

Overbearing 1141

Chapter 1141: The Giant Pot That Descended From the Sky I

Fu Qingjiu's face was drained of color. She bit her pale lower lip and stared at the man standing outside the giant pit without uttering a word. She did not want to lose her last dignity before this man.

"The Ninth Emperor has never been blessed with immense talent. It was tons of hard work and years of painstaking efforts that had made her who she is today." Fu Chen came out behind Feng Ruqing.

Fu Chen was still a tiny little flower back then. It was the Ninth Emperor who had watered the flower every day and night and, finally, turned him into his human form.

Fu Chen barely knew the Ninth Emperor... he did not even know whether the Ninth Emperor was male or female. However, Big Black knew the Ninth Emperor very well.

The Ninth Emperor was not highly gifted and everything she had achieved in life was hard to come by.

The Ninth Emperor had never counted on anyone or taken a shortcut.

Feng Ruqing's strength could improve exponentially in this life, naturally, it had something to do with the Ninth Emperor's effort back then.

Because of the Ninth Emperor, this medium existed.

Because of the Ninth Emperor, Feng Ruqing had learned spirit herbs sowing skills.

Because of the Ninth Emperor, Feng Ruqing found a way to make herbal dishes.

As the Ninth Emperor was too lazy back then, everyone in the Divine Herbs Sect was capable of making herbal dishes.

It was her previous and present life.

Without the Ninth Emperor's painstaking effort in her previous life, perhaps, Feng Ruqing would still be working hard to lose weight now and she would not have become who she was now.

As the saying went, one sows and another reaps.

Feng Ruqing stared at Nan Xian in bewilderment.

Feng Ruqing had never doubted her true identity when she met Big Black. However, she had always thought that the Ninth Emperor was not the slightest bit related to her. She was Feng Tianyu and Nalan Yan's daughter, the princess of Liu Yun Kingdom, and the betrothed of state preceptor.

However, seeing Nan Xian's reaction just now, a solemn look crept into Feng Ruqing's face.

If Feng Ruqing remembered it correctly, Nan Xian told her that he had fallen for her ever since he was five. When Nan Xian was five years old, he was still in the Mu family. He could never have been in Liu Yun Kingdom. How could Nan Xian fall for her?

"Nan Xian..." Feng Ruqing held onto Nan Xian's hand suddenly.

Nan Xian tore his eyes away from the giant pit and turned his head to look at Feng Ruqing. He stroked her head as he smiled faintly.

“Qing’er, I will not let them lay a finger on you.”

Not to mention that no one was allowed to live Feng Ruqing’s life using her identity.

Fu Qingjiu’s face took on a ghastly expression. The spirit beasts had betrayed her and the guards in the palace were nearly wiped out. Soon, she would be standing here all alone.

“Believe it or not, my daughter is the Ninth Emperor!”

Fu Yu flicked his sleeve and snorted. His face was stern and haughty. Even when all the people behind him had nearly been massacred, he was still calm and indifferent, with the bearing of a reigning monarch.

All of a sudden, the sky turned gloomy and overcast. Ferocious winds whipped, exuding a bone-piercing coldness.

Nan Xian raised his eyes nonchalantly as he lifted his arm slowly. A long shiny white sword with great brilliance appeared and descended from the sky, thrusting right into his grip.

The sword looked so surreal and otherworldly, just like Nan Xian.

It was true. Even Nan Xian’s sword was much more astonishing, though not flashy, than an ordinary sword.

The wind emanating from the sword had nearly sent Fu Yu flying. Fu Yu dug his toes into the ground so he could stand firmly on the spot. However, drag marks could be seen on the ground.

Chapter 1142: The Giant Pot That Descended From the Sky II

With a bright smile on her face, Qing Han rested her chin in her hands as she said with a soft and lovely voice.

“Father is angry. These bad guys are going to die!”

‘Pfft! These bad guys have bullied my mother and impersonated the Ninth Emperor. Were it not for the biggest villain who seemed to be quite powerful and the fact that I am no match for him, I would have swallowed him in one bite.

“Advanced... Holy Warrior tier?”

Fu Yu’s face changed. He had been working so hard for years only to attain Lower Holy Warrior tier, but this man was actually more powerful than him?

