

GHOST DOCTOR 411

[Chapter 411 A Shocking Means to an End!](#)

In a blink, a pair of thin white hands were clasped tightly around the general's neck, and though she didn't seem to apply any force, the general's face began to turn pale, and he couldn't even scream out. The pride that had once been on his face had disappeared, only to be replaced with a look of shock and terror!

Time around them seemed to slow as if everyone was holding their breath. Stunned, they all looked on at the girl that moved so quickly.

It seemed as if a cold and somber mood weighed upon her, with a chilling and awful presence to her, inferior to none. At this instant, they seemed to see a smile upon her beautiful face, but her smile seemed lacking in some way. No matter how they tried to interpret what had just happened, no one could deny the menacing, threatening mood about her.

Was that the same Feng Qing Ge who had just been standing there before them so nonchalantly?

At this moment, all that the onlookers could see was a bloodthirsty goddess...

"Did you not hear what I said? Don't you know that I hate to repeat myself? Since you don't wish to go, then stay here forever!" said Feng Jiu in a cold, quiet, and murderous tone as she tightened her grip around his throat, giving the general no chance to struggle or resist. A terrible snap cracked through the silence, and the general's spirit seemed to slip away from him as his feet twitched once, twice. His life was ended, and sapped of strength, his arms flopped down to his sides.

A chilling hush swept across the crowd having witnessed how ruthlessly and decisively she could kill at will.

She acted so swiftly and with such flourish! The general had no chance to even block her, so much as react, before he died so effortlessly at her hands...

Given the troubles that had befallen the Feng Residence, how could she dare kill with such indiscretion? What's more, that man was sent by the Ruler himself! Wantonly, she had stirred the pot between them, refusing to give face to the Ruler. Was she not afraid that Murong Bo could destroy the Feng Residence in a fit of rage?

At this point, because the crowd was still stunned by what she had done, many of them had completely missed a much more incredible fact. That general had the strength of a mid-level martial master! How could she have possibly killed him that easily without so much as a bit of resistance?

Only the head of the Geng family was carefully aware of this. Snorting softly to himself, he looked at Feng Jiu with a newfound sense of surprise and scrutiny.

She effortlessly killed a great martial master, something that would take tremendous martial strength. And yet there seemed to be hardly any brutality to her. Her finesse and deft skill seemed to say otherwise, not to mention that speed! The general had tried to back away, but he was doomed from the moment he saw her! Clearly, there were unknown depths to her unimaginable strength!

Suddenly, his curiosity about this Young Miss Feng began to grow. He had come here thinking that she needed their help, and he had never expected something like this would happen. What happened though affirmed a conviction in him that the Feng family wasn't quite as simple as people made them out to be.

Even with the disappearance of the Feng Patriarch and the stupor that Feng Xiao had fallen into, even still, no one would dare mess with the Feng Residence with the Young Miss Feng standing watch!

Except for...

What was all this about the Crown Prince of Green Gallop Country? If he truly insisted on having her, seeing how Young Miss Feng considered the proposal, she obviously had no intentions to be with him. And yet, this whole incident began this evening when the Green Gallop Crown Prince was caught sneaking into the Feng Residence, for which he was roundly beaten.

Roughing up the Green Gallop Crown Prince? Heh-heh...

Something like that sounds exactly like something that only a Feng would do.

[Chapter 412 Don't be Afraid, Little Feng Girl!](#)

Watching her kill the general, looks of fear appeared one by one on the faces of the royal guards around her, and they began to step back away from her. The hundred-odd men were led by only two generals, one of whom was now dead, while the other was badly injured. If they were to still advance towards the residence, would they not be simply sealing their fates?

The two old men watched as Feng Jiu killed the man. Unflinching, they still could not help but feel surprised, though, by her strangeness and sternness. After all, they had thought of her as a simple minded beauty. They had not expected her to fight so unequivocally.

Although, if she were an ordinary woman, their Lord would have never thought twice of her.

Seeing the royal guards around them step back several paces with a look of fear and trepidation upon their faces, the two old men sighed loudly, and one of them shouted, "Nothing has changed! So what if he's dead!? Have you forgotten your Ruler's orders? Charge that door! Together with this Young Miss Feng, arrest everyone else in that Feng Residence!" hearing this, Feng Jiu's eyes frosted over, and just as she was about to speak, she heard an angry shout that affixed her in place.

