

GED 61

Chapter 61: Mu Jiuzhou

The faces of Jun Linyuan, Feng Xun, and Yu Mingye flashed in her mind in turn, and Feng Wu felt especially sorry for lying to Feng Xun.

“Brother Feng Xun, I’m sorry.” Feng Wu gripped the bottle and apologized in her head. “I want to be able to cultivate again; above all else, I want to wake up my beautiful master. So, I had to take the juice of that Immortal Spiritual Fruit!”

Feng Wu caressed the Dragon and Phoenix Spiritual Ring on her index finger. With a wave of her hand, she entered the ring in her spiritual form, leaving her physical body outside.

Feng Wu had partitioned off a small corner in the ring for her personal belongings and left most of the space empty.

A spacious White Jade Ice Bed stood in the center of the space.

On the bed lay a figure dressed all in white. Fair, slender, and otherworldly, he reminded one of a god descending from heaven.

Feng Wu went up to the bed and knelt down, keeping her back ramrod straight. She stared at that stunning face unblinkingly.

“Master...” Feng Wu murmured at her beautiful master, who lay there with his eyes closed.

His skin was fairer than snow and smoother than jade. He was elegant and poised, and looked as saintly as a banished immortal.

Regardless of how much hardship she had to endure in the outside world, Feng Wu never shed a tear. However, tears welled up in her eyes as soon as she saw her master. Before she knew it, her cheeks were wet with tears.

“Master, we’re almost there.” Tears rolled down Feng Wu’s cheeks as she clenched her fists. “I promise you I’ll refine that Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill when I get back. Will you wake up when I resume my cultivation and activate my True Phoenix Blood?”

As a matter of fact, the main reason Feng Wu took that Immortal Spiritual Fruit wasn’t for her own cultivation. It was just a means to an end, for it was only when she picked up her cultivation again that she would be able to find a chance to save her master!

For that, she was prepared to go against the entire world, let alone Jun Linyuan and Feng Xun. She had to have that Immortal Spiritual Fruit!

Feng Wu would never forget her master’s stunning, dream-like debut for as long as she lived!

She accidentally triggered the Dragon and Phoenix Spiritual Ring when she was three.

Magnolia pedals drifted down, resembling pure, sacred snowflakes.

Her beautiful master strolled out of that ring, carried by a gentle breeze.

His robe was whiter than snow and the soft cloth seemed to flow with the wind.

He stood there tall and upright, looking so solitary and otherworldly.

The sky was an azure blue that day. The trees were a lush green, petals drifted down like falling snowflakes, and birds soared happily in the sky.

However, the moment he walked out, all the light seemed to fall on just him, and everything else was cast into shadow and withered. He became the center of the world.

He crouched down, the layers of his wide, white sleeves spreading out on the ground. He examined the little girl with his brooding, beautiful eyes.

The three-year-old had her hair tied up in two tiny ponytails. She had delicate baby features and fair, tender skin. Her cheeks were as plump and bouncy as steamed stuffed buns, as if they would dimple at the lightest touch.

Mu Jiuzhou had always been an aloof and graceful man. However, he couldn't help but stick out a bony index finger to poke a lovely, soft cheek.

The little girl let out a soft cry at his touch and slumped onto the ground in slow motion.

Instead of howling like other kids, the little girl rubbed her buttocks with her chubby little hands, but still kept her unblinking gaze on him, her eyes sparkling!

How cute. The haughty Mu Jiuzhou chuckled.

His smile seemed to light up the entire world.

Astonished by his beauty, little Feng Wu only came back to herself just then and was once more lost in a smile more splendid than the sun —

Chapter 62: Beautiful Master

Mu Jiuzhou poked the little girl's plump cheeks and asked casually, "Little bun, do you have a master yet?"

Infatuated, little Feng Wu stared at him and shook her head.

Mu Jiuzhou found this chubby little girl the most adorable creature. He chuckled, which was very unlike his usually awe-inspiring self. "In that case, do you want to be my pupil, little one?"

He had the cleanest smell in the world, so elegant that it felt like a crime to even think about defiling him.

A delicate fragrance of plants surrounded him, so refreshing that she couldn't help but want to move closer.

