

## Genius 541

### Chapter 541: Blind Painting!

“Blind painting!”

Wu Wenshan, who was his opponent, saw that as well, and he could not help but feel a wave of shock, “This is blind painting. I thought no one in this world could do it, but who would have thought that it really exists!”

Eyes were too important to a painting!

As eyes were required to capture art!

Therefore, among all the famous painters in the world, there was almost no blind person who could become a painter. Without eyes, how could one paint? How could one paint?

It was even more challenging for Sato!

It was because there were hundreds of people at the scene. If any one of them made a sound, it could interrupt him and disrupt his rhythm. Most importantly, Sato Seiichi’s canvas was close to five meters long and one meter wide. It was too difficult to materialize what was on his mind!

This was just like a blind man living in his own home. He was very familiar with every bricks and tiles in his home, but if he was placed on a busy street, he would find it difficult to move.

‘This kid is truly a genius!’

Looking at his calm pace, Wu Wenshan was secretly panicked, and beads of sweat rolled down his forehead, ‘I’ve been famous for a long time. Am I going to lose today?’

He, the Art Saint, was already panicking, let alone the experts of the Jinling art world who played judges at the competition. They were all stunned by what they saw.

At this moment, no one dared to make a sound!

All of them were stunned by Sato!

Even Mengmeng, who was in Ye Chen’s embrace, was no exception. She watched the scene with her eyes wide open.

“Spiritual power?”

No one noticed the hint of a smile on Ye Chen’s face, ‘He’s clearly an ordinary person, but he has spiritual power three times stronger than an ordinary person. No wonder he became famous when he was young. No wonder he dared to paint with his eyes closed. No wonder he’s so devoted!’

Spiritual power was something that could not be seen or touched, but everyone could feel their own spiritual power.

Spiritual power could be understood as energy, mental strength, consciousness power, focus, perception, intelligence, and even perseverance!

Using 'The Brain' reality show as an example, the ability to compete under the pressure of thousands of audiences watching required a lot of focus, perception, and calculation ability.

Sato's mental strength was much stronger than theirs.

Twenty minutes later, Sato Seiichi abruptly stopped painting and slowly opened his eyes, "Done!"

Everyone could not help but look at the canvas that was almost five meters long.

It was just a glance, but they were immersed in the painting!

Painting of the map of hell!

Sato's painting was the map of hell of Japan. It was also known as the map of Ten Realms. This painting was originally carved on the stone statue and wall as a mural. It required the efforts of countless craftsmen.

However, Sato had completed this task on the canvas!

Moreover, his painting included Yama Temple, the bridge of helplessness, and the eighteen levels of hell. It could be said that this map of hell contained everything that a person would experience when they went to the Netherworld after death.

Countless expressions were frozen on their faces. Painful souls wandered in the painting, and the cruel punishment seemed to be fresh in their minds.

"Ghosts, there are ghosts!"

Someone screamed and fell to the ground. The man looked at the painting with fear, "D-Don't pull out my tongue..."

"Don't come over!"

A scream came, and another person seemed to have gone mad.

"Judge, please spare my life, please spare my life. I won't dare to do bad things anymore. I have money, I-I can give you a lot of money..."

"..."

Within a few breaths of time, hundreds of people had been sucked into Sato Seiichi's map of hell painting. All sorts of expressions appeared on their faces. Some were sticking their tongues out, some were rolling on the ground, and some even jumped into the man-made lake and shouted that they did not want to be cooked.

Even Cang Shuxue, Li Yongmin and son who were standing next to Ye Chen were no exception. The three of them were shaking as if someone were using them like sieves.

"Daddy, what happened to them?"

Mengmeng's eyes widened in confusion. These uncles and aunties were fine just a moment ago, how did they end up like this?

“They’re hallucinating!” Ye Chen shook his head lightly.

Mengmeng was even more confused now, “But why are daddy and Mengmeng fine?”

“Because you’re my darling. How can you be affected by a mere illusion?” Ye Chen smiled. Subsequently, he raised his hand and patted Cang Shuxue and the other two’s shoulders.

The three of them snapped out of their daze. Cang Shuxue staggered and said in shock, “Mr. Ye, a ghost. I saw a ghost. It’s terrifying!”

