

GHOST DOCTOR 391

[Chapter 391 A Violent Conclusion!](#)

The old man's eyes narrowed as the grip of death enshrouded him. With his heart stuck in his throat, he wished to scream out in terror. Try as he might, though, it was as if a pair of hands gripped him tight by the throat, and he couldn't so much as muster a whisper.

Without even touching the old man, the Golden Core Cultivator shifted the spiritual qi with the gesture of his hand. The now visible spiritual qi wrapped tightly around the old man's head and with a savage, bone-chilling crunch, the old man's head was crushed like a melon, sending his brains, shards of bone, blood, and bits of hair flying...

The other old man bellowed out in horror, his face now ashen, as he madly rushed forward trying to escape their reach. A split second later, the three figures had already materialized in his path. The mounting fear and gloom that swelled from his heart caused his feet to tremble and grow weak. Unconsciously, he slammed to the ground.

"Sp-spare me!"

The greater one's cultivation base, the greater one's fear of death. The two of them had grown far older than any ordinary man, and so too had their strength and status surpassed that of the common cultivator. With that kind of power, they ought to have whatever they pleased, and indeed, he still wished to enjoy the spoils. No, he couldn't die. He wasn't ready for death!

"Y-Young Miss Feng! Have mercy! Spare me!!"

Frantically turning his head back, he watched as Feng Jiu slowly walked away, her head bowed in solemnity. This dignified master of a great martial sect at the peak of cultivation had, in this instant, been reduced to a blubbering, groveling coward. It wasn't that he didn't wish to fight, it was that the staggering might of his opponents floored him. With even just the slightest amount of pressure, they had pinned him to the ground. How could he even hope to fight?

If he had known that the Feng Residence hid a power of such immensity, they would have never toyed with such a hopeless notion of attacking Feng Xiao! Finding himself now at the gates of the underworld, his scheming mind had crystallized on a single notion - how could he escape this execution?

But now that he knew the great secret of the Feng Residence's power, how would she ever let him live to see another day?

Standing off at a distance, Feng Jiu observed the old man prostrated on the ground begging for his life. With a chilling glare, she said, "Spare you? If I were to spare you, who would spare my family? If it weren't for my father's tenacious will to live, he would have died at your hands! Tell me, how could I possibly spare you?!"

Hearing this, the old man's heart quaked and he pleaded, "Young Miss Feng! It wasn't us! Honestly, it wasn't us! We were only following the orders of Murong Bo! We didn't want to kill General Feng, honestly! Honestly, we didn't want to! We were forced..."

Before he could even finish, Feng Jiu had turned away, and in that instant, a pair of hands capped about his temples, and with a heavy thud, the old man keeled over, dead as a doornail...

"Once you've cleaned the bodies, head back to the Peach Blossom Ridge," Feng Jiu said as she mounted Old White, cradling Little Ball as she galloped back towards the city.

After days of wandering through the lands with Old White to ensnare them in her trap and after snuffing out their lives, tomorrow, she could finally enjoy a much-needed rest.

Seeing Feng Jiu return so early, the guard was taken aback. Stepping forward to bow and greet her, he smiled and said, "You're back awful early today, Young Miss!"

"Mm," she nodded with a smile as she placed Little Ball on the ground. Then, she said to the guard, "Help me prepare something nice for Old White and Little Ball."

"Yes, Miss. Don't you worry, I'll have something ready right away," he said with a laugh and a bow as he led Old White and Little Ball away.

Watching him go, she headed to the main courtyard. Seeing her father's steadfast guards standing at attention in the courtyard, she nodded to them and went inside.

"Little Jiu, you're back early today?" her father said quizzically as he supped at his bowl of medicinal porridge.

[Chapter 392 Blindsided in the Eleventh Hour!](#)

Feng Jiu walked over to the table and sat down, smiling, "I have good news to tell you, father."

"Tea, Mistress," said Leng Hua who was attending to Feng Xiao as he poured a cup of tea and placed it before her.

"Mm, thank you," she said as she looked up to him and nodded with a smile.

Supping the porridge from his bowl, Feng Xiao wiped his mouth and placed the bowl on the table. "So what's this good news?" he asked as he looked up to her inquiringly.

Pursing her lips to sip from her cup, she said, "Those men are dead."

Shocked, he blinked in surprise as a glimmer seemed to shine from his eyes. Lowering his voice, he asked with interest, "Those two old bastards?"

"Mm, it's been taken care of," Feng Jiu said with a harmless smile. "From now on," she said, casually, "you don't have to worry about them coming around here or sabotaging us anymore. And we've hobbled Murong Bo, for the time being. We've killed two birds with one stone."

