

## King of Hell 81

### The King of Hell's Genius Pampered Wife

#### Chapter 81

Hexi's face reddened and she quickly threw the jade box containing the Yuan Yang Fruit into her space. When she raised her head, she was stunned to notice Nangong Yu's somewhat pale complexion, a thin layer of sweat dotting his forehead.

She suddenly realised that after the treatment she didn't feel weak and tired like normal, instead, she felt refreshed.

Nangong Yu had incessantly transferred his spiritual power to her for the needed treatment, and during this time, he had also continuously used his spiritual power to support her body. This in turn stopped her body from becoming weak, and prevented her meridians from feeling pain due to excessive use of spiritual power.

Nangong Yu, he...why did he do this? These were obviously her own matters, saving Ouyang Haoxuan in exchange for the Yuan Yang Fruit, then after obtaining the Yuan Yang Fruit, using it to remove the seal on her dantian. None of these things had anything to do with Nangong Yu, so why would he try so hard to help her?

The expression in Hexi's eyes appeared somewhat complicated, and her red lips lightly moved as a near whisper spit out two words, "Thank you."

But Nangong Yu's next words quickly scattered the slightly touched feeling from the bottom of Hexi's heart, "This King has been working hard, did you think only saying a sentence of 'thank you' was enough?"

Hexi pursed her lips, "Then what do you want?"

Nangong Yu bent his body, moving closer to her ear as he slowly said, "How about you give your heart to me?"

The corner of Hexi's mouth thinned, and before she was able to speak, Ouyang Zhixiong had already ordered people to bring in a large chest of Yuan, "This is the medical fee my Ouyang family presents to Genius Doctor Xi, you must accept this."

After saying that, he picked up a jade tablet and handed it to Hexi, then patted his chest as he said, "In the future, if there is anyone in this Jin Ling country who is disrespectful towards Genius Doctor Xi, don't hesitate to take out this jade tablet. I'd like to see who would dare to touch people that I, Ouyang Zhixiong, protect."

Hexi hadn't yet taken the jade tablet when she heard Nangong Yu's cold laugh, "My, Nangong Yu's people, need General Ouyang's protection?"

Nangong Yu's icily low arrogant voice was filled with a stern power pressure, making Ouyang Zhixiong's body shake, and as his gaze swept over Hexi and Nangong Yu, his heart became bewildered.

These two people, one is great and elegant, and one is as clear and bright as the moon. When they stand together, even the sun and the moon will lose their radiance.

But these two people are both men right? What was the meaning behind Hell King's words?

Ouyang Zhixiong's expression kept changing, until finally, under Hell King's fixed gaze, he forced out a smile and said, "Hell King, don't get angry, in this Jin Ling country who would dare to provoke your people, it was me who was rude. This jade tablet is just a meeting gift between Genius Doctor Xi and I, please don't be offended."

Hexi cast a glance at Nangong Yu, and taking the jade tablet, sneeringly said, "I accept the jade tablet, but as for the Yuan, that's not necessary. I've said that the Yuan Yang Fruit is what I want, just make it the medical fee. The transaction is now complete, we're even."

Finished speaking and without hesitation, she turned around to leave Ouyang Manor.

Nangong Yu looked at her confident back with his eyes shining brilliantly, then quickly moved his feet to follow her out.

Left behind, Ouyang Zhixiong stood alone as he stared at the empty gate, his emotions fluctuating for quite a while before he then turned around, heading back towards his son's room.

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Hexi had arrived at the Ouyang Manor early in the morning, and now that the treatment was finished, going by the colour of the sky, it was already late evening.

She was worried about Wet Nurse Chen waiting for her with the evening meal, her heart also somewhat anxious. The internal energy within her body fluctuated, stretching like a shadow as she prepared to use Qing Gong to quickly return home.

Her figure had barely moved several steps when suddenly, before her eyes, she ran into a wall of flesh.

Hexi moaned softly, feeling the tip of her nose ache, while a familiar scent that was clear and cold lingered.

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#### **Chapter 82**

The man's deep voice sounded in her ear, "Little thing, am I a bother to you, for you to go so far as to leave without even informing me. How can you destroy the bridge after crossing the river[1]?"

Hexi clutched her aching nose, her watery eyes looking towards the man blocking her path, "Then if I inform you now, will that do?"

Finished speaking, she waved her hand and without expression said, "Nangong Yu, goodbye."

Nangong Yu, due to this heartless little guy, gave a mixed angry and happy laugh. Then, grabbing her white wrist that had just waved at him, he pulled her to his chest, and with a faint laugh in his voice said, "If you say goodbye just like that, then how can this King have any face."

