

Chapter 751 - What Does Grandpa Want to Get

What Does Grandpa Want to Get

Even though Beverly Hills was well known for mainly hosting the rich, it did not mean that the place was exclusive only to them. Anyone was free to visit as they please.

Every year, countless tourists would come to Beverly Hills trying their luck, hoping to sneak a peek at the big Hollywood names.

But most of all, it was a place well suited for wealthy tourists to flaunt their riches.

On the renowned Rodell and Rodeo avenues, they were consisted of nearly all of South California's most glamorous resort chains. Each and every one of them held their own architectural flair.

The most lavish of brands worldwide would set up a shop here in this one district. If a particular brand wasn't found here, it just meant that they were not important enough.

The world's most expensive shopping mall was located here. The indoor gate was made with hand sculpted marble with brass, a towering water fountain by its side, eluding the sense of elegance and nobility.

In Beverly Hills, there had always been an outrageous tagline that went with the district—if you bother asking for the price, it meant you couldn't afford it.

Yang Chen was leisurely taking the Porsche on a stroll across the streets.

On both sides of the road were citizens strolling and joking around with each other, most of whom were whited out old people. They were poor in the sense where all they had was money, at least in the eyes of Yang Chen. What's the point of living like that when you can't even swoop down to grab a quick bite of fermented tofu or a mutton skewer? he thought.

A blonde white lady in an Alfa Romeo stopped right next to Yang Chen at the traffic lights. When their eyes met, the blonde lady winked at him.

Yang Chen felt his adrenaline rising as he openly giggled at her. He might have multiple lovers back in China, constantly serenading him with love and passion, but abroad, there were several open-minded beauties who were attractive in their own ways. This led him to believe that a 'leisure' trip was a pretty good choice to make.

The blonde later saw Yang Chen's earnest response to her and giggled, but upon seeing the lights turn green, she instantly sped off leaving a cloud of dust behind. It turned out that she wasn't quite interested about this faithful meeting.

The craftsmanship of a famous Italian factory, the Alfa Romeo was an undeniable beast of a machine, a car even money couldn't buy back in China.

Nonetheless, within the borders of a nation where four-hundred-thousand-dollar Mercedes SLR were everywhere, a two-hundred-thousand-dollar sports car was clearly nothing to many.

And because the sun was still out, clubs were naturally out of consideration. But just a casual flirt on the streets didn't bring Yang Chen the satisfaction he needed. Nonetheless, Yang Chen was not too eager about it. After all, he didn't even have a penny in his pockets. What would be the point of going anyway?

So according to the map of Los Angeles he memorized, Yang Chen drove the car to a branch of the investment bank UBS, understanding that it would definitely be better with cash in hand.

Since the ring of Pluto was stored in the rift of space through space laws, even with the catastrophic events that occurred, it was left scathless.

Yang Chen might be really low on energy, but retrieving a ring did not take much out of him.

The CEO of that branch of UBS recognised the owner of the ring and was thoroughly stupefied by his visit. Under Yang Chen's request, he instantly ordered his assistants to retrieve a VIP Platinum card with at least 50 million in credit. It was more than enough for his two-day stay.

Yang Chen retrieved the card and instantly left to the location in his head, knowing that it was about to open soon.

Driving his car towards Beverly Hills, Yang Chen did not go back to the mansion to tease the maid Sally but instead went to attend an auction named 'Julien'.

The auction house itself was a sight to behold. By the gate were two black men in exquisite suits, by the sides of the door were 2 copper lions, eluding a vibe of formality.

The reason Yang Chen chose this auction place to get his presents was because they didn't require personal identification. All he needed was to pay a hundred thousand dollars of assurance fee, and most importantly, everything inside were rare collections from across the globe.

But when Yang Chen went towards the tunnel where the fee collection counter was, he took out his platinum card from UBS and handed it to a big, sturdy man dressed to impress. There were a flash of suspicion from his glance. Even for a district where the richest gather, there was hardly anyone who could bring out a card of this calibre, not to mention a foreign Asian man.

"Sir, please pay an assurance fee of one hundred thousand dollars." The staff indicated for Yang Chen to swipe his card, while simultaneously taking out a golden-plated number plate which would be his auction number.

Yang Chen was just about to enter the interior of the auctioning place before a soft and elegant voice resonated from the resting area in the back.

"Please wait!" Before the person even came close, her orchid fragrance had already arrived like a gust of wind.

Yang Chen had a teasing thought flashed through his head, before he turned to stare at the woman who abruptly appeared out of nowhere.

The woman wore a low cut white one-piece, with two laced strings holding it in place. She looked to be in her early twenties, but she also resonated a sense of maturity and elegance. Her hourglass-shaped waist, bottomless cleavage, and her firm backside were something one could hardly resist putting their hands on.

Her fair long legs showed no signs of excess fat, along with her supple cheeks, alongside her supple, red lips, large, attractive eyes, and her pitch-black hair eluding elegance. A person of these qualities was on the level of Rose, but what Rose had in alluring elegance, she had in innocence and femininity.

The woman's stuttering words would instantly reduce any man into a pool of sympathy.

"Pretty lady, were you calling me?" Yang Chen reassured in English.

The woman awkwardly nodded, before she mumbled, "Sir... ar—are you Chinese?"

Yang Chen replied in Mandarin with a stoic tone, "It doesn't matter where I am from, I just want to hear you talk."

The girl was instantly taken aback by his sweet, teasing words, as she awkwardly smiled. "Sir, can you help me with something?"

"Please just call me Yang Chen."

"Oh... Mr Yang, can I ask you for a favor?"

"May I ask your name?" Yang Chen asked with high anticipation.

The woman was evidently unaccustomed with Yang Chen's passion as her face turned red, before she mumbled, "Xiao... Xiao Zhiqing."

"Oh, so it's Zhiqing, what a rhythmic name. But still inferior to your appearance." Yang Chen was mesmerised.

"Oh you're too nice..." Xiao Zhiqing could not even stare Yang Chen in the eye as she turned her head away from him, the pink on her cheeks extending to the tips of her ears. "Mr Yang, I need to go into the auction place to buy something, but I left my purse and ID in the hotel. I just found out that I don't have enough time to head back to retrieve it. I'm asking you if you could pay for my entry in advance, and I'll transfer the money back to you when I return to my hotel."

As she spoke, Xiao Zhiqing's puppy eyes were filled with pity, staring right at Yang Chen.

Yang Chen hurriedly asked, "Oh... Miss Zhiqing, don't fret, please don't cry. It's just a small matter, I'll help."

Xiao Zhiqing's expression instantly turned bright like a blooming flower. "Really? You will help me?"

"Well definitely! Money in the face of a good deed is nothing. I believe that Miss Zhiqing really needs something in there, otherwise there's no reason for you to make such a request to a stranger right?"

Yang Chen played the role of the good samaritan. Who knew when it started that the two felt a connection but they did.

Xue Zhiqing had a glimpse of dispiritment as she replied, "There are indeed two things that I was tasked to get. My grandpa especially told me to bid for them before I left for America. He's in pretty bad health right now and I was hoping that these items would make him slightly happier."

While she was talking, she started weeping, unable to continue.

Yang Chen sighed before he sneakily reached for her back and embraced her soft and supple shoulders. "Ms Zhiqing, you're such a nice girl. Don't you worry. I'll buy those items for you and you may transfer the money to me once it's done."

Xiao Zhiqing felt a little uneasy as she tried to brush his hands off, but failed to do so. In the end, she gave up and went along with it as she had to enter the auction house.

The female auctioneer had no problems with it, which meant Yang Chen did not need to pay an extra assurance fee and instead with a simple conversation with the waiter, he was allowed to enter with Xiao Zhiqing into the venue.

Yang Chen while walking gradually slid his hand down to Xiao Zhiqing's tiny waist.

Xiao Zhiqing had a body so soft and supple it amazed Yang Chen. He finally knew what it meant to have a 'boneless' body.

A woman like that bringing herself to me, it can't possibly be a 'gift from heaven', could it? I need someone to let it out in bed with and just a touch of this girl has made my heart lurch. Does it matter if she has any ulterior motives? Let's decide after a game in bed! Who knows? Maybe she might just fall for my charm, thought Yang Chen.

As they walked towards the first row and settled down, all the other buyers across the globe instantly turned towards them. Xiao Zhiqing's mesmerisingly delicate elegance caught the eyes of all around her.

Yang Chen however was down to drop big cash for her today, as he seriously asked, "Ms Zhiqing, what does Grandpa want to get? Just let me know, I'll bid for it once it's out."

Xiao Zhiqing sneered internally. Knowing that this man truly had no decency, she was secretly glad with herself for nabbing this cash cow. A man this filled with lust and sin surely had done the worst imaginable, so it'd be justice if she took him down a peg.

Hardly even a few lines shared and he's calling my name like it's been forever, not to mention his perverted hands running all over me, she thought.

But on the surface she was teary-eyed, seemingly touched and embarrassed as she replied, "My grandpa has liked jade essence all his life, and in this auction there is a perfect brew from the modern champions winery. Besides, when Grandpa and Grandma got married, they didn't have the chance to buy a diamond ring. Now before he passes away, he just wants to give Grandma a prized possession worthy of her love, the 'Pompous Pink' diamond ring that they're auctioning."

"Tsk..." Yang Chen took a deep breath, as he showed a face of uneasiness. "This wine's not much of a problem. It's probably going to end up costing a few hundred grand. However, that 'Pompous Pink' diamond ring is one of the most lavish in the world. It'd surely cost more than ten million dollars. It won't be easy to bid..."

Chapter 752 - A Brave Person

A Brave Person

Xiao Zhiqing's eyes flashed with pain. Forcing a smile, she said, "It'll be fine. I'm already grateful towards Mr Yang for helping me out thus far."

“Ms Zhiqing that’s just not true! I, Yang Chen, must win the ring and wine at the auction today. Not only for Grandpa but more importantly... for you,” said Yang Chen emotionally. He leaned in to get closer to Xiao Zhiqing’s pink lips. Although he didn’t kiss her, he was only a few millimeters away from her. He could smell her aromatic fragrance.

