

## **G E D 1961**

### **Chapter 1961: Untitled**

The others all nodded when they heard that.

Ranmil had completely ignored Feng Wu, and her team agreed that that was the right attitude.

Meanwhile, the Survival Team –

Feng Sang looked disappointed. “I waved at them just then, but they didn’t respond to my greeting. Didn’t they see me?”

Dugu Yamo rolled her eyes at Feng Sang. “Are you that dumb? If we can see them, they can see us. They just don’t want to talk to us, alright?!”

Feng Sang was speechless.

Dugu Yamo was concerned when she said, “They’re already on the sixth floor now, and that’s only one floor away from the top floor. It’ll be so hard for us to catch up with them.”

Feng Sang was even more disappointed. “That’s an understatement. There’s no way that we can catch up with them!”

Dugu Yamo glared at Feng Sang. “We have Feng Wu!”

Feng Sang said, “But they have Ranmil.”

Dugu Yamo glared at her. “Feng Sang, which side are you on?!”

Everyone stared at Feng Sang in bewilderment.

Although Feng Sang didn’t dare retort to Dugu Yamo, she still mumbled, “If Feng Wu is better than Ranmil, why have we only reached the fourth floor?”

Dugu Yamo raised her fist at Feng Sang, but Feng Sang only stared at her. “Dugu Yamo, are you on Feng Wu’s side now? You’re speaking up for her all the time!”

Dugu Yamo was rendered speechless. Was that true?

Feng Wu rolled her eyes at them and gestured at Feng Xun to shut them up.

Useless arguments like this would only waste their time.

As soon as Feng Xun spoke, they stopped quarreling.

On the fourth floor.

By now, Feng Wu had figured out the pattern, which was the five elements. The first floor was metal, the second wood, and the third water. In that case, the fourth floor had to be fire.

As expected, they saw a world of fire when they reached the fourth floor.

It was a great fire.

There were flames in the sky and on the ground.

The temperature was so high that no ordinary person could get close.

Feng Sang was filled with despair.

She bit her lower lip and said grumpily, "I've been hoping that this task would be easier. That way, we can catch up with the Chosen Team a little.

"But this is more difficult than any of the three trials before. What are we going to do now?

"Are we going to die here?"

Many of them seemed to have lost hope.

But Feng Wu remained unaffected.

She studied the conflagration a short distance away.

Time slowly passed by.

Frustrated, Feng Sang wanted to grab Feng Wu.

But Dugu Yamo had been watching her. Seeing Feng Sang's movement, she immediately stopped her.

"What are you doing?!"

"Let go of me! I'm going to ask Feng Wu!" Feng Sang glared at Dugu Yamo. "We don't have time to waste! That heart is halfway to exploding, but she's still sitting there. What's she doing?!"

Dugu Yamo noticed it as well.

Everyone had noticed it.

Feng Wu was the only reason that they were able to reach this floor practically unscathed. They noticed that all the members on the other team had injuries on them. One could tell that they had been through some tough battles.

## **Chapter 1962: Untitled**

Therefore, when they stood hopelessly at the entrance of the fourth floor, they involuntarily turned to Feng Wu for help again.

"Are you nuts?!" Dugu Yamo smacked Feng Sang on the forehead. "Feng Wu is trying to figure out what to do. Once she has a plan, she'll be able to lead us forward."

Feng Sang glared at Dugu Yamo. "Are you sure she can come up with an idea? How do you know that she'll be able to lead us out of here?"

Dugu Yamo said, "I don't."

Feng Sang said, "Then why do you..."

Dugu Yamo found Feng Sang's question idiotic. "What's wrong with you? Feng Wu never promised that she would win the game for all of us. We made her the captain! She's not obligated to do that!

“To put it in simpler terms, we’re all depending on Feng Wu now! She’s doing us a great favor if she wants to help us, but if she doesn’t want to, we can’t blame her for anything. Why do you sound so righteous when you’re begging for help? Who do you think you are? Even an emperor’s daughter wouldn’t talk like that!”

That rendered Feng Sang speechlessly, and she stared at Dugu Yamo.

She had realized that she was too agitated, but impending death only made her panic, which made her even more distressed.

“Dugu Yamo, you’ve changed! You’re taking Feng Wu’s side all the time now! You’ve become her minion!” Feng Sang tried to set Dugu Yamo against Feng Wu.

The old Dugu Yamo would have jumped up in rage by now, but after her brother’s betrayal, Dugu Yamo could think more clearly now.