As grave as the circumstances they found themselves in were, Feng Jiu seemed to treat the matter almost without a second thought. Hearing her say this and looking at the spirit in her eyes, Feng Xiao couldn't help but whoop with laughter, exclaiming "Great. Excellent. Good! Haha, this is just great!"

In his rejoicing, he had forgotten his internal injuries, and in laughing, he shuddered as his chest pained him.

"Father, you're still unwell!" said Feng Jiu as she rolled her eyes, chagrined by his sudden abandon, forgetting how to conserve his energy.

Rubbing his chest with one hand and catching a breath, he let out a deep sigh. "Aigh!" said Feng Xiao, "If only your grandfather were here, this news would be all the more pleasant to hear!"

"Don't worry, father," said Feng Jiu, softly consoling him, "at this point, no news is still good news." Thinking for a moment, she then said, "Oh! Father, I want to take a look in grandfather's quarters. I feel that grandfather may have known his abductor or perhaps there may be some clues lying around."

Feng Xiao nodded his head and said, "Yes, do as you wish. I'm not back to my old self yet, so I'll leave these matters up to you." See how Feng Jiu dealt with the matter so swiftly and decisively, despite the troubles they were in, Feng Xiao knew that she could bring order back to the Feng Residence, and that was a great comfort to him.

"I'll handle these affairs, father. Just you rest and tend to your injuries," she said with a warm smile. Looking to Leng Hua, she asked, "Is there any more of the ointment left that I had prepared? If not, I can take it and bring some more back."

"Yes," said Leng Hua, "There's still some left, Mistress."

"Good. Then I'll be heading back to my quarters," said Feng Jiu as she got up and left.

Meanwhile, in the Imperial Palace...

"Ruler, Ruler! Bad news! Bad news!" An old man came rushing into the palace, and in his haste, he stumbled over the threshold.

"What's gotten into you?" asked Murong Bo, meticulously enunciating his words with regal dignity.

In his hands, he held a cup of tea up to his lips. Kneeling beside him on both sides were two nimble servant girls pat-patting his legs while two men standing behind him were gently fanning him. Murong Bo indulged in his leisure.

The disappearance of the Old Feng Patriarch and the stupor that beset Feng Xiao played out perfectly for him. Though the Feng Residence had yet to fall, they were no longer the threat to him that they once posed. If he wished to rain utter ruin upon them, he could do so at the flick of a hand.

Even the young lady of the Feng Residence, that Feng Qing Ge, would soon be his to wed off. Soon, he would tie himself to the sixth-grade Green Gallop County. Soon, his Sun Glory Country would outshine the numerous other ninth-grade countries, and with the backing of Green Gallop, none would dare to stand against him!

[Chapter 393 The Crown Prince of Green Gallop!](#)

"Ruler, t-the life lanterns of the two martial masters have been snuffed out!"

As the old man's panicked voice fell, Murong Bo's hands shook, dropping the cup of tea shattering to the floor. Lunging up from the throne, he caught the two servant maids off guard, and they fell to the ground.

"What!? Whose life lanterns were snuffed out?!" roared Murong Bo, failing to hide the faintest tremor of shock and dismay behind his commanding voice.

Those two were martial cultivators at their peak! Those two were the strongest men he had, so how could they have up and died?! Who in Sun Glory Country could possibly have the skill to kill these two martial masters with such stealth?

He had known that their attempt to assassinate Feng Xiao would have repercussions, though they were well prepared. Yet, he could have never possibly imagined that these two peak martial cultivators would take the fall!

"T-the, uh, the two..." the old man stammered, but before he could finish, Murong Bo strode quickly out the door to check their life lanterns in the lantern hall.

The life of such a lantern is inextricably tied to the person that lit it. If that person were to die, the oil in the lantern would dry up and the lantern would soon be extinguished by the wind. In this way, such a lantern can relay whether someone who has been traveling far from home or who has left on a hermitage for many years is alive or dead.

Approaching the building, Murong Bo saw that the life lanterns of the two martial cultivators had in fact been extinguished! Seeing this, he pitched forward, staggering several paces. With a look of sheer disbelief, he cried out, "How is this possible!? Who did this? Who killed them!?"

Realizing that those two peak martial cultivators, the two strongest men that he had were dead and gone, a weight crushed upon his heart. In one fell swoop, he had lost both his left and his right-hand men, as if the claws of a tiger were shorn away. How could he not be aggrieved?!

"Answers! I demand answers!" he screamed as he stormed out the door.