For the first time, Fu Yu was so regretful. If he had known earlier that Nan Xian was so strong, he would never have stopped his daughter from hitting on Nan Xian and he would have paid no heed to the Old General Murong’s favor. However, there was no point in crying over spilled milk.

It was because Fu Yu did not know anything, he had missed this opportunity.

Even if Fu Yu felt extremely remorseful, there was nothing that he could do. He could not help gritting his teeth with a grave look in his eyes.

Just as Fu Qingjiu got out of the giant pit, a gust of ferocious wind blew. Once again, she was carried away by the wind, swirling high in the air, before falling to the ground.

Now, there was another giant pit next to the giant pit just now...

This time, Fu Qingjiu was completely exhausted. Her body moved only slightly, she did not even have the strength to climb out of the giant pit.

Nan Xian's expression seemed better when Fu Qingjiu was not in sight. After all, seeing an annoying lady really spoilt his mood to go on a killing spree.

Nan Xian would deal with Fu Qingjiu after he had gotten rid of Fu Yu.

Seeing Nan Xian's gaze on him once again, Fu Yu tightened his grip on the sword. The last few guards behind him rushed forward. Before they could reach Nan Xian, countless icicles appeared and swept over the guards.

Before everyone could see what had actually happened, the guards were lying in pools of blood, their bodies covered with cut marks.

Seeing this, the children of the officials were terrified.

When Feng Ruqing's spirit beasts crushed the guards in the palace, they were not in the slightest bit scared.

Similarly, when the spirit beasts in the palace betrayed them, they did not panic.

However, seeing all the guards die inexplicably without Nan Xian even lifting his hand, everyone's heart shuddered as if a stream of cold spring water had seeped through their bodies, it was bone piercing cold. Everyone huddled up, hoping that no one could see them.

Even Lin Yun who had always been haughty sank into silence.

Nan Xian walked up to Fu Yu.

Every step he took was felt in Fu Yu's heart, heavy and pounding.

Clank!

The long sword in Fu Yu's grip fell to the ground, letting out a crisp sound.

With a downcast spirit, he had lost the imposing vigor just now. Apparently, he had lost the battle before it had even started.

A battle between an Advanced Holy Warrior and a Lower Holy Warrior... Fu Yu was no doubt kicking against the pricks, a hopeless battle indeed.

Fu Yu let out a boisterous laugh. Even if he lost the battle, he would never bow his head to these people.

“Feng Ruqing, Nan Xian has been staying here for months. My daughter is so in love with him. Do you really think that... they have never slept together?”

“Haha! My daughter has slept with him! There’s nothing you can do about it.” The corner of Fu Yu’s lips curved into a sinister sneer as he stared at Feng Ruqing.

‘This lady is so haughty. She would surely never share her husband with any other lady.’

Even if they wiped out the entire kingdom, Fu Yu would not go easy on them. He would sow discord between Feng Ruqing and Nan Xian and tied a knot in their minds, a knot that could never be undone for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 1143: The Giant Pot That Descended From the Sky III

Swoosh!

A flash of sword beam shot out of the long sword in Nan Xian’s hand, rushing toward Fu Qingjiu who was still trapped in a giant pit and cut off her nose.

“Ah!”

A heart-wrenching cry emitted from the giant pit, making Fu Yu explode like a bomb.

“Qingjiu!”

In the palace, love and warmth among the royalty was extremely scarce. When Fu Qingjiu was injured, and even when Fu Yu knew that Fu Qingjiu was in danger, he did not save her.

However, this time...

Hearing Fu Qingjiu’s heart-wrenching cry, Fu Yu’s entire body trembled. Perhaps, he knew that he would soon be meeting his fate and he had found the courage to go against Nan Xian.

“Nan Xian, you...”

Just as Fu Yu spat out the words, he could feel a stinging pain in his tongue. He made a grunting sound as he pointed at Nan Xian indignantly, but he was not capable of saying a word.

“Since you like to sow discord, you don’t need this tongue.”

Nan Xian’s face was still expressionless, he looked calm and very much at ease. He was not the slightest bit affected by Fu Yu’s trick.

Because... Nan Xian knew that Feng Ruqing trusted him just the way he trusted her.

Feng Ruqing walked slowly up to Nan Xian.

When their eyes met, they could see profound trust in each other’s eyes as if it had spanned over several generations.

