

# GHOST DOCTOR 151

## [Chapter 151 Peak Level Martial Masters](#)

Hearing that, the several people fell silent. The eight of them were not anyone else but the very eight Team Leaders of the eight Elite Masters teams of the Feng Guards.

To these men who had been practising cultivation behind closed doors, the happenings at the Feng Residence if not for reports from the Feng Guards which told them, they would not have known anything about it. And after finding out about the recent incidents that had occurred in the Feng Residence recently, they had then taken up investigations into the matter.

Especially about the incident where they were told that the Old Patriarch had been afflicted with the demons of lunacy and abducted. They had not expected that the person that the Family Head who brought all the guards inside and outside of the manor to search for but still failed would actually be taken by a young woman and he was actually recuperating within a courtyard outside.

They had tried to get nearer to observe but the moment they got closer, they had been detected. They really didn't know whether it was just that the young woman was too sharp or that their abilities at hiding their presence was just lacking.

They had initially wanted to bring the Old Patriarch back but after they saw that the Old Master was highly jovial when with the young woman, and that the young woman would help the Old Master to move around within the courtyard without the Old Master displaying the slightest sign that he was afflicted with the demons of lunacy, the group of leaders quickly dropped the idea.

Although they did not know who that young lady was, but her high concern for the Old Master's wellbeing could not be faked. Since it was ascertained that she harboured no ill intentions towards the Old Master, they left them well alone.

"Sigh, you guys tell me, that young woman's face had been so badly disfigured, why did it seem like she didn't really care much about it?" The blue robed man asked in curiosity. When he first saw that disfigured face, he had been rudely shocked.

Afterall, that was a young lady and seeing her face so badly disfigured that he could not bear to see it any longer, he felt that the lady was rather pitiful.

"There wasn't any mystical power on that young lady's body and I think she is just a regular person. Whereas for that Guan Xi Lin, his aura was rock solid stable, that one's somebody."

The black robed man lowered his voice and said, hesitating a moment as his eyes narrowed: "Have all of you seen the Family Head's daughter today? What do all of you think?"

"Nothing much to look at. To become the Lord of the Feng Guards, she's not good enough."

"Mmm. Her powers aren't outstanding but her looks are rather exceptional."

"Seeing a prissy and dainty little girl becoming the Lord of the Feng Guards? Tsk, that, I'm not too keen to see."

"Haiz! It's the first time seeing her and I must say I'm disappointed."

"I don't think much of it either."

"She won't be able to make us submit."

"We don't have much of a choice in this you know? Who asked our Family Head to only have just that one and only daughter! ?"

After hearing his comrades words one after another, the black robed man stood up and said: "No, she is not that simple."

"Huh? How?" The other seven immediately asked in unison, feeling rather puzzled why the black robed man would say such a thing. None of them had seen anything special about that Feng Qing Ge afterall.

"Instinct."

"Tsk!"

The others scoffed to say: "Didn't feel anything."

His gaze then turned and all the others looked in the same direction as one of them said with a laugh: "It's always said do not talk about people in the day and to not talk about ghosts at night. Look, once we mention that person, she appears."

Not too far away, a figure dressed in a colourful and resplendent dress was walking towards them with two servant girls following behind her. When she saw the group of several young men with their outstanding looks and highly imposing demeanor, some standing some sitting, under the pavilion, a brief glint immediately passed through her eyes.

These eight men, were the eight Team Leaders of the Feng Guards' Elite Masters teams. The powers of these eight men had already reached the peak level of a Martial Master.

It must be known that the Old Patriarch had practised his cultivation his whole life and he had only achieved the powerful eighth stage of the initial level of a Martial Sovereign.

As for Feng Xiao, he had only just broken into the realm of a Martial Sovereign a few years ago and had now only managed the mystical initial level at the second stage.

In time to come, these eight men would definitely rise into the realms of a Martial Sovereign and by that time.....

### [Chapter 152 Feng Jiu Returns Home](#)

The man in blue robes saw her standing outside the pavilion to look at them without saying a word and his eyebrow lifted as he asked: "Does the Young Miss need something from us?"

Su Ruo Yun recovered her senses and her gaze swept over the faces of the eight men as she asked in a gentle and demure tone: "What are your names?"

"Our names?"

He walked closer in approach and leaned against the pavilion to say: "The several old men above our heads had left instructions that our names are to be revealed to our Lord, hence, before the Young Miss becomes our Lord, we wouldn't mind if the Young Miss can assign numbers upon us to be used as our names in an order you deem fit."

Another man who came walking up from behind him had his arms folded across his chest as he glanced at the man beside him before he looked at the people outside with a slight look of lazy nonchalance upon his face and said: "She is still not our Lord yet! So she can't give us any orders. Giving us numbers as our names will still not let her mobilize us."

"Young Miss, although we are part of the Feng Guards, we still have not acknowledged you as our Lord. Whether you are able to make us acknowledge you will depend on your capabilities." Another man said as he came walking up, his tone distinctly unfriendly.

After all, although they were also Feng Guards, but towards people who were not their Lord, they did not need to be too courteous.