"Let's just see you try!" yelled out a wisened yet forceful voice that carried a powerful martial qi. As the voice rang out, a tangible and mystical atmosphere seemed to fill the air like water.

Hearing this, the men from the Geng family were slightly taken aback, and they turned their heads back, in turn, to see a grey-cloaked figure quickly and furiously approaching, followed by many others. Realizing who it was, the men from the Geng family quickly ran over to greet him.

"Father, what are you doing here?" the head of the Geng family quickly asked. He never imagined that the old patriarch would show up here.

And yet, the old Geng Family Patriarch ignored him and instead strode forward, sagely scanning the crowd and pausing when he saw the two old men. He then proceeded over to stand in front of Feng Jiu.

"My little Feng girl, there's nothing to fear. Even though your grandfather isn't here, I am here to protect you!" The old Geng patriarch said, looking at Feng Jiu who stared at him, distressed by the darkness. The poor child had been frightened by these men, and it seems like she was in a bit of shock. A young child like her with no one to protect her was a pitiful thing indeed.

Thinking of this, his heart began to soften, and he forced the scowl on his face to soften into a smile. With a gentler voice, he said, "My little Feng girl, there's nothing to fear. With me here, no one will dare to hurt you!"

At this point, the people of the Feng family were dumbstruck, especially Feng Jiu. Watching this old man's gruff expression bend into a smile to try to comfort her and hearing his kind words, Feng Jiu felt an inexplicable warmth in her heart.

She remembered him, the old Geng Family Patriarch, an old friend of her grandfather of many years. She knew that he often visited the residence when she was a young child, but it had been many years since she had last seen him. And still, he looked the same as before. Nothing had changed about him.

What she could never have expected, though, at a time like this, was that she would find this man standing before her and saying such kind things to her. She had to admit that this old friend of her grandfather was a decent man indeed.

Realizing this, she smiled at him sweetly, and in that smile, her menacing expression seemed to disappear. Suddenly, she seemed to be just as pure and innocent as the neighboring girls, and if the onlookers had not seen it themselves, they would not have believed how inattentively she loosened her grip from around the general's neck, her eyes fixed sweetly upon the older man.

"Grandfather Geng."

"Oh! The little Feng girl still remembers old Grandfather Geng!" said the old Geng Family Patriarch, beaming with pride because she recognized him.

[Chapter 413 Intent to Kill!](#)

"I do! You brought me osmanthus cake once, Grandfather Geng, when I was a little," Feng Jiu said with a grin, her face pure and innocent.

"Ah! Haha! What a memory you have, my little Feng girl. I haven't been to see your family in many years, and you still remember an old beard like me. What a sensible and well-behaved child you are!" said the old patriarch, as delighted to see her as if she were his own granddaughter, that is, if only his own granddaughter would remember him as well as she has, after all these years. What's more, he had only given the girl a few pieces of cake, and yet, to this day, she still remembered! What good manners!

If only others knew that he thought of her as such a pure and innocent child...

It would be one thing if they hadn't personally seen her kill a man without so much as batting an eye, but they had seen her act so strangely and ruthlessly. Hearing the old patriarch call her a sensible and well-behaved child, well, the words just did not seem to fit!

What's more, was this really the best place and best time for those two to reminisce about days gone by?

Lying on the ground just beside them was the still-warm corpse of a man, and they were still surrounded by over a hundred royal guards, along with the two elders from the Green Gallop Country. These forces all stood staring at them, and still, oblivious as ever, the two continued to converse.

Seeing this, the head of the Geng family did not know whether to laugh or cry! His father still hadn't seen what was going on and hadn't seen how ruthless the Young Miss Feng could be. Perhaps he really did see her as just a sensible and well-behaved girl.

What he found so unsettling and dumbfounding about this whole situation, though, was that the evil temperament of the Young Miss Feng, who carried herself with such nonchalant nobility, had disappeared without a trace. Standing before them now, she looked like nothing more than the harmless girl next door. He was speechless!

"Mm, I know all about this. Don't worry, dear. Your grandfather isn't here, but Grandfather Geng is here to protect you!" said the old Geng Family Patriarch, nodding his head as he spoke to Feng Jiu. As he glared at the royal guards around them, he began to speak in a menacing tone, "Aren't you the royal guards of Sun Glory? Why then would you listen to the orders of two foreigners here to attack the daughter of a Sun Glory guardian? You heartless thugs! Hear what I have to say today! The Geng family defends the Feng Residence! Whoever dares to attack them, do not blame the Geng family for fighting back!"