“It’s just an illusion. You’re fine now!”

Ye Chen smiled.

Pu!

Wu Wenshan’s eyes went blank for a moment before he spat out a mouthful of blood and staggered backward.

“Hallucinations!

This painting gives people hallucinations!”

His eyes were filled with fear when he looked at the painting again, as if he had just experienced something terrifying.

He raised his eyes and sized up the people in the surroundings who were hallucinating. He sunk his energy into his dantian and shouted, “Hurry up and wake up now!”

Bang!

Everyone was so shocked that their bodies quivered. When they looked around again, they realized that everything they saw had disappeared, replaced by all kinds of ugly forms the people showed. They could not help but felt ashamed.

Only then did they realize that they had fallen into an illusion. Even so, they did not dare to look at the map of hell painting again!

Sato Seiichi took in everyone’s reactions and a look of disdain flashed across his eyes. He then said to Wu Wenshan, “Master Wu, it’s your turn!”

“There’s no need to compete anymore!”

However, Wu Wenshan shook his head and forced a smile.

Sato Seiich’s face revealed displeasure, “Why? Is Master Wu going back on his words?”

“No!”

Wu Wenshan sighed softly, “Sir, you have already reached the level of drawing dao into one’s soul. I admit defeat, so there is no need to go on with this competition!”

He knew he had lost the moment he fell into the illusion of hell!

Drawing dao into one's soul!

This was what he had been pursuing all his life!

Unexpectedly, it had already been achieved by a young man from another country!

It was as if he had instantly aged tens of years as he thought to this point.

As he said that, the hundreds of people who had regained their senses in the surroundings cried out in disbelief one after another. They did not expect Master Wu to admit defeat before he even started painting.

This was especially so after they had fallen into the illusion. They felt like they had made a fool out of themselves, and they hoped that Wu Wenshan would win. That way, they could regain some dignity.

On the other hand, the big shots of the Jinling art world moved their lips but did not say anything. Sato's art had reached a level where they could not reach.

After hearing what Wu Wenshan said, the Japanese team Sato Seiichi led cheered.

"Master Wu!"

Kazuhiko Inoue adjusted his glasses and shook his head at Wu Wenshan, "Before we came to China, everyone said that there are many talented people in China and that their painting skills are extraordinary. To be honest, we are very disappointed!"

Wu Wenshan closed his eyes in humiliation.

At this moment, he was no longer as indifferent and carefree like he was before!

"China is nothing, it doesn't live up to its fame!"

Another Japanese snickered coldly.

The moment that was said, everyone had anger surfaced on their faces. Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin clenched their fists by instinct. They wished they could go up and fight, but they were powerless.

"Why? Are you upset about this?"

The young Japanese man smirked, "The strongest painter in China has already lost, and he admitted defeat. What else can you Chinese do besides gritting your teeth at us?"

You guys can only roar at us like losers!"

The Chinese were burning with anger hearing what he said!

Fury!

The rage of humiliation!

The anger of being humiliated and unable to retaliate!

"I am now a sinner of China!"

Wu Wenshan closed his eyes in shame.

“This is too much!”

Cang Shuxue gritted her teeth in anger, and her face flushed as she was stirred, “If only someone could stand up and defeat them!”

In fact, there was more than one person in the crowd who had the same thought as her.

However, everyone knew that it was impossible!

After all, the Art Saint, Wu Wenshan, had already lost!

“Let’s go!”

Sato Seiichi shook his head and turned to leave.

Right at this moment, a calm voice echoed through the venue, “An insignificant barbaric country is leaving right after slapping my country, China in the face?”

#### **Chapter 542: Ye Mengmeng Drew A Dragon!**

“An insignificant barbaric country is leaving right after slapping my country, China in the face?”

The voice was neither loud nor soft, but everyone heard it without missing a single word. It seemed to possess some kind of magical power.

The angry and humiliated crowd froze.

They could not help but look in the direction where the voice came from.

Ye Chen walked out while carrying Mengmeng.

“It’s him, the brat who made Young Master Zhao kneel!”

“Why is he standing out now?”