A look of disbelief crept into Fu Yu’s eyes. He stared dazedly at Feng Ruqing.

Why? Usually, when a lady heard of things like that, she would lose her mind and fight with her partner. Fu Yu’s words could tear a couple apart.

'Why didn't she question Nan Xian? She did not even say a word.'

Feng Ruqing looked at Fu Yu with a faint smile.

"You probably have no idea that my state preceptor still has little knowledge of the things that happened around him when he was unconscious. As long as he tells me that he had not done so, I will trust him.

"By the way, my state preceptor was sick earlier, only a lady's body could cool him down. It was a pity that... I am the one who has cooled him down and I was the only one who could get near him. You said that your daughter has slept with my state preceptor, why did he not recover earlier and only got well when I am here?"

"Only you can heal me. It has always been you!" Nan Xian held onto Feng Ruqing's hand tightly.

No other lady could do this and it had always been Feng Ruqing.

"I trust you. I have slept with you. If I don't trust you, there is no difference between me and a scum." Feng Ruqing patted Nan Xian's hand as she smiled.

Feng Ruqing trusted the person whom she had slept with. She trusted her instinct. Nan Xian would never let her down.

The corner of Nan Xian's lips curved into a faint smile as he stared at the lady next to him. The coldness in his eyes trickled out and gentleness took its place. It only happened when Nan Xian was with Feng Ruqing.

However...

When Nan Xian turned to look at Fu Yu, his cold eyes overflowed with a murderous intent. He loosened his grip on Feng Ruqing's hand and walked toward Fu Yu.

"Whoo!" A hint of panic flashed through Fu Yu's eyes.

He took a few steps backward until he found himself with his back against the wall. He could no longer retreat.

Nan Xian stopped in his tracks and lifted the long sword in his hand a little...

Slash!

Fu Yu's shoulder was cut open, blood seeped out from the wound, staining his robe red.

Fu Yu raised his eyes to glare at Nan Xian.

'You could just kill me in one blow, why are you torturing me like this?'

At this moment, something seemed to have come to Fu Yu's mind, he broke into an evil smile.

Chapter 1144: The Giant Pot That Descended From the Sky IV

"Whoo! Whoo!"

Simply no one knew what Fu Yu was talking about. They could only see Fu Yu shouting with his eyes staring into the distance. At this moment, a powerful aura descended from the sky from not far away and rushed toward Feng Ruqing.

“Mother, watch out!”

Fu Chen’s face changed. As he was closest to Feng Ruqing, he rushed madly toward Feng Ruqing.

This time, Nan Xian finally turned his head around. He too ran toward Feng Ruqing, even faster than Fu Chen. However, no matter how fast Nan Xian could run, he was no match for the speed of the powerful aura.

No one had ever thought that things would actually turn out this way. Not to mention that no one knew that there was such a powerful warrior in this palace.

A resurgence of panic crept into Nan Xian’s handsome face. He hurriedly stretched out his hand toward Feng Ruqing. His arms were only inches from Feng Ruqing. He was so close to pulling Feng Ruqing into his arms. It was a near miss indeed.

However, the sword behind Feng Ruqing was even faster, it thrust toward Feng Ruqing right into her head.

“Qing’er!”

If anyone had dared to hurt Feng Ruqing, Nan Xian would not hesitate to wipe out the entire kingdom and no one should survive!

Nan Xian’s eyes reddened. A silver, vertical streak could vaguely be seen flashing between his eyes.

Feng Ruqing turned her head around only to see the sword falling upon her. At this time, a glimmer of red light flashed in her eyes and vanished without a trace. It happened so fast that no one noticed it.

Just as the red light vanished, a loud bang sounded from not far away...

A huge shadow passed by and smashed down on the ground from the sky.

Before the person with the long sword could hurt Feng Ruqing, he was smashed into a bloody paste.

A pitch-black, giant pot with a door that seemed rusty came into sight.

“The mausoleum of the Ninth Emperor is flying here?” Murong Yang was the first one who regained his consciousness. His eyes widened in shock.

‘This giant pot is The Ninth Emperor’s mausoleum?’ Feng Ruqing’s face darkened a few shades.

This Ninth Emperor had such a lousy taste. She had actually made this giant pot her mausoleum?

“Mother, Mother! This is the thing that has summoned me. This iron pot looked yummy. I want to eat it.” Qing Han was overjoyed.