She smirked. “Feng Wu is wise, level-headed, and resourceful. I’m proud to be her minion. So what?”

Feng Sang pointed at Dugu Yamo with a shaking finger. “You, you...”

“Cut it out. Look at Feng Wu,” Feng Yiran reminded them.

At the same time, Feng Wu —

She slowly walked toward the center of the flames.

“Isn’t she going to get burnt?”

Although she was of the fire attribute, the fire was so big that even Feng Xun didn’t dare to get closer. Not only had Feng Wu walked in, she also didn’t seem to be affected at all.

What was going on?

They knew nothing about Feng Wu’s two spiritual pets.

Both were of the fire attribute.

As Feng Wu marched forward, the two pets sat on her shoulders and absorbed the flames with all their might.

It was the purest form of abnormal flame.

To them, this was the greatest tonic. With each mouthful they absorbed, their capabilities increased significantly.

They were so excited that they trembled from head to toe!

Level 7 Spiritual Elder, Level 8 Spiritual Elder, Level 9 Spiritual Elder...

If Feng Xun and the others could see this, they would be so jealous!

Feng Wu walked to the source of the fire, where she stopped. From afar, she looked like a goddess of fire.

The others watched in amazement as she was bathed in flames.

“How is Feng Wu able to walk in the fire? How?!!”

### **Chapter 1963: Untitled**

“Did you see that? When she walked, the flames automatically parted in front of her. That was how she was able to reach the center.”

“They parted for her? How?”

Feng Xun and Xuan Yi had clearly seen that Feng Wu’s spiritual pets were clearing the path for her, but they didn’t want to tell the others, especially not Feng Sang.

They were still taking precautions against those two people.

Meanwhile, Feng Wu had entered an incredible state.

She knew that the fourth floor was a giant Bagua Diagram. There was Yin and Yang, fire and water, and black and white.

The diagram began to turn in her head.

Suddenly, she sat down cross-legged and started cultivating.

“Is she cultivating?!” Feng Sang was shocked.

She watched in disbelief.

She couldn’t understand why Feng Wu would start cultivating when everyone was waiting for her to get them out. She...

“Does she even know what she’s doing?!”

Feng Sang pointed at Feng Wu in disbelief. “If I’m not mistaken, she’s cultivating, isn’t she? She sat down in the flames! Does she have to do that now?! Isn’t she in a hurry? Doesn’t she know how worried we are?!”

Feng Sang glared at Dugu Yamo as she spoke.

Dugu Yamo didn’t know how to defend Feng Wu this time. Even she began to be suspicious of Feng Wu now.

Feng Xun stared at Feng Sang. “Xiao Wu had an enlightenment, so she needs to cultivate. If you have a problem with that, you’re free to walk away. Off you go!”

Feng Sang was speechless.

Feng Xun said, “No one is stopping you. You can leave now! And the rest of you, feel free to leave. If you believe in Xiao Wu, stop nagging and wait here. Otherwise, be quiet!”

The ghost king might be eavesdropping.

Because when Feng Xun said those words, another passageway appeared, leading to another building.

Words also appeared on the corridor: *Discontent members are free to go their separate ways.*

Seeing this, Feng Xun laughed. He pointed at Feng Sang and said, "See? That's from the ghost king! Aren't you unhappy with Xiao Wu's leadership? You can go! The exit is right there!"

He even gave her a little shove.

Feng Sang was speechless.

Her face paled, and she wouldn't move an inch, fearing that Feng Xun really would push her into that corridor.

Even Feng Yiran wouldn't utter a word, let alone Feng Sang.

The room finally quieted down.

Feng Wu had no idea of any of this. Right now, she was cultivating.

But she wasn't working on her spiritual essence. She was working on a major stance!

Feng Wu had always been good at the fire attribute. When she walked toward the source of the fire, she had sensed the spirit of fire underneath.

She wondered what would happen when the fire attribute was combined with the Guardian of the Earth.

She was looking forward to it.

But she knew that she had to make it quick.

#### **Chapter 1964: Untitled**

Feng Wu realized that her pets were absorbing the flames way too fast!

The cub was only taking small bites.

But fire was pouring down Little Phoenix's throat.

As it swallowed, the flames around them disappeared at a tremendous speed.

Feng Wu knew that she didn't have much time before the heart exploded.

Therefore, she used the fire to practice "Ground Fire," which was a very powerful stance.

She had learned six stances of the Guardian of the Earth and had reached perfection in Ground Control, the AoE stance.