These two martial cultivators could not have died without a trace! He had to find out who killed them!

Word of their deaths never traveled far, for Murong Bo suppressed it.

Shortly after Murong Yi Xuan had returned, a shadowed guard quietly approached him in the study, told him of the palace news, and then quietly left...

Those two elders were murdered?

Murong Yi Xuan was taken aback. Who in Cloudy Moon City could have possibly killed those two with such stealth?

And why did they have to die?

Bothered by this, he realized that, for some reason, when he heard that the two were killed, the first thing he thought of was the Feng Residence. Could the eight martial cultivators guarding the Feng Residence have killed them?

Surveying the whole of Cloudy Moon City in his mind's eye, he considered that if those eight were not responsible, then perhaps they died at the hands of a foreign enemy. But, what oppressor would come to our lands just to kill those two, given that we have no qualms or enemies abroad? Clearly, that wasn't the answer.

"The Feng Residence... could they really have done this?"

Dealing with those two, Feng Jiu could concentrate on healing her father's internal injuries and prepare special potions for him. With the help of spiritual medicine and healing, Feng Xiao could recover quickly.

Their days of tranquility, it seems, were dashed apart all too soon.

That morning, a luxurious airship landed at the gates to the palace, drawing the curiosity and awe of many onlookers. Hearing the commotion, Murong Bo rushed out to greet the visitors. Seeing the regal figure that disembarked, he quickly greeted him with absolute deference and asked with abject reverence, "Your Majesty, the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country, I presume?"

[Chapter 394 His Majesty's Woman!](#)

Dressed in a luxurious brocade, Nie Teng stood with his hands clasped behind his back. Glancing at Murong Bo who stood before him, he asked in a distinguished tone that hinted at his well-born status, "And you must be Sun Glory's Ruler, Murong Bo?"

"Yes, it is I, your humble host," he answered without hesitation. Before him, he dared not claim his sovereignty, and so he lowered the status by which he introduced himself. His Royal Highness, a prince of a sixth-grade country, far outranked him. To him, though Murong Bo was the ruler of an entire country, it amounted to of merit little in comparison.

Not to mention...

He furtively glanced at the eight people in his entourage and nearly swooned. All eight of them were immortal cultivators, surely with inestimable power! With a single look, Murong Bo could sense their intimidating potential, sending him into a cold sweat. Sure enough, immortal cultivators were leagues apart from mystic cultivators!

Thinking of this, he quickly steeled himself and said, "Your Majesty has traveled a great distance. Come into the palace and rest. This evening, I, the lowly Murong Bo, will prepare a feast for you to celebrate your arrival!"

"Mm," Nie Teng murmured with a slight nod as he drifted in through the palace gates led by Murong Bo.

The luxurious airship behind them was not shrunk and collected but instead remained resolutely parked at the palace gates to be marveled at by onlookers and passersby.

Entering the inner courtyard of the palace, Murong Bo personally led the prince to palace chambers that had been prepared for him and said, "We knew that Your Majesty would be calling on us any day now, so I ordered my servants to prepare these chambers for you so that your stay here may be one of some comfort."

Nie Teng glanced casually around the palace chambers, but without commenting much on his accommodations, he turned to Murong Bo and asked, "What news do you have of my marriage proposal to the Young Miss of the Feng Residence that my servant sent?"

Hearing this, Murong Bo hastily replied, "I immediately went to the Feng Residence to tell them of your servant's visit, but Feng Xiao and the Young Miss were of a different mind. Of late, however, troubles have befallen the Feng family. Feng Xiao fell into a stupor after an attempt on his life and the Old Feng

Patriarch has gone missing. At this point, the Feng Residence is being held up by the Young Miss alone, and I believe they are on the verge of ruin. I am certain that the Young Miss is filled with gratitude to know that she has not lost Your Majesty's favor. For Your Majesty's feast this evening, I will send a servant to invite her here to the palace to keep Your Majesty company!"

"Oh? Why haven't I heard of this?"

Hearing that this devastatingly beautiful maiden faced such difficulties and was forced to bolster an entire family upon her delicate shoulders tugged at his heartstrings and he asked Murong Bo in a subdued voice, "And you've found out who did this?"

Murong Bo dabbed the cold sweat from his brow and said, "No, we don't know who did this, but if I had to guess, I'd say that it was a foreign agent. Feng Xiao is a great general here in Sun Glory, so he surely has quite a few old enemies."

"The Young Miss Feng Qing Ge is my woman, so you must treat her affairs with the great importance that they deserve."

"Yes, yes. Of course, absolutely," he quickly replied, feeling a bit dizzy.