Little Feng Wu clenched her fists in excitement, but she managed to keep her composure and asked, "Are you very capable?"

Mu Jiuzhou rose to his feet and stood ramrod straight. With his hands crossed behind his back, his long, wide sleeves hung down his sides. He looked every bit like what Feng Wu imagined an immortal to be.

Standing up on her short legs, Feng Wu craned her neck to look up. To her, the teenager was so majestic and powerful that he seemed to have the whole world under control.

Looking down at little Feng Wu, Mu Jiuzhou said casually, "Little girl, my name is Mu Jiuzhou. 'Jiuzhou' as in 'nine regions' ¹."

Little Feng Wu said in amazement, "Wow, that's what we call our continent! What an awesome name!"

Mu Jiuzhou crouched down, held the little girl by her chubby short arms, and met her gaze, his eyes twinkling like the brightest stars. "That's because your master here named all the nine provinces of this continent. Understand?"

Little Feng Wu hadn't understood back then, but she did later.

Her beautiful master used to be the supreme ruler of this continent of nine provinces, but he perished and turned into a soul which lived in her Dragon and Phoenix Spiritual Ring.

Feng Wu used to ask him what happened, but her beautiful master only replied in a mysterious tone that she would find out when she grew up.

Feng Wu knew that it had to be an epic, soul-stirring story, but she would only learn about it after her beautiful master deemed her capabilities worthy of the telling.

She smiled bitterly all of a sudden. This was no place for reminiscing. Her top priority now was to leave the mountain, refine the Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill, and wake up her beautiful master. After that...

"Master..." Feng Wu knelt down before the solitary figure lying on the White Jade Ice Bed. She kowtowed three times before rising to her feet, and reluctantly left the ring.

She ran down the slope of the mountain as fast as she could once she was out!

She knew perfectly well that both Jun Linyuan and Yu Mingye would spare no effort to hunt her down!

Any other person would have a hard time evading their pursuit, but since Feng Wu was able to steal the juice from them, she wasn't going to be caught that easily either.

After five years of studying Frozen Forest, Feng Wu knew this area like the back of her hand. Thus, she picked a quiet meandering trail and snuck out of the forest...

Feng Wu was finally back in Northern Border City!

Looking up at the name of the city high above the grand city walls, Feng Wu clenched her fists in excitement!

She was back!

And in one piece!

Upon entering the city, Feng Wu didn't go back home right away. Instead, she quickly got changed and put back on the normal outfit which befitted her status as the fifth daughter of the Feng family.

"Why, isn't it Miss Feng —" Feng Wu had only just walked out of a hidden corner of an alley when someone waved at her in greeting.

It was a middle-aged woman carrying a basket.

"Auntie Wang, I see you've been grocery shopping." Feng Wu greeted the auntie with a smile.

Feng Wu had been living in Northern Border City for five years, and all that time, she never —

Chapter 63: Friendly Neighborhood Genius Teenage Girl

Feng Wu had been living in Northern Border City for five years.

During these five years, she never gave up on herself like the people in the imperial capital assumed she would. On the contrary, the cheerful and lively Feng Wu connected with the local people and got along very well with them. She was well-known to the locals.

After removing her disguise and walking out of that alley, she was greeted by everyone she met on her way.

"Miss Feng Wu, here, here." An old female vegetable vendor in her sixties beckoned at Feng Wu.

"Grandma Zhang, how can I help you?" Feng Wu went up to the old lady with a grin. "The weather's been getting cold lately. Is your arthritis acting up again? If so, come to my house and I'll write you a prescription for it."

Grandma Zhang couldn't stop smiling. She turned to a middle-aged man next to her and sang Feng Wu's praises. "Not only is Miss Feng such a pretty young lady, she has the kindest heart. I was bedridden last time from my arthritis and thought I would never be able to walk again. Miss Feng prescribed me some herbal medicines and I was back on my feet!"

"You don't say!" the middle-aged man chimed in. "My boy tripped and fell last time. He was throwing up, he had palpitations, and he kept twitching. The doctors couldn't do anything about it. They even told me to start preparing his funeral. It almost gave me a heart attack! My neighbors all told me to go find Miss Feng."