Upon hearing those words, Su Ruo Yun was not angry. She instead revealed a smile and glanced at them as she said confidently: "All of you will submit to me." The moment her voice fell, she turned around and went walking towards the front courtyard.

From what she could see, the real Feng Qing Ge was already dead and having the Feng Guards fall into her hands was just a matter of time. She did not believe that with what she was capable of, she would be unable to make them submit!

When she came closer to them, a black robed man walked up and swept his gaze the two men at his side while saying: "You guys shouldn't overdo it. She is after all the Lord's daughter, and the Lord we would soon pledge loyalty to."

"Chey! How do you know that she had that capability to make us call her Lord of our own accord?" The highly nonchalant man said indignantly, obviously not thinking much of her.

"But do not forget how the few old men have been supporting us."

Hearing that, the several men fell silent, and no one said another word.

After awhile, the black robed man then said: "It's about time, let's go out front to take a look!"

"Might as well." Several of the men acknowledged and they made their way together to the front courtyard.

At that same moment in the direction towards the Feng Residence, the common citizens were gathered upon the main street as the Emperor was passing through and they followed behind the contingent to watch, gawking in awe at the resplendent troop of soldiers making their way towards the Feng Residence. And upon the Emperor's Dragon Carriage, the ruler sat imposingly dressed in his magnificent golden Dragon Robe, while at the edge on one side, dressed in a purple robe and exuding a highly noble air, was Murong Yi Xuan who followed after upon a stallion.

Upon hearing that the country's ruler had come, the various Family Heads within the Feng Residence were rather surprised. The Feng Residence announcing Feng Qing Ge as the Lord of the Fengs would

usually not require the ruler to personally attend but he had still come. What that was supposed to signify was rather intriguing.

Even so, everyone still went outside to receive him. That was after all the ruler of the Sun Glory Country and he was a highly powerful exponent himself. Hence, all the people did not dare to show any form of disrespect.

As the person holding the highest authority in the Feng Residence, Su Ruo Yun walked out from within the crowd and prostrated herself before the Dragon Carriage to say: "Your lady subject Feng Qing Ge respectfully welcomes the ruler's esteemed presence."

"We all welcome the ruler." All the various Family Heads chorused in unison, bowing respectfully.

"Mm." From upon the Dragon Carriage, a deep voice sounded and the ruler dressed in his golden Dragon Robe stepped down from above, his sharp gaze imbued with his imposing aura sweeping over the people gathered briefly before he opened his stride to walk inside.

After he went in, everyone immediately heaved a sigh of relief and exchanged glances with others. Just as they were about to follow behind to go in, they saw a horse carriage slowly coming to a stop before the front gates of the Feng Residence.....

#### [Chapter 153 The Old Patriarch Returns!](#)

[Isn't everyone who is supposed to attend already present? Why is there another carriage coming? Who else is there?]

While everyone else was feeling rather puzzled, their steps going inside stopped momentarily as people gazed at the highly unremarkable carriage that had stopped right in front of the gates.

Murong Yi Xuan who was about to step inside had stopped in his tracks as well when he saw the horse carriage. He not only found that the horse carriage looked rather familiar, but thought he recognised the girl in black driving it as well. [Wasn't she with that lady the last time.....]

"Little Jiu, let me help you." Dressed in all black, Guan Xi Lin leapt out from the carriage and reached his hand out to the person coming out behind him.

The words Little Jiu caused Murong Yi Xuan's heart to skip a beat and his eyes showed a trace of surprise, his feet rooted to the ground. He stood there stunned as he simply gazed fixedly at the person coming out from the carriage.

At this time, Su Ruo Yun did not see the person stepping off from the carriage as the ruler had already gone inside and she needed to go up front in escort. Hence, she had not only failed to see that Guan Xi Lin and Feng Jiu had come, but also missed seeing the last person to come down from the carriage. Otherwise, she would surely have turned pale from terror.

"Hey! Isn't that Old Patriarch Feng there?"

When the various Family Heads saw the young man and woman helping the elderly man down from the carriage, they immediately realized that it was the old Patriarch who had gone missing from the Feng Residence!

And, seeing that sharp demeanor, he didn't look in the slightest like someone who was afflicted with the demons of lunacy! At that moment, everyone started to go forward and crowd around him.

"Old Patriarch Feng! You've finally come back!"

"Old Patriarch Feng, during this period that you were not here at the manor, General Feng had fallen ill from worry!"

"Old Patriarch Feng, just where have you been all this while?"

Everyone crowded around the old man and shot their questions at him incessantly, their voices highly tinged with concern. As everyone who came today were all only from the bigger clans and more prestigious families in the Cloudy Moon City, not a single person from the medium sized families was seen. Hence, every single one found Guan Xi Lin and Feng Lin highly unfamiliar and no one was able to recognize them.

"Haha, I've caused everyone much worry, but this old man is fine." Old Patriarch Feng said with a laugh, nodding his head at each and everyone in appreciation.

"Grandfather Feng." Murong Yi Xuan came walking over and seeing that the Old Patriarch's spirits had recovered rather well, he could not help but feel slightly puzzled. [Why is he with Guan Xi Lin and his sister?]