At this time, the two of them were standing very close together, Hexi nearly pressed up against Nangong Yu's chest. They were also still in front of the Ouyang family's gate, so the people passing by in West Street were all suddenly watching them as they walked past.

Those gazes contained astonishment, curiousness, puzzlement, but even more, contempt.

Two men unexpectedly embracing in the middle of the street, this was simply an injury to public morals, they have no sense of shame!

Hexi's cheeks blushed, and despite not caring about other people's gazes, she was now somewhat ashamed, desperately struggling to break free from his arm.

The more she struggled, the tighter Nangong Yu embraced her, ultimately ending with one of his arms around her slender waist, firmly locking her to his chest.

"You...let go!" Hexi said in a fluster, "What do you want?"

Nangong Yu wasn't the slightest bit concerned about passing people's gazes. Whilst their gazes became more vague, his actions became more intimate, just like she was swearing sovereignty to him.

"Tell me, why was your attitude so cold towards me all of sudden this morning?" Nangong Yu lowered his head, gently whispering in her ear, "If you tell me the truth, I'll let you go, hmm?"

Hexi clenched her teeth tightly as she recalled Zhu Que's arrogant words towards her yesterday, and thinking of the sharp warning, she couldn't help but sneer, "You're the high and mighty, Your Highness, Hell King, and I'm merely a concubine born daughter abandoned by the Nalan family. How could I be cold towards you? However, I do not dare to seek a friendship with somebody of a higher social standing, I'm just being respectful and polite, that's all."

Nangong Yu's hands that were around her waist suddenly tightened, his cold eyes falling on her opening and closing red lips. He really wanted to seal closed this small mouth that spat out words that could make people angered to death.

He is the dignified Hell King, for the purpose of winning her over, he had accompanied her to Ouyang Manor, not even hesitating to use his own spiritual power to help her with the treatment. But unexpectedly, what she gave him in exchange was a sentence of 'I do not dare to seek a friendship with somebody of a higher social standing'?

As Nangong Yu's eyes became colder, Hexi couldn't help but tremble.

She remembered that this man had helped her when she was pale and weak, and couldn't help but feel somewhat guilty. But just when she went to say something to make up with him, the sudden sound of crisp bells was heard by her ears.

As she turned her head, she saw a luxurious carriage stop in front of them. Pulling the carriage was a fine snow white horse, its white hair shiny and smooth without a trace of impurities, its eyes clear and bright.

Sitting on the carriage was Nangong Yu's trusted subordinate, Qing Long. At this moment he was slightly panting, his face looking eager, "Master, Young Master Xi, please get on the carriage to continue chatting."

His gaze nervously swept all around, his heart extremely glad that his Master usually kept a low profile. So although he was famous and outstanding to the general public, only a few people were able to recognise his appearance.

Otherwise, the rumour of 'Hell King is a homosexual, Hell King and a man were intimately embracing each other' will spread, causing an uproar. At that time, not just Master's reputation would suffer damage, all the young ladies throughout Jin Ling infatuated with Master would be driven mad!

[1]To abandon one's benefactor upon achieving one's goal

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#### **Chapter 83**

When Qing Long thought of that horror scene, his whole body felt unwell, so he drove the carriage with the fastest possible speed from Hell King's other courtyard nearby to here. Only, unruly Master, if you don't want to shock the world, please, by all means, don't cause an uproar known to everyone.

Nangong Yu showed a sarcastic smile as he glanced at the nervous Qing Long, releasing a chilling aura.

Hexi however coldly said, "No need, I can go back by myself. Then, we'll separate here."

Finished speaking, she turned around to leave, not even managing two steps before she unexpectedly felt a strong force on her waist pull her body straight up into the air.

Hexi had no time to cry out in surprise before she was stuffed into the carriage, the door blocked by Nangong Yu.

The carriage swayed as it moved forward, and after travelling several paces, it suddenly sped up, the speed almost reaching that of a car from her previous life.

Hexi's expression was ugly as she glared at Nangong Yu, "The mighty Hell King, how can you force a little girl?"

Nangong Yu leisurely smiled, "Which rules say this King can't force a little girl?"

After saying that, he leaned forward slightly, and slowly said, "Moreover, I only forced you."

Hexi's heart jumped and she turned her head to avoid his gaze. However, unaware of why, she was filled with an unidentifiable happiness.

The corner of Nangong Yu's mouth raised, and taking out several refreshments, he arranged them on a small table, then softly said, "You were busy all of today and haven't eaten yet, right?"