Feng Wu chuckled awkwardly. She wanted to leave, but Grandma Zhang wouldn't let go of her hands.

Please set her free. She wanted to go back home and refine that Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill! Ah —

The middle-aged man was still talking in great excitement. "So, I picked up Puppy, my boy, and took him to the Feng family manor. Miss Feng stuck a few silver needles in him and he was alive! She's such an amazing doctor! I bet she used to be an immortal once!"

Feng Wu was embarrassed by the middle-aged man's exaggeration and waved her hands in a hurry. "Uncle Zhao, it really wasn't that big a deal. I only did what I could to help. I was glad to help."

Uncle Zhao said, "But it was a very big deal to me! You've saved my entire family! Miss Feng, this elk leg is still fresh. Please take it."

Feng Wu tried to decline the offer. "Uncle Zhao, I really shouldn't —"

"Of course you should! Miss Feng, you're saying that because you don't have anything to carry it with, right? There, I have a clean wicker basket here. I'll put the leg in and you can carry it over your shoulders. Your brother will love it."

"Miss Feng, this is Snow Golden-Eye Beast breast meat. Make some jerky with it. It'll be perfect for Young Master Feng to snack on."

"Miss Feng, here are some Green Orchid Cabbages, they're just some seasonal greens. Please take some to make an extra dish for the young master's dinner."

Feng Wu smacked her forehead. Had everyone already learnt what a glutton Feng Xiaoqi was?

She wanted to turn them down, but the local people were simply too enthusiastic. Led by Grandma Zhang and Uncle Zhao, they kept stuffing more food into that wicker basket. Before long, it was filled to the brim.

Feng Wu was speechless.

"Alright, thank you so much for all your kindness. Please go back to your business, I'm off —" Feng Wu waved at them.

Just then —

"One moment, please. Wait —" A teenage girl hurried toward Feng Wu with a blue and white porcelain bowl in her hands.

"Lin Ling?" Feng Wu recognized the girl, who was her age. "Do you need help at your wonton stall?"

Lin Ling wasn't particularly pretty, but she had the brightest smile, which was very appealing.

Chapter 64: Halt!

Lin Ling shook her head immediately. "No, my wonton stall is doing great. After you taught Wang Xiaohu and his men a lesson last time, they never showed up again for protection money. Miss Feng, here are some snowy wontons my grandma made especially for you; she ordered me to give them to you."

As Lin Ling said that, she stuffed the entire food container in Feng Wu's hand. She then waved goodbye at Feng Wu and promptly ran away, as if fearing that Feng Wu would refuse the gift.

Feng Wu smiled wryly. The neighbors were simply too kind to her.

Seeing that more and more people were gathering around her, Feng Wu waved at them in a hurry and explained with a smile, "Grandma Zhang, Uncle Zhao, everyone, I've just come back from visiting a patient in our neighboring town. I really need to head back home now. See you around."

Feng Wu hadn't been seen in Northern Border City for the past few days, so she had to have an excuse for it. Hence, she came up with that explanation, and if necessary, the entire Northern Border City would attest to it on her behalf.

With the wicker basket on her shoulders, Feng Wu marched on, turning back to wave at the neighbors every now and then.

The neighbors started an animated discussion as they waved at Feng Wu.

"Was that Lin Ling the girl whom Wang Xiaohu almost took by force, because he wanted to make her his concubine?"

"Yes, that was her. Grandpa and Grandma Lin tried to stop those men and were almost kicked to death by Wang Xiaohu."

"Thank god Miss Feng showed up in time and helped them out, otherwise we'd be visiting the graves of that family of three by now."

"Not only did Miss Feng save them, she taught them a skill so that they could make a living. You have to admit, there's something so special about the wontons the Lin family makes."

"We're so fortunate to have Miss Feng here in Northern Border City. She's saved countless lives since she got here. She's like a living Buddha among us!"

...

Feng Wu didn't hear any of that conversation, for she was hurrying back home.

Qiuling had been so panic-stricken three days ago when the eagle had snatched Feng Wu. She couldn't even begin to imagine what a chaotic state her home had to be in by now.