His gaze shifted and his probing line of sight finally fell upon Feng Jiu.

When the Old Patriarch Feng saw him, he said in a highly amicable tone: "Oh! It's Yi Xuan! You came here today as well? This old man heard that the ruler had come?" When he saw the young man looking intently at his Little Feng, the smile on his face deepened further.

This two people here, was a very well matched couple no matter which way you looked at them. A pity, Little Feng's face.....

When the guards in the Feng Residence saw that the person who stepped out from the carriage was actually their very own Old Patriarch Feng, they ran inside almost flying as they shouted out excitedly: "It's the Old Patriarch! Old Patriarch Feng is back! The Old Patriarch Feng has returned....."

"Grandfather, let's go inside!"

Feng Jiu didn't even look at Murong Yi Xuan once but just supported her Grandfather to walk on inside. Guan Xi Lin followed on the Old Patriarch right while Leng Shuang trailed close behind Feng Jiu.

"Wha..what?...What did you say?!"

Su Ruo Yun was entertaining the ruler who was seated in the main seat in the hall when she was suddenly shocked to turn completely pale after hearing what a guard had told her and her body began to tremble uncontrollably as she asked: "Who did you say came back? Who?"

"It's the Old Patriarch! Old Patriarch Feng is back!" The guard replied, greatly delighted.

The ruler who was seated as he sipped at his tea noticed her strange reaction and his eyebrow tilted up slightly, feeling a little astonished at the panic and fear under her reaction.

[Having one's own Grandfather back, shouldn't she be feeling happy about it? Why is she reacting in this way?]

### [Chapter 154 Who Are You?](#)

"The Old Master is back? Where?"

Hearing that voice, the ruler turned his head to look in the direction that the voice had sounded from. With that one glance, his face showed great surprise. It had only been a few days but Feng Xiao had actually been reduced to such a weak and frail state? He could not even walk on his own and had to depend on others to support him?

"My Lord, you should sit down here first. The Old Master is already at the door and he will come in shortly." A man dressed in a white robe who was holding a folding fan in his hand said gently as he helped Feng Xiao sit down before his own gaze looked outside into the courtyard.

The ruler, Murong Bo looked at the outstanding man standing beside Feng Xiao, his sharp black irises glinting deep in thought, a very brief glance that swept past the two men unnoticed as his gaze turned away from them.

When Su Ruo Yun saw the several Feng Guards standing guard beside Feng Xiao, she gritted her teeth tightly. These men had not only disregarded her, they had even brought Feng Xiao out here on their own accord. Damn them all! She had originally intended to just let Feng Xiao show up for a brief moment before sending him back in case anyone notices anything suspect about his condition but now.....

Just at that moment, Feng Jiu came in helping the Old Master along, with a mass of people behind them.

When she saw Feng Jiu beside the Old Master, Su Ruo Yun let out a gasp and said: "Why is it you! How could you be here! ?"

[This woman! She had not forgotten that the poison she had employed had been countered by this very woman! This woman, her identity highly strange and mysterious, had today even appeared right here in the Feng Residence, and right before her eyes! Did that woman really think she would do nothing to her?]

"Guards! Capture that woman immediately!" She screamed out loudly, immediately wanting the Feng Guards to capture Feng Jiu.

However, nobody moved. Because they didn't dare. Even an idiot could see that the lady with the veil was holding their own Old Master to support him as he walked! Capture that lady? They have not yet become that tired of living.

Feng Jiu did not say a word but merely looked at Su Ruo Yun with a faint smile in her eyes.

Old Patriarch Feng at that moment called out in a deep booming voice, hollering: "Feng Guards hear me!"

The eight men looking like refined and dignified Young Masters standing beside Feng Qiao immediately took a step forward all at the same time, their step steady and demeanor imposing. They stood in one straight row, their actions uniform as they clasped their hand over their fists in greeting, the resounding

clap imbued with the strong aura of robust mystical power flowed out in deference towards the Old Patriarch.

"Your subordinate greets the Old Master!"

With just those few words, they sent tremors into the hearts of everyone present. After the eight men proffered their greeting, they stood ramrod straight, the earlier languid nonchalance that hung upon their bodies immediately disappearing without a trace right at that moment.

The stern faces exuded an absorbing kind of sobriety, the aura felt from their bodies harsh and chilling, like those of steely warriors who just stepped off from a battlefield. That completely synchronized movements, their heroic stance and demeanor, made everyone's eyes light up, their hearts to tremble.

They were the Feng Guards! The team of Elite Masters that drove fear and terror into the hearts of the armies within their neighbouring countries! In this troop, every single one of them were men just as steely and hardy, all of them outstanding men of talent!

"Seize her this instant!"

The Old Patriarch's finger was pointed right at the ashen faced Su Ruo Yun, his penetrating gaze so filled with rage they could kill. That woman could very well die a hundred deaths and it would still not be enough.

"Father!"

Su Ruo Yun managed to regain her senses under the sudden shock and her first instinct was to see Feng Xiao's protection. Because, against the Old Patriarch, only Feng Xiao would be able to protect her against him.