The giant pot shook violently and hid behind Feng Ruqing’s back as if it understood Qing Han’s words.

Feng Ruqing was dumbfounded.

‘This giant pot understands human language? Should I just... let Qing Han eat it? It’s such a tasteless pot and of no use to me.’

Feng Ruqing stroked her chin with a pensive look.

It seemed that the giant pot could read Feng Ruqing’s mind. It had nearly burst into tears. If only the pot could cry.

The giant pot did not summon Qing Han. It was the truth! Moreover, this little maiden was a piece of spirit herb. The pot should have cooked her. How could a spirit herb eat the pot instead?

Dumbfounded, everyone stood rooted to the spot, staring at the giant pot behind Feng Ruqing.

‘The Ninth Emperor’s mausoleum is capable of moving and had killed a Holy Warrior?’

Fu Yu’s face drained out of color. His mouth twitched a little and sank into silence, he looked like a punctured balloon, dejected.

Qing Han had rushed up to the giant pot quite a while ago. She bit into the pot, leaving a small hole in the pot.

The giant pot let out a buzzing sound, soared into the sky, and hovered above Feng Ruqing to dodge Qing Han who was still chasing after it.

‘Sob... sob... where on earth did this monster come from? Take her out of here!’

This pot was made of meteorite, but Qing Han had actually bit a hole in it. What were her sharp teeth made of?

Chapter 1145: A Lifetime of Humiliation I

“Little Guoguo, stop running. Aren’t you summoning me here to eat you? I will only take one bite. I promise you to only take one bite!”

The giant pot had nearly fallen from the sky out of fear. It suddenly had the urge to leave this place. However, the giant pot had finally found its master after so many struggles. If it left its master this time, how could it find her later?

If it was not because the giant pot could sense that its master was in danger, it could not possible have gotten Feng Ruqing in such a short while. A few times, the giant pot could sense that its master was just inches away. However, it had gotten so rusty that it could not even locate its master.

Hence, the giant pot did not want to leave Feng Ruqing this time.

Feng Ruqing felt giddy watching the giant pot hovering above her head. She reached out to rub her temple.

“Little Pot, stop swirling.”

Hearing this, the giant pot had nearly fallen off the sky as it wept quietly.

‘Master, it’s been ages since we last met, you have not improved your naming skill... from Little Meteorite to Little Pot... my name is just getting worse. Could you give me a more domineering name?’

However, the giant pot was obedient and stopped moving around in midair.

Fu Yu's heart filled with ice-cold despair. His body shook violently. It seemed that he had no idea why the Ninth Emperor's mausoleum could move and was obeying Feng Ruqing.

All of a sudden, Qing Han's word crossed his mind. His body stiffened, he could hardly breathe.

'No way! That's impossible! Feng Ruqing must not be the Ninth Emperor! She admits that she is not capable of taming spirit beasts.'

Fu Yu did not know why the spirit beasts were willingly bowing down to Feng Ruqing even if they did not like her.

As the saying went, many paths often lead to the same destination. Somehow, there was no need to tame spirit beasts. As long as one had something that spirit beasts are into, it made no difference.

Apparently, the people who firmly believed in Fu Yu had the same thought. Dazedly, they turned their heads to stare at the giant pit not far away, as if they could see the lady lying in the pit.

Moments ago, Fu Yu claimed that Fu Qingjiu was the Ninth Emperor and Fu Qingjiu did not deny it. If she were truly the Ninth Emperor, why would the Ninth Emperor's mausoleum go after another lady and did not even spare a glance at her?

In the eyes of the people of Haitian Kingdom, Fu Qingjiu had always been genial and gentle. She had a noble soul but she was not haughty. She was as pure as an immortal. Hence, simply no one ever thought that Fu Qingjiu would do this.

The goddess in their hearts was completely ruined before their eyes.

"Mother, could you please get Little Guoguo down and let me take a bite?" Qing Han was drooling.

Feng Ruqing looked up at the trembling giant pot and then looked down at Qing Han who was rubbing her head.

"It has not taken a bath for a long while. It will hurt your stomach."

"Alright, I'll listen to Mother." Qing Han pouted disappointedly, but she had always obeyed Feng Ruqing. Hence, she lowered her head dejectedly.