Moreover, as the eagle carried her away, she had spotted the visitors from the Feng clan from the imperial capital.

They were led by Feng Yiran and Feng Liu, the oldest and the sixth children of the clan. They were Feng Wu's cousins, the offspring of her oldest uncle.

Neither of them was the type one wanted to hang out with. The brother was a creepy hypocrite and the sister was obstinate and capricious.

Back when Feng Wu was first crippled, those two were the ones who had enjoyed humiliating her the most.

Feng Wu quickened her steps at that thought!

For she had to take care of the sentimental beauty — her mother — and her naive and kind-hearted younger brother.

She was eager to find out how her mother and brother were doing now.

The unknown scared Feng Wu. She ran as fast as she could.

Soon, she reached the front entrance of the old Feng family manor.

Two guards stood on either side of the gate.

Erect backs, emotionless faces, and ruthless eyes... one look and Feng Wu knew that they were well-trained.

Feng Wu narrowed her eyes.

She had never seen them before, so they must have come from the imperial capital.

As expected, when she was about to enter, the two intimidating guards blocked her way by crossing their sabers together. "Halt!"

Chapter 65: You'll Come to Grief Acting Like This

Their voices were cold and detached, and to them, Feng Wu was without doubt a stranger.

Feng Wu's face was colder. Her limpid bright eyes now had a chilly look in them!

Before she could say anything, a taunting female voice came from within.

"Why, who do we have here? Who's making all that noise outside the Feng manor?"

The voice belonged to a teenage girl wearing a light pink dress. She came out of the front gate and scanned Feng Wu from head to toe in a picky way.

On the alert, Feng Wu narrowed her eyes.

This was Feng Liu, the sixth daughter of their generation in the Feng clan, who was known as Miss Feng the Sixth.

Back when Feng Wu was still the unmatched genius girl, Feng Liu was such a sweet talker and would follow Feng Wu around wherever she went. However, after Feng Wu was crippled, Feng Liu was the first to twist the knife in her back.

Feng Liu stared at Feng Wu.

Five years had passed and the then-influential genius girl was now a mere good-for-nothing in a plain dress with a wicker basket on her back. However, her face was still so beautiful that Feng Liu wanted to destroy it!

At that thought, Feng Liu smirked. "I see we've got a beggar here. How dare you act out here? Throw her out!"

Her contempt, taunts, and arrogance sounded so righteous...

Feng Wu snorted inwardly. In this world where martial prowess was valued above all else, it was only natural that one's ability to fight was their most important quality.

Luckily, she had already gotten hold of the juice of the Immortal Spiritual Fruit. Given enough time, she would refine the Nine Transformation Spirit Restoration Pill, which would solve all her problems.

Feng Wu didn't say anything to Feng Liu. She only gave the latter a casual nod, then stepped into the house.

Feng Liu didn't expect to get such a calm reaction from Feng Wu after doing all she could to provoke the latter!

Moreover, the look Feng Wu gave her made her feel like a frivolous quibbling child! It was so frustrating!

Clenching her fists, Feng Liu cried out as Feng Wu walked away from her, "Stop there, Feng Wu!"

However, Feng Wu neither stopped nor reacted to her. Keeping her back ramrod straight, she kept walking at a steady yet brisk pace.

Feng Liu waved her fists. "Feng Wu! How dare you ignore me!"

She ran after Feng Wu, wanting to hit her, but was stopped by a big, strong hand.

"Brother!" Feng Liu looked up at her brother, exasperated. "Let go of me, Brother. That brat ignored me. Who does she think she is? Does she think she's still that famous genius? Bah!"

Feng Yiran, the eldest son of their generation in the Feng clan, was 18. Good-looking and tall, he had what it took to make girls squeal in excitement.

However, he was sneering now.

"Brother!" Feng Liu glared at Feng Yiran. "Have you forgotten already? When Feng Wu was still that genius back then, everyone idolized her and she almost took your position as clan heir! And you're helping her now?!"

Feng Yiran thought his own sister a hopeless fool. It didn't do her any good to speak everything that was on her mind. This girl was indeed spoiled.

"Liu Er, smart men never have to tackle their enemies themselves." Feng Yiran rubbed Feng Liu's head affectionately. "You'll come to grief if you keep acting this way."