"Well, a feast awaits! There won't be too many others in attendance, so long as she is here to be with Your Majesty!" Murong Bo exclaimed as he gestured for him to rest.

"Yes. I'll be retiring now," said Nie Teng as he bowed his head, turned, and left.

Once Murong Bo had left, a middle-aged man dressed in black stepped forward and asked, "Master, shall I go down to the Feng Residence to investigate?" Because they had been careless, he and his master had learned of Feng Jiu's dark secret without so much as a fight, and this had been worrying him to no end.

Could such a cavalier and brilliant woman as her really land in his master's harem so easily?

[Chapter 395 The Ghost Doctors Woman?](#)

"No need. I trust that she already knows what we've found out. There's no point in seeing her or in inquiring about this matter. Ultimately, after all, she belongs to me, so why act with such haste?" Nie Teng said with self-assuredness, as if he had an unwavering conviction that Feng Jiu would be his, no matter the odds.

Sure enough, as he had said, word quickly spread across Cloudy Moon City of the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country's arrival to Sun Glory Country. To everyone and anyone, it was clear that his visit concerned the Young Miss Feng Qing Ge, word of which had spread long ago. Clearly, this was a surprise to no one.

However, they never expected that he would attach so much significance to Feng Qing Ge since she would end up being nothing more than one of his many attendant consorts. Why then would he travel such a great distance on her behalf? Evidently, she meant a great deal to him.

This development only seemed to add to the suspense and curiosity that people attached to the Feng Clan following Feng Xiao's coma and the Old Patriarch's disappearance.

Even an attendant consort is still a concubine, and the difference in title is only there because she would be a consort to the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country. The Feng Clan had no intention of letting Feng Qing Ge become a Side Concubine, but, on the other hand, she was the only one left in the family. Given that the Prince of Green Gallop Country had come in person just to see her, what would Feng Jiu do?

No matter what choice she made, drama would unfold. The people of Cloudy Moon City, though, were merely spectators.

Leaping from his seat with a look of distress and a furious glare in his eyes, Murong Yi Xuan shouted "What did you say?! The Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country is here?"

"Yes, sir," said the guard who had brought him the news, "word of his arrival has spread across Cloudy Moon City. The Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country came in an airship, and it's still parked outside the palace gates. The Ruler personally invited him into the palace, and they say he's holding a feast tonight. They say the Ruler intends to summon the Young Miss Feng to be his companion for the evening."

Hearing this, Murong Yi Xuan clenched his fists in anger, as a pang of fury and alarm surged forth from his heart that he could not conceal.

He's summoning Qing Ge as a companion? For the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country?! What's become of my father!? Is Qing Ge nothing more than a piece of meat?!

"Prepare the sedan-chair! I'm going to the palace!" Murong Yi Xuan shouted, and with the flourishing of his sleeves, he rushed out the door.

Meanwhile, at the black market, Guan Xi Lin was stunned when he heard of the news. Looking to the black market's Boss Yan, he asked, "What? You mean the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country is here?"

Boss Yan nodded and said, "Quite so. His airship's still parked outside the palace gates! I hear he's here to collect the Young Miss Feng!" As he spoke, he lowered his voice slightly and asked with some curiosity, "The Young Miss Feng's probably never been to the Green Gallop Country, right? How did she end up enchanting the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country into taking her to be a Side Concubine?"

"Side Concubine?!" roared Guan Xi Lin, "Hahaha!" Still laughing, he sneered, "Even if she were to be his Queen Consort, much less his Side Concubine, my little sister would never stoop so low as to be with him!

Sure, he's the Prince of Green Gallop Country, but he's still not worthy enough for my sister! And he wants her to be his attendant consort? You've got to be kidding me!"

Hearing this, Boss Yan was surprised and couldn't understand Guan Xi Lin's tenacity. To him, the Young Miss Feng was nothing more than a beautiful maiden, but her cultivation base wasn't even worth mentioning. Why then did Guan Xi Lin act as if the Young Miss Feng was so extraordinarily unattainable that not even the crown prince of a sixth-grade country would be worthy of her attention? Why not?

Suddenly, that dashing red figure popped into his head. Boss Yan's eyes narrowed, and then he suddenly cried out, "Are you saying that the Young Miss Feng is the Ghost Doctor's woman?!"

[Chapter 396 Wear Something Nice!](#)

"The Ghost Doctor's woman?" said the stunned Guan Xi Lin, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "What gives you that idea?" he asked.