Just as Feng Ruqing wanted to continue talking, an outstretched arm next to her pulled her tightly into his embrace.

The man turned to look at Fu Yu. His cold eyes were full of murderous intent. Without saying a word, he lifted the long sword in his grip. In an instant, countless sword beams shot out from the sword and thrust toward Fu Yu.

Fu Yu was the emperor of Haitian Kingdom and the most powerful warrior in the kingdom. However, he was not capable of fighting back this time.

Feng Ruqing stroked her chin softly. Although she did not know Nan Xian's strength previously, he was stronger ever since he came to.

Chapter 1146: A Lifetime of Humiliation II

Feng Ruqing felt more secure staying by Nan Xian's side now...

Fu Yu's body was covered with countless cut marks. Blood could be seen oozing out of the wounds. His eyes widened, his body fell heavily from an upright position to the ground.

"Your Majesty!"

Chancellor Lin Yao was terrified. He raised his head stiffly as he stared nonchalantly at Nan Xian and then sank to her knees.

'His Majesty is dead! Haitian Kingdom is dead! Who? Who has destroyed the Haitian Kingdom? It's Fu Qingjiu!'

If Fu Qingjiu had not brought this man back to the palace and had resolutely stolen something not belonging to her, this would not have happened.

Originally, Haitian Kingdom could board the peak of glory for saving Nan Xian's life. It was Fu Qingjiu who had put paid to this opportunity and ruined the entire kingdom!

Currently, Fu Qingxi was still lying dazedly at the bottom of the pit. She could no longer feel any pain. She stared dazedly into the distance.

The ear-piercing shrill outside the pit had ruined all her dignity.

"It is said that a beauty would ensnare her lover in deadly traps. However, Her Highness, Princess Qingjiu, does not put others into trouble. Instead, she has ruined her own kingdom."

"Kill Fu Qingjiu! Make her a sacrifice to offer to heaven! It is all her fault! She has destroyed Haitian Kingdom!"

Once a person had become so terribly strong and powerful, no matter what he did, no one dared to pick on him. All these people wanted was for someone whom they could vent their anger on.

Since Fu Qingjiu was the one who had brought Nan Xian back to the palace, she had become the target that everyone vented their anger.

'Father has passed, Haitian Kingdom has collapsed.' Fu Qingjiu brought her hands to her eyes dejectedly. Even if Feng Ruqing did not kill her, the people of Haitian Kingdom would never forgive her...

Fu Qingjiu lifted her trembling palm and closed her eyes slowly as if she had exhausted all her strength, then she hit her forehead with her palm, hard.

She spat out a mouthful of blood. Her eyes were still locked on the spot where Nan Xian was currently standing.

"Nan Xian, let's go. Second Uncle and Gu Yiyi are still waiting for us at home." Smiling, Feng Ruqing turned to look at Nan Xian as she grasped Nan Xian's hand.

"Um."

Nan Xian smiled faintly, only when he looked at the Feng Ruqing, his cold eyes were full of gentleness

"Maiden Feng!" Seeing Feng Ruqing was about to leave, Murong Yang said anxiously.

"Haitian Kingdom can't survive without the reigning monarch. Since you have killed Fu Yu, why don't you just stay here? After all, anyone with the greatest strength could rise to the throne in Haitian Kingdom."

Hearing this, Feng Ruqing stopped in her tracks.

"I am not interested in Haitian Kingdom. You all should solve the problem of your kingdom on your own."

"Then... Can I look for you in Tianyue Kingdom in the future?" Murong Yang asked after hesitating for a while.

Feng Ruqing shook his head.

"I won't stay in Tianyue Kingdom either. I will leave this place soon and you wouldn't be able to find me."

Murong Yang was a little dejected. He still hoped that Feng Ruqing could introduce her beautiful sisters to him. Now, it seemed that all his hopes were gone.

Feng Ruqing did not stay any longer. She left together with Nan Xian like a gust of wind.

Murong Yang who was left behind stared desolately in the direction where Feng Ruqing had left.

The sky turned dark. Murong Yang's red hair was particularly glaring, making a striking contrast with the dark surroundings.

"Forget about her. This maiden... is really something. I have misjudged her." General Murong approached Murong Yang from behind, patted Murong Yang's shoulders as he sighed.