Hearing this, the royal guards who had wanted to advance were now second-guessing themselves. Yeah! Those two guys were Green Gallop men. If they're going to listen to someone's orders, why listen to theirs?! What's more, with one general dead and the other injured, why not seize this opportunity to retreat? Why not first inform the Ruler and go from there?

Thinking of this, one of the royal guards called out a command to regroup, and the men quickly advanced to carry away the two generals. Having approached the residence in a hurry, the men left just as quickly. The whole thing was a bit embarrassing.

Seeing this, the looks on the two old men's faces darkened, and glaring furiously at the old Geng Family Patriarch, one of them, with a look of menace, yelled, "What a ridiculous old fool! You want to take a stand? Well, let's see if you have what it takes!"

At once, one of the men suddenly sent a punch flying towards the old Geng Family Patriarch in an attempt to kill him on the spot. It seemed as if this sudden attack was meant to both vent their anger at the old Geng Family Patriarch who was meddling with their plans and also to shock Feng Jiu to let her know that there would be no end in sight for her if she opposed their Green Gallop Country!

[Chapter 414 Scream Out in Alarm!](#)

Seeing the old man's attack, the old Geng Family Patriarch's eyes darkened, as he pushed Feng Jiu behind him and said, "My little Feng girl! Get out of the way!" At once, he began to conjure up a mystical force from within. Suddenly, he began to rush forward, his hands clenched into tight fists, to meet his opponent's attack.

Feng Jiu, who had been pushed back, was distraught. The old man had pushed her out of the way to meet the attack himself. She watched as a force burst forth from the old man and saw him steadily and

powerfully rush forward, fearlessly facing off against the elder immortal cultivator. In this instant, she was filled with an indescribable feeling.

She was lost in mixed feelings and was moved by his actions. Touched, a heartfelt smile quietly appeared upon her lips, like the slow blooming of a delicate flower, making her all the more beautiful because she was moved from the bottom of her heart.

Seeing his father face off against the elder immortal cultivator, the head of the Geng family's heart was seized with fear. His opponent was an immortal cultivator. If these men had the cultivation base of ordinary fighters, perhaps his father would have a chance, but these two clearly had reached the Gold Core stage!

Knowing his father's martial cultivation, could he really stand a chance against Golden Core cultivators? It was impossible!

He couldn't help but look to the red-dressed Feng Jiu, and he was shocked to see the smile on her face as she watched the ensuing battle. He couldn't help but feel annoyed. What was wrong with this Young Miss Feng!? Couldn't she see that her father was no match for that immortal cultivator?

"Hah!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

One was a mid-level mystical warrior, and the other was a Golden Core immortal cultivator. For the people gathered there that evening, the strength of these men was simply unrivaled, and so, when the power and might of the two men surged against one another, it was as if a cloud of dust swirled up and settled back down around them, making it difficult for onlookers to breathe.

Some of those standing watch who had trouble withstanding this onslaught quietly backed away a distance to avoid the pressure of such great a force. The two opponents fought so quickly that bystanders couldn't even see their movements. All that they could see were two grey figures fighting, at times up in the air and at times back down on the ground. A turbulent force swelled around them, as sharp as a knife, and onlookers couldn't help but hold their breath in suspense.

It was truly an impressive battle! Weaker bystanders, as much as they may have wished to join in, stood idly by. The fighting was so fierce and powerful that no one could lend a hand, and unless one had comparable strength, they couldn't so much as hope to come any closer to them.

Seeing such powerful opponents duel it out, the bystanders felt a surge of excitement in their hearts. How impressive would it be to have that kind of cultivation!

"Whump!"

The two men smacked into one another, and as their forces collided, a powerful gust of air exploded outwards. The stronger man stood firm, while the weaker one was repelled several paces, stumbling just to keep his balance.

"Father!"

Watching as the old patriarch was repelled, losing ground to the immortal cultivator, the head of the Geng family screamed out as he prepared to jump into the action, if not for the other elder Golden Core

cultivator who stood off to the side with his hands behind his back. Grunting deeply, the immortal cultivator flicked his sleeves, and except for stammering back several paces, the head of the Geng family could not come any closer.