Right now, she needed to combine Ground Control with the fire attribute!

As time ticked by, Feng Xun and the others became more and more anxious.

Just then, Feng Wu cried out.

"Ground Fire!"

*Crack!*

With that, she successfully controlled all the fire in the room, which all stopped moving.

The others were all astonished.

The flames had stopped moving at her command! That was so incredible!

Just then, Feng Wu cried out again.

“Ground Fire! Extinguish!

*Whoosh —*

All the flames in the vast room disappeared!

Apart from the charred and smoldering ground, there was nothing left.

The cub wasn't full yet, so it looked at Feng Wu in bewilderment.

So did Little Phoenix.

Feng Xun and the others couldn't believe their eyes!

They almost couldn't recognize Feng Wu anymore.

Feng Wu smiled a little. “Ground Fire, up!”

*Thump —*

The extinguished fire was suddenly ignited again and began to spread out as they watched...

Everyone was astonished.

This Feng Wu!

Little Phoenix and the cub looked at her in resignation. Was she playing with fire now?

Feng Wu then yelled, “Ground Fire, go!”

With that, all the flames were stored away in her storage space.

Everyone was speechless.

They had never seen something like that before!

However, storage space was something beyond their reach, and it was only normal that they hadn't seen it before.

“Let's go.” Feng Wu rose to her feet and glanced at her teammates.

Feng Xun was pleasantly surprised. “Go?”

Feng Wu said matter-of-factly, “Don't you want to go to the next floor?”

Feng Xun looked shocked. “Are we done here?”

Feng Wu said, "There's no fire, so yes. Look, the stairs are right over there."

With that, she walked toward them.

Everyone was speechless.

Even Feng Sang, who had been complaining before, couldn't say a word now.

That was so fast...

They looked at the other team when they walked up the stairs.

They were still struggling on the sixth floor.

"We're a little bit closer to the Chosen Team." Dugu Yamo clenched her fists.

Feng Sang smirked inwardly. So what if they were? There was no way that Feng Wu was going to win.

She had no hope in that aspect at all.

But she didn't dare to say that out loud like before, because she knew —

#### **Chapter 1965: Untitled**

If she dared protest again, Feng Xun would throw her into that other corridor.

Without Feng Wu's help, what could she do?

Dugu Yamo glanced at Feng Sang and gloated. "Maybe we really can win this!"

Feng Sang rolled her eyes at Dugu Yamo and wouldn't make any comment.

Feng Xun and the others were so confident that they wished they could confront the Chosen Team now.

Meanwhile, the Chosen Team —

"Hey, look!"

Sefiro turned her head and saw the Survival Team, which was headed for the fifth floor.

"They're entering the fifth floor now! Didn't they only get to the fourth floor just now? How could they have passed it already?"

Hearing that, the others looked in that direction as well.

It was true. The Survival Team had indeed passed the fourth floor and had reached the fifth floor.

"That was fast." The second prince narrowed his eyes and felt a sense of crisis.

Master Jue frowned as well.

Sefiro, on the other hand, didn't think much of it. She said indifferently, "So what if they've reached the fifth floor? We spent so much spiritual energy on that floor, and we've all been more or less injured. How can they possibly do better than us?"

Feng Liu looked at Ranmil and saw that the latter didn't look pleased, so she immediately chimed in.

“That’s right. They can’t do better than us. We have Princess Ranmil here!”

Ranmil only frowned and said, “We need to move faster!”

The sixth floor involved the dark element, which was quite hard to handle.

Feng Liu glanced at Ranmil and felt her stomach lurch because she could tell that the princess was in a bad mood.

Was she affected by the feeling of impending crisis as well?

Over on the other end, Feng Wu led the others to the fifth floor.

According to the sequence of the five elements, the fifth floor should be the earth element.

When they entered the fifth floor —

“Ahhh —”

Feng Sang was the first to shriek.

Because cones with sharp tips popped out of the ground at random spots.

And they kept changing places.

It was like a Whac-A-Mole game. When one cone sank into the ground, another would pop up somewhere else. There was no way to predict their movements!

Feng Sang had shrieked because a cone suddenly popped out and stabbed into the bottom of her foot. Blood immediately oozed out.

“Ahhh —”

After Feng Sang, Dugu Yamo had the sole of her foot stabbed as well. She managed to dodge in time, however, so the cone didn’t pierce her foot. Even so, her foot was still bleeding.

“That’s so scary!”

“The cones keep popping out everywhere! They’re completely unpredictable!”