“I’m extremely grateful for this, Mr Yang. When I get back to my hotel, I’ll immediately transfer the money to you!” thanked Xiao Zhiqing with her head lowered to bring her lips away from this inappropriate man.

Yang Chen patted his chest, delighted. “It’s just a hundred million. Today, I, Yang Chen, will spend a hundred million in cash for your smile. It’s well worth it, haha!”

Xiao Zhiqing’s expression turned embarrassed. Behind her pretty face, in her heart, she was puking in disgust. What dumb poetry is this man reciting?! It didn’t even rhyme! He shouldn’t even try. This fat pig was not only dumb, but he was also revolting.

With Yang Chen’s shameless show and Xiao Zhiqing’s fake support, the auction finally started.

The first few items were neither here nor there. It was for the bidders in the audience to warm up. Most were sold at around a hundred thousand dollars.

When a bottle of grape wine was displayed, the auctioneer gave it a simple introduction. “I believe many of the ladies and gentlemen here know their wine. This bottle is from 1945, Chateau Mouton-Rothschild grape wine. It is a collector’s item, five liters. 1945 was the peak of the wine industry in the twentieth century. I believe its worth matches its reputation. Let us start the bidding at a hundred and ten thousand dollars!”

The worth of the wine was not in its taste. In fact, the older the wine, the riskier it was to drink it.

That was because many old wines may look the same but in reality, had turned into a bottle of vinegar. Of course, nothing would happen if the seal was shut tightly.

That was why people who treasured aged wine were willing to spend a fortune. If they bought it to drink, it wasn’t a very wise decision.

Soon, the audience started to bid from a hundred and twenty thousand to a hundred and thirty, then it slowly faded.

Yang Chen finally held up his card, then turned to Xiao Zhiqing. “Ms Zhiqing, watch, I’m going to bid for you.”

Then just do it! What’s with the trash talk, cursed Xiao Zhiqing secretly. Her face lit up with gratitude. “Mmm... If it’s not too much trouble for Mr Yang.”

Yang Chen raised his card proudly. “Hey! I’m offering a hundred and fifty thousand. Deal?”

All eyes fell on him with a glare, cursing Yang Chen for being a rich bastard. He didn’t have the least bit of etiquette.

Yang Chen made a face at Xiao Zhiqing, delighted with himself. Xiao Zhiqing had a hard time forcing a smile because she wanted to choke him.

The auction proceeded. After a few stolen artifacts were sold, Xiao Zhiqing's next item appeared.

The auctioneer pointed at the pink diamond ring behind a bulletproof case. "This is our last item for today. I believe this is the reason most of you are here. This ring is made from five carats of the cushion-cut, high-colored pink diamond. This rare diamond was mined from South Africa. The pink diamond is different from other colored diamonds because the pinkish hue was formed under extreme heat and pressure from tectonic plate movement. That is why it's unusually bright and rare. It starts at 1.1 million USD, and every increment must not be lower than a hundred thousand!"

"I'll bid 1.1 million!"

"1.2 million!"

Very soon, a few bright-eyed rich ladies and a few rich men who wanted to woo a lady started to bid.

To the extremely rich who had a couple billion or so in their pockets, a piece of jewelry worth just 1.1 million wasn't much of a challenge because if everything went well, jewelry wouldn't depreciate in value either.

When the price reached ten million dollars, many of the bidders started to back off.

A fat, rich white lady had bid a very high price. With her thick Russian accent, it was obvious she was a big shot in eastern Europe. She'd shouted her bids until she was visibly red in the face. When finally, no one was bidding, her eyes were filled with excitement as if wearing the ring would bring her back to her peak youth at eighteen years old.

"Hey, thirteen million-one-hundred-and-forty-thousand..." Yang Chen held his card up high as if trying to attract all the attention he could.

When the lady heard him, she glared at Yang Chen with fury. Immediately after she had reached the peak of her rage, she suffocated from shock and fainted!

The situation immediately turned into chaos. It was only after the bodyguards carried her out did the auction come to a close.

In all honesty, it wasn't a very large sum of money to put down on a piece of jewelry. However, there was plenty of great jewelry in the market and withdrawing too much cash at one time might affect their business. That was why nobody decided to bid against Yang Chen.

Yang Chen grabbed Xiao Zhiqing's slender waist with an arm. Then with as much emotion as he could muster, he said, "Ms Zhiqing, this number represents my eternal love for you... Did you get it?"

Xiao Zhiqing gave a dry laugh in her heart. *Eternal? I'd just be a temporary plaything that he'd throw away soon,* she thought.

However, she gave a look of unsuppressed emotion and gratitude. Tearfully, she said, "Mr Yang Chen, you're too good to me. When we get items, let's go back to the hotel. I'll immediately transfer the money to you."

"Sigh, money is just money at the end of the day. It's not urgent. But Zhiqing... why don't you just call me Brother Yang? It's friendlier." Yang Chen winked.

Xiao Zhiqing was hit with a wave of nausea. She forced a laugh and lowered her head. He led the pretty, delicate girl to the back to finalize the paperwork. He even rejected offers for security. He put the ring in his pocket and held the bottle of wine worth more than a hundred thousand dollars in a hand. The other hand was naturally around Xiao Zhiqing's waist, casually pinching her flesh every once in a while. He was drunk with pleasure.

She could barely hide her disgust. Following Yang Chen out of the auction, she asked, "Brother Yang, where is your car? I took a taxi because I'm not too familiar with this place."

Yang Chen pointed at the Porsche 911 Carrera 4S GT before them and said, "This one. Get on, I'll take you out for lunch."

Lunch?!? Xiao Zhiqing quickly shook her head. With a sincere, firm expression, she said, "It's alright, I think it's better for me to return to the hotel now. I need to transfer the money to you so I can be at peace."

"Oh... Sigh, alright. I really don't mind. For a pretty girl like you, Zhiqing, even thirty or forty million would be worth it. But that can't be measured by money... Of course, Zhiqing you want to get back to the hotel. I'm also very pleased with that decision." When Yang Chen trailed off, he let out an evil, mischievous laugh.

Xiao Zhiqing huffed secretly. *Laugh now, you'll pay for everything you have done!*

When the two of them got off the car, they soon found themselves on a pretty deserted street. Yang Chen naturally held Xiao Zhiqing's hand, slowly walking towards the hotel.

She was leading Yang Chen. After a fork, she said she wanted to take a shortcut, then immediately turned into an alley about two meters wide between the slums.

When they reached the middle of the alley, two white, bearded men with sunglasses and caps rushed over, blocking their path.

"Give me your money and valuables!" One of the older hunks was chewing gum, his eyes sizing Yang Chen up.

Xiao Zhiqing let out a frightened gasp. She retracted, taking a few steps back.

Yang Chen gave out a shocked expression, then quickly hid behind Xiao Zhiqing so she'd be in front. With a shaky voice, he said, "You... How can you rob someone in broad daylight?!"

"Haha! You Asian monkey. Where does it say that robbers can only steal at night?" He looked to the other man who was already pulling a black handgun out. He suddenly seemed to be wiping the dust off the gun now. It was clear that he was trying to invoke fear.

Xiao Zhiqing could feel Yang Chen's hand shaking. She gave a look of disgust. *This useless rich boy shrank at the sight of danger. A textbook rich brat.*

The man frowned as he saw Yang Chen hiding. "Hey bruh, how long do you plan on hiding?! What makes you think this lady is going to protect you? Let me tell you, almost no one takes this path during the day. So be smart or my brother and I will have to act..."

Yang Chen immediately raised his arms. “No! No! Don’t hit us! I’ll give you money!!”

“Hmmp, that’s more like it.” The white man laughed.

With her back towards Yang Chen, she gave an approving nod to the man.

Yang Chen gave a pained look, then slowly and timidly emerged from behind Xiao Zhiqing. He took the pink diamond ring out from his pocket. Without looking at her, he whispered, “Ms Xiao, I apologize... To protect you, I will give them this ring.”

Xiao Zhiqing was expressionless. She didn’t bother with her act any longer.

However, at this moment, as if she’d sensed something, she looked up and shrieked!

Crack! Crack!

Two Bonzai plants fell from the balconies above, but coincidentally landed on the men’s heads!

Plants and soil flew everywhere!

The men, who had been very delighted with themselves, suddenly collapsed!

When they saw this, Yang Chen hurriedly took a step forward. With a foot on the man’s body, he laughed loudly. “Look! Look! Zhiqing, the heavens were touched by my love for you! The heavens have spoken! Looks like the gods have brought us together. This is awesome! Hmmp, I knew that a brave person like me would always have something good coming!”

Xiao Zhiqing stood with her jaws gaping. She stared at the men, then at the crazy pervert, almost vomiting blood!

Chapter 753 - Even Poison Tastes Good

Even Poison Tastes Good

“Zhiqing, Zhiqing! What just happened? Call the police!” Yang Chen rushed to the stunned lady, waving his arms in the air. “Let the police arrest them. Then call a few reporters to interview us. We could be famous! Maybe even get some money out of it!”

“Ge—get on TV? Money?” Xiao Zhiqing was about to faint. *“This man is not only stupid but delusional... How could he think of being a hero? And why would he want money if he’s already so rich??”* she thought.

Xiao Zhiqing was panicking. But she did not give up. He didn’t even see through her lies. She decided to proceed with her act. She had invested far too much to pull out right now.

Hence, she immediately rushed forward, voluntarily hugging his arm with a smile. “Brother Yang, it’s alright. There’s no need to call the police on some petty criminals. Forgiveness is the way to go. Let’s let them go this one time.”

Yang Chen seemed moved. Looking at the woman’s pitiful look, he said, “Zhiqing, you are too kind. Fine, I concede. We’ll show mercy this time.”

As he talked, Yang Chen put his foot on the man’s thigh again with an arrogant expression.

Xiao Zhiqing looked at him with contempt. She thought, *‘If it weren’t for the freak accident, you’d be peeing your pants right now.’* However, she said gently, “Brother Yang, let’s go back to the hotel then. Forget about them. I’ll transfer the money to you.”

“Yes, yes. The hotel, to your room.” Yang Chen smiled mischievously again.