"Hah! If you don't have what it takes, then stand down!" the Golden Core cultivator growled, looking askance at the head of the Geng family and his men as if to make it clear that he intended to kill the old Geng Family Patriarch just to shock them.

Seeing the chance to attack the Golden Core cultivator that fought their old patriarch, the men from the Geng family quickly rushed forward to save the old patriarch's life. Suddenly, they paused, as if their hearts had been wrenched forth, and screamed out in alarm...

[Chapter 415 This Can't Happen!](#)

"Father!"

"Grandfather!"

"Patriarch!"

Hearing his sons and grandchildren cry out in alarm, the old patriarch steadied himself and narrowed his eyes. As if he didn't see the fist of death that the Golden Core cultivator was sending his way, he annoyedly yelled to them, "What's all that blubbering?! I'm not dead yet!"

Hearing this, Feng Jiu, who was off to the side, couldn't help but smile. Both of her eyes were fixed brightly upon the old man, but what no one noticed in this instant, was that her two hands, hidden beneath her sleeves, were toying with a silver needle.

Still smiling in the old patriarch's direction, Feng Jiu's eyes quickly flitted over to the Golden Core cultivator who was heading this way to attack. As she stealthily flicked her wrist, sending the silver needle flying, she shouted out to the old patriarch in an adoring tone: "Grandfather Geng hang in there! You're the best!"

The Golden Core cultivator was startled by Feng Jiu's sudden cry, and in that instance, it felt as if something wasn't quite right, but he paid it no attention and coolly smiled. The best? This Young Miss Feng is far too naive!

A second later, though, the look on his face began to change...

"Hahaha! Yes! Of course, it's my little Feng girl who has my heart, not like those family members of mine who just know how to stand on the sidelines and gape!"

Like a mischievous child, the old Geng Family Patriarch was elated by her cheering. With a laugh, he flared his nostrils and opened up his eyes wider, gathering the strength of his entire body into his hands. Rushing forward, he screamed: "Pulverizer!"

In that instant, the old Geng Family Patriarch pushed his hands forward and a visibly powerful and mystical force surged forward like a wave out from his hands to meet the attacking Golden Core cultivator, the look on whose face had already changed dramatically. Instantly, it seemed as if a great force slammed into the Golden Core cultivator's body, and the man himself went flying over a hundred meters!

"Wham!"

As the heavy force smashed into the Golden Core cultivator's body, bystanders could have heard the sound of bones crunching in two, but because of the Golden Core cultivator's gut wrenching scream of pain, no one seemed to have noticed.

Huh?

The old Geng Family Patriarch watched as the Golden Core cultivator strangely went flying without so much as a shred of resistance. Knowing that his opponent was a Golden Core cultivator, he amassed a ten-ton force to attack him, but he should have shown at least some resistance to his attack. Right?

What just happened?!

Other than the old patriarch, who was more than a little surprised at his own might, onlookers were unblinkingly dumbstruck at what they had just seen.

That was a Golden Core cultivator! When did a mid-level martial cultivator like him ever gain the skills to defeat a Golden Core cultivator?! How could he have sent him flying with a single punch!? That's... that's impossible!

"Ma... master, when did the old patriarch become so... so powerful?!" one of the men from the Geng family asked, gulping in surprise, his eyes fixed firmly upon the old patriarch.

The head of the Geng family's emotions fluctuated violently from new highs down to new lows. He too felt that it was unbelievable and went against reason, but he couldn't put his finger on what felt so weird about what had just happened. After all, everyone could tell that the two fought without any assistance, but seeing that Golden Core cultivator go flying from the old patriarch's ten-ton punch...

Meanwhile, the other Golden Core cultivator stared furiously at the old Geng Family Patriarch with a look of awe. Murmuring in awe, he said, "This can't happen! This goes against reason! This isn't right!"

Staring at his own two hands in disbelief, the confused old Geng Family Patriarch was still doubtful when he heard a surprised and excited voice...

[Chapter 416 Just You Wait!](#)

"Grandfather Geng! You're amazing!"

