

# GHOST DOCTOR 62

## [Chapter 62 Underground Black Marke](#)

"Little Jiu, you are giving the Cosmos Sack to me entirely? What about yourself?"

Guan Xi Lin opened up the Cosmos Sack and besides seeing a mental cultivation scroll that had the words "Raging Flames of the Dragons and Tigers" written across its cover, he saw that was quite a bit of valuables and money with several other bottles and tins, which made him look up in puzzlement to ask: "Why are you giving me so much stuff?"

He took the scroll out to take a look and his eyes widened up with incredulity. "Heaven Grade mental cultivation! ? I..... I am seeing it correctly right?" For a mental cultivation scroll like this, it was believed that even the royalty of the Sun Glory Country would not be able to possess a single one of these!

It must be known that Heaven Grade mental cultivation scrolls were the most precious treasures among treasures and it would be impossible to find a single scroll in a country ranked as the lowly ninth grade. Then, where had she possibly have gotten it from?

At that moment, the hands holding the mental cultivation scroll were trembling slightly, highly excited and suddenly almost feeling as if it was scorching hot.

To think that he would be so fortunate to be able to see a Heaven Grade mental cultivation scroll! It was just too incredible!

"That's right, it's a Heaven Grade mental cultivation scroll, and it also cultivates strength as well, which suits you just right." She smiled and said: "Your arm makes it impossible for you to train in your martial arts and swordplay now, so stop doing them for a period. Use the time to fully memorise the mental cultivation scroll first, and I'll give you another Heaven Grade scroll for martial arts when the time comes."

The mental cultivation scroll had been found from among the things her Master had handed down to her and she had thought it was highly suitable for Guan Xi Lin, hence she had brought it out.

"Can I really cultivate with this?" His eyes were sparkling as he looked at Feng Jiu.

"Of course." She nodded and said: "If there is anything you do not understand, you can ask me."

"Alright. Then I shall be going back to my room to practise on the mental cultivation immediately." Guan Xi Lin was giddy with joy as he held the scroll in his hands. He couldn't wait a moment longer and he rushed back into his room to begin his cultivation.

Feng Jiu smiled when she saw that and she practised her taichi for a little while longer to loosen up her body before she went back to her room to cultivate as well.

In the subsequent nights that followed, mercenaries from the black market patronised their little yard almost every night and every single one of those mercenaries who came did not ever return.....

And all of this, was completely not known by Guan Xi Lin.

Because, Feng Jiu would use her silver needles to nurse the meridians in his right arm every night, where she would finally trigger his acupoint for consciousness, that made him fall into a sleep till the next day.....

Several days later, Feng Jiu set up a mystifying maze barricade and after leaving some instructions for Guan Xi Lin, she went out through the doors and went towards the black market.

At the same time, the middle aged man who had already been waiting for several days in the inn but still had not received any news was wearing a dark expression on his face. He got up and went towards the black market, cursing as he went: "All of them are such useless trash! They can't even dispose of a single girl!"

When cursing those very words, it was obvious he had clearly forgotten the fact that he himself had not been been a match for Feng Jiu as well.

The black market, was an underground marketplace. In there, you could find rare and precious herbs, elixirs, weapons and everything a cultivator would need.

In the black market, there was an arena, a stage for battle, a stage where power won you money and earned your a reputation.

And the scattered mercenaries there were usually some escaped convict and fugitives on the run, unable to gain the recognition of any orthodox and legitimate mercenary guilds. In this underground black market, there were some who operated alone, while some were joined in small groups of three or five, and the commissions they received were always some assassination mission that the legitimate mercenary guilds would not accept.

In here, they recognised only money, and worked only for money.

When a man dressed in bright flamboyant red clothes walked into the black market, many of the people within could not hide their stunned and mesmerized stares, showing clearly on the faces.

The man's body was tall and slender, his entire being emanating a kind of sinister allure, the exquisite golden mask decorated with enchanting blooms of red mandara flowers, completely covering over his face, shrouded in a kind of hazy mystery.

What really mattered then, was that no one was able to perceive his level of cultivation.

Daring to strut into the black market with such swagger, it was impossible he was just an ordinary person without cultivation. And if he was not an ordinary person, then only one other possibility remained.

The person held unfathomable power.....