"Am I wrong?" asked Boss Yan, "If the Feng Clan had nothing to do with the Ghost Doctor, then why would the Ghost Doctor have people take such good care of them? Why would he always send them potions? With those good looks and her exceptional temperament, I could see how she could charm even the Ghost Doctor. Men are suckers for beauty, are we not?"

At this point, Boss Yan chuckled to himself. As a man, the first thing you see in a woman is her beauty. Once that's got your attention, you start to notice other things. While, admittedly, he couldn't speak for every man on the planet, he could state for a fact that a lot of men were that way.

Hearing this, Guan Xi Lin grinned and shook his head, saying "Alright, enough with the wild guesses! I need to go see my sister. If the Prince of Green Gallop Country is here, I need to make sure she has a plan of action."

Seeing Guan Xi Lin head for the door, Boss Yan blurted out, "So, does that mean the Young Miss Feng won't be taking the Crown Prince up on his offer to be his Side Concubine?"

"Ha!" scoffed Guan Xi Lin, and without turning back he said, "He's nothing more than a toad lusting after a swan's flesh." Striding boldly out from the black market, he headed off for the Feng Residence...

Meanwhile, at the Feng Residence...

"Young Miss," said one of the guards, "the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country has arrived. It seems like he meant what he said about you being his Side Concubine. If he's already showed up at the Imperial Palace and wants to come here, what do you intend to do?"

With the exception of Luo Yu and his master who were off in closed-door meditation, the other seven went to find Feng Jiu as soon as they heard the news to see how she would settle things.

From what they heard, the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country had brought eight supremely powerful immortal cultivators in his entourage, and if they intended to take her by force...

Feng Jiu was busy grinding a medicinal powder at a table in the courtyard when they came in. Hearing them arrive, she glanced up to see who it was and hear what they had to say, but without so much as lifting her head, she casually said, "Murong Bo isn't my father, so it's not like he would have so much as a say in who I marry. Also, if I refuse, would they dare to try and take me by force?"

"But..." one of them mumbled as Leng Hua, dressed in all black came in.

"Mistress," he said.

"Yes, what is it?" Feng Jiu asked as she began to put away the finished medicinal powders.

"Nie Teng, Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country," Leng Hua began, "the steadfast and favorite son of the Ruler of Green Gallop Country, age, 24, cultivation base, late-stage, estimated by the leader of the Academy of the Six Stars to be a consummate Golden Core Cultivator within the next several decades, confident and self-assured with a fierce and fiery fighting style, rumored to have once pursued a nine-

order beast at the age of twelve for over a month to ultimately slay it in his father's honor..." pausing, Leng Hua then said, "Boss Yan has a message for you, Mistress."

Feng Jiu raised her eyebrows and smiled, asking, "What is it?"

"Do not fight Nie Teng, Young Miss Feng," he said, "He is a man who will never give up."

Staring blankly for a moment, Feng Jiu laughed and said, "This Boss Yan is quite a character! Why would he say something like that?"

The seven middle-aged men standing off to the side grimaced, wishing to blurt out: That's the only part of the message you heard?

"Young Miss!" called the gatekeeper from outside the courtyard.

With a pleased smile, Feng Jiu called back, "Come in!"

Entering the courtyard to see that others were also there, the gatekeeper stepped forward to greet them and said, "Young Miss, a dispatch from the palace sent word that you will be attending a feast at the palace for the Green Gallop Crown Prince. They also gave instructions that you must arrive in splendid attire."

[Chapter 397 You Cant Protect Her!](#)

Hearing this, the seven middle-aged men looked to Feng Jiu. She'd been summoned by the palace. Would she go?

Feng Jiu grinned, ever so slightly, and looked to the gatekeeper, saying, "Is he still out there?"

"No, Young Miss. He left after he had given his message," said the gatekeeper with utmost deference.

"Mm, good. Back to work, then!" she said with a nod, gesturing for him to go.

"Yes, Young Miss," said the gatekeeper as he backed out of the courtyard and left.

"Does that mean you're going, Young Miss?" asked one of the men with a pained expression, worried that this evening would be her own Feast at Hong Gate, that the banquet was planned with the sole purpose of having her murdered.

"Can't you see I'm busy? Do I look like I have time to waste wining and dining?" she said as she flourished her dress and arose. Seeing the pained expressions of all seven men, Feng Jiu couldn't help but smile, saying, "You have nothing to fear. Nothing is going to come of this."

At once, she made her way to the main building to see her father to make sure he wouldn't be worried once he heard the news.