Chapter 66: Sob... Xiaowu... Xiaowu...

However, Feng Liu, the spoiled girl, brushed off his advice. "Of course you have to do it yourself! Where's the fun in watching the action on the side? Hmph! Who the hell does Feng Wu think she is? I'm going to give her a hard time, I mean it!"

After those words, Feng Liu threw off Feng Yiran's hand and rushed back inside the house, smirking as she ran. "I'd like to see if she can stay this calm when she sees her mother and brother!"

When Feng Wu entered the middle court, still carrying the basket, what she saw infuriated her instantly!

Her innocent younger brother was doing hard manual work in the spacious courtyard. He was naked to the waist and she could make out some welts on the fair skin of his back. Covered in sweat, he was panting as he carried some bricks around.

He was moving them across the courtyard.

Carrying bricks? Feng Wu's eyes widened!

Caiyue, Feng Liu's maid who had grown up with her, stood there with an inky black whip in her hand. She cracked it loudly in the empty air and berated Feng Wu's younger brother like an exploitative supervisor. "Faster! Finish your task and don't even think about shirking! The young master and my mistress have made it clear that you're not resting until you've finished moving all ten thousand bricks!"

Feng Wu's beautiful mother was weeping like a pear blossom soaking in the rain. "Xiaoqi, my poor Xiaoqi... why isn't your sister here, Xiaoqi... are you alright? Does it hurt..."

Her mother wasn't called a beauty for nothing. Back in her day, she was deemed the most beautiful woman in the Junwu Empire. Her skin was fairer than snow, her hands were so soft that they looked boneless, and she moved in the most graceful manner. In a word, her beauty was breathtaking. Now that she was crying, she seemed to outshine the sun, the moon, and heaven and earth!

The beautiful lady then tried to run over to Feng Xiaoqi to help him, but Qiaomo, Feng Liu's other maid, grabbed her hand and stopped her.

Gazing at the weeping lady, Qiaomo turned to look the other way.

The lady was so beautiful, and her crying only made her more attractive. Even Qiaomo, who was a girl and Feng Liu's maid, couldn't help but feel touched by the lady's weeping. If it were up to her, she would readily loosen her grip and help the lady out.

Feng Wu put down the basket and shouted, "Stop!"

All eyes turned to her instantly!

"Aww —" Feng Xiaoqi was the first to react. He was the seventh son of the Feng family and Feng Wu's own brother.

"Sister! Sister!" Feng Xiaoqi grew up under Feng Wu's wing, and during the past three days of being tormented and abused, he had never stopped praying that his god-like big sister would descend the next moment and rescue him from this misery!

Although his sister was deprived of all her cultivation, Feng Xiaoqi firmly believed that nothing in this world could beat his genius sister!

Feng Xiaoqi yelped, then hurtled toward Feng Wu like a cannonball, so fast that the others didn't have time to react.

"Sister, look what they did to me!" Wrapping his arms around Feng Wu's neck, Feng Xiaoqi whined loudly!

“Xiaowu, *sob* —” The beautiful lady also broke free of Qiaomo’s grip — more precisely, Qiaomo let her go on purpose.

All her weeping did nothing to mar her stunning beauty. Instead, it only accentuated how appealing she was. Stumbling toward Feng Wu until she caught her daughter by the sleeve, the slim, beautiful lady looked so delicate and touching. “*Sob* ... Xiaowu, my Xiaowu... you’re finally back...”

Feng Wu was the real pillar of this family of three.

The corner of her mouth twitching a little, Feng Wu rubbed her forehead in resignation.

Chapter 67: Nice Try!

Despite her unquestionable beauty, Feng Wu’s mother was... Well, let’s just say that she wasn’t the sharpest tool in the box. She had lost most of her memory due to some unknown incident, and she only had the intelligence of a little girl.

Hence, compared with the 12-year-old Feng Xiaoqi, their beautiful mother felt more like the youngest person in the family.

As a result, Feng Wu had been the backbone of the family for the past few years, despite the fact that she wasn’t an adult yet.