“Don’t tell me he wants those Japanese to kneel too?”

“...”

Everyone could not help but recognize Ye Chen and his daughter when they saw them clearly. Subsequently, they were filled with suspicion.

“Mr. Ye!”

“Brother Ye!”

Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin were stunned at first, then they spoke in unison.

The two of them thought that Ye Chen was going to treat the Japanese like how he had made Young Master Zhao kneel earlier. After all, these people were different from Young Master Zhao. Moreover, one of them was an Art Saint from Japan.

Once he touched them, the consequences would be unimaginable!

Meanwhile, Wu Wenshan and the rest looked at Ye Chen as well.

Sato Seiichi and the rest who had just taken a few steps turned their heads. Kazuhiko Inoue smiled coldly without a trace of fear, "What? The Chinese are sore losers? Are you going to attack us?"

At the same time, the three Japanese young men instinctively shielded Sato Seiichi.

The director of the Jinling Gallery immediately shouted, "Brat, what are you doing? Back off! This is not a place where you can behave atrociously!"

"Young man, if you dare act recklessly today, I won't be able to protect you!" Even Wu Wenshan shouted.

It did not matter if China lost!

Twenty years later, there would be new talents going to Japan to reclaim their dignity!

However, China could not make people think that they could not afford to lose!

That would be the most embarrassing thing ever!

"Mr. Ye, come back quickly!" Cang Shuxue was so anxious that she was going to cry!

She felt that she had never been as stirred as she was today even though she had lived for 20 years. First, Ye Chen made Zhao Yuanliang kneeled. That scared her terribly. Now, he had his eyes on the Japanese.

Ye Chen did not say a word. Instead, he walked to Sato Seiichi and the rest while carrying Mengmeng. He said in an extremely cold tone, "You bunch of trash, how dare you say that China is nothing?"

At this point, he lowered his head to look at the innocent-looking little girl Mengmeng in his arms and said firmly, "Do you believe that my daughter can crush all of you with her scribbles?"

The crowd fell into silence.

Everyone stared at each other with a comical expression!

'Did we hear wrongly?

This brat actually said that his daughter's scribbles can beat the young Japanese Art Saint who beat Master Wu?!

Even Sato and the rest of the Japanese were stunned for a moment before they burst out laughing, "Hahaha, the Chinese are incapable but they sure are great with their words. We've learned something new!"

Sato glanced at the innocent-looking girl.

He then laughed.

Everyone looked ashamed.

Cang Shuxue wished she could find a hole to bury herself in!

She could not deny that Mengmeng was talented in drawing and was better than her peers, but how could she compare with the young Art Saint from Japan?

'Sigh!

Mr. Ye is boasting!

She stomped her foot in shame!

"Ridiculous!"

A big shot from the Jinling art world was shaking in anger as he glared at Ye Chen, "Do you think we haven't embarrassed ourselves enough? Leave, now!"

"That's right. Even Master Wu lost. What can your daughter, a four or five-year-old girl do? Go back and learn for another forty to fifty years!"

Ye Chen scoffed as he glanced at Wu Wenshan and the rest as soon as he heard that. He said impolitely, "If you guys can't do it, it only means that you guys are a bunch of useless people who are nothing different than dead bodies. However, it doesn't mean that my daughter can't do it!"

Then, he carried Mengmeng to a table nearby and grabbed a drawing paper and a brush. After putting his daughter down, he said, "Mengmeng, come. Daddy will teach you how to paint today!"

The little girl looked up at him with uncertainty, "Daddy, can I really do it?"

"Believe in yourself, and believe in me!"

Ye Chen smiled lightly and patted her head lovingly.

"This young man is crazy, he's really crazy!"

Everyone was furious and sneered.

Wu Wenshan could not help but shake his head, "Nonsense, this is pure nonsense!"

"Someone, please stop him. Don't let him embarrass China!"

One of them said coldly. Just as he was about to walk over, Sato Seiichi, who had been silent all this while, said not sure if he was smiling, "Forget it. I want to see how a Chinese girl can crush me today!"

His words were filled with mockery.

Everyone could only look at Ye Chen and his daughter angrily. If looks could kill, Ye Chen would have died countless times by now.