The two walked into the hotel together. Yang Chen occasionally rubbed her voluptuous chest with his elbow, fully enjoying the soft, springy feel. Xiao Zhiqing chose to suppress her rage as she was too close to her end goal. In the end, she allowed this man to continue while silently cursing him into the next generation.

There weren’t many people present in the hotel, especially since it was one of the higher-priced ones. The ride on the elevator to her room on the fifth floor was very quiet, so quiet they could hear each other’s breathing.

When they reached the door, Xiao Zhiqing turned to gaze softly at Yang Chen. Her face was pink after the constant rubbing on the sensitive parts of her chest. “Brother Yang... I need to get my room card...”

“Get it then, I’m waiting.” Yang Chen grinned.

“Why don’t you let go, I can’t open my bag.” Xiao Zhiqing gestured at her orange leather clutch. She couldn’t open it with one hand.

Yang Chen gave a look of understanding, then unwillingly let go of his tight grip on her warm arm. She could finally use both hands to open her clutch, digging for her card.

As they stepped through the opened door, Yang Chen was hit with a wave of flowery fragrance. He took a few deep, ugly, vigorous breaths as if he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Xiao Zhiqing was disgusted at the sounds he was making. Trying hard not to look at the man’s face, she walked with her head lowered to the desk to open her laptop. She asked gracefully, “Brother Yang, I’ll transfer you the money online but it might take a while because it’s quite a large sum. Do you want to drink something?”

“Oh, anything will be fine. I’m not in a hurry,” answered Yang Chen airily.

He continued with a solemn expression. “Even poison would taste good if it were served by you.”

She covered her mouth with her hand trying to hide her shyness. She pursed her red lips, took two wine glasses then poured some wine out of a half-filled bottle of wine.

After pouring the wine, she frowned a little. She pulled the fabrics on her chest uncomfortably. Embarrassed, she said, “Brother Yang, I’m feeling quite uncomfortable right now. Why not you rest a bit, drink some wine. I’ll transfer the money after taking a shower.”

“Shower?” Yang Chen gave a look of understanding, then gave a satisfied nod with a mischievous smile. “Of course it wouldn’t be a problem. Why don’t I join you too? I’m sweaty as well.”

Xiao Zhiqing feigned annoyance and pouted. “Brother Yang, I’ll ignore you if you’re going to be like this!”

“Alright, alright. I won’t take a shower with you.” Yang Chen waved her off, gesturing for her to enter the bathroom.

Xiao Zhiqing walked towards her suitcase to take some delicate undergarments. She shyly begged, “Brother Yang... Yo—you’re not allowed to peep, alright?”

Yang Chen’s expression turned serious. “Zhiqing, do I look like that kind of person? I, Brother Yang, am a gentleman.”

“Mmm, I know Brother Yang is a good person.” Her beautiful eyes let out a seductive look. She smiled, then turned to run into the bathroom.

He watched her sway her hips and gulped silently. Although he knew this was a woman with bad intentions, it did not make her any less enticing.

As she began her shower, Yang Chen finally took interest in looking around the room. There was a green copper ornament, elegant beige sheets, a television, and a modern boombox on the nightstand. The floor was covered with a thick carpet. Even the bathroom was marbled in white. It was the standard definition of a five-star hotel.

He squinted at the dry red wine she poured for him. The fragrance of red wine was wafting from the glass. He took the glass, laughed to himself, then gulped it down without any thought.

After finishing his glass, he concluded that it wasn’t too bad. So, Yang Chen also finished Xiao Zhiqing’s glass of wine. He even poured another full glass of wine for himself, putting it on the nightstand.

Then, Yang then decided to take off his shirt and casual shorts to leave only flowery underpants on. He sat on the huge king-sized bed, the only bed in the room.

Holding the glass, Yang Chen slowly sipped the wine until he felt like it was time. He put the glass down, casually collapsed on the white pillows as if falling asleep. With a sleepy voice, he shouted to Xiao Zhiqing, who was still in the bathroom, “Zhiqing... Zhiqing... I’m a little tired, hurry up.”

A clear response came from Zhiqing in the bathroom. “Alright, Brother Yang I’m almost done.”

Slowly, the sound of rushing water faded. Through the frosted glass, a dripping, serpentine woman could be seen.

Chapter 754 - Mess Everything Up

Mess Everything Up

“Zhiqing... your wine is amazing!” Yang Chen mumbled from drowsiness, his eyes ultimately going shut. “Oh my head is spinning... I’m burning up. Your body looks so refreshing. Let me hug you.”

“You... How are you...” Xiao Zhiqing could not believe that Yang Chen was still conscious!

There’s no way. I’m sure I used the right drug. Did refrigerating it diminish its effects? she thought.

But she had no time to think as she tried with all her might to break free from Yang Chen’s grip. But her efforts were useless as she struggled but could not get out.

“That’s weird, how can this horrid man be this strong?” Xiao Zhiqing knew that at this point, after feeding onto his lust for this long, it’s only fair that she tipped the scales towards her favor. She revealed a sinister smile before she said, “Okay, you’re not letting go are you? I guess you can resist the Order of Dreams, but how about some Mixture of Soft Bones!”

As she spoke, she pulled open the bedside drawer, retrieved a seemingly ordinary white porcelain medicine bottle, and carefully delivered the bottle to Yang Chen’s nostrils.

When the bottle was brought close to his nasal cavity, Xiao Zhiqing pulled off the red cork and brought it as close as possible.

“You gross and sinful pig. Let’s see how you handle this.” Xiao Zhiqing sneered as she clogged the bottle and threw it back into the drawer.

Just when the woman thought it was all settled and done, she discovered that Yang Chen was still tightly locked onto her torso!

Xiao Zhiqing was visibly terrified as her bubbly pupils were opened wide, staring down at the man collapsed on the bed. She was completely confused.

Yang Chen stoically lifted his head and gave her the most confusing yet terrifying smile.

“Babe, you truly are a naughty person. I’ve trusted you all this while, paid for your biddings and put in time and effort for you and this is how you repay me? You sent someone to rob me, and now you want to poison me to death. Tsk tsk, I’ve heard of this Mixture of Soft Bones before. What was your plan, to handicap me?” Yang Chen gave a dejected look while speaking.

“Th—that’s impossible...” Xiao Zhiqing was terrified as she shook her head. Her soul slowly froze as she realized what this meant.

“Why, disappointed to see that your drug had no effect on me?” Yang Chen let out a chilling laugh.

“Well, I guess I should offer you some comfort in return.”

Upon finishing his words he effortlessly flipped her over and spun her down on the bed.

Before Xiao Zhiqing could resist, Yang Chen pinned her down on the bed, limb for limb.

As the two came face to face, their warm breaths bounced against one another.

Yang Chen’s abrupt actions stunned the beauty on the bed.

Xiao Zhiqing’s skin was exceptionally smooth. Every inch of it felt like butter. The best part about it was that it was covered by a layer of water droplets, as a single towel separated them. He could almost feel her on his skin.

Her twin peaks were poking against his chest. He was brimming with anticipation at what was about to happen.

And her fair, supple legs, as a consequence of her constant resistance, was rubbing vigorously against Yang Chen’s thighs.

Xiao Zhiqing’s black hair was scattered across the bed sheet.

Her bright pupils widened at the realization that this man knew that she had been scheming the entire day but decided to play along.

From the initial panic to denial, she was now filled with rage at the fact that she was ultimately the one being played.

Yang Chen lowered his face down to her collar bones, his lips sliding through her invigorating skin, gradually progressing towards the area right below her ear.

That raspy feeling, along with the heat from her exhaling breaths, prompted her nipples to poke through the thin bathrobe.

“So all this while you were faking it...” Xiao Zhiqing whimpered as she forced her tears in.

Yang Chen replied in slight amazement, “Miss Zhiqing, this body of yours, it’s as soft as fresh tofu and refreshing to the touch. I’ve never met a woman like you. I swear you’re the real treasure that I nabbed today!”

“Disgusting!” Xiao Zhiqing furiously rebuked in shame and embarrassment.

“Haha.” Yang Chen was unbothered as he shook his head. “I haven’t even done anything to you just yet. You, on the other hand, had been scheming this entire day. You could’ve just left me with the money and I’d hand you those two things in exchange and we’d be clear, but instead, you chose to poison me, twice. So it’s only fair that I take my revenge don’t you think?”

“Hmph, if it wasn’t for your evil intentions why would I even mistreat you on our first encounter?!” Xiao Zhiqing was not buying it.

“I’m just an ordinary man. I was excited about our fateful encounter. All I wanted to do was know you better. If I were to pretend that I wasn’t interested, wouldn’t that make me the fraud? I’m not a sinister presence nor am I an angel in human form.” Yang Chen giggled in excitement. “Plus, if you want to play around with my body I’m pretty generous about it.”

“You little rascal!” Xiao Zhiqing was so furious she was just kicking everything around her. But it only served the opposite. Any movement from her would just be added pleasure to him.

“Yeah, keep shouting! You’re making this better.”

“What do you want to do to me?” Xiao Zhiqing began to panic.

“Me?” Yang Chen relaxedly chuckled, “After all the times that you wanted to put me down, can’t I just let myself out of the deep end for once? We all know we’re not noble people anyway, so what’s there to worry?”

“You...”

Yang Chen, filled with raging hormones, couldn’t care less about what she thought as he sat on top of her.

The bathrobe hung loosely by her waist. A slight tug on the collar would expose her voluptuous breasts in all its glory. The thought of it alone was enough to send him over the edge.

But just as he was about to strike for the goal, Xiao Zhiqing glared at him. Her index and middle fingers on both sides placed side by side and jabbed straight at two exact positions on Yang Chen's body.

Yang Chen meanwhile did not evade her actions.

Xiao Zhiqing thought she got her way, only to realize that Yang Chen was staring at her with a face full of enthusiasm.

"Miss Zhiqing you truly are full of surprises. First, it was the Order of Dreams, then after it was the unknown Mixture of Soft Bones. Now I get to witness your impressive strikes on my meridians. If it weren't for the fact that you had no signs of internal energy, I would have thought of you as a member of some ancient sect. I was even worrying if I had to deal with those annoying old nuns and monks," Yang Chen said with a sigh of relief.