Feng Wu’s heart went out to the two family members weeping on each of her shoulders. She rubbed Feng Xiaoqi’s head, then gently wiped away the tears from her beautiful mother’s cheeks.

How beautiful her mother was. Her eyes were clear and innocent and her wispy eyelashes were dark and glossy. Whenever her mother cried, Feng Wu felt like crying with her.

A few steps away, Caiyue’s grip on the whip tighten. She thought about rebuking them, but decided otherwise when she remembered Feng Wu’s famed toughness.

Just then, Feng Liu stormed in after Feng Wu. A crooked smile emerged on her face when she caught sight of the crying trio. “What do we have here? Why all the tears? Is someone getting thrown out now?”

Feng Xiaoqi felt sick to his stomach just looking at Feng Liu and blue veins popped on his fair, smooth forehead. “You! You’re an evil person! I hate you!”

Grabbing the black whip from Caiyue’s hand, Feng Liu smirked and pressed, “Tell me. What’s so evil about me?”

Feng Xiaoqi gritted his teeth. With his sister back, he felt much more self-assured now. He straightened his back and lambasted her. “You tortured me and forced me to move ten thousand bricks every day! I had to carry them from there to here yesterday and you ordered me to carry them back over there today! What kind of request is that if it isn’t torture?!”

Playing with the black whip, a half-smile on her face, Feng Liu threw a sidelong glance at Feng Xiaoqi. “My dear younger brother, you broke my glazed purple jade piece first. What’s wrong with punishing you with some manual work?”

“I didn’t do it! You dropped it yourself!” Feng Xiaoqi was so indignant at being wronged.

“Heh” was all the reply Feng Liu gave him. Flipping the whip in her hand, she smirked in an arrogant manner. “You haven’t finished your task today. Get on with it or I’ll double it tomorrow!”

“Sister…” Feng Xiaoqi was obviously intimidated by Feng Liu. He then turned to Feng Wu, looking as pitiful as a puppy.

Rubbing his head, Feng Wu shifted her gaze from Feng Liu to Feng Yiran.

Feng Liu was impossible to reason with. Would Feng Yiran be equally shameless?

Turning her limpid eyes on Feng Yiran, Feng Wu asked calmly, “Brother, what do you have to say about this?”

Feng Yiran’s face remained impassive and he looked as reserved and elegant as a son of a respectable family should. Keeping his left hand behind his back, he frowned and stared at Feng Wu reproachfully. “Wu, we’ve accepted the fact that you’re no longer fit for cultivation, but how could you let the same thing happen to Xiaoqi, our brother?”

On guard, Feng Wu narrowed her eyes.

Feng Yiran went on accusing Feng Wu in that self-righteous tone. “Xiaoqi wasn’t the most talented young man out there, but he wasn’t useless either. He already started on his cultivation in the imperial capital back then, but it’s been five years – why is he still only a Level 1 Spiritual Master? Wu, even if you’re jealous of Xiaoqi, how could you bring yourself to cripple him as well?!”

The lofty and fatherly-sounding accusation instantly trapped Feng Wu in an awkward position!

Feng Yiran, nice try!

Chapter 68: What Are You Talking About?

What Feng Yiran said was an accusatory threat against Feng Wu!

All eyes were on Feng Wu now, waiting for her explanation.

Feng Xiaoqi had already been a Level 1 Spiritual Master five years ago, but why had he stayed that way after all this time?

Of course Feng Wu knew the reason for it, but she wasn’t going to make it known yet as it was a secret.

Feng Xiaoqi stopped Feng Wu and glared at Feng Yiran. “It’s my own fault, why are you blaming my sister? She’s the best sister, better than you can ever imagine! You’ll never understand!”

“That’s right!” Their beautiful mother glared at Feng Yiran as well.

Feng Wu was gratified by their support.

Because of their unconditional faith and care, a once lion-hearted secret agent had learned the warmth of kinship, which was why she had been able to endure her miserable defeat five years ago.

She needed them as much as they needed her.

Feng Yiran frowned, looking displeased.

He had tried a few things in the past three days.

He wanted to drive a wedge between Feng Wu and the mother and son by throwing mud at Feng Wu, but those two were the most stubborn fools who shook their heads at all the temptations he had to offer. They refused him time and time again. Nothing he said would get through.