The old Geng Family Patriarch lifted his head, surprised to see that the little Feng girl was already standing in front of him, both eyes beaming as she looked at him with utter excitement. Seeing this, the old patriarch was overjoyed and felt a rush of happiness, completely forgetting any misgivings he had just had. He whooped with laughter, "It seems like my skills aren't all that rusty, huh! Hahaha!" Rubbing his lower back with one hand and tugging at his beard with the other, the old patriarch tossed back his head and smugly laughed to himself.

Seeing this, Feng Jiu grinned and couldn't help but notice how similar the old Geng Family Patriarch was to her own grandfather. Shifting her gaze slightly, she looked over to the Golden Core cultivator that had gone flying as a glimmer of light passed through his eyes.

If his opponent were not a Golden Core cultivator, protected by his years of refinement, the old Geng Family Patriarch's attack would have surely taken his life. Now, however, it seems that the man would have to recover for at least a good two or three weeks.

At this point, the other old man who had just recovered from the shock of what had happened did not step forward to challenge the old Geng Family Patriarch but instead went over to the other old man who was still sprawled on the ground. Helping him stand up, he reprimanded the man saying, "What's the matter with you? How could you not have blocked such a simple punch?!"

Coughing twice and spitting out a wad of blood, the other old man clutched at his chest in pain as he was helped up. It felt as if his sternum was fractured and that he had suffered a serious internal injury. He couldn't help but look to the old patriarch.

"Go! Let's get out of here!" he yelled scornfully as anger burned in his heart. He, a Golden Core cultivator, was ashamed to have been so roundly defeated by a lowly mid-level martial cultivator!

Seeing this, the other old man muttered something under his breath and helped the man quickly shuffle away.

"Good! Great! Hahaha!"

A joyful chorus and resounding laughter erupted to fill the evening air as the people standing around were filled with heartfelt praise and a sense of excitement to see the two Golden Core cultivators shamed in such a way. Hearing the laughter and praise as they left the scene heaped a stinging sense of shame upon the two men.

"Just you wait!" the angry Golden Core cultivator yelled back at them, which only added to their amusement. Normally, a threat like this would carry a certain weight to it, but as soon as the words left his lips, the crowd only seemed to laugh even louder.

"Father, what's wrong?" the head of the Geng family said as he ran over to the old Geng Family Patriarch's side, checking for injuries from the last blow he had received.

"I'm fine. I'm fine! Alright?" the old Geng Family Patriarch said as he waved his son away from him. Smiling sweetly at Feng Jiu, he said, "My little Feng girl, I know it's late, but I still have something I need to discuss with you."

Hearing this, Feng Jiu was somewhat surprised, but she smiled and said, "After you, Grandfather Geng." Turning slightly, she gestured for him to enter the residence.

"Everyone else has gone back already. Come on in with me!" said the old Geng Family Patriarch as he turned around, gesturing for the head of the Geng family to enter as well.

Seeing this, the head of the Geng family nodded and followed the old patriarch into the Feng Residence.

Feng Jiu quickly scanned the room and then said to Qi Kang and the others, "Since the Feng Guards are all here, do what you do best. Take your positions around the Feng Residence and await my orders."

"Yes!" several men responded respectfully. They waited until she went in to look to one another, and with a whistle, the Feng Guards scattered throughout the crowd instantly appeared. One by one, they quickly trotted forward to stand to attention and await their orders...

[Chapter 417 A Sense of Unease!](#)

In the Feng Residence,

After Feng Jiu led the old Geng Family Patriarch and the head of the Geng family into the main hall, servants brought in tea and left. Other than Leng Shuang who stood to beside Feng Jiu to attend to her, there was only the old Geng Family Patriarch and his son. Everyone else stood waiting outside.

"My little Feng girl, I have been in closed-door meditation for quite some time, and I only heard about your family's troubles when I emerged. With your grandfather missing and your father in a stupor, how do you plan to deal with what happens next?" The old Geng Family Patriarch said, pressing directly to the matter at hand, foregoing any subtleties.

"Grandfather Geng, there's no need for you to worry about my family. As you saw yourself this evening, it's not so easy for those people to take advantage of us. I have the ability and the confidence to protect us." she said, smiling with confidence. It seemed as if she never twice considered those enemies of hers. The old patriarch and his son couldn't help but feel a bit uncomfortable by her assuredness and couldn't imagine what made her so confident.