Xiao Zhiqing stared blankly at Yang Chen for a bit before she shrieked, "You were sent by the old bag?!"

"Huh? Which old bag?" Yang Chen was confused.

Xiao Zhiqing broke down as she wailed, "Stop acting. You know about the internal energy, ancient sects, and even the fact that I have no internal energy. Any ordinary person would have felt the effects of my touch! Let me rephrase this, did the Luo family order you to take me back?"

Yang Chen, despite his drowsiness, was sure that this woman was on the run, but the fact that she was just a potential hookup did not prompt much of a reaction from him. He replied, "All I can tell you is, I have nothing to do with anything you think I am. All I have in mind now is to go for a round of cardio with you on this bed for the rest of the night. Other than that, I don't know and frankly, don't care. So I'd just advise you to stop resisting and let me take this little revenge since you can't really do anything else anyway."

"Tsk tsk." Xiao Zhiqing abruptly turned to a despising smile as she teasingly stared right at Yang Chen.

"Well, I guess you really aren't called here by them. Otherwise, you wouldn't be courting death like you are now."

Yang Chen burst into laughter. "If you're thinking about what could possibly make me stop, it'd be my wife running in to glare right at me. Otherwise, there is no chance I'd even care of whatever divine figure you have in mind."

"Married and still out here trying to mess around. Men are the worst." Xiao Zhiqing rebuked with detest and disgust.

Yang Chen appeared slightly embarrassed as he scratched his head. "Hehe, I do miss my beloved wife very much, which is why I was there at the auction today trying to nab some gifts for her back home. But who'd have thought that a girl like you would come in and mess everything up? Whose fault do you think that is?"

"Pushing your responsibilities onto a woman, how cowardly of you." Xiao Zhiqing loathingly glanced at him. "If you want my body, you can have it. But I'm warning you, you will never know how you die."

Yang Chen observed as the woman discarded all her resistance, but was also trying to see how this would play out. He coyly grumbled while scanning her body.

Gradually in Yang Chen's mind came several questions. "Huh, that's weird... Ms Zhiqing, why do you have so much fatally poisonous toxins in your body? That's not right, these toxins would easily kill an elephant, but you're somehow doing fine. How did you do it?"

Xiao Zhiqing instantly turned towards him, her gaze as sharp as ice. "How... did you know?"

"Since you made it sound so terrifying, I had to find out what it is." Yang Chen pouted.

"How did... you find out?" Xiao Zhiqing's facial expression turned concerned as her voice trembled.

"Who... exactly are you?"

Chapter 755 - Becoming One

Becoming One

"Oh, me? " Yang Chen asked. "I'm just a man who wants your body."

"Yo—you know what I'm asking but refuse to give me a straight answer." Xiao Zhiqing retorted. "So, I'll stop asking. In the end, the only person I really blame is myself."

Xiao Zhiqing clenched her teeth. This man proved to be both unpredictable and strange. How was it possible that he had managed to easily see her body condition? This, however, gave Xiao Zhiqing a glimmer of hope. She said, "Since you already know there's a deadly poison in me, you can't possibly still want this body of mine, could you?"

Yang Chen raised an eyebrow at her. "Why not?"

"Aren't you afraid of dying?" Xiao Zhiqing looked at Yang Chen as if he was a monster. She continued, "My body, blood, organs, and even my bones are all toxic! It wouldn't be much of a surprise to me if one drop of my sweat starts decomposing your body! And also, aren't you curious why my body is imbued with poison but I'm still living normally?!"

"Doesn't matter to me, why find out? To die at the hands of such a beautiful person, I'll consent to that," Yang Chen said.

"You've really got a death wish, you crazy pervert." Xiao Zhiqing was immensely pissed off. Her decision to tell him those things might make him give up on her, but it was also to save his life.

Yang Chen ignored her, licking his lips in exhilaration as he reached out towards Xiao Zhiqing's bathrobe. With one tug, he undid her bathrobe and it came away in his hands.

Constrained, Xiao Zhiqing lay in front of Yang Chen. Her snowy skin and perfectly sculpted body along with the soft fruity scent from the shampoo was presented like a gift before him.

Because Xiao Zhiqing was nervous, her whole body trembled, her eyes moist with tears. It was all in all a beautiful and moving sight.

Due to this, her breasts were shivering. Yang Chen started worrying that they might dissolve if he touched them.

He looked downwards. Below her flat stomach were a pair of extraordinarily round and full hips. She was wearing a pair of beige underwear and beneath it he could see some sparse hair peeking from underneath.

Yang Chen immediately thought, if he had to be struck by lightning in order to bed this woman, it'd be worth it!

Xiao Zhiqing quietly closed her eyes and the ends of her lips curved up in a remorseful smile.

Yang Chen stopped pressing her, instead removing his briefs. He looked at Xiao Zhiqing smiling to herself and asked, "You look like you look forward to this."

"Come," Xiao Zhiqing suddenly said.

"What?"

"From the day I was old enough to think for myself, I thought that no man would ever want to have me. I never thought that this day would come. Since you still want to do this, along with the fact that you're not even scared of death, there's simply nothing for me to be scared of. The worst that can happen is you take my virginity and I send you to your death. That way we won't owe each other anything. Just... try not to die too horribly," Xiao Zhiqing said blandly.

Yang Chen gave Xiao Zhiqing a complicated look and thought for a while.

"Seeing as though that's how you think, are you brave enough to do something for me?"

Xiao Zhiqing opened her eyes and looked at the suddenly serious Yang Chen.

"What?" She asked.

He pointed miserably at her tightly closed beautiful thighs and said, "How am I supposed to take off your panties if you continue to clench so tightly?"

The anger that Xiao Zhiqing thought had subsided just now came rushing back all of a sudden. Her eyes burned with shame and her chest rose up and down as she thought of how much she wanted to just rush forward and bite him to death!

"You better die a horrible death!"

Xiao Zhiqing cursed under her breath and suddenly stood up. She promptly removed her underwear and threw them to the ground.

She then resorted to lie on the bed like a zombie, spreading her legs wide open and exposing her 'sacred forest'.

"There, are you happy now?!"

Standing in front of a man she'd just met and exposing the most private part of her entire body without reservation, even Xiao Zhiqing did not know what was wrong with herself. Maybe it was because she couldn't see any other way out of her miserable life and had lost all strength to continue.

This could be her one chance to let go of all her reservations in life. She felt like dying, but it also felt like a form of relief.

Yang Chen stared at her pair of flawless fair legs and pink abyss and thought, *There hasn't been a more beautiful piece of art.*

"Are you done staring? Don't tell me it's your first time being with a woman." Xiao Zhiqing felt awkward and exposed. Even though she had accepted her fate, it was still an uncomfortable process.

Yang Chen snapped out of staring at Xiao Zhiqing and grinned at her. "I've seen many, but none as wonderful as yours."

Looking at Yang Chen's dazed smile, Xiao Zhiqing knew that he was praising her. His praise was for her, and her alone. Even though Xiao Zhiqing was doing this unwillingly, she could not help feeling touched and hungering for what was to come.

Suddenly, Yang Chen reached out both hands and gently squeezed her breasts!

"Ouch! What are you doing? It hurts... Ouch!"

Xiao Zhiqing was ready to give Yang Chen a piece of her mind when a sudden piercing pain came from below.

A warm object penetrated her body, breaking through the cold iciness that she had lived with for 20 over years.

Xiao Zhiqing's tears came streaming down uncontrollably, staining the snow-white sheets. She knew that for that one moment she was distracted, she had already lost her virginity.

In fact, this man who had taken her youth was going to be dead really soon.

Yang Chen grinned to himself, both hands suddenly becoming gentle as he massaged her delicacy. "I was worried you would be too nervous for your first time. After all, tensing up always makes it worse. So, I drew your attention away before I started. Don't worry, it'll all be better soon, I promise you'll fall in love with this feeling. I am a very experienced man, not some inexperienced newbie."

Yang Chen looked extremely pleased with himself, but Xiao Zhiqing just laughed and said, "You better start thinking of your last words. Although I'm not going to be particularly affected by it."

Yang Chen shook his head and said, "Oh come on, we've just had such a wonderful time. Why would you say something like this to ruin the atmosphere?"

"You should feel it by now that the thing you've left inside my body is turning cold." Xiao Zhiqing smiled brightly at him.

Yang Chen became stunned for a moment. Slowly, he realized that something was very, very wrong.

In normal circumstances, his junior would've been enveloped by warmth and comfort. But in Xiao Zhiqing's body, it was enveloped by a cold chill.

Could it be that this woman was cold blooded!?

That explained why he could not feel any rise in temperature of Xiao Zhiqing's body. Her body felt like it was soaked in water, way below a person's normal body temperature. It also explained why even though she was a virgin, she did not leak a single drop of blood. Her blood had solidified in her body a long time ago.

The weirdest thing was that the chills emitted from her body were slowly flowing through Yang Chen's body!

Yang Chan furrowed his brows and asked, "Your body doesn't just have toxins in it. It has cold poison buried inside?!"

Xiao Zhiqing laughed coldly. "What if it does? I can't believe you still have the time to rationalize it. It's too late, you're a goner."

Yang Chen nodded his head in concern and said, "That may not be so."

After finishing his sentence, he thrust hard into Xiao Zhiqing.

"Ouch!"

Xiao Zhiqing's face instantly turned pale. Just moments ago she was still a virgin, and this sudden push by Yang Chen deep into her depth nearly sent her fainting.

"My dear, I was just getting started. I already said so, without getting the justice I want, I will never let you go." Yang Chen laughed joyfully, ignoring Xiao Zhiqing's look of disbelief and continued aggressively advancing.

After a long afternoon in this serene hotel, they became one through their actions.

As a result of Yang Chen's diligent efforts, Xiao Zhiqing transitioned from the initial occasional spikes of pain to gradually reaching euphoria.