“I want to leave! I don’t want to stay here! Let me go!”

“Stop crying! We’re here now. You can’t just leave!”

“This place is full of these cones. How are we going to get out? There’s no safe spot; all we can do is keep our eyes open and watch out!”

“Argh!!! The cone will pierce my feet if I just stand here! What should I do?!”

## **Chapter 1966: Untitled**

Panic...

The entire Survival Team panicked.



What should they do?

They could neither move nor stay where they were.

Neither option would work.

Sharp-tipped cones popped out at random moments, and there was no way they could be prevented.

“They’re alive!”

“They move too fast!”

“The Chosen Team passed this trial already. I wonder what method they used...”

While the others were worried sick, Feng Wu activated her formidable stance.

“Ground Fire!”

As soon as she activated the stance, the sharp cones stopped moving, as if frozen on the spot.

“Break!”

Feng Wu yelled.

With that, a terrifying earth power filled the space.

*Pop, pop —*

Everyone watched in surprise as Feng Wu’s formidable power pulverized the sharp cones until there was nothing left but loose sand.

Everyone was speechless.

They all stared at Feng Wu in astonishment.

“S- She’s so powerful!” Dugu Yamo cried out.

Feng Sang kept her mouth shut and didn’t dare utter a word.

Feng Xun said, “Xiao Wu, that stance...”

Ground Fire stopped the cones from moving before burning them to the ground. If the stance was used on a human being...

Imagine what would happen then!

Feng Wu remained unperturbed, despite how astonished the others were. She smiled and said, “Let’s go to the next floor.”

Led by Feng Wu, the Survival Team quickly charged toward the sixth floor.

At the same time.

The Chosen Team was on the sixth floor as well!

“Princess Ranmil! Princess Ranmil!”

Feng Liu couldn't be of much help, so she had been keeping an eye on the other team.

She panicked when she saw that the fifth light for the Survival Team was lit.

"Princess! Look! They've passed the fifth floor! They're headed for the sixth floor now!"

Everyone was speechless.

"That's impossible! They only just reached the fourth..."

But Sefiro never got to finish the sentence.

Because the other team had already reached the sixth floor.

Sefiro said, "No way! They have... That was so fast! Are they going to catch up with us?"

By then, everyone felt a sense of imminent crisis.

"I didn't know that Feng Xun could do this. I've underestimated him." The second prince narrowed his eyes.

"After all, he's Jun Linyuan's follower. How weak can he be?"

"We shouldn't be talking about Feng Xun now! We need to figure out how to get rid of them!"

"Shut up! All of you!"

The innocent Ranmil yelled, her face turning livid.

The others all gave her strange looks.

She looked so aggressive and fierce, and her aura was so formidable that the innocent and adorable girl was nowhere to be seen.

"Do you think I can do it all on my own? I'm only human!"

"If you want to win, focus on our problem here!"

"They're working together, while you're chatting away! If we lose, I'm going to make you all pay for this!"

She didn't sound so confident anymore.

She couldn't be bothered to play nice anymore.

### **Chapter 1967: Untitled**

Feng Liu and the others looked at one another, and they began to panic.

By then, Feng Wu's Survival Team had reached the sixth floor.

It was of the dark attribute.

"The Chosen Team is on the sixth floor, and so are we! That means that we still have a chance!" Dugu Yamo waved her hands in excitement. "There's a high chance that we'll win, right?!"

Everyone gave Feng Wu expectant looks.

But Feng Wu shook her head.

“Why...”

“Since the sixth floor has the dark element, the seventh floor will have the light element. Ranmil will have a difficult time on this floor, but the next one is right up her alley,” said Feng Wu.

Feng Xun clenched his fists. “Once they get to the seventh floor, they’ll proceed so fast that we’ll never be able to catch up with them!

“Therefore, we must work fast on this floor!”

Everyone gave Feng Wu expectant looks.

Feng Wu had been doing all the work on their way up, and the rest of them only had to follow her around.

The dark element...

Feng Wu scratched her head. She didn’t know where to begin.

Just then, Jun Linyun stepped out.

He glanced at the others and gloated. “The dark element, isn’t it? This undead assassin team may look terrifying, but...

“Once they’re purified, they’re nothing.” With that, he flipped his sleeve.

A finger-long porcelain bottle was tossed into the air.

It hung in the air like a condescending god. Somehow, its intimidating aura reminded one of Jun Linyuan!

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Dots of bright white light then disappeared into the undead assassins.