But, she was doomed to be disappointed.

Because Feng Xiao was at that moment staring in startled astonishment at the graceful young lady wearing a face veil and a full white dress. A startling thought had suddenly risen within his mind, and he opened his mouth to say in a stutter.

"Who..... Who are you?"

### [Chapter 155 Identity Exposed](#)

The eight men acknowledged with deep voices and two among them stepped forward and held down Su Ruo Yun by twisting her arms behind her, pushing her to come before the Old Patriarch.

Everyone present were first shocked that the Old Patriarch had ordered the Feng Guards to arrest his own granddaughter and then became puzzled by Feng Xiao's reaction after that. Hence, they all then turned their probing gazes upon that lady in a white dress, trying to guess at her identity.

Murong Yi Xuan looked at the Feng Qing Ge who had been arrested and was being held down before the Old Patriarch. His brows pinched up together slightly and he had wanted to speak when he heard Feng Xiao ask him these words which made him just turn his gaze upon the young lady in the white dress.

[I'm thinking you would like to know as well, just who is she?]

Feng Jiu looked at Feng Xiao whose eyes had turned red rimmed from intense emotions and she sighed in her heart before she said: "You've guessed it, haven't you?"

He was not that dense after all. After having so many things happen in the Feng Residence and seeing that the Old Patriarch had now returned here together with this young lady, if he still was not able to realize anything, he wouldn't be the highly famed and well known High General Feng.

"You are my daughter Qing Ge!"

His voice was highly choked as he reached his hand out to grasp at Feng Jiu's hand to say: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..... Father actually failed to realize the person by my side was an imposter....." When he recalled back what the Old Master had said that day, remembered the rage he had felt, and was now looking at that face wearing a face veil over it, his heart wrenched up in pain and he suddenly could not stop himself from crying out in a loud wail.

"I'm sorry..... it's all Father's fault..... all my fault....."

An awe inspiring and revered High General actually bawling like a child with tears flowing down his face was a sight that quickly stunned everyone in shock.

[What did he just say? That young lady wearing a face veil was his daughter Qing Ge? Then who is that one being held down there?]

"Uncle Xiao, who did you say she was?"

Murong Yi Xuan's voice was tinged with an irrepressible tremble as he stared at the young lady in the white dress in a daze, thinking it rather incredulous but feeling excited and delighted at the same time. His heart was thumping wildly, the overall feeling, just indescribable.

"Woo hoo..... my daughter..... my poor daughter....."

Overcome with guilt that wrenched his heart, Feng Xiao was still wailing as he cried. But as his body was still weak and it could not bear up under that kind of shock, while he continued to cry, he suddenly fainted, losing consciousness.

"The two of you, send my Father back to his room." Feng Jiu said softly to several Feng Guards standing at the side who were staring wide eyed at her.

"Yes."

Several voices acknowledged instinctively and the few of them suddenly found themselves startled a moment before turning their heads to look at each other as they felt the situation to be rather strange. But two of them still came forward and carried Feng Xiao inside.

At that moment, Old Patriarch Feng, though an elderly man, said in a booming voice imbued with his mystical power in announcement: "Before everyone present here today, this old man shall now tell you more about all of this."

He paused a moment to point his finger at Su Ruo Yun and said: "She, is not my granddaughter Feng Qing Ge! She is just an orphan girl, named Su Ruo Yun, that my granddaughter had picked up from the streets when she was very young! My granddaughter had treated the girl to be just like a sister to her



but this girl had instead attempted to murder my granddaughter! She had then assumed my granddaughter's identity, seizing everything my granddaughter had! When this was discovered by this old man, this girl had then used poison to try to harm me. This woman here, is a vicious and venomous wench, heartless and malicious!"

Hearing this words, everyone was in an uproar. Many of them gasped loudly in horror, thinning the entire incident just too incredulous and frightening. The woman had even assumed another person's identity! If no one had discovered it, wouldn't the entire Feng Residence end up in her hands?

"Ha ha ha ha ha..... Ha ha ha ha ha!"

The sudden loud laughter startled everyone there, and everyone's eyes turned to look at the woman who was now looking a little crazy.

### [Chapter 156 Nowhere to Hide](#)

Having come to this, there was no way things could be turned around anymore and she had no need of hiding anything.

Till that moment, she finally realized the reason why when she had seen her on the streets the last time, she had found this girl to be a sore sight.

She also finally knew the reason why not only all those assassins she had sent to kill her had failed but even the force she painstakingly built up had also been destroyed as well.

[It all due to her! She had not died all this time!]

She knew very well how capable Feng Qing Ge was. With her abilities, it was impossible that she would be able to annihilate her entire Poison Clan in just one night, and it was even more ridiculous to believe that she would be able to rescue the Old Patriarch from under her nose! The only thing she was certain of now was that she had someone else behind her!

"Why don't you remove the face veil off your face? Aren't you Feng Qing Ge? Can't you remove that face veil now?"

She stared tauntingly at Feng Jiu, her gaze highly arrogant and vicious. "Let everyone here see whether that face under the veil is that of Feng Qing Ge!"