"And what of this Green Gallop Crown Prince? Murong Bo is one thing, and if we joined together with other families and forces to resist him, Murong Bo would never dare to mess with you. This Green Gallop Crown Prince, though, I fear that our combined strength would still fail to suffice," said the old Geng Family Patriarch with a worried look as he spoke of what troubled him most.

Hearing this, Feng Jiu smiled weakly and said, "Tonight, the Geng family stood up to support us, and I worry that this will bring trouble to your family as well. I ask you, Grandfather Geng to leave this matter alone. Please do not intervene or I fear that the Geng family will be mired in this as well. As for what to do about this..." pausing for a moment, she grinned and said, "I'm sure I'll think of something!"

Hearing this, the old Geng Family Patriarch was a little surprised, and the head of the Geng family was taken aback. He had thought that the Young Miss Feng would try to hold onto any support she could find, and with the Geng family standing up for her, she would be able to defend the Feng family. He never imagined that she would turn them down because she was worried about their wellbeing. That was truly beyond his expectations!

He never would have thought that a family like the FENGs, which had no sons, could raise such a cunning and confident girl like the Young Miss Feng. She was rare indeed!

And yet, remembering how she had been smiling one moment only to kill that general without batting an eye in the next, her decisive and ruthless moves reminded him that she wasn't as innocent as she looked.

And yet his father still seemed to see the Young Miss Feng, smiling so sweetly, as a pure and well-behaved little girl. The head of the Geng family had a sense of unease as he listened to his father recount the events and mention other matters, worrying over Feng Jiu all the while as if she were his own granddaughter.

The old Geng Family Patriarch spoke with Feng Jiu in the main hall for close to an hour. Though he asked about Feng Xiao's condition, Feng Jiu never answered him directly, and only after she had personally

escorted the two men out the gates did she go to her father's courtyard to tell him about how the Feng family had stood up to defend them.

As for Murong Yi Xuan, when he heard of what happened that evening at the Feng Residence, he stood silently at the window for a long time, unsure of what to do next...

In the palace, Murong Bo was furious. After receiving a report on the events, the sound of his angry swearing echoed throughout the palace corridors. When he heard of the families and forces that stood in defense of the Feng family, his whole body seemed to shake with rage.

"Fine! Terrific! When the Feng family falls, they will rue the day they stood against me!"

As for the Green Gallop Crown Prince who was resting in the palace...

[Chapter 418 A Medical Virtuoso?](#)

Reclining on a daybed, Nie Teng, whose face was covered in ointment, listened with closed eyes as the middle-aged man beside him reporting on the evening's events.

"The two had planned on seizing the men that attacked Your Highness from the Feng Residence and never thought that this would happen. One of them is still kneeling out in the courtyard awaiting punishment, and we have summoned a doctor for the other whose injuries are severe."

The middle-aged man cautiously recounted the events. Unsure whether His Highness was asleep or not, he listened carefully to his breathing. If only those two, who had gone without His Highness's orders, had actually hauled someone back, things wouldn't be so awkward. But forced to report a disgrace like this, he was unsure how His Highness would take it.

Hearing the report, Nie Teng quickly opened his eyes to glare at the middle-aged man and say darkly, "Did the Golden Core cultivator not spar against a mid-level martial cultivator? Are you trying to amuse me?"

"Your subordinate would never dare! But the Golden Core cultivator was truly injured. His sternum was cracked, and his injury is severe. As for what caused him to be defeated, your subordinate has already asked the physician if he was poisoned, and I trust that we will have an answer posthaste." Having finished his report, the man quickly lowered his head, afraid to meet His Highness' stare. Perhaps they had underestimated the Feng family. Not only had he and His Highness found themselves at the whim and will of the Young Miss Feng out on the road, now, here in Sun Glory, where they had thought that people were afraid to even sneeze around His Highness, who would have thought that the men of the Feng Residence would have sent His Highness packing with a busted lip?

Now, after this evening, a great Golden Core cultivator was defeated by the hand of a mid-level martial cultivator. Laying things out in this way couldn't help but fill them with shame.

Anyway, this was getting out of hand. And it was all for just a girl. That made absolutely no sense to him! Why was His Highness so willing to let her drag him along like this? If he truly wished to have her, he could have dispatched someone to collect her and the events of tonight would have never happened. Why go to all this trouble?

And yet, despite his indignation and his frustration, he could only quietly stew on these things. Speak up? No, he liked living too much to do something as foolish as that!