Hexi stared blankly, the sweetly rich fragrance of spiritual energy assaulting her nose.

Turning her head to look around, she discovered that the outward appearance of this carriage was nothing out of the ordinary, but that the interior decorations were extremely luxurious.

The furnishings inside the carriage were all refined using spirit tools, so they carried faint spiritual power fluctuations. The brocade fluttering on the floor was made using ten thousand year old ice silk, and the small unremarkable looking table was made using rare and very old dark sandalwood.

The white tea set that Nangong Yu had just arranged, although she was unable to properly tell the quality and materials used, it gave off a refreshing feeling as it hovered over the table. With one look, she was able to tell that it wasn't just an ordinary product.

Hexi clicked her tongue whilst examining everything and shook her head, "Indeed, this is like that poem, rotten food at a wealthy door, frozen bodies on the floor[1]!"

Just looking at the items here could make a person jealous, as any item in here was the same, its value far surpassing that of her small courtyard.

Nangong Yu had never heard this poem before, but right away, he understood the meaning of the poem, leisurely laughing, "What, you dislike this King now?"

"No, I just hate the rich!" Hexi smiled, before grabbing a pastry and shoving it into her mouth.

The sweet fragrance spread between her lips and tongue, and although it couldn't compare with her own cooking, ninety percent of the pastry's spiritual energy remained. This is can be considered as her having eaten this world's best food.

Hexi's eyes lit up as she exclaimed, "The taste is really good."

Nangong Yu's luminous eyes were glued to her mouth, her pearly white teeth hidden behind soft red lips, just like snow on a red plum flower. His heart that had been silent for many years suddenly began to throb, a burning desire within his body beginning to stir.

Suddenly extending his arm, he gently captured Hexi's hand that was still holding half of the pastry, and pulling her towards him, he slightly lowered his head. The pastry that was still held in Hexi's hand entered his mouth, along with one of her fingers which he gently nibbled.

Hexi's whole body stiffened, as if it was struck by lightning, "You...!"

Nangong Yu swallowed the pastry, not completely understanding about what tasted good. However, he laughed devilishly, "Indeed, the taste is really good."

[1]Poem about the deep disparity between the rich and the poor. While the rich wine and dine, the poor die of cold by the roadside.

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#### **Chapter 84**

Hexi felt uncomfortable all over, her lips parted half way as they slightly trembled. Yet, she was unable to say a word for a long time.

The fire in Nangong Yu's eyes became more passionate, causing his body to move forward, and grabbing her wrist, he pulled her even closer. As he leant his body over her's, he kissed those slightly parted red lips.

Wtf! What is this man doing?!

Hexi suddenly came to her senses and struggled to break free with all her might. However, Nangong Yu effortlessly pressed down on her nape, rendering her unable to escape.

A burst of strong wind erupted from Nangong Yu's palm, causing the small table that was originally standing between them to now be pushed away.

There was now no longer any barrier between the two of them.

Invisible Needles appeared in Hexi's palm, and just when she was about to launch them, her hands were suddenly restrained behind her back, the Invisible Needles quietly falling to the floor.

Nangong Yu picked her up and placed her on his lap, then lowered his head and started kissing her again.

This time it wasn't a light kiss, like a dragonfly gently skimming the water. Instead, it was like a stormy sea, the heat and aggression slowly trying to engulf her.

Hexi felt as if she was melting, every cell in her body burning. Her mind was so muddled that she couldn't think clearly, and she didn't have the slightest ounce of power to strike back.

Then, after a good while, when Hexi was close to suffocating, only then did Nangong Yu release her. His usually clear and melodious voice now hoarse and low, full of passion, "It tastes really good, and very sweet."

Hexi all of a sudden sobered and raised her hand to slap Nangong Yu, "You...pervert, bastard, asshole!!"

Hexi was so angry her whole body was trembling, never before had a man been so daring towards her like this!

This man, this man had unexpectedly dared to disrespect her, snatching away her first kiss!

He could just be damned to die a thousand times, ten thousand times!

However, Hexi was unaware that her voice wasn't cold and stern, like it usually was when she was disguised as a man. Instead, it was delicate and soft. If people heard it, it would sound like a spoiled child acting coquettishly.

Nangong Yu held back her hand that wanted to slap him, and confined her in his arms while laughing lightly, "Uhm, I am a pervert."

Although he had never heard the word pervert before, it was very easy to understand it's meaning, wasn't it?

Finished speaking, the smiling expression in his eyes intensified, and bowing his head, he lightly pecked the side of the girl's red and somewhat swollen lips, "However, I'm only doing this with you."