Meanwhile, at the palace, Murong Yi Xuan stormed into his father's palace chambers and immediately asked, "Imperial Father, do you intend to have Qing Ge wed off?The Feng family soured on this marriage long ago and don't plan on marrying Qing Ge to the Green Gallop Crown Prince to be his Side Concubine. Perhaps you failed to tell him that?"

Hearing his son use such an interrogating tone with him, Murong Bo raged with anger, slamming his fist against the table, he roared, "What impudence! How dare you speak to your father, the ruler, like this!? Have you lost all sense of your position?!"

Murong Yi Xuan, however, was utterly undaunted by his father's anger. Dropping his gaze slightly, his expression, which had always been one of such civility and refinement, gave way to a wave of rare anger as he said, "Imperial Father, you know of my affection for her, and yet you would make such a decision. I simply wish to ask you, Imperial Father, am I still even a son to you?"

Seeing his son so unafraid of Murong Bo's prestige, he sighed heavily, licked his lips, and with a heavy voice said, "Your marriage contract with her is a thing of the past. There is nothing left between the two of you. If she had feelings for you, she wouldn't have broken off the marriage. Why should you still care about what goes on in the Feng Residence?"

"You ought to know," Murong Bo continued, "that if she serves as Side Concubine to the Green Gallop Crown Prince, not only will her family be spared of their eminent ruin, but she can also help us gain the backing of the powerful Green Gallop Country. How dare you stand in the way of such a perfect arrangement!?"

Pausing, Murong Bo glanced at his son and then said, "What's more, how could you possibly impede the Green Gallop Crown Prince now that he has his eye upon her? You ought to know that this world belongs to the mighty and that strength trumps all else. You may consider yourself a legend here in my Sun Glory Country, but this is Sun Glory, boy! You stand no match against the Crown Prince of a powerful sixth-grade country! You can't protect her!"

Hearing his father speak so candidly and with such unrelenting force, Murong Yi Xuan's face turned ashen white, and his sleeved hands clenched into tight fists. Despite his furious anger, he had to admit that his father was right. He couldn't protect her!

If he could protect her, her father wouldn't have faced an assassination attempt or suffered such a grave injury that sent him into a stupor!

If he could protect her, his father wouldn't be able to force her into this marriage, wouldn't be able to force her to become the Side Concubine to the Green Gallop Crown Prince!

If he could protect her, she wouldn't be forced to be paraded before the Green Gallop Prince as a companion!

Strength! If only he had strength! If he were powerful, who would ever dare to treat his beloved this way? Never before had he been so aware of the importance of strength! Never before had he felt such a vexing desire to possess power!

Seeing his son's pallid complexion, tinged with anger and unwillingness, Murong Bo sighed and said, "There will always be others, will there not? So long as you are strong enough, who's to say you won't find a woman far more beautiful than she could ever hope to become?"

[Chapter 398 All for Naught!](#)

Hearing this, Murong Yi Xuan raised his head to look over at his father, and in a gravelly tone, said, "No one can compare to her!" As his voice rang out, he spun around and stormed out of the room.

Frowning, Murong Bo watched as his son left. Worried that he would go to the Green Gallop Crown Prince, he fretted and followed after.

Relations within the royal family were as thin as paper, but he thought highly of this specific son. Among Murong Bo's many offspring, Murong Yi Xuan alone stood out for his great talent, and Murong Bo hoped that he would go on to do great things. Nonetheless, Murong Bo did not wish to be dragged down by his children's hopes and desires.

This Feng girl would be the Green Gallop Crown Prince's woman whether she liked it or not! Moreover, only in this way could Yi Xuan be put back on the proper path, focusing his efforts on cultivation and refinement!

Just as Murong Bo had feared, Murong Yi Xuan headed straight for the palace chambers of the Green Gallop Prince, though the powerful cultivators stood guard outside, so entry would not come easy.

"I trouble you to transmit a message: 'Murong Yi Xuan wishes to enter.'" said Murong Yi Xuan with a heavy heart as he looked at the cultivator cloaked in gray from whom a powerful energy seemed to emanate.

Such are the trappings of a powerful country, it would seem. Cultivation of this guard's level would handsomely endow a clan leader in their humble Sun Glory.

With a condescending glance, the gray-cloaked middle-aged man, coldly replied, "The Crown Prince is resting. No one enters."

Hearing this, Murong Yi Xuan's face darkened and just as he began to walk forward, he felt a hand press firmly down on his shoulder. Turning slightly, he saw that his father was pulling him back. Smiling deferentially, Murong Bo said to the middle-aged man, "Heh! My boy has long admired the Crown Prince, and he rushed over to meet him the second he heard that the Crown Prince was here, not realizing that he almost disturbed the Crown Prince's rest."