She initially wondered why the skin of this man who had been in such intimate contact with her had not festered, but instead gotten more and more energetic. Later on, after several sessions of Yang Chen toying around with her, Xiao Zhiqing felt as if she had reached a new high, riding up and down on him like rocking on a boat on sea. She was so blissfully unaware that she had completely forgotten of her circumstances.

Yang Chen tirelessly bent her body gently into several positions. Due to her cool physique, her bones were easily bendable to suit different odd positions, perfectly demonstrating what Yang Chen wanted, making him infatuated with her.

It was only when Xiao Zhiqing's expression became exhausted and her cries slowly died down that Yang Chen realized that they'd been going at it for the entire afternoon.

After three rounds of discharge, Yang Chen finally let Xiao Zhiqing rest on the bed and proceeded to drink a glass of red wine left over from the afternoon. One sip later, he spoke to a still faint Xiao Zhiqing. "This wine is good. The drug was surprisingly effective. It didn't alter the taste in anyway."

Xiao Zhiqing slowly came to, albeit tired mentally and physically. She observed the man who had thoroughly wrecked her body for the last few hours and felt as if everything was a dream. Although she

wasn't very experienced in this field, never had she heard of a man who could go at it for a whole afternoon.

"Yo—you're really fine?" Xiao Zhiqing asked, still in disbelief. At this point, she didn't even have the strength to hate him anymore.

Yang Chen reached out an arm to slap Xiao Zhiqing's thigh, watching as a ripple went out over her thighs. He asked her instead, "Do you feel unwell anywhere?"

Xiao Zhiqing raised an eyebrow and realized that she did in fact feel different, not unwell but different.

Gradually, Xiao Zhiqing's eyes started to water as she suddenly realized what had happened. Her weariness vanished and she clasped her hands to her mouth, muttering, "The poison... It's gone? How could this be?"

Yang Chen smiled warmly at her tears of joy and said, "Even though you wouldn't tell me yourself, I still managed to piece together what was wrong. Your body is very unique. The accumulation of toxins keep you from dying but it comes with a cost. When it happens, you must've been in so much pain you felt like dying. That must also be why you're so fearless when it comes to death."

He continued, "My original plan was to find a sexual partner and have fun but you've poisoned me so many times, naturally I won't be giving you up that easily. However, seeing as you're a virgin, I decided to be lenient and treat you by purging of the toxins in your body as a small favor to you."

Chapter 756 - Forgive Me

Forgive Me

Yang Chen laid it out as simply as possible to Xiao Zhiqing. However, it was as thundering as the sounds of New Year's in her mind. At that moment, she was convinced he was much more than he seemed.

"Who are you? Even the elders who were appointed to deal with it couldn't even come close to figuring it out. How is it that you were able to expel it with such ease?"

Yang Chen casually replied, "Regarding the elders, I don't know. It is possible that you are not cured as of late. Your frost toxin is not from an external source, but within your veins. All I did was remove it from your body, shielding your veins.

"Just some time ago I might not be able to treat you, but for now I can suppress the toxin from corroding your body. The source, however, is still well and active. If all goes well, your frost toxin should not affect you for the next five decades or so."

"Five decades?" Her pupils widened.

"What, too short? Be grateful that you met me through sheer luck. There aren't many people alive who are able to treat you. But as of now, as long as nothing out of the ordinary happens, the suppression should stay intact for the rest of your life!" Yang Chen pouted. "As a fellow hookup, you burnt a hole in my wallet, and I took your virginity, so much so to even repel your pain and illness. I believe that we are even."

Xiao Zhiqing was stupefied as she mumbled, "You actually treated my Nine Yin Meridian..."

“Oh, so that obnoxious pulse in your body is called ‘Nine Yin Meridian’. Its name does it justice. I see, maybe the toxins in you are secreted as a means of fighting fire with fire.” Yang Chen shook his head with a smile. “What a brutal means.”

Xiao Zhiqing upon hearing his statement turned visibly disgusted, her gaze filled with immense rage and hatred. “That’s right... Brutal indeed.”

Yang Chen was hardly bothered. Ignoring her rants, he strolled straight towards the bathroom in his birthday suit. After a tough grind through a long afternoon, his stomach started to grumble from hunger.

While watching the man walk into the bathroom, Xiao Zhiqing eventually snapped out of her thoughts. She turned to look at the heaped bedsheets, the disheveled aftermath of the incident.

It all seemed like a dream. She had pulled off similar tricks many times before. But not only did she get caught this time, she lost her body to a stranger in the process!

Just when she thought it was all over, this man, the man who outsmarted her decided to treat the chronic illness she had kept all her life.

The sensation of comfort and newfound vigor left her in confused tears, one that clouded her sight along with her emotions.

After several moments Yang Chen hopped out of the shower and started dressing himself. While buttoning his shirt, he declared to the woman who was still lying on the bed overwhelmed in her own thoughts. “Miss Zhiqing, I’m taking the ring with me. It’s for my woman and I meant every bit of it. As for the wine, you can keep it. Just see it as my remuneration of that decent wine of yours. I had fun today. Let’s not see each other ever again.”

Xiao Zhiqing stared blankly at Yang Chen who headed straight to the door without second thought, and reactively blurted out. “Yo—you’re leaving just like that?”

Yang Chen turned back and smirked. “What, do I have to take responsibility for this?”

“That’s not what I meant...” Xiao Zhiqing quickly denied, but was still stubbornly trying to keep him around as she bit on her lip. “I just want to know, how did you find out about my plans?”

“Oh, so you’re trying to identify the leak and improvise for your next scheme, I see?” Yang Chen burst out into laughter. “I don’t mind telling you, as long as you are open to feedback.”

Xiao Zhiqing frowned in confusion.

“Your biggest failure was choosing the wrong target,” Yang Chen explained. “This morning when I reached the auction house, you were already at the outdoor cafe nearby observing my movements. At that moment, I took a guess that you very likely were looking for a single Asian man arriving on an expensive car. You must believe from previous heists that those people are the easiest of targets.

“And after you’d chosen me, you put up an act by the entry payment cashier to make sure I could buy my entrance. After you were certain that I was an auctioneer, you came flirting with me. But you are indeed a clever person. The options you took were, first, the liquor, which could easily be the most affordable of all biddings. Then you decided to secure the diamond ring which was easily the most

expensive auction of them all. I assume your plan was to secure a guarantee, then bet on luck to see if I could nag the expensive one.”

Xiao Zhiqing paused to recollect her thoughts before she followed up with a question. “I was quite a distance away from you, and yet you were aware of me. Let me guess, are you by any chance a Hongmeng grandmaster?”

This time it was Yang Chen who was caught off-guard. “Wow, didn’t expect you to know them. Interesting. You’re wrong, I’m not remotely close to them. If there’s nothing else I’m leaving.”

Xiao Zhiqing felt really uncomfortable but nonetheless had no reason to keep him around, so she watched as the door closed.

The room returned to its usual silence. The woman dejectedly let out a sigh as she stared right at the hotel ceiling, her face simmered with glimpses of discouragement.

After a good rest, she sat upright on her way to wash off the tacky, gooey patches on her body. But right at that moment, her gaze fell upon the camera that was seated on the stand.

Xiao Zhiqing’s pupils instantly went as bright as the sun as if she discovered gold, before a wicked grin was seen on her face.

Outside the hotel, the streets were well lit with lamp posts and the moon.

Yang Chen leisurely trotted out of the hotel gate. Relishing the cooler weather, he felt recharged and ready to go.

Towards a woman like Xiao Zhiqing, despite his newfound liking for a chilly, seemingly boneless body, there was not much from the time with her that Yang Chen would cherish.

Regardless of her background or her lineage, since the first moment he met her, it was only a facade he decided to put up. No real feelings were involved.

Moreover, Yang Chen was aware that she was not someone from an ordinary background. Who knew the kind of troubles that might arise should he involve himself in this.

As for her virginity taken by himself, Yang Chen was hardly concerned about it. After all, if it was not for her schemes and extreme poisoning, he actually had no intention of forcing it upon her.

Unlike that crazy night with the little vixen An Xin, which he took the initiative to go up upon her, this time she was the one taking the front seat, which was why he had none of that emotional burden that came the last time with An Xin.

Back at his blue Porsche, Yang Chen switched on the engine before glancing over at the back mirror. The edges of his lips tweaked with a thought of a certain something, which was almost immediately suppressed as he steered towards the highway and dashed right through.

... ..

In Beijing, inside the master bedroom of the Ning residence sat Ning Guangyao. He was sitting by the edge of his desk while gently stroking an exquisite lion paperweight made of white jade. He was currently being briefed by a messenger.

The chivelled faced messenger was dressed in a bespoke suit as he stood right at the entrance while he cautiously elaborated the details.

When it appeared to be about done, Ning Guangyao interrupted him. "So you're saying... all this while, the madam has always been with that little beggar?"

"Yes, the madam's three meals were prepared by that little beggar. I was told there were twice in between when the madam was hit with high fever, during that too the scum beggar was there by her side."

Ning Guangyao's calm face had a flash of confusion. "That beggar, what is his background, did you manage to dig it up?"

"He was just a lowly farm boy. A few years ago he failed his college entrance exam, soon after his parents died. The beggar is also a cripple, without any social benefits. He has been part of the homeless society ever since. According to the words of some beggars loitering here in Zhonghai, the cripple was welcomed by most of his beggar peers, because he is literate and able to provide them the assistance they need."

Ning Guangyao nodded. "Has the madam ever contacted anyone from home, or anyone else at all?"

The well-suited messenger replied, "The madam has always been in solemn mood. She has never contacted anyone besides that cripple. Oh yeah, that recently reunited grandson of the Yang clan, Yang Chen, he met with the madam once, but did not prolong his stay."

Upon hearing the mentioning of the name 'Yang Chen', the paperweight in Ning Guangyao's grasp was clenched as tight as he possibly could, almost as if he wanted to bore a hole through the white jade.

Nevertheless, it did not take too long before Ning Guangyao returned to his usual composure. "Those three beggars that I ordered you to get rid off, how did it go?"

"Rest assured, Master. They have been taken care of." The man in the bespoke suit cracked a sinister laugh.