For a moment, Hexi felt bewildered.

She was extremely angry, itching to slaughter this man. Yet, besides the anger consuming her, she could feel a warmth spreading from the bottom of her heart that she herself failed to understand.

Hexi had never experienced such feelings before in the nineteen years that she had lived. Furthermore, she had never been so flustered or weak.

"You...you shameless bastard! Let me go!" Hexi struggled firmly, wanting to push Nangong Yu away.

But in regards to her resistance, how could Nangong Yu care about it? Effortlessly confining her in his arms he lowered his head, then leaning close to her flushed earlobe, he whispered, "I am shameless, but recently you obviously liked that, isn't that right?"

At first, he had only wanted to scare this emotionless little girl without a conscience. Yet when her soft lips had touched his, he suddenly felt heat rise within his body like a wave, causing him to lose all reason and become unable to suppress his desires.

He couldn't help but want to devour this girl, to mark her with his scent, making her completely his.

Nangong Yu had lived for twenty years and never experienced this kind of feeling before. Furthermore, he had never felt such an intense desire towards any girl in the past.

From this moment on, he completely regarded Hexi as belonging to him. He would never allow others to covet her, nor would he allow her to escape.

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#### **Chapter 85**

Hexi felt agitated, causing her heart to pound, her face unyielding, "Who likes it? Disgusting!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she raised her hand and wiped her kiss swollen red lips.

The next moment, she felt the air around her suddenly become dark and violent, as if a whirlpool was forming, preparing to swallow her.

Nangong Yu's face was overcast yet calm and collected as one hand hooked her nape, his frosty eyes staring at her, "You said...disgusting?"

When Hexi looked at the expression on Nangong Yu's face, she instantly wanted to retreat, her face turning pale.

Of course she felt guilty, it was like she wasn't clear and had made him misunderstand. But he was the one who did the wrong thing first, breaching her heart so her attitude wouldn't be so cold towards him.

However, just as Hexi moved to retreat, Nangong Yu reacted first.

He abruptly pressed her body closer to his, one hand holding her nape as the other hand tightly wrapped around her slender waist. Once she was firmly confined in his arms, he lowered his head, seizing her small mouth and kissing her once again.

The kiss this time was more frantic than the first, as aggressive as if he was trying to devour her soul.

Hexi was firmly captured in Nangong Yu's arms. Her body felt like it had become liquid, so she had no other choice but be forced to accept his passionate kiss.

When the kiss ended, she only had enough strength left to gasp for breath, her pink and tender cheeks turning red like a ripe apple.

Nangong Yu gently stroked her cheeks, feeling their satiny warmth, and with a husky voice lightly laughed, "Little thing, your mouth says no yet your heart says yes, but even then, you still dare to say you don't like it."

Hexi gnashed her teeth as she raised her head to glare at him, "You..."

Without waiting for her to rage and curse, Nangong Yu laughingly said, "If you still dare to say it's disgusting, I wouldn't mind kissing you until you like it. Xi Er, you want to try it?"

Hexi, who had been on the verge of rage, held it back. Her anger creasing her long and shapely eyebrows, making her beautiful small face turn grim.

Nangong Yu couldn't help but laugh when he saw her angry kitten like appearance, his expression full of affection and happiness as he looked at her, "Xi Er, how can you look so adorable?"

You're adorable! Your whole family is adorable!

Hexi gnashed her teeth once again, and quickly retreating, she escaped from Nangong Yu's arms. Her left hand secretly raising the curtain as she considered jumping from the window.

But as a result, Nangong Yu's next words made her obediently sit back down, "You don't want to know how to use the Yuan Yang Fruit?"

Nangong Yu spoke casually, but the listening Hexi was seething with anger, itching to beat his annoying laughing face into a pig head.

Good! Very good! You hold the information that I need, and a hero doesn't suffer from one loss, so, I admit defeat this time!

Life had its ups and downs, she didn't believe that after she was able to cultivate, that Nangong Yu would still have ways to threaten her.

At that time, she would let him know why the flowers were so red!

Hexi took a deep breath, then another. It was only after taking that second deep breath was she able to push down the resentment in her heart, placing a fake smile upon her face, "In that case, may I ask Hell King...Nangong Yu, to tell me how to use the Yuan Yang Fruit?"

The tips of Nangong Yu's eyebrows, and the corners of his eyes, rose as he smiled. He thought that the girl before him was cunning yet adorable. Especially due to the pain her wrist must in from when he had grabbed her before. Her appearance was of one wanting to resist rubbing it but being unable to, and that made him itch to take her into his arms again, firmly rubbing and pinching her.