Chapter 1147: A Lifetime of Humiliation III

"Father, what are you talking about? It is such a shame that I couldn't leave together with her. Otherwise... think about it, she is so beautiful. Naturally, her sisters and friends must not be inferior to her, they must be beautiful too. What a shame..."

Dumbfounded, General Murong looked at Murong Yang's face. He had a sudden urge to strangle Murong Yang to death.

"Let's go."

General Murong's mouth twitched slightly, but he did not rebuke Murong Yang. He waved his sleeve and left without even sparing a glance at Murong Yang.

Fu Yu was dead.

Lin Yao too had regained his consciousness and staggered toward the palace gate. He knew that Haitian Kingdom would replace its reigning monarch soon!

Soon, the palace that was once bustling with chatters sank into a dead silence.

There were people dying and leaving. Currently, only a pile of lifeless remains were on the ground.

At this moment, a translucent soul floated out of a pile of minced meat. It was the one who had snuck up at Feng Ruqing and was then smashed into minced meat by the giant pot just now.

It was a handsome young man with a translucent body. He walked through a pile of human remains and stood before Fu Yu's body. He gave Fu Yu's body a hard pull and tugged the weak soul out of him.

The soul was, apparently, Fu Yu. Fu Yu looked at the young man fearfully.

"I promised to do you a favor and you promised to sell me your soul in return. You summoned me earlier.

"No way!" Fu Yu's hand flapping in panic. As he was already dead, he had regained his tongue.

"You failed to kill her, didn't you? The deal is off. You can't eat me!"

"I just promised that I would do something for you, but I did not promise you that I must do it successfully. In fact, even if we did not make a deal, you could never do anything to me if I want to eat you. However, I am principled. I will only eat the people have who willingly offered me their soul." A gruesome smile was plastered on the young man's face.

"Moreover, do you think I am capable of killing her? She is the Ninth Emperor. Although her strength is not strong now, I simply can't kill her. Look, I need to look for a new body because of you. Hence, you should pay me double for the deal. Both you and your daughter's souls are mine!"

"Then why did you show up if you knew that you are no match for her?" Fu Yu's hands balled into fists. His body shook more and more violently.

"Well, I am a principled person. I must keep my words even if I have to let go of this body." The young man shrugged as he smiled faintly.

'Damn your principle! My soul is going to be eaten and I could never go into the reincarnation cycle.'

"You... How do you know her...?" Fu Yu gritted his teeth.

Fu Yu could recall that this young man called Feng Ruqing the Ninth Emperor just now...

"Not only do I know her. There is an irreconcilable enmity between us!"

Speaking of this, the young man was agitated, his eyes were full of resentment. He could hardly control his strength and had nearly destroyed Fu Yu's soul.

Fu Yu's face turned green. He was too afraid to make a sound, fearing that the young man would swallow his soul in the next second.

"Back then, I was a well-known talent, and the 'Prince Charming' of many ladies. However, things have changed."

Chapter 1148: A Lifetime of Humiliation IV

"Later on... when the Ninth Emperor had appeared, all the ladies changed their target and ran after her. Even my betrothed and sister left me because of her. Most importantly, the Ninth Emperor had always worn a mask. The ladies had lost their minds for her without even seeing her face!"

“That is not all. I found that this Ninth Emperor who had won all the ladies’ hearts is a lady too! I have lost to a lady for so many years. How could I accept this? All these years, I have been possessing other people’s bodies and have not reincarnated because of her. I want to know what makes her better than me. Besides having smaller breasts and a bigger member, what makes a lady better than me?

“I want to surpass the Ninth Emperor. I want to defeat her. I want my sister and all the ladies to know that I will never lose to a lady.” The young man was getting more and more enraged.

Fu Yu was rendered speechless.

“You have no idea how it feels when a man loses his charm to a lady. This is a humiliation for a lifetime!”

The young man’s eyes flooded with aggrieved tears, as if all his memories back then were a nightmare that he did not want to think about them again.

Soon after, without surprise, the young man picked Fu Yu up, raised his neck, and swallowed Fu Yu down his throat.

There was always a painful price to pay when a deal was made with a demon.

Then, the young man turned to look at Fu Qingjiu who was still trapped in the pit. He walked over slowly and looked down at her cold remains.

“Oh, such a beautiful face is ruined. What a shame! If your father had figured it out earlier and sent you to me to be my lover, perhaps, I could have saved your life...”