After Mengmeng held the brush, she pouted and said, "Daddy, what am I drawing?"

"Draw whatever you want!" Ye Chen held her hand gently.

"Then I want to draw a dragon!"

Xiaohei told me that his dream is to transform into a dragon. I'll draw a dragon and bring it home. Xiaohei will be very happy to see it.

But I don't know how to draw a dragon. Daddy, what does a dragon look like?"

"It's fine. Daddy will teach you how to draw a dragon today!"

The little girl seemed to have thought of something and smiled sweetly. She then gripped the brush tightly and dipped it into the inkstone.

Drip!

Perhaps it was because she had dipped too much in the ink, a large lump of ink immediately dripped onto the drawing paper, smearing the paper completely and even splashing onto the little girl's face.

Whoosh!

The crowd was in an uproar witnessing that

She did not even know how to use a brush!

How was she going to paint?!

Cang Shuxue covered her eyes with her hands, unable to bear to watch this scene.

"Daddy..."

The little girl looked at Ye Chen in fear due to her mistake.

"It's fine, go on!"

Ye Chen held her little hand tightly and started drawing on the clean spot on the paper.

First was the dragon head, and then the eyes, and the whiskers!

It was the little girl's first time holding a brush. Her hands kept shaking, causing the painting to be distorted. It looked like a child's messy scribbles.

A big shot from the Jinling art world said, "Master Wu, please let the father and daughter leave. I can't stand it anymore. We can't afford to lose our dignity like this!"

"That's right!"

The rest nodded.

Wu Wenshan frowned. Just as he was about to speak, he suddenly gasped and stared at the drawing.

"What..."

"What..."

"What..."

He suddenly opened his mouth and muttered three words consecutively!

At the same time, Sato Seiichi who was initially enjoying the show had a change in his expression. It was as though he had seen something unbelievable as he muttered, "Spirit, spirit. This Chinese kid's ink actually has spirit in it!"

Everyone looked again, but they could not see anything.

When Mengmeng finished drawing the dragon's tail, she lowered her head to look at the ink-stained dragon and said guiltily, "Daddy, I'm sorry. I-I didn't draw it well!"

"No, you drew very well!"

Aren't you curious about what a dragon looks like? I'll show you today!"

Ye Chen chuckled softly and took the little girl's brush. He dipped the tip of the brush lightly at the dragon's eyes in the painting.

The dragon in the painting suddenly shook violently from his brushstroke. It shook its head and wagged its tail. A dragon's roar suddenly came.

A gust of wind suddenly blew!

"What's that sound?"

"What happened?"

Everyone was stunned!

Subsequently, the golden dragon suddenly flew out of the drawing paper. Its body grew in the wind, and it soared into the sky, roaring continuously.

Pitter-patter!

Bean-sized raindrops suddenly fell!

The paper was blank!

Not a single trace of ink was left!

At that moment, the world suddenly fell into silence!

At that moment, the expressions on everyone's faces froze!

### **Chapter 543: Bestowing the Soul with One's Mind!**

Pitter-patter!

The rain continued to pour.

At that moment, in the wetland park opposite Jinling Gallery, hundreds of people raised their heads. Their mouths were wide open as they stared at the golden dragon's shadow in the sky.

The dragon silhouette covered the sky, dragon roars echoed endlessly!

Dragon!

It was not a dragon that existed in myths and legends!

It was a real dragon!

Dragon eyes, whiskers, and scales...

They were all clearly visible!

At that moment, everyone was extremely shocked!

They never expected the dragon in the painting that Ye Chen taught Mengmeng to draw would fly out of the painting.

'The golden scales are a painting, but it'd become a dragon as soon as it soared into the clouds and wind.'

The phenomenon seemed to have materialized the saying.

This was too shocking!

"Drawing dao into one's soul, drawing dao into one's soul!"

The Art Saint, Wu Wenshan, stared fixedly at the giant dragon that was rolling in the sky. His lips trembled uncontrollably, "Bestowing the soul with one's mind. This is the legitimate drawing dao into one's soul. This is the legitimate drawing dao into one's soul!!!"