Nangong Yu laughed, and only when he saw that Hexi was getting angry again did he stop, saying in a serious voice, "Yuan Yang Fruit will work more effectively if you use it directly, rather than refining it into a medicinal pill. The only condition is that your body needs to resist the Yang attribute of the Yuan Yang Fruit. Otherwise, your body will explode, but, unfortunately, it's the only way."

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#### **Chapter 86**

The corners of Hexi's mouth puckered as she fiercely said, "So, what should I do to be able to resist the Yuan Yang Fruit's Yang nature?"

Nangong Yu coughed before slightly smiling, "In order to neutralise the Yang in the Yuan Yang Fruit, you must use the coldest Yin object, the Yuan Yang Fruits' counterpart. This way, it will help guide the Yuan



Yang Fruit's heat straight to your dantian, but cooling it enough so that it won't be more than your body could bear."

Hexi frowned, "Then what's the coldest Yin object?"

Nangong Yu again smiled slightly, "Take out the Yuan Yang Fruit first."

Hexi glanced at him suspiciously, but without pause, she still withdrew the jade box containing the two Yuan Yang Fruit from her space.

The one sitting in front of her was the great Hell King, an insignificant fifth rank Yuan Yang Fruit was nothing in his eyes.

Nangong Yu saw that she had no hesitation when she brought out the Yuan Yang Fruit, and the dazzling radiance in his eyes shone brightly.

Taking the jade box, he gently opened the cover, and a blazing heat burst forth. But as if it was nothing, his slender fingers gently stretched, grabbing one of the Yuan Yang Fruit.

The next moment, the Yuan Yang Fruit in his hand disappeared before Hexi's eyes. Nangong Yu had just clearly deposited it into his storage space.

Hexi blinked, momentarily not understanding what it was that Nangong Yu was doing.

Nangong Yu's eyes deeply looked at Hexi, but instead of explaining to her, he gently reached out his hand to tuck her disordered hair behind ear, then slowly said, "I'll take this Yuan Yang Fruit as a reward. In a month, I will bring you the coldest Yin object. After that, you will be able to remove the seal on your dantian and become a cultivator."

Hexi stared blankly, almost blurting out the question of why he was helping her to this extent. In regards to him taking a Yuan Yang Fruit as a reward, she didn't mind, as it should be his.

However, Nangong Yu's burning gaze made her voice sluggish, so no matter how hard she tried, her voice wouldn't come out.

At this moment, he lowered his head, his warm breathing fanning her slightly open red lips, his voice intimate, "Xi Er, do you believe me?"

Hexi's body froze, as if by a spell, her mind like paste.

Though even when she couldn't react, she still subconsciously nodded.

That's right, she believed Nangong Yu. She believed this stranger, this mysterious man, who has given her a lot of help.

Despite there being no reason, she was convinced that whatever Nangong Yu promised, he will certainly accomplish.

The carriage soon arrived at a desolate area and stopped, not far away from her courtyard.

Hexi gracefully jumped off the carriage, waved her hand towards Nangong Yu, then turned around and hurriedly left.

Although the night air was cold, it was unable to disperse the warmth on her face. Her heart still pounding incessantly.

Nangong Yu lifted the curtain and watched as Hexi's back travelled further away, a complicated light flashing in his eyes.

Outside the carriage, Qing Long's brows wrinkled. As he stared in the direction Hexi left, a touch of anxiousness swept past his eyes.

In one month's time, wasn't that Master's once a year seclusion[1] period? Master, he...what does he think he's doing?

As a thought came to his mind, Qing Long's complexion become extremely unsightly, his eyes revealing a slight killing intent.

He would not let anybody off who endangered the safety of his Master.

[1]Closed Door Training. Also called Closed Door Meditation, or Closed Door Cultivation.

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#### **Chapter 87**

After returning, in the Meeting Hall of the Hell King's brightly lit Manor, several subordinates were reporting a lack of progress to their Master.

"...those are the current circumstances regarding Metal Qilin."

Bai Hu has been reporting for half a day already, yet once he raised his head, he saw his normally cold hearted Master looking somewhat absent-minded. Although the expression on his face was still indifferent, those beautiful star-like eyes were gleaming brightly, as if he was thinking of something interesting.

Bai Hu's chin almost hit the floor. They all knew that although their Master was only twenty years old, his face was usually set in a demonic sneer. His deep eyes similar to a calm ancient well, as if in this world, simply no one or anything was able to arouse his interest.