Feng Jiu looked at Su Ruo Yun, her eyes shining with a chilly glint. She ignored Su Ruo Yun's words and said to the Old Patriarch: "Grandfather, you have just barely recovered and you must not get too agitated. Why don't you go inside first? Just leave this to me to deal with."

"Little Feng....." The Old Patriarch was feeling a little worried that she would not be able to handle it.

"It's alright, I'll be fine here." She said with a light smile, telling the old man not to worry. She summoned the steward thereafter and asked him to help the Old Master inside.

When everyone there saw what she was doing, they became highly curious. [What was she intending to do? Why did she not want the Old Patriarch around?]

Murong Yi Xuan stared at her, feeling rather complicated in his heart, but he had not been able to find the right opportunity to speak.

The ruler Murong Bo had really been completely disregarded by people today. What to do? Who was the one who made everyone's eyes and attention to be all focused upon the pair of real and fake Feng Qing Ge?

"I want the two of you to bring her outside in front of the Feng Residence's main doors" Feng Jiu said as her gaze swept over the bodies of the two men who were holding on to Su Ruo Yun, before turning herself around to walk outside herself.

At that moment, the two men gave each other a look and then dragged their prisoner outside.

Before the Feng Residence's main doors, Feng Jiu had made the Feng Guards bring her a chair and she sat right upon it. Surrounding the sides were gathered the various Family Heads who had followed behind to watch and their respective guards who were waiting by the doors. Even Murong Bo had his interest piqued and he had followed behind as well, where he sat down upon the chair his attendants had carried in, his gaze tinged with interest as he looked at the graceful and unruffled Feng Jiu.

"Having carried my face around for so long, don't you find it tiring?"

She held her chin in one hand, her legs folded in and crossed as she sat upon the chair. It was such an ungraceful position but it somehow made everyone feel that it just looked highly nonchalant and natural.

"I had tired of it from long ago! Seeing this face everyday had made me feel so disgusted with it!" Su Ruo Yun spat out spitefully, the disdain in her voice obvious as she struggled. "Let go of me!"

With those two Feng Guards holding her, she had naturally not been able to break free.

"Release her. She won't be able to escape." Feng Jiu said, gesturing for the two men to release her.

Once free, Su Ruo Yun immediately tore the mask on her face off, and throwing the mask onto the ground heavily, to reveal her original countenance. A delicate beauty.

A pity, although the countenance was delicately beautiful, her heart was venomous as a viper.

One of the Family Heads among the people gathered exclaimed: "Such amazing skill in disguising herself! That mask actually extends past her neckline and goes behind the ears, it's little wonder people had not been able to see through it."

Murong Yi Xuan's gaze was looking slightly startled as he looked at Su Ruo Yun, never having thought that it would be her.....

It might be because she detected Murong Yi Xuan's gaze upon her, Su Ruo Yun felt shameful and humiliated for the first time. She didn't dare to even look in his direction once, afraid of seeing the gaze she could not bear to see.

Watching it all, the corners of Feng Jiu's mouth curled up slightly, and the vermilion lips under the veil parted slightly.....

## Chapter 157 Off with the Tongue

"You tell me, how should I pay you back for everything?"

"Ha! A person who lost all her mystical cultivation and had her countenance completely ruined, why would you still want to live? You should just die in that state!" Su Ruo Yun scorned in a highly cold tone of ridicule, her gaze looking mockingly at that veiled face and that pair of eyes shone with venom as they then turned to look at Murong Yi Xuan.

"You didn't know that, did you? I destroyed her cultivation meridian with poison and her face, was slashed up by me. That face was turned into a bloody mess with its flesh turned outwards in flaps. She had looked more frightening than a hideous witch. And..... ha ha ha ha....."

She suddenly let out a low laugh, her gazes looking almost maniacal: "And I had then sold her to a brothel. I wonder how many men had had fun with her already... ARGH!"

Her voice had barely just dropped when an anguished scream sounded. Feng Jiu who had been seated had suddenly pulled out the sword at her hip and with a few wide steps, she had come before Su Ruo Yun. With a flick of her sword's tip, she had cut off the woman's tongue.

"One can never find ivory in a dog's mouth, you might as well not have a tongue."

The crowd gasped silently, taken aback by Su Ruo Yun's words and by Feng Jiu's sudden strike. They had not even notice how she had moved but only saw that bloodied section of a tongue dropped upon the ground and Su Ruo Yun's mouth immediately filling up with unstoppable blood.

When the eight Feng Guards saw that, their eyes lit up with a light.

They saw Feng Jiu standing there erect, a sword gripped in her hand, it's point dripping with blood, the white dress fluttering slightly under the passing breeze. The cold and languid demeanor exuding from her was delightful for them to see, especially that clean and highly precise strike, which just drove excitement into their hearts.

They all had to admit, even if her countenance had been destroyed, that air and bearing around that figure was not something that most people could match up to.

If a person like this became their Lord, they wouldn't really think it unacceptable.

Murong Yi Xuan's eyes went wide with shock as he stared at the lady in the white dress who had moved so viciously and swiftly, his heart startled.