"Good... Make sure no traces are left behind."

"Sure, but do you mind me asking, why aren't we hastening the return of madam? Besides, shouldn't the cripple be one of the scums to be executed?"

Ning Guangyao instantly appeared filled with pain and agony, before making a decisive decision. "The madam... is no longer part of the Ning clan."

"Huh?" The man in the bespoke suit lifted his head in confusion.

"Pick a time to bring the madam and that cripple back to Beijing. But be sure to be as subtle and swift as possible. I don't want news of this getting out to the public. If I so much as hear a whisper on the topic, I will ensure that you will not stand before me again," Ning Guangyao grunted.

The man in the suit seemed to have understood something as fear and frustration flashed through his eyes, but he ultimately nodded his head. "Rest assured Master, I swore an oath for the clan. I intend to keep it."

"Hmm, I admire your loyalty. You must know this is a situation that directly influences the pride of this clan, a problem for its members to deal with themselves. Remember, do not let the news reach my son." Ning Guangyao made sure to emphasize.

The well-suited messenger nodded in agreement. Seeing that he had no orders left to give, he slowly retreated out of the room.

As the door slowly came to a close, Ning Guangyao circled the rims of the table and walked towards a photo frame standing by the insides of the table.

On the photo was a couple in all smiles, Luo Cuishan, and himself.

Ning Guangyao was filled with grief with what he had just done. "Cuishan, forgive me."

Whack!

The sounds of shattering glass echoed through the empty room.

Chapter 757 - You Can't

You Can't

Back in the CEO's office on the top floor of Yu Lei International, the newly appointed assistant, Zhao Hongyan, wore a black, round-collared blazer with a red skirt wrapped around her slim legs. Her black fishnet stockings contrasted well against her red skirt, giving her a seductive vibe.

Yu Lei International did not have a strict dress code policy towards their employees. They were allowed to dress however they as long as it was appropriate.

Zhao Hongyan seemed rather nervous, as she tried to be careful not to breathe too loudly. Holding the tray with one hand, she placed down the teacups on the coffee table next to the sofa, keeping a stiff smile as she completed her duty.

Lin Ruoxi was having a discussion with the higher-ups regarding their recent acquisition. Other than those involved, only an assistant like her would ever know the minutes of important meetings like this one.

Yu Lei International employed tens of thousands of employees, operating businesses in the fashion, luxury, and cosmetic industries. They were also involved in entertainment, travel, and real estate.

It was rare for a normal company to spend billions on a project but that sort of thing was common at Yu Lei International.

Zhao Hongyan was initially an ordinary office worker in the public relations department. Although she worked in the headquarters, the chances of her meeting the president were slim. She wasn't privy to information and meetings like this one.

Ever since she got appointed as an assistant, she had never heard of one meeting which did not discuss matters in the hundreds of millions! She was most shaken when she had to photocopy documents for Lin Ruoxi. She would get nervous seeing how the few pieces of paper in her hands would change the company drastically in the near future.

No wonder the previous assistant Wu Yue was so cocky despite her lowly position. It must've been because she felt as though she was being trusted upon more than the management!

Zhao Hongyan was repeatedly impressed by her boss as the days went by. She could go an entire day speaking less than ten sentences, minus the meetings. How was a woman younger than herself, able to move billions with one signature?!

Zhao Hongyan thought to herself, *if I was in her position, I might go crazy seeing so much money...*

She left quietly after serving them tea, not daring to overstay her welcome. Even though Lin Ruoxi had explicitly mentioned that she did not mind, it was nerve-racking being around people who were a different class from herself.

When the door closed, Liu Mingyu who was on Lin Ruoxi's right said with a smile, "For the past few years, Wu Yue had always been the assistant. Now that Hongyan has filled that role, I still can't quite wrap my head around that."

Since the executives present were all female, their conversations were more relaxed than Zhao Hongyan had imagined.

The marketing department head nodded and smiled. "It's because the public relations department always has talented employees. But, honestly, I didn't expect Assistant Wu to marry Vice President Liu and move to the States. I too am not used to seeing Hongyan as the assistant."

Lin Ruoxi looked exceptionally mesmerizing, wearing the latest Chanel S/S sequin coat with a matching plain-colored dress and a pearl belt wrapped around her waist.

She casually scribbled some circles on the paper with her Mont Blanc pen and said with a flat tone, "There's no need for you to get used to her as my assistant."

Upon hearing this, the others kept quiet naturally, unable to come up with a reply.

For the whole time, Mo Qianni who was seated on the left seemed distracted as she barely spoke. Her dark circles were obvious even though she tried to cover it up with makeup.

Lin Ruoxi paid no attention to her and announced the end of the meeting after giving them important things to work on.

One by one, they left the room but Mo Qianni intentionally slowed down her movement to stay behind.

Hugging the files, she looked at Lin Ruoxi with her pale face. She called her name softly, "Ruoxi..."

Lin Ruoxi raised her head and looked at her. "You don't look well. If the workload is taking a toll on your body, you may rest. There's not much work for you regarding the upcoming resort acquisition, so you don't have to feel bad."

Mo Qianni smiled and shook her head, "No, it's not about that..."

"Hmm?"

Mo Qianni pursed her lips and looked down on the ground, lacking the courage to make eye contact with her old friend. "He... Why won't my calls get through?"

"Who?" Lin Ruoxi probed on with a blank face.

Mo Qianni's voice dropped even lower. "Yang Chen..."

"Vice President Mo, I do not think it is appropriate of you to ask personal questions about my husband during working hours," replied Lin Ruoxi with a cold expression.

Mo Qianni's eyes dimmed and her body trembled. She smiled forcefully, trying hard to hold back her tears. "It's my mistake. Please forgive me and allow me to get back to work, Boss Lin."

After apologizing, she turned around to head out the door.

Lin Ruoxi spoke up when she got near to the door.

"He's in the States, at his friend Christen's house."

Mo Qianni stopped in her tracks, her eyes red as she thanked her.

She left straight and closed the doors immediately after.

Mo Qianni's steps were quick as she walked towards the lift. A bitter smile appeared on her face while she rubbed her eyes hard. "Were you so afraid of dealing with me that you thought leaving the country was the best idea?"

But she snapped out of it fast when the lift arrived. She was back to normal as she entered the lift.

Mo Qianni, you came to this city when you were 13 and survived here. You suffered so much. You won't be taken down easily by a man's change in heart, she told herself.

What she didn't know was, after her departure from the office, Lin Ruoxi dropped her act and laid down on the couch with a tired gaze.

She looked up aimlessly at the ceiling, mouthing to herself, "Lin Ruoxi, you can't feel bad for them. You just can't."

... ..

At the same time in Chicago, Yang Chen had no idea of the events that transpired back home as he had left his phone back there. An unimaginable misunderstanding had occurred which required his immediate attention.

"Sir, I'm going to have to see your ID," a black cop said with a stern face as he made Yang Chen pull over.

Yang Chen shrugged and replied, "I'm sorry but I don't have it with me now. I am only out for dinner." The truth of the matter was, Yang Chen came to Chicago 'illegally' so he wouldn't have his ID with him.

The cop looked at him suspiciously. "If that's the case, I might have probable cause to escort you into the police station. We have reasons to believe that you stole this car. Please follow us to the police station."

Yang Chen smiled bitterly. "Sir, what's the point of being so committed to your job? It's already dark out. Just go back and make love to your wife."

"Please watch your language. I can charge you for verbal assault towards a police officer." The cop glared at him and opened his car door, motioning Yang Chen to get into his police car.

Yang Chen sighed. *How is that verbal assault in any way??* he wondered. But all he could do was switch off the engine and follow the policeman albeit unwillingly.

Once he got into the car, the white cop on the driver seat silently started the car immediately before driving towards a fork road and turned west.

Yang Chen sat at the backseat with a bored face. "Officers, I haven't eaten my dinner yet. Would you be so kind as to provide me with something to fill my stomach?"

No one answered him, as though he was invisible to them. Yang Chen thought it was a waste of time and decided to keep quiet.

They reached a small port after driving past a few roads. Nothing was there, save a few warehouses. There was not a police station in sight.

Yang Chen was confused and spoke up. "Hey officers, I think you might be headed in the wrong direction. This doesn't look like a usual spot for a police station."

This time, the white cop finally turned his head around and replied with a smirk, "Well, well. Who would have thought that the magnificent Pluto would come to a point where he did not recognize his own enemies..."

Chapter 758 - Now of All Times

Now of All Times

Yang Chen frowned. "You're not cops. Who are you?"

The black policeman chuckled, revealing his pearly white teeth. "All in good time."

The car stopped by the roadside of a harbor before the white man spoke, "Get down. We wouldn't want to keep our guest waiting, now would we Pluto?"

They left the car, leaving Yang Chen in silence.

Staring at them with a blank expression, Yang Chen shook his head before opening the door.

The ocean breeze from the harbor swept through Yang Chen's thin shirt causing the lining to be misaligned.

The faint light from the street lamps lit up the harbor making the surroundings barely visible.

The two 'policemen' took off their uniforms, revealing a blue tight t-shirt with their chest pumped with much energy.

"Blue Storm," Yang Chen said as he squinted his eyes.

"It is an honor to be remembered by Pluto himself." A proud smirk was plastered on the white man's face. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Seidel and this is my partner, Stark."

Yang Chen snickered. "And the two of you brought me here without backup?"

Stark shook his head. "Of course not, we had called in the SEALs just in case, but I don't think it is necessary now. It would seem like the Pluto we had once feared is now docile."

Stark ended with a loud whistle!

Footsteps filled the air as countless thuds arose behind Yang Chen.

The SEALs elites soon appeared from the cargo containers and formed two rows, surrounding Yang Chen before aiming their guns at him!

Yang Chen sighed. "Are you planning to kill me?"

Before the men could answer, a man with an English accent voiced out, "It would be me who would possess that honor."

A shadow appeared from the dark, revealing a man with long flowing hair. He was walking slowly in his floral robe with a samurai sword in his hand.

A few figures appeared on the ocean after the man—a lady in a beautiful kimono topped with a black cloak that covered her face and a handsome oriental man with a dagger.