As soon as the young man finished speaking, he raised his arm. In an instant, a translucent soul appeared in his grip.

A trace of panic flashed through Fu Qingjiu’s eyes, but she quickly calmed down. Her pale face looked horrifying under the moonlight.

“What do you want to do?” Fu Qingjiu asked nonchalantly.

The young man narrowed his eyes.

“Your father owes me this. As a daughter, you must pay your father’s debt.”

At this moment, Fu Qingjiu knew that everything she said was pointless. Hence, she did not utter a word.

“You’ve got some guts, better than your father. Hence, I will only take one of your legs, your tongue, and one eye. You could still go into reincarnation. However, you will be lame, blind in one eye, and a mute in your next life.”

Fu Qingjiu’s frail body was soft and weightless as the wind swept by. Still, she did not speak a word and merely stared at the young man.

The young man swallowed Fu Qingjiu’s left leg, right eye, and her tongue, just as he promised. He did not touch the rest of her body, not even a single strand of her hair.

“Alright, you may go into reincarnation on your own now.” The young man in green robe wiped his sleeve and vanished in the dark night. He did not even spare a glance at Feng Qingjiu.

‘My host body is ruined, I need to possess another body...’

Lying on the ground, Fu Qingjiu closed her eyes slowly. At the moment she passed, everything in her past lives flashed through her mind, like a trotting horse lantern.

It turned out... never in the past few thousand years had Fu Qingjiu and Nan Xian ever crossed paths...

Chapter 1149: A Lifetime of Humiliation V

Back then, Fu Qingjiu was the most famous prostitute of a brothel whereas Nan Xian was a teenager who stood next to the Ninth Emperor.

With a quick glance, Fu Qingjiu spotted Nan Xian. He was so ethereal and as graceful as an immortal. She could only see him in her eyes.

Fu Qingjiu had never seen such a handsome, gentle, and docile man. Since then, Nan Xian had a special place in her heart and she was not capable of getting him out of her mind for a long time. She had even refused to serve anyone.

She ended up living all by herself for her whole life. In this life, despite hundreds of thousands of people, Fu Qingjiu saw no one in her eyes but Nan Xian... Just like she did thousands of years ago.

However... thousands of years ago, Nan Changfeng had the Ninth Emperor by his side. The Ninth Emperor—a lady that was renowned throughout the realm, a terrifying lady who made all the ladies go crazy over her.

At that time, simply no one knew that the Ninth Emperor was a lady. They only knew that Nan Changfeng was her boy toy.

No matter how much Fu Qingjiu missed Nan Xian, she did not dare to do anything to him or let anyone know her feelings toward him. No one dared to steal anything from the Ninth Emperor.

However, this time, Fu Qingjiu was way too bold. Not only did she impersonate someone who was out of her league, but she had also even fallen for the wrong person.

Fu Qingjiu’s body curled up helplessly, painful tears broke free from her eyes. A sense of loneliness seized her as if her entire body was dominated by endless sorrow and misery.

Under the moonlight, a gloomy atmosphere filled the air. The sound of ghosts weeping could be heard and the sound of the leaves rustling drifted in the air.

If only Fu Qingjiu knew it earlier that they were not meant to be together, she would never have done all these things.

Apparently, thousands of years ago, Nan Xian did not know Fu Qingjiu. So why did she etch him in her mind and soul? It made Nan Xian look familiar to her, she had even thought that they could continue their relationship from the past life.

In the end, not only did Fu Qingjiu harm her father who had always loved her, but she had also ruined the entire Haitian Kingdom.

A silent night.

Outside the palace, Feng Ruqing suddenly stopped in her tracks. Fu Chen did not stop in time and hit his head on Feng Ruqing's back. It was so painful that he had nearly broken into tears.

"Don't the three of you owe me an explanation?"

It seemed that Nan Xian knew what Feng Ruqing was asking. He put his arm around her waist.

Feng Ruqing's long hair fluttered in the wind, she looked so beautiful and surreal.

"What is it about?" Fu Chen raised his eyes as he asked.

"Like... what is the Ninth Emperor about?" Feng Ruqing smiled brightly.

Fu Chen's body inexplicably stiffened, uneasiness rose in his heart.

"Qing'er, let's go home." Nan Xian turned his head with a faint smile on his face.

