of course you did!" Master Rong Yang still felt very weak, but because of his rage, he bellowed at the top of his lungs.

WHAT?!

Everyone cried out in surprise.

They hadn't expected to hear that from Master Rong Yang at all.

"Master Rong Yang, what's going on?" Emperor Wu sounded confused.

Only then did Master Rong Yang notice the emperor.

"Your Majesty?" Master Rong Yang looked bewildered.

Emperor Wu nodded at him and asked, "So, tell us. Who does this sword belong to?"

Master Rong Yang said righteously, "Of course it belongs to Feng Wu!"

That answer shocked everyone.

Everyone had been making guesses based on Master Rong Yang's reaction, but they were still astonished to hear that reply from him.

"What..." Lord Mu and the others exchanged bewildered looks.

Feng Yanfeng was stunned.

He had just been told that the formidable weapon belonged to Feng Wu!

"That's impossible!"

More than one person objected, but Zuo Ming was the most astonished of them all.

He ran over to Master Rong Yang and glared at him. "Nonsense! You have no idea what you're talking about!"

Master Rong Yang was in a bad mood, and Zuo Ming's bellow only irritated him further. He yelled, "I made the weapon myself! How can I not know whose it is?! You old fool!"

"You —" Zuo Ming shook with rage.

If Master Rong Yang was telling the truth, what Zuo Ming had done so far would make him look like a clown! How was he supposed to face his colleagues from now on?

Zuo Ming was still hesitating, when he looked up and saw Zuo Qingyu.

She was trying to sneak off.

Before she could do so, her father rushed over and grabbed her by the shoulder. "Zuo Qingyu! Give me an explanation! Tell them that the Fallen Star Sword belongs to our family!"

Zuo Qingyu's face had turned scarlet red, and she looked utterly ashamed. If the ground opened up at that moment, she would jump in without hesitation.

"F- Father..."

“Speak! Hasn’t the sword bonded with you? What are you waiting for? Tell me!” Zuo Ming was losing his patience.

Zuo Qingyu wanted to bite her tongue off.

Had she known that things would turn out this way, she would never have made a claim on the sword. Right now, she was in such an awkward situation.

“Say something!” Zuo Ming sounded very anxious.

Right now, all eyes were on Zuo Qingyu.

What should she do? Was she doomed? Zuo Qingyu looked at Feng Wu and saw how unperturbed she was.

That woman! How could she always look so level-headed?!

Chapter 1329: Do You Think I’m Blind?!

“It’s Feng Wu’s sword! It’s her! Hers!” Zuo Qingyu suddenly yelled.

Instantly, everyone began to give her strange looks.

So, it really was Feng Wu’s sword!

“Didn’t you say that it’s yours?” Lord Mu had been waiting for Feng Wu’s downfall as well, so he tried to urge Zuo Qingyu, “Kiddo, don’t you worry. Just tell us the truth. No one can threaten you! I’ve got your back!”

Zuo Qingyu smiled bitterly. Master Rong Yang had shown up, and the Fallen Star Sword had flown back to Feng Wu. Nothing she said would be able to change the situation. Compared with telling more lies, she would rather...

“Feng Wu is right. It really is her sword. I made a mistake...” Zuo Qingyu told the truth.

Zuo Ming immediately flushed!

His head spun, and he wanted to pass out right at that moment.

He had mentioned his family’s formidable weapon in court, which was why the emperor and the others had come here with him. He had wanted to show off, only to be humiliated!

Zuo Ming felt like killing Zuo Qingyu.

“You! You defiant girl! I’m going to kill you!” Zuo Ming raised a hand, trying to hit Zuo Qingyu.

Zuo Qingyu burst into tears and bawled.

Instead of running away, she took Zuo Qingyu’s arm and said, “She... She took the dragon scale gold from me. It was her...”

Zuo Ming’s face turned livid.

He then stared at Feng Wu. “Is that true?”

Feng Wu was so weak that she had to lean on the sword to stop herself from falling over.

A smile emerged on her pale face when she saw how aggressive Zuo Ming was being. “Are you all against me because I have no one else?”

Zuo Ming was infuriated.

The crown prince stood proudly in the crowd, but felt a throbbing pain in his chest when he heard those words. Involuntarily, he looked in Feng Wu’s direction, and there was concern in his eyes which even he wasn’t aware of.