*Thud! Thud!*

The team watched in amazement as the undead men fell to the ground.

It happened so fast that everyone was shocked!

“What’s in that bottle?”

After they successfully passed the trial, everyone looked at Jun Linyun in astonishment.

They thought that they would have to work so hard to get to the next floor because the Chosen Team had been working for a very long time already.

But Jun Linyun had annihilated the undead team with a wave of his hand. How amazing...

Jun Linyun gloated. "I received this bottle of purifying light from the crown prince as a birthday gift. Well, it's all gone now."

"Although it's a one-off thing, it's still too powerful to be real!" Dugu Yamo's eyes flickered.

Jun Linyuan...

Even if he wasn't here, his light was.

"Of course! It's from my brother, so it has to be amazing..." Jun Linyun had been very proud of himself, but when he met Feng Wu's gaze, his stomach lurched.

Oh, no!

He and his brother were rivals now. How could he have complimented his enemy?

Jun Linyun was about to say something, when Feng Wu waved her hand. "Let's go."

Jun Linyun ran to her side. "Xiao Wu, Xiao Wu, please look at me. Please?"

Feng Wu sighed in resignation. "Why would I do that?"

Jun Linyun said, "Yes, my brother is amazing, but there are also other amazing teenagers in the world. For instance, me."

#### **Chapter 1968: Untitled**

Jun Linyun moved closer as he spoke.

Feng Wu pushed him a little further and said in resignation, "I don't care which one is better, you or your brother."

As she spoke, she reached the seventh floor.

Dumbfounded, Jun Linyun turned to Feng Xun. "W- What did she mean by that?"

Feng Xun rubbed his nose and patted Jun Linyun on the shoulder in a manner that said, "I'm sorry to hear that, buddy." He then walked past Jun Linyun and walked toward the seventh floor.

Jun Linyun was speechless.

"Shit!"

Seeing this, Feng Liu, who was in the Chosen Team, shrieked.

"The Survival Team has passed the sixth floor!!!"

Hearing that, everyone looked in her direction.

"Oh my god!" Sefiro yelled. "I can't believe it! It's not possible! Am I seeing things? The Survival Team over there has their sixth light lit! They're moving toward the seventh floor! This world is insane!"

They were the Chosen Team, and they were supposed to win...

They panicked.

If they had only been alarmed by the Survival Team at first, they were now too flustered to think straight.

Feng Liu was the most direct one and began to urge Ranmil. "Princess, please move faster! We're going to lose!"

Sefiro clenched her fists in frustration as well and complained, "Sister, you're the leader of our team. Aren't you very capable? How can you let them win?"

Ranmil was working hard on purifying the undead assassins.

But her white light wasn't potent enough, and the undead team was moving so fast that it was impossible to catch them.

When she finally managed to catch one, because of what Sefiro said, Ranmil loosened her grip for a brief moment and lost her target.

"Shut up!" Ranmil had never been so intimidating.

Sefiro was usually scared of her, but she was anxious now. "Sister! There's no time for your little temper! You told us to shut up, but what have you been doing? Don't just stand around!"

"Since when am I standing around?!" Feeling aggrieved, Ranmil wanted to smack Sefiro!

But Sefiro wasn't the only one who was watching Ranmil.

There were so few dark and light mages in this world that in the Chosen Team, Ranmil was the only one with the light attribute. No one else could do anything!

"Princess Ranmil, please move faster." Even the second prince, who had been quite indifferent, sounded concerned now.

"If you need help, tell me," said Master Jue, who seldom ever spoke.

Ranmil had always thought of herself as a calm person, but with so many pairs of eyes on her, she became agitated as well.

"Stop rushing me! I know we don't have much time! I'm going as fast as I can!" Ranmil said impatiently.

Feng Liu mumbled, "Princess Ranmil is so grumpy..."

### **Chapter 1969: Untitled**

Dugu Mengxi tugged at Feng Liu and whispered, "That's why they say that you can never judge a person by their appearance. In times like this, they'll be sure to show their true self.

"She can pretend to be anyone she likes when everything's fine, but now... Her life is hanging in the balance, so she doesn't have the energy to pretend anymore. That's why she's like this. It's her true self."

Feng Liu thought, "What a hypocrite."

Meanwhile!

“Break!”

Ranmil focused her mind and destroyed the undead team at the cost of over half of her spiritual energy. She didn't look too well herself, and her face was ghastly pale.

“To the next floor.”

Without hesitation, Ranmil rushed up the stairs.