Feng Yiran was at a loss. Feng Wu was useless now. Why did they still put so much faith in her and believe that she could solve all their problems? What was so special about Feng Wu?

Feng Wu gave Feng Yiran a half-smile. "Brother, anything else?"

Feng Yiran frowned and assumed a dignified air. "If you can't teach Xiaoqi well, I'll do it. Carrying bricks might look like punishment, but it's actually a way to temper his mind and strengthen his body, so that he can progress in his cultivation."

"To subdue his spirit and exhaust his muscles, so that great responsibility can be thrust upon him? That's some very big claim. Brother, can you even convince yourself?" Feng Wu asked sarcastically.

Feng Yiran clenched his left fist behind his back!

This Feng Wu girl! She was useless now, but that didn't change her natural imposing manner. She was as proud and intimidating as ever, and one couldn't help but flinch at her presence. How annoying!

Jun Linyuan and the others had no idea what was going on in the Feng family home.

Right now, they were on their way out of Frozen Forest.

Feng Xun was pissed the whole time, so much so that he jumped into a tree and shouted at the top of his lungs. He scared the magical creatures in the neighborhood, who thought that they were under attack, and they fled in confusion.

However, one good thing about Feng Xun was that his temper went as quickly as it came. He felt much better afterward.

Once he calmed down a little, Feng Xun began to feel a sense of guilt.

He would steal a glance at Jun Linyuan every now and then as they walked.

Jun Linyuan obviously noticed this, but his eternal poker face betrayed nothing.

Feng Xun wasn't bold enough to talk to Jun Linyuan directly, so he turned to Xuan Yi instead.

"Xuan the Second, Xuan the Second," Feng Xun said in a low, furtive voice.

"What?" Xuan Yi gave him a stern look.

Feng Xun whispered, "Look at Boss Jun. Do you think he's acting weird?"

"What are you talking about?" Xuan Yi frowned.

Chapter 69: Are We Really Visiting the Feng Family?

"He's not angry!" Feng Xun snapped. "We've traveled this far from the imperial capital just for that Immortal Spiritual Fruit. Now that it's gone, Boss Jun doesn't seem to mind at all. Don't you find that strange?!"

Xuan Yi tilted his head and pondered the question.

"You do see what I'm getting at, don't you? Don't you find it strange, too?" Feng Xun stared at Xuan Yi unblinkingly with his big pretty eyes, eager for a response.

However, Xuan Yi shook his head. "No, I don't find it strange."

"But why?!" Feng Xun raised his voice in vexation, but covered his mouth almost immediately and went back to whispering. "Why don't you find it strange? It's the strangest thing! And there's more!"

"Which is?"

"Boss Jun was actually lost in thought! I've been watching and his mind is actually capable of wandering off! Holy crap —" Feng Xun almost thought that he had been sucked into another universe.

Xuan Yi found him ridiculous. "What's so strange about that?"

"It's not, if it happened to anyone else, but this is Jun Linyuan we're talking about here! As in THE Jun Linyuan! His mind wandered off!"

Xuan Yi was speechless and shook his head. "I think that Feng Xiaowu did this to you. You're suspicious of everything now."

"You really think that's normal?" Feng Xun asked again.

"Yes."

"It's only in my head?"

"Yup."

"But..."

"Just keep walking!"

"Alright..."

A few moments later, Feng Xun turned to Xuan Yi again. "But I still find it strange... Boss Jun is so smart and there's no way that he can't track Feng Xiaowu down. But this time, we have no leads whatsoever. That just doesn't make sense."

He was Jun Linyuan, the guy who could track down the enemy general all by himself when he was only seven. How was it possible that he couldn't find a single girl? That didn't make sense. Not at all.

Xuan Yi ignored him and marched on.

Feng Xun scratched his head. Was he being overly suspicious? *Sigh*, he blamed it all on Feng Xiaowu! At that thought, Feng Xun turned his mind to the girl again. "That brat! If she shows up again, hmph!"

Once he switched to his chatterbox mode, Feng Xun couldn't stop. Running up to Jun Linyuan, he asked cheerfully, "Boss Jun, Boss Jun, where are we going now?"