If Sato's map of hell painting had given him a huge surprise earlier on, he was left with nothing but shock now!

Compared to Sato Seiichi, this is what one really described as drawing dao into one's soul!

"H-How is this possible!!!"

The Japanese young man, Art Saint Sato, took two steps back in shock as though he had seen something unbelievable.

Cang Shuxue, Li Yongmin, and the rest rubbed their eyes. Subsequently, they looked as if they had seen a ghost, "T-This was drawn by Mr. Ye? This isn't an illusion?"

The thin figure was the only person in the entire world who stood proudly with a four or five-year-old girl in his arms. He was like the golden dragon in the sky, looking down on the world in pride.

"Daddy, it's a dragon. It's really a dragon!"

Mengmeng hugged Ye Chen's neck and cheered, "So this is what Xiaohei wants to become? It's so beautiful. If Xiaohei becomes a dragon in the future, I'll ride it to look at the stars and the moon!"

"No, I don't believe it!"

Just as everyone was immersed in shock, a hysterical roar pulled them out of their daze.

Sato Seiichi looked at Ye Chen as if he was triggered, "It's fake. It has to be fake. I can't believe that you cheated!"

"A barbarian from the west dares to look down on the Chinese art!"

Ye Chen shook his head lightly as if he was disdainful, "Fine, I'll open your eyes again. I'll let you know that Chinese Art is more than this!"

He pointed a finger at the golden dragon in the sky.

The golden dragon roared once again. It suddenly turned into a faint golden light before finally turning into a golden door of light that was thirty meters tall and thirty meters long.

Bloop, bloop, bloop.

The lake that was initially calm began to boil immediately in the next second. Countless fishes jumped out of the water, shaking their heads and wagging their tails. With a series of crackling sounds, they attempted to leap toward the golden door of light.

From afar, there seemed to be a thousand fishes!

However, they were too far away. No matter how hard they tried, they could not touch the golden door of light in the sky. Even so, the fishes continued to try fearlessly, as if they had been caught in a big net.

The scene was extremely spectacular!

“Daddy, there are so many fishes!”

“Fish leaping over the dragon gate, fish leaping over the dragon gate!”

Wu Wenshan lost himself and exclaimed.

Fish leaping over the dragon’s gate!

As Chinese, they were very familiar with how this story came about. It was about how a carp would turn into a dragon after crossing the dragon gate. It was used to imply a person having a successful career and rose in status!

Everyone’s eyes were glued to the scene. Even the painter, Wu Wenshan, and the big shots of the Jinling art world were no exception!

It could be said that they had never seen such a magical scene in their lives.

The source of this phenomenon was merely a painting!

It was a painting painted by a four-year-old girl who did not know how to hold a brush. To them, it looked like a kid’s messy scribbles.

Everyone could not help but blush as they thought to this point.

Especially Wu Wenshan, the so-called master of painting.

In their minds, they could not help but recall that in order to let Zhao Yang from the Zhao family win the first prize, they had gone against their conscience and given the little girl Mengmeng who deserved the first prize, a consolation prize.

Ye Chen wanted an explanation after that!

Wu Wenshan took advantage of his status as the No.1 painter in Jinling to say that he was the one who set the standard. Whoever he said would be the winner, will be the winner.

However, it was this consolation prize winner’s work that had reached a level that none of them could reach.

It was as if a pair of invisible hands were slapping their faces!

The slaps were loud and hard.

“I’m wrong, I’m wrong. I’m completely wrong!”

Wu Wenshan seemed to be smiling, but he also seemed to be mocking himself!

Since Wu Wenshan was behaving like that, let alone the rest of the Japanese Sato Seiichi led. They had shock filled their faces at the moment. They were no longer arrogant and overbearing like before.

The painting that the Chinese father and daughter casually drawn was actually materialized, and it even attracted thousands of fishes!

‘Is this China’s hidden master of art?’

The young Art Saint Sato Seiichi looked defeated.

He became famous at the age of ten and was hailed as the Japanese art prodigy. He then defeated the Japanese Art Saint Ishikawa Ichiro at a young age. It could be said that his journey was full of praises and flowers.