[That's..... that's really Qing Ge? She's really that same gentle and demure lady that would lean and snuggle up at his side?]

"ARH!"

Without her tongue and her mouth filled up with blood pouring out, she was not able to speak, but only to make sharp pointed cries like this.

She leapt at Feng Jiu in front of her like she had gone mad, but before Su Ruo Yun could even get close to her, she saw Feng Jiu's eyes suddenly narrowing and a wicked glint appeared within them. The next

moment, she saw the sword in Feng Jiu's hand thrust right towards her, and she felt the rush of the sword's Qi brushing past her. Immediately after that, she heard the splitting and tearing sounds of her clothes.

"Arh..... Arh arh....."

Su Ruo Yun let out a scream as her clothes fell to the ground in tiny pieces. Feeling the sudden chill on her body, she clasped her arms over her body, wanting to cover her uncovered and exposed dignity, her ears hearing the sharp intakes of breaths and uncouth sounding heavy breathing all around her, making her feel so ashamed that she yearned for a hole to open up in the ground for her to hide in.

The Family Heads surrounding them were all men in their middle ages and although they had dutiful wives and beautiful concubines back home, seeing a beautiful young woman standing stark naked right before their eyes they knew they were not supposed to stare at, they found that they could not shift their gazes away at all.

Some of them cleared their throats awkwardly, their old faces flushed slightly red, but their gazes remained gawking relentlessly at the snow white skin upon that shapely body. At that moment, everyone finally knew why Feng Qing Ge wanted the Old Patriarch to retire back into his room first. She must have intended to put on this heart pumping and highly erotic show right from the start for everyone to see.

It must be said, that it was a truly vicious move. Killing someone is merely having someone's head touch the ground but this young lady really knew how to torment people. And the highest form of torture was obviously to torment a person's heart. This hand that she played was done truly beautifully, making Su Ruo Yun feel worse than death instead of just killing her.

Afterall, standing under the open sky completely naked without a single form of covering to suffer utter humiliation under the piercing gazes of all those men, that kind of ruin that wrecked at a woman's heart was not something any young lady would be able to endure.

### [Chapter 158 Wretchedly Pathetic](#)

The sword in Feng Jiu's hand flipped and she held it behind her. She stood right before Su Ruo Yun and looked at that ashen faced woman whose entire body was shivering as she asked in a lazy tone: "Haven't you been just too shameless? I think it might be better for you if you don't wear anything. Isn't it?"

Seeing that scene before them, the usually nonchalant one who was a little playful among the eight Feng Guards gulped heavily subconsciously and with his eyes alight, he said in praise: "Woohoo! This move by the Young Miss is executed just so beautifully. What a benefit for everyone! Heh heh. Those shapely curves on that body looks much better than most and the skin is rather fair as well. Merely killing her off would have been such a waste."

Hearing that, Feng Jiu could not help but laugh and glanced at that man to say: "You like it? Why don't I gift her to you?"

Hearing that, the man was startled and he immediately waved his hands before him while he said: "No need, no need. I need to remain chaste for my wife to be."

Murong Yi Xuan watched the trembling heap that was Su Ruo Yun before his eyes, his eyes looking a little pained as he turned his gaze to look at Feng Jiu.

"Qing Ge. Enough."

Feng Jiu's gaze turned, her clear eyes rippling strongly with smiles as she asked: "Enough? I haven't even done anything to her yet! How can it be enough?" At the moment she spoke, the sword in her hand flipped once more that slashed straight towards the tightly curled up Su Ruo Yun, drawing a bloody line upon her body.

"Argh....."

"Qing Ge....."

"Shut up!" She shouted, her gaze cold as she stared at him. "This matter is the concern of the Feng Residence and I wish that Your Highness the Third Prince would not interfere."

The moment her voice fell, the sword in her hand was thrust straight towards Su Ruo Yun's thigh. With a swish, a anguished cry sounded and red blood spilled upon the ground.

"All these, are what I am returning to you!"

Everything she was doing here was what she sought to claim for Feng Qing Ge! She had promised that she would make Su Ruo Yun pay back in folds!

The curled up Su Ruo Yun had after hearing Murong Yi Xuan's words, suddenly had her eyes flare slightly, and she barely dragged out a smile that was uglier than her crying. She lowered her head and she reached her hand into her hair, her eyes suddenly filling up with venom.

"Hyaa!"

She endured the burning pain on her thigh and shot to her feet to pounce towards Feng Jiu, a dark purple hairpin appearing in her hand as she thrust it straight at Feng Jiu, looking like she was all preparing to bring her enemy down into Hell together with herself.

"Look out!"

Murong Yi Xuan quickly snapped to his senses and shot to stand in front of Feng Jiu to shield her, instinctively executing a strike of his palm to send Su Ruo Yun flying.

'Woosh!'

'Bam!'

Su Ruo Yun vomited out a mouthful of blood as she fell in a wretched heap onto the ground, her eyes staring at Murong Yi Xuan while barely alive, that were filled with a kind of liberation. For this man, she had ultimately come to no good end, and he had never once truly given her a place in his heart.