Then, turning around to see the furious look on Murong Yi Xuan's face, he shouted at him, yelling: "What are you still doing here?!"

"I need to have a word with the Crown Prince, and I urge you to inform him of this," Murong Yi Xuan said quite frankly, ignoring his father outright, as he looked over to the middle-aged man.

Hearing this and seeing the contorted look on Murong Bo's face, the gray-cloaked middle-aged man's sights fell on Murong Yi Xuan, he bluntly said, "He will be present at the feast this evening. You can bring your words to him then. As for now, leave at once!"

"Guards! Expel the Third Prince from the palace grounds!" shouted Murong Bo. At once, several guards rushed over. Unwilling to forcibly remove him, however, they respectfully said, "Third Prince, this way!"

Seeing this, Murong Yi Xuan's face darkened. Staring into the palace chambers, he said in a low voice, "Since I cannot personally relay this to the Green Gallop Crown Prince, I convey this message to you instead: Feng Qing Ge, the Young Miss of the Feng Residence, has not agreed to this marriage. All your efforts are for naught!" Saying this, he flourished his sleeves and strode off in anger, ignoring his father's tortured expression.

Murong Bo felt as if a raging fire tore through his senses. He was so close to clinching a deal with Green Gallop Country only to be hamstrung by his own son! He would pay for this!

"Heh-heh! Don't listen to him and his nonsense! Tell the Crown Prince, His Majesty, that the marriage will be as planned. Nothing's amiss!" he said sheepishly and dashed off.

After the two had left, the gray-cloaked middle-aged man entered to report what had just happened to Nie Teng and then re-emerged.

Hearing this report, a black-cloaked middle-aged man standing off to the side looked over to his brooding master and said, hesitatingly, "This trifling Feng girl would be a fool to have our Green Gallop Country as an adversary. What's more, she should know that your interest in her is a blessing. Whether she likes it or not, she will be your woman."

[Chapter 399 Fetch Her!](#)

"What? You think I can't conquer her with my charms? You think I need the might of Green Gallop Country to force her to yield?" Nie Teng said, glancing at the middle-aged man who had spoken, with a fleeting brightness that seemed to shimmer out of his darkening eyes. Obviously, the man's words were ringing in his ears, but his heart was not at ease.

Even without his status as the Crown Prince of Green Gallop, few could compare to his prowess. Who across these countries could overpower him?

"I dare not speak..." said the middle-aged man fearfully as he quickly lowered his head.

Nie Teng scoffed scornfully and said, "When it comes to women, the more they resist, the more my desire grows. If she came at my every beck and call, I would quickly lose interest."

"Yes, you're absolutely right, Your Highness," said the middle-aged man in stammering agreement.

The arrival of the Green Gallop Crown Prince, the feast held in the Ruler's palace, and their summoning of the Young Miss Feng to accompany him caused quite a commotion throughout the city.

The Young Miss Feng was, at the end of the day, an unmarried woman, and to be summoned to the palace as a companion, well, people were a bit shocked. It was disconcerting for them to see the Ruler make such a move. Even though she was invited into the palace, the Young Miss Feng was a young woman, the very object of the Green Gallop Crown Prince's affections, summoned all on her lonesome to the palace. Who could guess what sort of trouble might befall her there?

If only Feng Xiao had not fallen into his stupor, he would surely be furious at word of this. If only the Old Feng Patriarch had not gone missing, he would surely go to the Ruler to try to speak reason to him. And yet, all that was left of the Feng Residence was the Young Miss herself. What weight could she possibly sway?

Perhaps it would be better for her to make her peace with a life together with the Green Gallop Crown Prince. At least this way she could use the man's power to help the Feng Residence keep out the wind and rain.

Word of this unfolding drama ricocheted across the city. Their curiosity piqued, quite a few people made their way to inns near the Feng Residence where they could munch on snacks and sip their wine, watching to see if the Young Miss Feng would actually present herself to the evening's feast.

And yet, as the day began to wane and the street began to light up with red lanterns hung at the storefronts of inns, the gates to the Feng Residence still remained tightly closed without sight of anyone coming or going.

"Huh? Did you see the Young Miss Feng leave? Do you think she's already in the palace?"

"No way! She'd have to pass by here to head to the palace, and they haven't even opened those gates. How could she already be in the palace?"

"You don't think she's skipping out, do you?"

"She wouldn't, would she? If the Ruler sent a summons, you think she'd refuse?"

"Heh! Why not? She's the daughter of the great General Feng Xiao! She's got vinegar in that blood of hers. Hey, who knows, she might not be going after all!"