Therefore, he had stepped into China to challenge China’s art expert. After the Art Saint Wu Wenshan admitted defeat, he was disappointed that China’s art was not as good as he thought.

Never had he thought a pair of ordinary father and daughter appeared.

They were not as famous as Wu Wenshan!

However, they crushed his confidence completely!

He could not help but force a smile, “China is really full of talents!”

At this moment, countless gazes were focused on the father and daughter.

In the silent world, the father and daughter were the only ones basking in the rainbow and breeze. Meanwhile, there were still many fish trying to jump through the door of light on the lake.

“Daddy, those fishes are so dumb. They can’t reach that door!

Daddy, please help them!”

Mengmeng’s childish voice echoed through the world.

Ye Chen lifted his eyes to look at the lake. Subsequently, he lifted his hand and waved. The light door in the sky turned into a golden dragon shadow and returned to the drawing paper from before. It turned into a painting again.

No matter what, it was merely a painting!

It was not a real dragon!

Similarly, the dragon gate was just an imagination, not a real dragon gate!

As the door of light faded, peace returned to the surface of the lake. Countless fishes returned to the bottom of the lake with disappointment and fell into hibernation.

A golden carp shook its tail and jumped into the little girl Mengmeng's hand. It kept leaping and blowing bubbles without any fear.

"Daddy, it's a carp! It's not afraid of me!"

The little girl Mengmeng opened her eyes wide and looked at the golden carp in her palms. Her little cheeks were jiggling with joy.

#### **Chapter 544: I'm Just A Child's Father!**

"You animal is pretty smart. You knew that both my daughter and I are extraordinary, so you want to get something good from us!"

Ye Chen could not help but smile. A medicinal pill shot into the carp's mouth quickly. Subsequently, he said, "I've given you the benefit. It depends on your luck whether you'll succeed or not. If we meet again one day, I, Ye Chen, will enlighten you personally and help you leap over the real dragon gate. How's that?"

Nobody knew whether the golden carp understood what he said, but it shook its tail and leaped into the lake again. It disappeared after a few leaps!

"Daddy, why did it run away?!"

The little girl could not take it anymore. She grabbed Ye Chen's sleeve and shouted, "Daddy, get it back now. I'll bring it home and raise it in a fish tank."

"If fate allows, you guys will meet again in fifty years!"

Ye Chen shook his head helplessly.

Subsequently, he turned around and looked at Sato Seiichi and the rest. His expression had returned to its usual indifferent look, "Don't judge China based on one person. There are countless talented people in China. How can a foreign barbarian like you even imagine?"

"Who exactly are you?"

Sato Seiichi looked defeated. He was no longer as arrogant as before.

However, he was unwilling to accept it. He could not believe that he was defeated by an ordinary person. He would rather believe that Ye Chen was an art expert than Wu Wenshan.

"I'm just a child's father!"

Ye Chen smiled lightly while hugging his daughter tightly.

Sato Seiichi's body trembled at his words!

That was right!

No matter how powerful a person was, how could they compare to being the father of a child?

He forced a smile and walked to Ye Chen quickly. He bowed deeply and said in admiration, "I, Sato, have lost today. Thank you for showing me that painting skills can reach such a level!"

At this point, he bowed deeply and bent his back to the maximum level he could, "Please accept Sato as your disciple. Sato is willing to be your company as your disciple!"

The moment he said that, the faces of Kazuhiko Inoue and the rest behind him changed. They said immediately, "Mr. Sato..."

They had never expected such a drastic change to Sato Seiichi.

Before this, they had mocked and belittled China. Now Sato, whom they relied on, had lost, and he wanted to acknowledge the Chinese as his master. This was a slap to their faces.

Even Wu Wenshan and the other Chinese were shocked!

Sato was an Art Saint from Japan!

The Art Saint of the generation was willing to be someone else's disciple!

"Shut your mouth!"

Sato Seiichi shouted coldly. He then looked at Ye Chen in anticipation.

"Get lost!"

Ye Chen shook his head lightly, "I won't accept disciples, much less the Japanese!"

Sato Seiichi had no choice but to force a smile. He bowed to Ye Chen again before turning around to leave.