Jun Linyuan didn't reply, but Fairy Muyao on the other side said loudly, "Didn't we agree that we'd visit the Feng family after this? You all said you were going to see Feng Wu! Young Lord Feng, don't tell me you forgot."

Fairy Muyao couldn't care less about the Immortal Spiritual Fruit, nor did Feng Xiaowu pose any threat to her. However, she couldn't get over what Feng Xun had told her.

The guy called Feng Wu a beauty and said that the crown prince was still betrothed to Feng Wu.

Feng Xun smacked his forehead. "Shit, I forgot all about that! Boss Jun, are we really visiting the Feng family now?"

All eyes turned to Jun Linyuan and everyone waited for his decision.

No matter what the others said, it was all up to Jun Linyuan.

The look on the crown prince's face was indecipherable. They seemed to see a flicker in his eyes, but nothing was there when they looked again.

Jun Linyuan gave Feng Xun a noncommittal look. "Do whatever you want."

Chapter 70: Sister, Why Is Your Hand So Cold?

Do whatever I want? Feng Xun was surprised by that reply, then rejoiced. "Hahaha, since Boss Jun said we can do whatever we want, the decision is made, then! We're going to the Feng family manor! Since we've come all the way to Northern Border City, I'm not leaving until I see Feng Wu!"

Fairy Muyao said in her head, *Neither will I!*

Hence, she promptly offered her support. "That's right! We're going! We'll see what Feng Wu looks like now!"

The team's mood was lifted right away by the decision. Everyone was in high spirits, especially Feng Xun. Running around Jun Linyuan, he winked at the latter. "Boss Jun, hohoho! Boss Jun, hahaha —"

The corner of Jun Linyuan's mouth twitched and he turned away.

And so, when they reached the entrance to the Feng manor —

Feng Wu and Feng Yiran were still standing there, staring at each other.

Just then, He Chen, Feng Yiran's valet, arrived in a hurry. He looked anxious, but his eyes twinkled in excitement.

"Young Master —" He Chen went up to Feng Yiran and whispered something in his ear.

"What?!" Feng Yiran looked shaken and could no longer maintain that reserved, elegant demeanor. He cried out in surprise, "His Royal Highness is outside with his men?! And Young Lords Feng and Xuan are both here?!"

Feng Liu's eyes lit up and she was practically glowing. Her voice trembled with excitement. "His Royal — His Royal Highness... The crown prince is here? Right outside?!"

He Chen was shaking nervously as he nodded. "Yes! Just outside."

Feng Yiran forgot all about Feng Wu and her family. He dashed out hastily, unable to keep his composure at all!

Jun Linyuan was here — the almighty crown prince whom the Feng family had been playing up to, but with nothing to show for it.

Feng Yiran and Feng Liu had come all the way here from the imperial capital just to get a chance to meet Jun Linyuan. Now that the opportunity was on their doorstep, how could Feng Yiran not be exhilarated?!

The senior members of the clan had promised him the position of clan chief if he could somehow build a tie between the Feng clan and the crown prince!

Ignoring how shaken he was, Feng Yiran ran out as fast as he could!

Feng Liu shook all over from the excitement and her eyes shone. She no longer took any notice of Feng Wu, for Jun Linyuan was her greatest interest!

Feng Liu ran out as well, almost as fast as Feng Yiran had. The brother and sister were soon out of sight.

Before they knew it, Feng Wu and her family were the only ones left in the courtyard.

However, Feng Wu had never felt so irritated!

Jun Linyuan? Feng Xun? Xuan Yi? Why on earth were they here?

Had they discovered that Feng Xiaowu and Feng Wu were the same person? And had they found out that she had stolen the juice? Feng Wu's chest heaved and her heart raced at that thought, so fast that she thought it was going to jump out of her mouth.

"Sister, Sister, why is your hand so cold?" Feng Xiaoqi looked at Feng Wu nervously. "Sister, are you alright?"

No, she wasn't alright at all! She had been a wolf in a lamb's skin in Jun Linyuan's team, and had used Yu Mingye to steal the juice during the chaos. What was more, sh- she had kissed Jun Linyuan... Holy shit!