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Li Feidao changed his stance, moving left and right as quickly as lightning. He flicked his wrist and shot out several throwing knives.

His Lordship's face was covered by the mask, so it was impossible to make his expression out.

But those eyes were as calm as the surface of a lake, yet cloudy enough to make one shudder!

BAM!

His Lordship delivered one punch and Li Feidao ended up staggering back by several steps. He was about to launch another attack, but His Lordship didn't seem to want to fight at all. He turned and ran out swiftly by forcing a gap through the walls.

"Block him!"

"Get him!"

"Don't let him get away!"

Shrill voices rang out and the lights shone brightly as a massive number of people charged at him.

The entire Extreme Martial Arts Academy reached a fever pitch!

But nobody seemed to be able to hold His

## Lordship back at all.

# If he wanted to leave this place, nobody could stop him.

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Li Feidao dashed out from the display room while clutching his chest.

"Everybody!" he shouted. "He's taken the manual!"

His voice was like thunder as it hit everyone's ears at the same time. The students of the academy were even more enraged and their eyes turned red.

Someone really dared to come in the night to steal the manual?

Ridiculous!

All of them had gone crazy but there was no way they could stop His Lordship since he was bent on leaving.

Jiang Ning wasn't inside the academy, so who else here could stop him?

Li Feidao watched as His Lordship disappeared into the night and cursed loudly. Tan Xing and the rest were furious and blamed themselves.

Tan Long and some others were even lightly injured. They felt that they hadn't been able to guard the manual well and they had let Jiang Ning down.

After receiving the news, Jiang Ning hurried over from the Lin house. Tan Xing just shook his head and didn't know what to say.

Someone had come to take the manuals and he already knew about that. But he didn't expect that

NΗ

the person who came to steal the pages would actually be His Lordship, the incredibly highly skilled fighter that Jiang Ning mentioned before.

Donghai was all riled up tonight.

Huang Yuming and his men went around looking for traces of His Lordship and were determined to get those pages back.

The students of Extreme Martial Arts Academy were even more furious as they decided to take on the responsibility of getting those pages back.

Inside the tea room, Li Feidao massaged his chest and seethed angrily.

Tan Xing sat in the room with a calm expression on his face as he waited for Jiang Ning to explain things.

"He didn't take the manual pages away." It was nearly dawn but nobody was in the mood to sleep. Jiang Ning took out his original four pages of the manual and placed them on the table. "The four pages in the display cabinet are fakes."

Li Feidao and Tan Xing didn't look surprised at all.

They knew long ago that the ones on display were fakes. They were high quality imitations, but they definitely weren't real.

## Since they could tell, surely His Lordship could tell too, right?

## This was what confused and surprised them the

## most.

His Lordship definitely knew that the pages that Jiang Ning put up couldn't be the real deal. On top of that, Jiang Ning had surrounded the place with such tight security but he still came to steal the pages anyway.

"He didn't take the real pages away, and furthermore..."

Jiang Ning sighed, reached into his pocket and took out another two pages. Li Feidao and Tan Xing were both stunned.

Six pages of the manual!

Was His Lordship nuts?

He didn't take away the four pages and he gave Jiang Ning two pages instead?!

"What...what on earth is going on?"

Tan Xing was completely confused.

He simply couldn't understand where any of this was going.

He didn't even know what just happened. Why would His Lordship give the two pages he had to Jiang Ning as well?

But Li Feidao swallowed hard as his heart trembled. His gaze was rather conflicted as he looked at Jiang Ning.

# "You're sure now, right?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

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Jiang Ning nodded.

His expression was equally conflicted.

He was finally able to confirm now that his guess was true all along.

But what was all of this for? This was something he couldn't understand at all. Nobody had told him any of these things before.

He would never have thought that things would become like this.

For the past couple of years, or rather, the past couple of decades...from the time he was chased out of the Jiang family and started wandering the streets all the way until the time he sat in the Extreme Martial Arts Academy of Donghai. Jiang Ning never thought that the answer would surprise him so much.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Li Feidao again.

Tan Xing hadn't known Jiang Ning as long as Li Feidao did and didn't know about a lot of things and hadn't even heard about that much.

He felt that Li Feidao was asking strange questions and Jiang Ning's responses were no better.

His Lordship had suddenly take all this trouble to take the pages despite knowing that these were fakes. On top of that, he even secretly left the two pages he had on hand for Jiang Ning.

## NH The two of them were bitter enemies!

Jiang Ning had been running after Hidden Sect and going after His Lordship's life for a long time now.

But now...

Tan Xing was really stunned and really couldn't figure out what on earth happened.

He looked at Li Feidao, then looked at Jiang Ning.

They were speaking in a language he understood, but he couldn't figure out what they were talking about at all.

"Send news out to say that I've severely injured the man who came to steal the pages."

"Huh?" Tan Xing froze for a moment. Jiang Ning hadn't done anything at all.

"Severely injured by you?" He paused for a moment and looked at Jiang Ning. "Jiang Ning, what is going on? But of course, if you're not comfortable with sharing, it's fine, pretend I didn't ask anything. I'm just really confused right now."

Jiang Ning looked at Tan Xing and shook his head.

## He didn't know how to say it.

## Even Jiang Ning himself wasn't completely sure either.

NΗ

He had expected this to happen, but the fact that it actually happened still surprised him and...it was a little hard for him to accept it.

After thinking about his entire set up, Jiang Ning suddenly felt like laughing.

He suddenly realized that his set up wasn't big at all. The really big set up was the one that started from the day he was picked up from the streets.

"Just do as I instructed earlier," said Jiang Ning.

"Sure." Tan Xing didn't probe further. He could tell that Jiang Ning was feeling conflicted right now.

Perhaps even Jiang Ning himself was still confused.

He got up and left without saying anything.

The tea room was just left with Jiang Ning and Li Feidao.

"This is all really surprising, but you were prepared for it, right?"

Li Feidao knew Jiang Ning well.

Jiang Ning wasn't the sort who let others lead him by the nose. Since he created this set up, it meant that he had guessed as much and decided to put his guess to the test. And today, his guess was proven to be correct.

"No matter what, I must find out why," said Jiang Ning. "If he has really done something wrong..."

NΗ He paused and didn't continue speaking.

Should he kill him?

Jiang Ning's heart pounded wildly.

Li Feidao didn't ask anymore. He drank three cups of tea at one shot. He would have found it hard to make a decision too.

Anyone in this situation would find it hard to make a decision, especially someone sentimental like Jiang Ning who valued loyalty and gratefulness.

"If you need anything, just let me know."

Li Feidao didn't say much and got up to leave so that Jiang Ning could have a quiet moment to himself.

News spread like wildfire.

The manual pages on display at Extreme Martial Arts Academy in Donghai had been stolen!

The thief was very highly skilled and injured a few dozen people. He managed to escape even though he was surrounded by so many people and was only severely injured by the head of the academy...

This news caused a huge commotion!

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