Feng Wu acted as though Jun Linyuan wasn’t there. Staring at Zuo Ming, she took out a piece of paper and threw it at his face.

“Here’s the bet I made with Zuo Qingyu. It says that if I lose, I’ll do one thing for her, but if she loses, I’ll have the dragon scale gold. All the members of the Rong manor are my witnesses!”

The paper drifted down in front of Zuo Ming.

Zuo Qingyu panicked.

“That’s impossible! We never signed anything!” Zuo Qingyu lost her head in her panic, and she yelled at Feng Wu, “We never wrote our bet down!”

Feng Wu suddenly chuckled. “So, are you saying that you’re going to deny it just because our bet was a verbal one?”

Zuo Qingyu was speechless.

Immediately, everyone gave Zuo Qingyu strange looks.

When Zuo Ming caught the paper, he saw that it was blank.

However...

Everyone realized that Zuo Qingyu had lost.

The things she blurted out were proof enough of Feng Wu’s claim.

“I... I...” Zuo Qingyu still wanted to make more excuses, but —

Just then, Master Rong Yang smirked. “Zuo Qingyu, have you forgotten about me? Do you think I’m blind?!”

Chapter 1330: No Fighting For Now...

Master Rong Yang was the most convincing witness!

“You’ve inverted justice, made up groundless rumors, and told shameless lies!

“I’ve never met a brazen-faced young woman like you before!”

Because Master Rong Yang was very angry, he chose the harshest words he could think of.

Each word was like a whip to Zuo Qingyu’s face. She turned pale and trembled from head to toe.

Zuo Ming was so furious that he was speechless.

Master Rong Yang was such an influential figure in the empire. If his comments about Zuo Qingyu got out, not only would Zuo Qingyu's reputation be ruined, the other girls of the Zuo family would be incriminated as well.

"Master —"

Zuo Ming spoke up involuntarily, but Master Rong Yang only scolded, "You're no better!"

The old man said angrily, "You're the head of a clan, for god's sake! You should know better! Not only did you give a false account of the truth, you also threatened a teenage girl as well! Are you proud of yourself?!"

Zuo Ming was utterly humiliated by those words. His face had turned scarlet red, but he couldn't retort to any of the things the old man said.

After all, Master Rong Yang belonged to Zuo Ming's father's generation, and he couldn't confront a senior.

Master Rong Yang was still angry. "Feng Wu and I forged this Fallen Star Sword together, so remember this: If anyone tries to take the sword away from her, they'll have me to answer to! You've been warned!"

Feng Wu was deeply touched.

She was still weak, but the Fallen Star Sword was so formidable that other people were bound to slaver after it — at least, the Zuo family would.

With Master Rong Yang's warning, she would be much safer.

Master Rong Yang then looked up at Emperor Wu. "Come inside. I need to talk to you."

Emperor Wu was also considered a junior to Master Rong Yang.

His father, the late emperor, was Master Rong Yang's best friend, and the old man had always considered the emperor his nephew. Therefore, Emperor Wu had to do as he was told.

"You, too."

Master Rong Yang cast a stern look at the crown prince, who had remained silent the entire time.

Once they went inside, Master Rong Yang set up a barrier so that no one could hear what they were talking about.

In the yard —

Zuo Qingyu glared at Feng Wu with eyes filled with hatred.

Feng Wu stood there, looking as proud as ever. Her clothes flapped in the wind, making her look even slimmer. She reminded one of new grass in the spring, refreshing but very tenacious.

But in fact, she was in a miserable state.

Most of her spiritual essence had been sucked away by the Fallen Star Sword, and she was barely able to stand.

She started to lose consciousness, and her vision turned blurry...

“Xiao Wu! Xiao Wu!”

When she heard the familiar voice, her legs gave in, and she collapsed...

It seemed forever when Feng Wu woke up again, but her head was still muddled.

She regained consciousness before she opened her eyes, and she could hear some familiar voices.

“Is Xiao Wu still unconscious?”

“Yes. It’s been days, and we don’t know when she’ll wake up.”

“The imperial physician says that she’s in really bad shape. She shouldn’t be fighting any time soon...”

“But she still has that Dragon’s Gate challenge. What should we do now?”