Seeing Nan Xian's smile, all the knots in Feng Ruqing's stomach were untied. Her eyes overflowed with joy.

"Alright."

Dumbfounded, Fu Chen could feel a prick in his heart.

Feng Ruqing had given up asking after listening to Nan Xian's words. If the same thing had happened to Fu Chen, no matter how hard he tried, he could never please Feng Ruqing.

Perhaps, the same thing would work for Qing Han. It was only Fu Chen. No matter what he said, it was a waste of time.

Nan Xian turned his head around to look at the palace gate that was tightly closed. He felt as if he had forgotten something else.

In the dream, everything he saw was related to the Ninth Emperor. Everything that had happened in the past that came into his mind revolved around her. He knew nothing about anything else. Thinking of this, a sense of uneasiness seized him. He frowned and tightened his grip on Feng Ruqing's waist.

No matter what happened, Nan Xian would protect her for the rest of his life.

On an island outside Tian Shen Manor, a man and a lady were standing high in the air, staring at the door not far away.

They seemed like a couple. The lady was exquisitely gorgeous and bore some semblance to Feng Ruqing.

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The man's face was handsome and confident as his eyes stared down the road, like a king overlooking the whole world.

"Yan'er, it's been one year. We have agreed with Lady Suyi to meet today. So, let's go. We shall meet Qing'er first as we haven't seen her for over a month. I wonder if Qing'er has found our son or not."

He had met Paramount's Jiu Ming not long ago.

Initially, he was going to entrust Paramount to help find his missing son, at any cost.

Paramount had been always at the forefront in searching for missing people or seeking information in this world.

It was also from that moment that Feng Tianyu knew the real purpose of Feng Ruqing coming to Tian Shen Manor.

Feng Tianyu had accidentally bumped into a relic on their way to Tian Shen Manor, causing him and Yan'er to be locked up inside it. They might have arrived earlier if he had not come across the relic.

But luckily, he had received an inheritance from it. Later... There was no need for Yan'er to charge forward anymore.

He would stand and fight together with her.

Nalan Yan smiled sweetly. "Qing'er is getting married soon."

Feng Tianyu snorted. "If it weren't because of Nan Xian who seems sincere and nice to Qing'er, I wouldn't have agreed to this marriage. But this time it's just an engagement, and the marriage isn't confirmed yet. No matter what, I have to delay it for two or three years as I will not easily marry off my daughter!"

"Oh, by the way, the Mu family is in chaos right now. If Nan Xian wants to marry her, he can only take her to Feng Yun Manor or Liu Yun Kingdom. I will not agree to let Qing'er stay in the Mu family. My daughter, whom I have loved and protected for so many years, will not marry someone when she is going to be mistreated by him. If he can't make her feel as comfortable and happy as at home, I would rather my daughter remain unwed!

He would even allow her to be married to a commoner as he did not want his daughter to be mistreated by the Mu family.

And if the Mu family bullied her, he would rather let his daughter stay in the family for the rest of her life than having any contacts with the Mu family.

Nalan Yan smiled. "Aren't we here to give her support? Even though I don't want my daughter to get married this soon, I believe that Nan Xian will not let Qing'er suffer! Besides, Qing'er has our support! No one will dare to bully her!"

She was willing to protect her beloved daughter for the rest of her life. She and Feng Tianyu had nearly lost their lives in order to get the inheritance from the relic. They did all this to make sure that her daughter could have a powerful family to back her up.

So what if the Mu family was strong?

She would protect Qing'er and let it be known to the world that no one could bully her precious daughter!

"Let's go."

Feng Tianyu calmed himself down. He then took Nalan Yan's hand and walked toward the city gate in front of him with a spring in his steps.

"This time, we're not just going for Qing's marriage, but also... For the child that has been taken away!"

His eyes flashed with a cold ray of light as he thought about the letter that was sent by Jiu Ming a few days ago.

Whoever had taken his children, causing them to be separated for twenty years... He would make them... Pay a terrible price for it!

The gatekeeper blocked their way with his lance and asked expressionlessly, "Token?"

Nalan Yan exchanged a glance with Feng Tianyu.

Luckily, Suyi had sent someone to deliver the token along with the letter earlier.

Feng Tianyu took out the token in his pocket and handed it to the gatekeeper.