

GHOST DOCTOR 67

[Chapter 67 Two Powerful Fighters](#)

She had not expected that the bounty for her head had shot up all the way to be the third highest. Tsk tsk, what a surprise!

She was still absorbed in her own thoughts when voices of people talking reached her ears.

"How did that girl in that portrait shoot up into the top three? The bounty has actually reached five hundred thousand! ?"

"You just came back and you must not have been aware. No bounty hunter dares take up that mission now."

"Why is that?"

"Because none of the mercenaries that have taken up that mission had come back alive. In just about two shorts weeks, quite a number of the guys had succumbed to that girl in the portrait."

As the two men conversed, they looked at the flamboyant man dressed in all red and they became curious where one of the men asked: "Is Sire looking to put out a bounty?" After all, only the black market mercenaries are able to accept the missions put out on the board.

Feng Jiu turned her eyes back to look at the two men and shook her head with a smile, seeing from out of the corner of her eyes the middle aged man was already walking towards the exit and she walked off to follow behind him.

After she left, the two black market mercenaries looked at each other and said in a low voice: "That man looked like it was his first time here. There was an enchanting air all around him, wonder what kind of a person he is?"

"We don't have to bother who he is. Come, I'll buy you a drink." The other man slapped his companion on the back, and put his arm around his friend as they walked away.

Walking back towards the inn, the middle aged man suddenly stopped in his tracks, and he turned to look behind his back, his brows knitting up close together. He sped up and walked into an alley before he stopped once again and shouted out.

"Who is it? Show yourself!"

A figure in red stepped out, his steps filled with grace. He was dressed in a full suit of bright brilliant red, his black hair held together by a red silk ribbon. But what was slightly different was that the face was hidden behind a golden mask, decorated with mandala blooms, the flowers of Hell.

Staring at the person slowly walking out, the middle aged man's eyes narrowed, an initial guess surfacing in his head, but he quickly rejected it.

[No, it shouldn't be that woman. The man before his eyes was taller than that woman and it couldn't be her.]

"It's been some time since we last met."

Feng Jiu's tone was lazy, tinged with mockery and a chilling air of murder.

"It's you!"

Upon hearing that familiar voice, the expression on his face changed slightly and his voice quaked faintly. The sudden instinctive fear he felt made him fall back two steps immediately, and his entire body to tense up in defence. Before the fight had begun, cold sweat was already running down his back.

You can't blame him, a mystical Warrior who was so fearful of a mere Warrior, but as he had fought the girl before and was well aware of her skills. When he thought back to how he had nearly been killed under her hands, and having lost the use of an arm, a unconscious terror had crept in, gripping his heart.

That was the reason why he had gone to the black market to put up a bounty on her, and did not dare confront her directly instead.

Seeing the man's reactions, Feng Jiu could not help it but laughed aloud and said: "If you are so afraid of me, why would you still put a bounty on my head?"

She walked slowly forward, closing the gap between them one step at a time. "I had almost forgotten that a man such as you still existed. Who would have thought, that you would come running to appear right before me again."

The moment she spoke those words, she heard some noises behind her. Her eyebrow lifted as she turned her eyes back to look.

She did not know when another middle aged man and an old man had appeared behind her. Both of them were commanded a strong presence, their gazes sharp and penetrating. A wave of oppressive aura flared out from the two newcomers and the air was filled with a murderous scent, filling up the entire alley.

"Hahaha! You want to kill me? That will depend on whether you possess the capabilities!" The first middle aged man had lost his previous panic and fear and his eyes were now sparkling with excitement at seeing the two men on the other end of the alley.

"Chief Elder, Fourth Elder, this is the person. The one who killed Little Peng!"