Meanwhile, in the palace, as the skies began to darken, the feast began with a tense stillness in the air for no other reason than the Green Gallop Crown Prince's bated desire for the arrival of the person he wished to see most. In this stifling atmosphere, others that had arrived to accompany the honored guest were restless in their seats.

"What's the deal? Didn't I send one of you out to hasten her arrival? As late as it is, why is Feng Qing Ge still not here?" pressed the sullen Murong Bo as he looked to a servant as rage began to churn through his heart.

The servant hastily kneeled down before him and quickly said, "Ruler, I urge you to quell your anger. Perhaps the Young Miss Feng is still busy grooming and preparing for tonight? The people sent to fetch her should be back any time now!"

As he finished his words, the guards who had been sent to retrieve her from the Feng Residence came rushing in. Shocked, the servant bowing before Murong Bo quickly exclaimed, "Ruler! They've returned."

[Chapter 400 Too Busy to Attend!](#)

Murong Bo looked over to the men that had just rushed in. Failing to see Feng Qing Ge enter behind them, his heart sank, and instead of walking over to them, he simply asked, "Weren't you going to bring the Young Miss Feng here with you?"

The guards got down on one knee, and the head guard said with trepidation, "Ruler, I urge you to quell your anger. We went to the Feng Residence to retrieve the Young Miss Feng, b-but..."

Not daring to raise his head, the head guard began to falter, afraid to finish his report.

Murong Bo sighed heavily and gruffly said: "Speak!"

"We went to retrieve her, but we couldn't even get in through the gates to the Feng Residence before several Feng Guards came out to tell us that their Mistress had no time for feasting a-and wouldn't be

joining us." said the guard as his voice turned into a mumble. Lowering his head as he continued to mumble, he felt that if he were to stop talking, a heavy silence would fall upon the room and fill the air with a stifling chill.

Instinctively looking to Nie Teng, Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country, Murong Bo saw that he was reclined, casually swirling the wine in his cup, seemingly lost in thought with a hint of a smirk at the corner of his mouth. It seemed as if he was nonplussed by her absence, though all the other guests at the feast were on edge because of him.

"This Feng Qing Ge is in open defiance! Do my commands fall on deaf ears? Look at all these people waiting for her! And you tell me she's not coming?! Go back at once! Bind her if you have to and bring her to me!" roared Murong Bo as he ordered the guards to return to the Feng Residence.

Still holding the cup in his hand, Nie Teng stood up, looking to Murong Bo with a smirk as he lowered his voice and spoke with a threatening tone, saying "As she is to be my attendant consort, you should know that her name is not to be bounded about by you any longer." At once, Nie Teng turned and left.

Sitting down in a daze, Murong Bo twisted his fists under the table, overwhelmed by a creeping sense of humiliation.

He was the ruler of an entire kingdom, small though it was. Nonetheless, he had lost considerable face before his subjects. If it were someone else who had humiliated him, he would surely have unleashed his wrath upon him. Yet, this was the Prince of Green Gallop Country, and Murong Bo could not afford to offend him...

Seeing the prince leave, the guests at the feast finally breathed a sigh of relief now that the prince was gone. Seeing the look on the Ruler's face, however, those who had begun to settle in once again grew uneasy. It seemed as if this entire feast was thrown to dine upon their cold, frightened sweat.

The black-cloaked middle-aged men, close upon the heels of Nie Teng, looked cautiously to his sullen master who seemed to imperceptibly quell his anger. He had no choice but to attempt to raise his spirits.

Suddenly, his master stopped to tactfully wipe a cold sweat from his brow. Fortunately, the man was not following too closely behind him or he would have run right into him.

"You are not needed," said Nie Teng as he pivoted and made his way out of the palace.

Somewhat taken aback, the middle-aged man paused and then quickly caught up, asking, "Master, do you intend to go to the Feng Residence to see the Young Miss Feng? Perhaps I go before you. Would it not be better for me to bring her to you instead?"

Nie Teng continued forward as before, and without looking back, he said, "No need. It should be more interesting if I go myself in person." Pausing, Nie Teng turned around to stare at him and said, "You are forbidden from accompanying me."

Seeing this, the middle-aged man stood in place and watched as his master strode away from the palace. Worried, he quickly blurted out a warning to him, saying "Master, be wary of the Young Miss Feng! She is a skilled alchemist!"

What he had meant to be a thoughtful warning was quickly met with an angry glare.

Indeed, this reminder was all too clear for Nie Teng for they hadn't they all suffered before at her hands?