She raised up a hand and right before Murong Yi Xuan's stunned gaze, she struck herself on her Heavenly Spirit meridian. With a loud crack, Su Ruo Yun had ended her own pathetic life.....

Feng Jiu threw a glance at the back of Murong Yi Xuan before her and then turned to the eight Feng Guards to say: "Dispose of her corpse." It had been too easy for Su Ruo Yun. She had not toyed with her enough and she had already died.

Only then, did she turn herself towards the various Family Heads and the ruler, Murong Bo, who had been sitting there to watch the show to say in a raised voice: "I have neglected all our esteemed guests today and I beg for you to not take offence. After my father's health recovers, we will definitely hold a banquet for our guests by way of an apology from us."

"Ha ha, Young Miss Feng is being too harsh with yourself. The Feng Residence having been haunted by several incidents recently have been known by all of us. Hence, there is no need to concern yourself about any neglect or not."

"That's right, Young Miss Feng. Since the venomous woman has been dealt with, you should quickly go take a look at your father. We'll all just take our leave from here, and come pay a visit on another day.:

Everyone spoke up in turns, clasping their fists to take their leave, to depart from the place one after another.

Murong Yi Xuan looked at Feng Jiu and was about to say something when he saw her turn, to walk off abruptly into the residence....

#### [Chapter 159 The Ghost Doctor's Identity](#)

He had just wanted to follow behind when he saw Leng Shuang suddenly blocking his way forward in front of him.

"Your Highness Third Prince, the Feng Residence still has a lot of matters to handle today and it might not be convenient for us to entertain you today. Maybe you should leave as well."

After giving Murong Yi Xuan another glance, Leng Shuang stepped away to follow behind Feng Jiu inside the manor, not giving any more attention to the Third Prince standing there flabbergasted.

Instead, the eight Feng Guards looked on with interest. For according to their knowledge, this Murong Yi Xuan was their Young Miss' fiancé and from what they were seeing before their eyes, they were all guessing that might no longer be the case for much longer.

"The few of you over there come here and dispose of this corpse!" One of the Feng Guards ordered several of the regular guards at the side to clean up the place before striding with wide steps inside.

"Yi Xuan." Murong Bo who was already on his Imperial Chariot called out.

"Father." Murong Yi Xuan came before his father, lowering his eyes as he addressed the ruler.

"Return to the palace with me. I have things to talk to you about." Murong Bo said as he looked at his most outstanding son, knowing for sure his son's cultivation will definitely reach higher levels than he himself could and hence, he had always held the greatest expectations for Murong Yi Xuan from a very young age.

"Yes Father." Murong Yi Xuan acknowledged and immediately flipped himself up upon his horse. He cast his glance towards the Feng Residence one more time before he left following behind the Imperial Chariot.

— In the Feng Residence —

The Old Patriarch with Feng Jiu and Guan Xi Lin were in Feng Xiao's room and at that moment, after the middle aged healer took Feng Xiao's pulse, he shook his head and said with a sigh: "Old Master, Young Miss, the Lord's has suffered too hard a hit and my skills are inadequate. I'm afraid I'm unable to do anything."

Upon hearing that, the Old Patriarch's brows furrowed up tightly together, his face darkened and the worry in his eyes was unmistakable.

"Go outside first." Feng Jiu indicated, asking the healer to go out of the room.

"Yes, Young Miss." The middle aged healer sighed inwardly, bowing to take his leave before he walked out.

"Grandfather, you do not need to worry. Father will be fine." Feng Jiu said comfortingly as she moved to come stand beside the Old Patriarch. She then went to sit by the bed and placed her hand upon Feng Xiao's wrist to take his pulse.

"Little Feng, you....."

The Old Patriarch could not help but be taken aback upon seeing her seemingly familiar and experienced movements of her hands. Recalling that she had been the one nursing his condition the past few days, the Old Patriarch's heart suddenly rose with certain suspicions.

After taking Feng Xiao's pulse, Feng Jiu opened her array of silver needles and then turned her head to look towards the Old Patriarch with a smile upon her face before she asked: "I'm sure Grandfather has heard of the Ghost Doctor?"

"I have. It is said that even a person when a person has one foot set inside the doors of Hell, the Ghost Doctor would still be able to save him....."

The Old Patriarch's voice paused a moment. Like he had suddenly realized something, his eyes then widened in incredulity and shock as he said in almost a whisper: "Little Feng, you..... You mean to say....."

"Mm. Exactly what grandfather is thinking." Feng Jiu told her grandfather with a wink. "Keep it a secret."

The Old Patriarch's eyes were still wide with astonishment, his heart filled both delight and shock, thinking everything he was hearing to be unimaginable and too unbelievable.....

[The Ghost Doctor?]

[His own granddaughter is the mysterious and revered Ghost Doctor! ? What is happening here! ? Can this really be true?]

"Xi Lin, is what she is saying really the truth?" The Old Patriarch slid over to stand beside Guan Xi Lin, and grabbed at the young man's arm to ask.