Usually during the daily report, Master would only need to listen to the beginning, straight away knowing the rest without have to hear it. So without having to wait for them to finish their report, he's able to give them accurate instructions on what to do.

But today, Master was actually absent-minded. Bai Hu had finished his report and Master's orders still couldn't be heard. This...this was simply too unimaginable.

What was Master thinking of? Bai Hu was uncertain, and he couldn't help but secretly cast a glance towards Master's slightly pursed lips.

That spot of light peach colour on his lower lip, it seemed to look like bite marks...

Bai Hu's heart palpitated. Master is on the Nascent Soul stage, with his spiritual power, he would be able to heal this minor cut...but now Master had kept the wound, in the end, who caused it?

He vaguely cast a glance towards Qing Long who was standing behind Master like an invisible person, asking with his eyes, *'what happened with Master today?'*

Qing Long's expression was cold, a trace of confusion and anger visible in his eyes.

Just when Bai Hu was becoming extremely confused, Nangong Yu finally came back from his thoughts to see Bai Hu's confused expression and darting gaze, so he couldn't help but faintly say, "I already understand the circumstances regarding Metal Qilin. Since the situation is now unusual, you can command them to train for the time being. If something happens, then let Wu Xin handle it."

"Yes, Master." Bai Hu quickly focused his thoughts and respectfully said, "This subordinate will notify Wu Xin."

"If there is nothing else, you can all withdraw." Nangong Yu said with a wave of his hand.

They quickly answered, and under Bai Hu's lead, they quietly withdrew from the hall, Qing Long following as he was also ordered to leave.

Nangong Yu sat alone in the large hall, and as his hand reached out to lightly touch the small cut on his lower lip, the corner of his mouth lifted into a light smile.

What is that little thing doing now? Were there any thoughts of him?

Before Nangong Yu's eyes, an elegant and beautiful image slowly appeared. Obviously it's a teenage girl, yet even though she was disguised as a man, there wasn't the slightest flaw in her disguise. Even Ouyang Zhixiong, one of the top experts in the country, was unable to see through her disguise.

If he hadn't recognised that pair of purple eyes earlier, perhaps even he would be unable to imagine that the elegant as a pearl Xi Yue, the Genius Doctor Xi, and Nalan family's abandoned and ugly concubine born daughter, Nalan Hexi, were unexpectedly the same person.

In his mind, the actions of the two people in the carriage flashed past. The little girl's dainty body was soft and emitted a nice fragrance, her lips more delicate than a flower petal. These scenes replayed over and over in his mind, causing him to feel agitated and his body to feel burning hot.

Never before had a person so affected his emotions like this little girl did, making him long to possess her, eager to be able to see her every frown and smile.

Note: Bai Hu means White Tiger. He's now the third mythologically named character introduced as working for Nangong Yu.

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#### **Chapter 88**

It was fate. From the first moment he saw the radiance in her eyes when she opened them in Gluttonous House, his heart was drawn, unable to break free.

But so what if he couldn't break free. If he, Nangong Yu, wanted something, there wasn't anything he couldn't obtain.

Just at this moment, the guard's voice from outside the door lightly reported, "Master, Zhu Que requests to see you."

Soon after, a beautiful woman dressed in red walked into the hall, then kneeled towards Nangong Yu in greeting.

Her movements were as elegant as moving clouds. Without losing any of her outstanding beauty, when she kneeled, her chest and abdomen were still slightly upright, completely exposing the pretty curves of her body.

Nangong Yu said, "Rise. The girl that I ordered you to examine, how was the condition of her injury?"

Zhu Que slowly stood up, her face frosty and eyebrows slightly wrinkled. Contempt flashed in her eyes but quickly vanished without a trace, while on the surface she was still respectful as she replied, "Answering Master, Miss Nalan was only superficially wounded, it's not serious."

After Zhu Que had returned, she discovered that the person who lived in that remote courtyard, where no spiritual energy existed, was unexpectedly Nalan Manor's concubine born Third Miss. Moreover, she was the trash who had long been abandoned by Nalan Manor.

Not mentioning an insignificant place like Nalan Manor, but just basing it off her physical condition as trash and her low born birth, the people in Hell King's Manor simply wouldn't even bother to pay attention to her. Yet she still dared to seduce Master, she could be damned!

Nangong Yu nodded, he had used his spiritual power to examine her, so of course he knew her body didn't have any problems. Only, thinking of those criss crossing scars, a trace of chilliness swept across his heart.

"The scars on her body will be able to heal?"