"Takamagahara?" Yang Chen smiled helplessly. "So it would seem like the lot of you are privy to the knowledge of my lost power. Is there a Blue Storm representative to kill me too?"

Yang Chen recognized him. The long-haired samurai was someone he had met in France. Takamagahara's general, Nurarihyon.

Namera sneered at him. "It seems you really did lose your powers. I didn't believe it at first, I heard that you lost to Poseidon?"

Yang Chen shrugged before Namera continued, "It's a pity that I did not see the battle myself. But, it has nothing to do with me. My only goal is to kill you and today. I shall avenge my lover Snow Girl."

"Hmm, I thought you would leave me alone given my circumstances. Could it be that you take pleasure in bullying the weak?" Yang Chen asked curiously.

Nurarihyon exclaimed, "I wasn't the one who made you weak. It wasn't my fault you lost in battle and have been rendered like this. I did not set you up so taking you down now does not go by my principle."

Seidel from Blue Storm stepped in as a warning. "Nurarihyon, we did not agree for you to kill this man. You should know that he is very useful for us. If you kill him now, be prepared to face the consequences!"

Nurarihyon scoffed. "Rest assured, a powerless Pluto does not interest me. I can't leave empty-handed, however. I don't ask for much. All I want to do is break every bone in his body."

Yang Chen clapped his hands and exclaimed, "What a smart move, my friend. But don't you want to kill me? Why not let them have a go at it?"

"Stop stating the obvious!" Stark revealed a cold and disdainful smile.

Seidel walked up, hands tucked in his pocket, and said, "You are no longer strong. It will be easy to take you down. It is a secret only we know."

"If you cooperate with us and hand over your mercenary resources, your reserved energy, weapons, and assets, maybe... we could be friends. You won't have to die young. I know you have many lovers back home. You want to see them again, don't you?"

"So this is how it's going to be. If I may, could I ask you another question?" Yang Chen ruffled his hair.

"Please do," said Seidel.

"Who told you I lost my cultivation?"

Seidel laughed out loud. "Oh dear Pluto, drop the act. Still making an empty show of strength? If we had not been sure of our information, we would have brought reinforcements. We got this information from a reliable source. If you still possess even one tenth of your previous power level, we wouldn't have brought a team this small to come for you."

Yang Chen paused before saying, "Oh now I see. After I was severely injured, except Prandelli and Christen, the only person I've met is the chief of Blue Storm."

Stark cut him off and groaned, "So what? You are out of options now. I suggest you cooperate with us before our Japanese friend here decides to make a move. We could probably strike up a deal to allow you to keep a hand or a leg. Though I really want to kill you as you did to my beloved Judy. I want to eat your flesh and drink your blood!!

Judy was a Blue Storm member killed by Yang Chen in Japan back then. She was also one of Christen's last descendents on earth. However, she was given birth by an ordinary human body, so Christen wouldn't mind his act.

Yang Chen was surprised that Nurarihyon, as a demon, was avenging his human fiancée. At the same time, the black man Stark was avenging his white lover.

Yang Chen took his time, looking around before sighing. "Is there really no one else with you?"

"Anyone of us can take you down without breaking a sweat," said Nurarihyon emotionlessly. "Are you ready? I'll strike anytime now."

Dissatisfied, Yang Chen walked in a circle, hands crossed behind his back. He then pointed at the members of Takamagahara and the others frustratedly. "You guys really have too much time. Why would you get yourselves involved in this? I was hoping that the person who had impersonated me would come at me like you did. That won't happen anymore since you guys have come over at this moment! Even if you want to end your own lives, do you really have to come now of all times?!"

The Takamagahara members, Seidel, and Stark glanced at each other, confused. They evidently didn't understand Yang Chen.

Nurarihyon was the first to come to his senses. Snorting coldly, he said, "I don't sense your usual combat aura now. Let's see how long you plan to talk your way out. Beware of my blade—Nenekirimaru!"

As soon as Nurarihyon finished his sentence, he vanished from where he had previously stood. When he reappeared, he was right before Yang Chen's eyes. His blade flashed violently as it slashed diagonally, aiming at Yang Chen's wrist!

Chapter 759 - Losing Cultivation Powers

Losing Cultivation Powers

Yang Chen stood in the same place with his arms crossed, still in a rather unpleasant state. If it wasn't for his manly pride, he would've pouted like a little girl!

The members from Takamagahara and Blue Storm thought that Yang Chen failed to react to Nurarihyon's might since he lost his cultivation, showing disdain on their body languages.

A blinding flash swooped by. The blade Nenekirimaru finally landed on Yang Chen's wrist...

"Huh?"

It wasn't known who had made that sound. But evidently, a look of surprise could be seen from everyone's previously bored eyes.

The blade Nenekirimaru had indeed slashed into Yang Chen's wrist, but its sharp edge failed to even slit the slightest wound, let alone amputating Yang Chen's wrist. Not a splash of blood could be seen.

Yang Chen glanced faintly at Nurarihyon. "Is that all?"

Nurarihyon as shocked. He leaped backwards and said, "It seems that although you have lost your cultivation, your body is still as strong as before. Ordinary strikes are unable to hurt you."

Yang Chen didn't bother to explain, still standing still, thinking about what he would do later. He did not have the slightest concern in how these people were going to attack himself.

Feeling despised, a mysterious hunchbacked figure from Takamagahara, hidden in a black cloak, approached Nurarihyon. With a hoarse and rough voice, he spoke, "General, since this guy's body is so tough, and your might isn't required to finish him, let me have a try. Without cultivation, certainly there will be a limit on how tough his body can be..."

Nurarihyon smirked. "Gashadokuro, don't make it too ugly."

"No, no. Do not restrain yourself," Seidel uttered. "Do not worry to wreck this place up. We have contacted the police to block the neighborhood. No matter what happens, no one will come close."

"Hehe..." Gashadokuro laughed sinisterly. "Well then, time to have fun!"

As soon as he finished speaking, two yellow flash shone from the mysterious black cloak. Then, the cloak flew aside, revealing the mysterious figure!

A dull, golden skeleton emerged in front of everyone. Yellow flames were pulsating in each of the skeleton's hollow eye sockets and each bone of the bare skeleton was surrounded by a dense, black, poisonous fog.

Some of the elites from SEALs could not help but take a few steps back when they saw their ally's horrific appearance.

Rumour had it that in the ancient war-prone era in Japan, plenty of Japanese soldier corpses were left to rot openly. Because the bones were not buried, grudge and resentment from the spirits of the deceased slowly built up, condensed, and were eventually reborn into the form of a demon. That demon Gashadokuro possessed the physical quintessence of millions of corpse. Its structural integrity was hard to comprehend.

Gashadokuro's true form began to expand swiftly after his emergence. Its bones become thicker and longer, orbited by the viscous, dark fog. It enlarged to more than twice its previous size, with about three meters in height!

"Pluto, let me knock you nice and hard. I'll see how tough you can be!"

The humongous skeleton, with speed as fast as lightning, took a single stride and arrived right in front of Yang Chen!

"BANG!"

A bone fist the size of a grinding disc slammed into the position where Yang Chen stood!

While the punch took out a huge crater on the slump, surrounded by dust, Yang Chen was completely unharmed.

In the next instance, everyone was astonished. It wasn't known when Yang Chen had vanished and reappeared behind Gashadokuro.

To remain uninjured upon the impressive strike could be explained by the strength of the body. But how could one explain his instantaneous, invisible movements?

"Damn, didn't he lose his cultivation powers?!" Stark was horrified.

"No... it can't be..." Seidel shook his head. "It's impossible that Poseidon made a mistake. If I'm not wrong, although he has lost his cultivation powers, his body's physical condition allows ridiculous reflexes!"

The crowd heard Seidel's justification and became more at ease. After all, as long as Yang Chen only relied on his physical condition, they would not be too afraid.

"Bastard!"

Gashadokuro was enraged as he had missed his blow. The dense, dark fog surrounding his skeletal body suddenly rushed from the bone gaps towards Yang Chen's direction!

"Dodge! Now!"

Seidel quickly responded by directing several members of SEALs near Yang Chen to escape.

The instruction came a little too late. Two of the team members inhaled small volumes of the black smog and got poisoned immediately. Their skin was festering, turning them into a heap of decomposed flesh. Other soldiers quickly retreated.

On the other hand, Yang Chen did not walk away. He pinched his nose and waved his hand while frowning. "It stinks..."

It seemed that the poisonous fog did not work the same on Yang Chen as it did on the SEALs members.

Enraged, Gashadokuro's huge yet agile body moved faster than a whirlwind. He made a turn and spread his bare upper limbs wide open before another surging fog rushed to Yang Chen.

"I'll see where you run to this time!!" Gashadokuro roared. Seeing that Yang Chen did not move, he felt that he would be able to grasp Yang Chen immediately, the yellow flames in his eyes blazing brightly!

However, the seemingly ridiculous scene happened again...

The approaching skeletal arm, just about to seize Yang Chen's body, stopped at a position less than an inch from Yang Chen's body!

Everyone is puzzled. Why did Gashadokuro stop his offense?

"Hey, what are you doing?! Quickly get rid of him!" Stark was dissatisfied.

Gashadokuro's entire skeleton began to tremble and he hoarsely uttered, "I—I can't catch him!"

Everyone present was shocked, finally realising that Gashadokuro was doing his best, but failed to get any closer to Yang Chen.

Nurarihyon with his long blade in his hand was puzzled. "How is it possible? I can't feel any fluctuations in energy. What's going on..."

The other two demons of Takamagahara both looked dignified as well. They are more sensitive to energy fluctuations than human beings. but they failed to comprehend the reasoning behind Gashadokuro's inability to lay a single finger on Yang Chen!

Gashadokuro's corpse poison would be effective even towards demons, but Yang Chen looked completely fine after inhaling the fog, only to say that it was stinky...

Yang Chen looked up indifferently, as if he was bored. "Scatter," he gently said.

Nobody understood what Yang Chen said. Scatter what?

Gashadokuro was a mighty, fearless figure a second before. In an instance, every bone, every cartilage on his skeleton structure had vaporized into thin air.