After he had spoken, a silence filled the room as Nie Teng continued to lay motionless on the daybed with his eyes closed. What was going through his head?

Thirty minutes later, a doctor came walking in just as he was announced to the Crown Prince. Bowing with respect to Nie Teng, he said, "Your subordinate bows before His Highness."

"Speak." Nie Teng said tersely, his eyes still closed.

"Your Highness, your subordinate found this."

He took a silver needle from his cloak and showed it to His Highness who quickly opened his eyes to see what was in his hands. The man quickly explained, "This silver needle was found in Elder Lin's dantian. He says that he felt his spirit suddenly constricted, so your subordinate examined his acupuncture points and found this silver needle there. To be able to pierce this point with such precision, whoever used this must be a medical virtuoso!"

Pausing, the doctor continued, "So, I am confident that Elder Lin did not lose at the hands of that mid-level martial cultivator. He was defeated by a skilled physician. However, according to their retelling, no one moved a muscle, so it's unclear who threw this needle."

To attack the Golden Core cultivator with a secret weapon like this and not be discovered, it goes without saying that not only was this person a trained master in the medical arts, their level of cultivation was in a realm all its own! And yet, what so badly puzzled them was that there could ever be such a skilled doctor in a little ninth-grade country like this. Who knows when they would ever come face to face with him?

[Chapter 419 Teach Her a Lesson?](#)

"A medical virtuoso?" inquired Nie Teng as he looked to the middle-aged man beside him. Raising an eyebrow, he said, "Did you miss something in your investigations that I sent you out on? How could someone like that be protecting the Feng family?" Saying this, it seemed as if he suddenly thought of something else as a spark of light seemed to flicker across his dark brooding eyes.

"Your Highness, I fear that this person is none other than the Ghost Doctor. As they say, a dragon moves with wizardly elusiveness, and any hopes for finding his whereabouts are slim. It seems that he has connections with the black market, so I believe we are at a loss." The middle-aged man said and sighed as he faithfully reported to His Highness. The Ghost Doctor had been causing quite a bit of trouble since he was last sighted in Green Gallop. His medical concoctions were of immeasurable worth. Indeed, you would be pressed to find such an alchemist of comparable worth in even Green Gallop, which is why the black market, with its tentacles reaching across many different kingdoms, would dote on him as an honored guest.

"Who would have thought that a lowly family like the Fengs could keep company with a legend like the Ghost Doctor!?" he said with a grin as he thought of the spellbindingly beautiful girl. Sighing, he said, "It's a shame that the Ghost Doctor would even try to take my woman!"

Hearing this, the middle-aged man lowered his head slightly and stood off to the side with respect.

Looking to Nie Teng's face, still covered in a thick layer of ointment, uneasily, the doctor wished to admonish him for not resting until his face had healed. How could he still pine so longingly for the Young Miss Feng? Surely his ears were still ringing from the last beating!

"Your Highness, the Ruler of Sun Glory is outside and wishes to see you." reported a man who just came in. Sneaking a glance at Nie Teng's swollen face, he quickly and sheepishly lowered his glance.

Nie Teng, naturally, noticed the look in the man's eyes and glaring at him, said, "Let him enter."

"Yes, Your Highness!" said the man, and he quickly backed out of the room.

Shortly thereafter, Murong Bo entered. Upon seeing Nie Teng reclining on the daybed, he quickly gestured salutations and said with indignation, "Your Highness, Crown Prince, the Fengs have crossed a line! Their impudence has gone on for far too long! For them to treat you in such a way, I had sent my men to arrest them, but I failed to realize that my men were so utterly worthless! To come back so empty-handed, I..."

Before he could finish, Nie Teng interrupted him. "That's why you came here?" said Nie Teng, glancing to him and speaking in a reprimanding tone.

Hearing this, Murong Bo cleared his throat, straightened himself up, and said, "Actually, I came here because I wished to speak Your Highness on another matter. Given this flagrant ignorance from the Fengs, Your Highness need not pull any punches, but I fear that the Feng Residence is a lost cause. Although, with the might of Green Gallop Country, resistance like that which we face from the Feng Residence could be easily squashed. Given your inclinations towards the Young Miss Feng, perhaps she could be brought back here directly for a bit of education?"