Zhu Que dropped her gaze to hide her mood, while her hands hanging at her side were tightly clenched. Using a mocking tone to refer to herself, she said, "Master, this subordinate is a fifth rank doctor, yet it's still impossible for me to treat insignificant scars. How can I even have the qualifications to serve Master?"

After hearing no response, she secretly lifted her eyes to see a smile that wasn't a smile on Nangong Yu's face. She couldn't help but bite her lip, then, appearing like it was accidental said, "Because Miss Nalan's injury was only caused by an ordinary object, it didn't injure the texture of her skin. So, this subordinate originally planned to give her a bottle of second rank Pure Jade Dew pills as it would be enough. Although this medicine's effect is ordinary, so the time to completely recover would be longer, it would benefit an ordinary person like Miss Nalan due to the nature of the medicine, which is that of alleviating pain. But, who knows...who knows..."

Zhu Que once again glanced at Nangong Yu, and seeing him restrain his smile, with his brows slightly wrinkled, she happily continued, "Miss Nalan probably knew that this subordinate is a fifth rank doctor, so she wanted a portion of every type of medicinal pill. But those medicinal pills are all for third rank and higher, for an ordinary person to take those medicines will cause their body to explode. This subordinate painstakingly tried to persuade her for a long time, yet Miss Nalan not only didn't listen, she said...she said...she is a person who Master regards as important, while this subordinate was only a slave. What

could this subordinate do, other than do what she was told? This subordinate is really incapable, I could only give her a portion of every type of medicinal pill."

Nangong Yu slightly smirked, neither reprimanding or appeasing her, only asking one thing, "Oh, is that so?"

Zhu Que was frightened by her Master's meaningful gaze, as if he could see into her heart. Having no other choice but to restrain her guilt and fear, she nodded.

Nangong Yu suddenly spoke with a deep voice, "But I remember ordering you to bring the fourth rank Jade Muscle pill. Zhu Que, are you outwardly agreeing to what I say, yet secretly opposing my orders?"

"This subordinate doesn't dare!" Zhu Que was so frightened, her whole body was trembling as she fell to her knees.

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#### **Chapter 89**

Zhu Que was so frightened that her whole body trembled, her knees thumping to the floor as she fell to kneel, "This subordinate examined Miss Nalan's body and found that she is just an ordinary person without a cultivation base. The Jade Muscle pill is a fourth rank medicinal pill, it's really harmful to Miss Nalan. So, without permission, I decided to exchange it with Pure Jade Dew pills which only have a mild effect. Yet afterwards, Miss Nalan demanded that this subordinate also give her the Jade Muscle pill. Begging Master to clearly distinguish this."

Nangong Yu lightly said, "I just casually asked, you don't have to be so nervous."

Suddenly, he pointed to her face and asked, "What happened to your face?"

Zhu Que touched her left cheek, ashamed, resentment flashing in her eyes.

She, Zhu Que, posed as a beauty. No one in Hell King's Manor could be compared to her. Added with her excellent medical skills and decent cultivation base, Master has always thought highly of her. Apart from herself, there has been no other woman who could get close to Master.

But now, that immature ugly girl had dared to injure her cherished face, causing the hatred in her heart to rise in turbulent waves.

At this time, sloping scratches extended from her temple to her cheek on the left half of her face, and although the scar wasn't long, it was a faint greyish colour. As long as a person with discerning eyes looked at her face, they could easily spot it.

The appearance Zhu Que had cherished the most was now like heart piercing torment to her. Yesterday, she didn't immediately treat the wound, so now it's become like this.

Zhu Que lowered her eyes, her face showing a humiliated and flustered expression, and with a low voice said, "Miss Nalan, when she demanded more than ten types of precious medicinal pills from this subordinate, this subordinate originally refused...but who knew that she would suddenly throw a strange silver needle. At the time, this subordinate was not aware...however, Master, please don't blame Miss Nalan, she is also worried the scars on her body will remain, so momentarily anxious, this

subordinate was too careless. This subordinate is obviously a cultivator of Gold Core stage, yet still managed to be injured by an ordinary person's hands."

Zhu Que lifted her head, concealed the radiance in her eyes, and with an enduring and humiliated expression, she looked at Nangong Yu.

She just couldn't believe that Master would be seduced by such a greedy and vain woman.

But who knew what Nangong Yu was thinking as he just casually smiled, his pitch black eyes like calm ancient wells, not revealing a trace of his emotions.

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An incense stick of time later, Zhu Que left the hall, her face livid.

She touched the wound that was still faintly painful and itchy, her heart full of hatred.

She had exposed all of Nalan Hexi's wicked conduct to Master, yet, unexpectedly, Master didn't say anything, only waving his hand for her to withdraw.