That split second could hardly be captured by the naked eye. From a humongous existence, he disintegrated to smaller pieces, then to mere dust before its disappearance.

When the spooky flame in his eye sockets ceased to exist, no traces of his skeletal structure and the black fog earlier could be seen. There weren't even any residues, as if he had never existed in the first place.

“Impossible... How can it be... ” Motakuto muttered, trembling in her blood-red kimono.

The SEALs members were stunned, their jaws dropping. Their trembling rifles betrayed their fearless appearance.

No one else there felt differently. Seidel and Stark’s facial expressions told the same story—absolute fear.

At this moment, everyone got a unified revelation—*this man has never lost his powers!*

Nurarihyon gripped his blade Nenekirimaru tightly. “I don’t understand. You eliminated my warrior... while I couldn’t feel any energy waves from you. Obviously, your abilities are too overwhelming to comprehend. Our plan has evidently failed, but we have no choice besides fighting to our last breath now...”

“General, let Rokurokubi and I assist you!” In the blink of an eye, Motakuto and her flawless, beautiful hair gloriously transformed into razor-sharp arrows, scattering into all directions and launch themselves at the enemy. The arrows travelled faster than the speed of sound, causing deafening sonic booms to echo.

Rokurokubi’s head detached from the neck. The headless body performed dazzling movements. On his head, his ears turned into a pair of wings. Thin, invisible threads formed around his head, and began to drift around at gradually increasing speeds.

These transparent, stone-slicing razor threads then approached and surrounded Yang Chen, attempting to limit Yang Chen’s movement in a tiny area.

“Mirror of Purity!”

A chant could be heard, and out of nowhere, a rain of beautiful, graceful cherry blossom petals fell upon Yang Chen. These cherry blossoms looked like rippling raindrops. Nurarihyon synergised his movement perfectly with two of his subordinates. One could hardly follow their swift movements.

Yang Chen stood in the same place, watching the gracious petals dancing around his body. Just when the petals were about to make contact with his body, they suddenly transformed into a scorching, yellowish fire!

Seeing that the strike by the three demons of Takamagahara, Seidel and Stark of Blue Storm were delighted, hoping that there was still a chance to survive!

The piercing arrows and slicing razor threads fused with the scorching flames to form a deadly cage, which had now surrounded Yang Chen.

Chapter 760 - Materialistic

Materialistic

Yang Chen stood there on his own, seemingly zoned out in his thoughts. He appeared to be intrigued by the show of flames before him.

Just when the crowd was filled with immense anticipation, Motakuto gave a screeching cry!

“Woah!”

That cry left the audience in chills.

The skirts of flame miraculously transformed into a swarm of hornets as they hovered past Yang Chen and flanked Motakuto’s body.

Skirts of blinding flames and immense heat dashed straight towards Motakuto before she was swallowed whole.

The elegant red kimono along with its owner was burnt to a crisp in the demon fire. The very skill created to murder Yang Chen came back to become the conclusion to Motakuto’s life .

Before everyone could wrap their heads around what was happening, Rokurokubi, who was encircling the air above them, cried out in agony. The moment the last cry escaped his mouth, blood started to pour from every orifice of his body.

It forced its way out of his skull. His brain seemed to have collapsed in on itself from the immense pressure. His bones started to bend and break, eventually clenching up like a fist before giving way.

The scenes were as gory if not more than the scenes of horror films in the eyes of the spectators.

While all that was happening, Yang Chen remained standing on the same spot from the beginning. He had not moved an inch while the events unfolded before him.

As the skull-crushing moment took place, Rokurokubi, like an age-old skeleton, perished into green dust and scattered into the air. Not even his clothes were spared.

Right at this moment, the surge of flames warped itself to form a humanoid being. It was none other than Nurarihyon, who had tried to unleash himself upon his opponent, but in turn, burned his men alive.

Nurarihyon held himself up with his word, trying his best not to fall over. His gaze was fixated upon Yang Chen. “You... How did you do it? Why couldn’t I control my own movements at all?!”

Yang Chen was seen with a glimpse of genuine amazement. “The technique you used earlier was derived from the burning of your own demon essence, wasn’t it? Oh, so that’s why it was so powerful. Bad luck though, having met an opponent like me. A trick like that will have no effect on me. Not before, not now, not ever. But to your credit, at least it was a decent show.”

“I might be defeated today, and I’ll gladly meet Snow Girl in hell if I die. But there’s still one thing I must know before that. How is it that you’re able to throw me around like a rag doll despite not having a single ounce of energy in you?” Nurarihyon unyieldingly questioned.

Yang Chen was slightly agitated. “It’s not that I’m unwilling to tell you, but even I can’t fully explain it myself. If you know, you know. If you don’t... well, there isn’t really anything I can do to explain.”

“Cut the crap. Shoot him if you want to live!”

Seidel and Stark who were watching from the sidelines were absolutely horrified at what they had just witnessed. With desperation clouding their minds, they resorted to the last and oldest trick in the book—obtaining victory with guns.

The SEALs elites instantly came back into conscience. Despite their genuine fear of the enemy, they were trained to bear the scars of war and had instantly come back from the shock. They immediately arranged themselves into formation and aimed to target Yang Chen's weak spots.

"Fire!"

Ratatat!

The sounds of huge American made weaponry laying waste to the harbor filled the air. The sheer number of high-caliber bullets concentrated into one spot would easily be far deadlier than a bomb attack.

Seidel and Stark were not hoping for much, but they were well aware that the news received by Blue Storm was falsified by Yang Chen.

If this man had never been affected by bullets in the past, what would these enhanced bullets do to him now?

All they witnessed, however, were the bullets being turned into dust mere inches away from Yang Chen.

BANG BANG BANG!

Light explosions could be heard all around the vicinity from the friction between the bullets and the air. But their efforts were all in vain.

"How's that possible..."

Witnessing this was far more devastating than anyone who could catch bullets with bare hands. After all, it was not possible for a single person to deflect thousands of bullets a second, much less turn them into dust!

But Yang Chen nonetheless did it without lifting a finger.

Seidel and Stark knew that retreating was not an option. So in their last-ditch attempt at victory, they decided to face him head-on.

They knew it would hardly dent him, but sitting around and waiting for backup was an even less promising idea.

It was their last hurrah.

There were sparks of blinding green rays in Seidel's pupils as he gathered his strength and went for a thunderous clap.

All around Yang Chen were translucent air blades flying towards him. They were formed by forcing immense pressure through the vacuum of space. This attack could render even the thickest of iron slabs useless.

Yang Chen glanced at the caucasian brute, and before Seidel could react, all his summoned blades fractured into thin air.

At this moment, Stark came up to Yang Chen with his fist charged scorching red. The heat was so extreme that it vaporized the moisture from the air around it. Without the slightest bit of hesitation, he hurled it towards Yang Chen.

Yang Chen lifted his hand to block the attack before it was even able to reach within a meter of himself.

“Interesting, so that explains why you could bear the heat that would even melt steel. Who knew your arm turned out to have been made from metal alloy.” Yang Chen chuckled in slight mesmerization with his gaze fixed upon Stark’s hand.

Stark was dumbfounded. Not a word could come out from that mouth of his.

His blazing fist was cooled within a split second, returning to its original color.

“I’m on a hurry to pay my greetings to that commissioner of yours. Looks like I’ll have to put our little game on hold.”

Yang Chen let out a friendly smile as he walked back into the direction he came from.

A few steps later, Yang Chen vanished into the night, becoming nothing more than a bad dream.

A gush of sea breeze hurled across the harbor, on the eerily quiet venue. Everyone stood, frozen like statues. One by one, they started to fade like the demons before. All that was left of them was dust in the wind.

Everything came and left like a nightmare.

Yang Chen was hardly emotional about their deaths. He knew that Robert Mueller had sent them as sacrificial lambs.

Yang Chen knew there was something Mueller had in mind when he told him to stay for the next three days.

Unfortunately, from the moment Mueller had that thought, he was already fighting a losing battle.

As for the magnitude of his cultivation, Yang Chen was still keeping it in the dark.

Having been struck by Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning, Yang Chen felt that all the True Yuan was drained from within his body. The Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture in him had evolved into a form unfamiliar to him, shapeless and unprecedented.

Yang Chen heard from Abbess Yun Miao that this technique was invented by an incredibly talented cultivator back then from Shushan corrupted by bloodlust. Since then, less than five individuals had been able to practise it, and the best of them was undoubtedly Yang Chen himself. He, however, was still a little skeptical about it.

It was because the benefits Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture brought far surpassed other techniques of internal energy, which Yang Chen believed was created by someone before the ancestor of Shushan. That ancestor could’ve learned it from somewhere but announced himself as the inventor.

Naturally, these were all just Yang Chen’s assumptions.

All he knew was that if he somehow still could not find a worthy opponent, there was no way he could comprehend his current situation.

When Poseidon came to bid him farewell after his recovery, Yang Chen had the urge to have a duel with him again, hoping that it would answer some questions he had. But he kept quiet because he believed that Poseidon was already not an equal match for himself...

He knew if he were to boast about it, everyone else would jeer at this arrogance. But he was so sure that a fight with Poseidon was just going to end up one-sided with him as the victor. So what was the point of fighting?

But ever since the incident, Yang Chen felt that not only did he lose the understanding of his cultivation, he gained a personality change. He got light-hearted than before.

Nevertheless, his passions had been amplified since then. Women, cars, and liquor had meant more to him now than before. Which could only explain why he teased Sally so much or had his intense sexual encounter with Xiao Zhiqing.

As opposed to the usual peace in mind one would be enlightened with on their descent to divinity, Yang Chen was sure he was going the opposite way. His materialistic desires seemed to have taken the front seat in his brain.

Yang Chen wondered if he was considered to be in Tribulation Passing stage, but one thing was for sure—he was already experiencing tribulation. Not the lighting tribulation, but the tribulations of life.

When Yang Chen's silhouette reappeared, it was on Christen's estate balcony on the second floor.

He glanced over at the looming sunset before turning around and going straight into the house. He currently only had dinner in his mind, ignoring Mueller for now.