Ranmil and her team entered the seventh floor to find Feng Wu and her team there as well.

The same seventh floor was open to both teams.

That was to say, the difficulty level was the same.

This would be the final competition.

Three suns hung above their heads, and the entire floor was brightly lit.

But apart from the two teams, there was nothing else.

The appearances of the two teams were in stark contrast to each other.

The clothes of Ranmil and the Chosen Team were in tatters. They were all injured and smeared with blood. It was obvious that they had gone through some tough battles.

The members of the Survival Team, on the other hand, were all neatly dressed and in high spirits. It was as if no battle had ever taken place.

“You —”

Feng Liu pointed at Dugu Yamo. “Why aren't you injured?”

The Chosen Team had thought that since they themselves were covered with wounds, the Survival Team, who had much more difficult tests, should look even worse. But why did they look so casual and carefree?

Seeing their wounds, Dugu Yamo wanted to mock them, but she still asked in a confused tone, “What? Why should we be injured?”

Feng Liu said, “Didn't you get here by passing the trials?”

Dugu Yamo said innocently, “Of course. There's no other way.”

Feng Liu said, “Then why are you unscathed? Weren't your tests difficult as hell?”

Dugu Yamo looked enlightened. “Oh, that's what you meant! To tell you the truth, Feng Wu passed most of the trials for us on her own.”

WHAT?!

Feng Wu?!

Everyone on the Chosen Team stared at Feng Wu in astonishment, Feng Liu included.

“Her? How’s that possible?” Feng Liu smirked. “What makes you think she can do it?”

“Feng Liu, you’ve really underestimated Feng Wu. You have no idea how awesome your sister is!” Dugu Yamo meant it.

“Ha!” Feng Liu wouldn’t believe it. “Dugu Yamo, I know that it was Young Lord Feng who led you here. You’re praising Feng Wu and insulting the young lord. Aren’t you afraid that he’ll be offended?”

“What?” Dugu Yamo found the statement idiotic.

Feng Xun smiled indifferently. “Miss Liu, are you mocking me?”

### **Chapter 1970: Untitled**

What?

All the members of the Chosen Team looked at Feng Xun with a frown.

Feng Xun put his hands behind his back and said proudly, “Our captain has always been Xiao Wu. We’ve been following her this whole time and arrived here without having to fight anyone.”

WHAT?!

The Chosen Team was shocked.

They wouldn’t believe it if it came from Dugu Yamo, but they had to believe what Feng Xun said.

Feng Wu... All eyes were all on her now.

How... Why? Why her?!

Ranmil stared at Feng Wu with cold eyes.

Feng Liu made it worse when she said, “That’s not possible! Princess Ranmil is our captain, but we’re still injured. Are you saying that Feng Wu is smarter and more powerful than the princess?”

Ranmil wanted to slap Feng Liu.

Was she asking that on purpose?

Dugu Yamo chuckled. “Feng Wu used a strange stone on the first floor, and all the flying daggers were stuck to the wall. We won just like that.

“On the second floor, what Feng Wu did was even smarter. She diagnosed the tree like she would a patient. She then found the abnormal area right away.

“On the third floor...”

Dugu Yamo listed everything up to the seventh floor.

She gloated at Feng Liu and shrugged. “You see? We didn’t need to fight at all. We just followed Feng Wu.”

Feng Liu was speechless.

Sefiro was speechless.

They didn't believe it at first, but all the Survival Team members sounded so matter-of-fact, and it was impossible that they were all lying.

Feng Liu turned to Feng Yiran as her last hope.

Feng Yiran nodded.

Feng Liu was filled with despair.

She wasn't the one in the foulest mood. Ranmil was.

She was the one who had been humiliated the most by the conversation, and she felt as if she had been slapped.

Since she had shown her true self, she stopped pretending as well. Thus, she stared at Feng Wu with cold eyes and said grimly, "I see that you're very pleased."

Feng Wu glanced at Ranmil. "No, I'm not."

Ranmil smirked. "Stop acting! You must be over the moon at the idea of defeating me! Do you really think you can win?!"

Feng Wu shrugged. In fact, she had never thought much of Ranmil.

Feng Xun stepped out and said with a frown, "Princess Ranmil, you weren't like this before. Your cynicism is very unbecoming."

That rendered Ranmil speechless. She wanted to retort, but realized nothing she said could make the situation better.

"I see that you're all having a good time! Hahaha!"

A wild voice rang out a short distance away. They looked up and saw the ghost king, the culprit behind everything that had happened.