Could it be that Master truly liked that smelly girl?

Zhu Que gnashed her teeth while thinking, and Bai Hu, coming from the opposite direction, saw her ashen complexion and the scar on her face. He couldn't help but be surprised as he asked, "What happened to you, how come your complexion is so unsightly? Did Master reprimand you?"

"Furthermore, why does a scar still remain on your face, aren't you a grand fifth rank doctor? Such a little wound, yet you still can't treat it?"

Zhu Que's complexion immediately became gloomier, coldly saying, "You don't need to be so meddlesome, manage yourself instead!"

Bai Hu shrugged, it isn't good to provoke a woman over her appearance. Rather, recalling what he had just seen in the hall, he couldn't help but gossip with Zhu Que, "Hey, Zhu Que, you haven't found Master abnormal today have you? He went out early this morning, bringing Qing Long with him, and not returning until the sun set in the west. The expression on his face when he returned was as fresh as a spring breeze. When I reported to Master, it was the first time I'd ever seen him absent-minded."

Zhu Que's heart grew cold, she couldn't help but hesitate as she asked, "Do you know...who Master met today?"

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#### **Chapter 90**

Bai Hu's mouth twitched, "The whereabouts of Master isn't something we subordinates can guess about as we wish." However, to gossip once in awhile is still possible.

His eyes brightened and he couldn't help but say, "Although, did you see, that on Master's mouth there was a small cut?"

After Zhu Que heard this, an image suddenly appeared before her eyes showing that obvious cut on Master's lower lip. Tightly clenching her hands, her fingernails almost embedded themselves in her palms.

Bai Hu was full of interest as he lowered his voice, excitedly continuing to gossip, "In my opinion, that cut is absolutely caused by being bitten. Master certainly didn't bite himself, and with Master's strength now, if it's not that he voluntarily let them, then no one would be able to...*he he*, you understand what I mean right? I feel that the Master of these days is so unusual, this must be the sprouting of a spring heart, in other words...Master has reached that age after all!"

"Shut up, Master's affairs aren't for a slave like you to recklessly start a rumour about!!"

Zhu Que suddenly shouted, shocking Bai Hu so much he jumped.

Bai Hu noticed that her beautiful and cold appearance had completely become distorted, her body trembling, her eyes reflecting her rage, "Master has such a heavenly appearance, how can common folk match up to him! If you dare babble nonsense again, don't blame me for being impolite to you!"

Finished speaking, she furiously turned away.

Leaving Bai Hu standing alone with a face full of bewilderment, he blankly stared after her for half a day before saying in confusion, "What happened, wasn't this only a joke? Even Master doesn't mind, but why was Zhu Que so unreasonable, like her tail was being stepped on?"

Zhu Que angrily returned to her room, shutting the door with a bang. The rage in her heart couldn't be calmed, so she grabbed a porcelain bottle beside the door and fiercely threw it.

In this world, no one is worthy enough for such a stunning Master, especially that trash Nalan Hexi. Someone like her isn't even good enough to carry Master's shoes.

Zhu Que's eyes abruptly became very fierce, if she really...really intended to seduce Master and block Master's road, then she would absolutely not allow that slut to live.

One by one, the sounds of shattering porcelain echoed in the room, before finally, it helped calm Zhu Que down.

Sitting down in front of her dressing table, she withdrew two Jade Muscle pills that she had refined herself. One she used orally, and the other was dissolved into a liquid, which she then gently applied on her face.

She only needed a quarter of an hour and her face would be restored to its original smooth and beautiful complexion.

Zhu Que sat anxiously in front of the glass mirror, looking at her own cold and elegant facial features.

Time past, minute by minute, her eyes staring at the scar on her face so long she was nearly getting double vision.

However, a quarter of an hour passed, half an hour passed, an hour passed, yet the scar on her face didn't have the slightest sign of recovery. Moreover, it was originally just a faint greyish colour, but now, it had turned a thick grey-black colour.

And the most frightening part is that before it was only slightly itchy, now it had become painful and severely itchy.

In the mirror, that thin scar had spread in the blink of an eye. Although there was no decay, it was as if it had been rubbed, the skin around the scar appearing bumpy and uneven with deep wrinkles.

In such a short time, that originally thin and small scar had suddenly become extremely obvious, as if a small centipede had run across Zhu Que's soft and white face, leaving a very horrible and disgusting mark.

"Ahh---!! My face! My face!" Zhu Que's eyes widened as she stared at the grey-black scar on her reflection in the mirror. Her face twisted and frightening, she issued a miserable scream.