"Heh heh, Grandfather, it's true. Come, let help you over there to take a seat first while I tell you the whole story." Guan Xi Lin said with a grin, as he helped the Old Patriarch to go sit down beside the table in the other part of the room before he told the old man everything about it.

Meanwhile, on the inside of the room, Feng Jiu began using her silver needles to treat her father's condition. It was just several minutes later that Feng Jiu then kept her things away and walked out to the outer portion of the room when she saw the Old Patriarch staring at her with his eyes shining. That eyes from that gaze looked just like two glowing magical artifacts that just made her hair stand.

"Grandfather, are you alright?"

"Little Feng, you've really kept your Grandfather in the dark too much!"

"Haha, I just haven't found the right opportunity to tell you that's all." She laughed a little sheepishly, slightly embarrassed, as she had actually not intended to tell them about it.

#### [Chapter 160 Handing Over the Feng Command Token](#)

The Old Patriarch readjusted his composure and then said with a highly serious expression: "Rest assured. Grandfather will help you keep the secret."

He knew very clearly, how big of a ruckus it would cause if her identity as the Ghost Doctor was leaked. To the people out there, most of them thought that the Ghost Doctor was someone from another country and if they realized that the Ghost Doctor was actually the Young Miss of the Feng Residence, grave danger would definitely follow after.

"And about you and Yi Xuan....."

He might already be old, but he was not yet dotty. Hence he had naturally noticed the cold manner she had shown towards Murong Yi Xuan. [This little lass had always stuck very close to that man before, but now..... sigh!]

Hearing that, Feng Jiu's eyes flashed as she said: "About that betrothal, find some time and have it annulled!"

"Annulled? Are you being serious?"

The Old Patriarch was taken aback and he went on to say: "Although that child Yi Xuan is a prince, but we watched him grow up from a kid. No matter from which perspective one looked at him, no one in the Sun Glory Country can compare to him. Do you really want to annul the engagement?"

"Mm. Break it off." Feng Jiu reiterated, her tone firm.

Hearing his granddaughter's words, the Old Patriarch saw that it was helpless to force her any further and he said: "Since you are decided, Grandfather will then go to the palace and discuss about it with the ruler one of these days."

"Alright." Feng Jiu nodded in agreement.



At that moment, the voice of Leng Shuang who had been standing guard outside sounded: "Mistress, the eight Feng Guards are waiting outside in the courtyard and they requested to see the Old Master and the Mistress."

The people in the room exchanged glances and they stepped outside together.

The room doors opened and they saw the eight men whom some were standing and some were leaning immediately moving speedily to form up in a neat row, to offer their greeting respectfully with a bow. "Your subordinate greets the Old Master and Young Miss!"

"What is the matter?" The Old Patriarch asked, his gaze sweeping over all eight men.

"Your subordinates here would only like to inquire if Old Master has any instructions for us. Would you need us to remain here or do you want us to go back?" A man dressed in a full black robe asked, his gaze looking straight at the Old Patriarch.

The Old Patriarch stole a brief glance at Feng Jiu and paused a short moment before he said to the men: "All of you remain here."

"Yes, Old Master." The men acknowledged, and they turned their gazes upon Feng Jiu, their eyes blatantly probing and measuring her up, undisguised and unashamedly.

Feng Jiu cast a glance over them and turned to say to the Old Patriarch: "Grandfather, I need to go find the steward to talk to him about something. Father will be fine here with Big Brother guarding him. Why don't you go get yourself some rest?"

"Alright, I will. You go ahead then." The Old Patriarch said. Seeing Feng Jiu opening up her stride to walk away, he suddenly thought of something and called out to Feng Jiu in a hurry. "Little Feng, wait a moment."

Having already taken two steps out, Feng Jiu turned around to look at her grandfather and saw him pulling out a command token as he brought it over to her.

"This is the Feng Command Token. Seeing the token is as good as seeing the Lord himself. Not only will one be able to mobilize the Feng Guards, the holder of the token will be able to deploy the Feng Family's soldiers as well. I will now hand this Feng Command Token to you. Make good use of it."

Watching the scene before them, the eight men had strange expressions on their faces. They had never expected the Old Master to hand out the Feng Command Token so easily, so assuredly handing the entire Feng Family into the hands of the Young Miss!

Feng Jiu was a little surprised herself and she asked: "Why is this thing with Grandfather? Shouldn't it be with Father?"

"Haha, the one your father has is just a puny grandson of this. This one in Grandfather's hand is the real deal, and it's much more useful." The Old Patriarch said gleefully as he stroked at his beard.

Hearing her grandfather's words, Feng Jiu clicked her tongue out of the corner of her mouth and said: "With this in your hands, would Grandfather then have to be so worried about the Feng Guards falling into the claws of that Su Ruo Yun?"

"Haha, that grandson is still a treasure after all, and of course it must not fall into the hands of an outsider. Moreover, although the command token can mobilize the Feng Guards, what's more important is who the Feng Guards themselves recognize as their real Lord." He said with a meaningful glance thrown towards the eight men, his eyes lighting up with a wise glint.

He strongly believed, with the Feng Family's proud Little Feng's capabilities, she would definitely be able to make all of them submit to her willingly of their own accord!