"Are you telling me how to command my own affairs?" he said in a low, cool voice, as he seemed to exude an air of cold gloom that sent a shudder down Murong Bo's spine.

Feeling the skin tighten across his face, Murong Bo quickly countered, "Never, Your Grace! It's just that I see no need for Your Highness to toil after a lowly girl to such great lengths."

The attending middle-aged man nodded softly to himself in agreement. He too felt that there was no need to go to such great lengths for a foolish girl. A girl! If His Highness wanted her so badly, he could send someone to fetch her. Perhaps, once he had her, His Highness's curiosity would finally wane.

Thinking of this, he thought to himself perhaps I should find a way to deliver the Young Miss Feng to His Highness' chambers?

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After looking askance to Murong Bo, he looked over to the doctor and asked in a low and commanding voice, "Will the injuries to my face be better by tomorrow?"

Hearing this, the doctor quickly looked to Nie Teng, and seeing the black ointment upon his face, he lowered his gaze and replied with respect, "The ointment Your Highness is using now is Green Gallop's prized black-spirit ointment, coveted for its astounding use in improving blood circulation. With this ointment, Your Highness' facial swelling and bruising will be healed long before tomorrow morning comes around. It'll be as if nothing ever happened."

Hearing this, Murong Bo seethed with envy. Of course, a sixth-grade powerhouse will have such captivating wonders as concoctions like this that promote blood circulation. If he used your average ointment for bruises like that, he would still be swollen and suffering for days. To think that he would be as good as new in a couple hours with that marvelous black-spirit ointment of theirs if only Murong Bo could see the mystical means by which such a delightful medicine was concocted!

Hearing the doctor's prognosis, Nie Teng's mood brightened somewhat. Closing his eyes again, he said, "Have the men unload the dowry from the airship. We leave for the Feng Residence first thing tomorrow morning."

Hearing this, the middle-aged man's nearly jumped and quickly answered, "Yes, Your Highness!"

Then, striding out the door, the man gave His Highness's orders to the subordinates to unload the dowry from the airship. First thing tomorrow morning, they would follow His Highness to the Feng Residence.

To him, if His Highness would command someone to fetch her from the residence, this matter could be wrapped up much faster!

Accompanying them were the eight Golden Core cultivators, four of whom were peak Golden Core cultivators. In their company were over 100 guards, so leaving with the Young Miss Feng in tow was all but a given!

Hearing Nie Teng's orders, Murong Bo clasped his hands together and retreated, filled with joy. He thought to himself that no matter what tricks the Fengs had up their sleeves, they would never be able to block Nie Teng's determination to leave for Green Gallop with Feng Qing Ge!

Once Feng Qing Ge was gone, the Feng Residence would be without a pillar to keep it standing. If he stoked the fires further, the Fengs would finally come to their inevitable end!

Thinking of this, Murong Bo was heady with excitement, and he couldn't help but cackle with joy.

On the morning of the second day, the cracking sound of fireworks popped three times at dawn, waking the sleepy citizens of Cloudy Moon City...

Rushing out to see where the noise had come from, people were surprised to see a long procession of men carrying dowry items heading towards the Feng Residence. Following behind the procession to make sure they didn't miss anything, people began to chat with one another, and it was soon learned that there were eight mounted cultivators in the middle of the procession, and in the luxury sedan that they were carrying was none other than His Highness, the Green Gallop Crown Prince, Nie Teng.

"Does that mean the Green Gallop Crown Prince is really going to take the Young Miss Feng as a side concubine? I thought the Fengs rejected the offer? You think he'll take her by force?" said one of the onlookers.

"What's wrong with forcing it?" said another, "Nowadays, everyone respects when you live by a show of force. Just look at how feared the Green Gallop forces are. The Ruler would never mess with them! Do you think the Fengs will even try to put up a resistance? What do you think last night was all about?! This morning's dowry procession all but proves that he's taking her by force! The way I see it, the Green Gallop Crown Prince won't rest until the Young Miss Feng joins his harem."

"Man! Talk about a face that could launch a thousand ships!" said a third.

"Right? The Young Miss Feng's reputation as an enchanting beauty must have spread far and wide! I doubt anyone can defend her like last time. If someone as strong as this has eyes for her, how could she ever escape? Sure, call her a side concubine, but everyone knows she'd just be just another concubine!" said a fourth.