"If I hear you insult China again, I, Ye Chen, will bring my sword to Japan even though we are separated by the ocean!"

A calm but heart-jolting voice came.

Sato Seiichi stopped walking.

Kazuhiko Inoue and the rest of the Japanese looked sullen!

However, they dared not flare up and left in a huff eventually!

The reason being they had lost!

Seeing them leave, all the Chinese people were ecstatic!

China had won!

It was more satisfying than anything else!

Clap, clap, clap...

It was unknown who started the applause, but it was followed by everyone's applause. The thunderous applause lasted for a long time.

At that moment, everyone looked at Ye Chen and his daughter again. Their eyes were filled with admiration, passion, shame, and self-blame!

Since Sato had defeated Art Saint Wu Wenshan and the Japanese claimed that China was nothing, everyone was humiliated and furious.

It was the father and daughter who stood up for China!

It was the father and daughter's random scribbling that allowed everyone to see what real Art Dao was!

The father and daughter had defeated the proud Japanese Art Saint and saved China's dignity!

Cang Shuxue clapped until her palms were numb. After the applause ended, she walked to Ye Chen with a blushing cheeks and said in admiration, "Mr. Ye, y-you're amazing!"

Before this, she had thought that Ye Chen would be reckless and stir up trouble. However, Ye Chen proved himself with his ability within a blink of an eye.

"Ms. Cang, I'm also very powerful, okay?"

Mengmeng pouted and said unhappily, "I drew that dragon with daddy."

"Yes, you're awesome!"

Cang Shuxue chuckled, "But your father is still the best!"

The little girl immediately revealed a vigilant expression and snorted, "Ms. Cang, let me tell you something. My father has a wife. You can't fall in love with him!"

"Cough, cough, cough..."

Cang Shuxue was caught off guard and almost choked to death. She glared at her with flushed face, "What did you say, you little rascal?"

"I'm telling the truth!"

The little girl said in all seriousness, "There are many sisters who like my father. You're not the only one. For example, Ms. Ou, Sister Sun Sirong, and..."

"You've said enough!"

No matter how shameless Ye Chen was, he could not help but cough and stopped Mengmeng when he saw her counting with her fingers.

If Beauty Su heard this, he would have to give her an explanation when he returned.

Li Yongmin walked over while dragging the little fatty. He said in admiration, "Brother Ye, well done. I was right about you!"

"Nonsense!"

Little fatty Li Erguo could not help but mutter, "I wonder who kept saying, 'Oh Brother Ye, you're going to get us killed! You're going to get us killed!'"

Li Yongmin could no longer maintain his composure. He wished he could slap this little bastard to death.

Qianqian also ran over and said to Mengmeng in admiration, "Sister Mengmeng, you are amazing!"

As they were talking, Wu Wenshan walked over with the big shots from Jinling art world. He bowed deeply to Ye Chen, "Mr. Ye, thank you for saving China's dignity!"

"How can I be worthy of such respect from big shots like you guys?!"

Ye Chen looked cold and intimidating.

Wu Wenshan forced a smile and bowed deeply once again. He said in an ashamed manner, "Mr. Ye, I failed to recognize how good you are and neglected you and your daughter. I hereby apologize to you. Don't worry, we'll definitely give you an explanation for this!"

"That's right. We'll give you an explanation!"

The people behind him nodded.

What kind of joke was this? There were so many people watching. If the news of a consolation prize winner defeating the Japanese Art Saint got out, not only would they be laughed at, they would also be torn into pieces by angry netizens.

Ye Chen nodded, his expression softened.

At that moment, a middle-aged man with a big belly who dressed like a rich businessman squeezed out of the crowd.

He looked at the painting Ye Chen drew earlier with burning desire on his face. He rubbed his hands and said, "Mr. Ye, I wonder if y-you will sell me your painting!"

#### **Chapter 545: You Old Men Are The Worst!**

The middle-aged businessman's words caught everyone's attention.

Countless eyes stared at the calligraphy painting on the table. The painting was the dragon that Ye Chen had taught Mengmeng to draw earlier.

They saw the dragon in the painting materialized with their very own eyes. It flew into the sky and transformed into a dragon gate, causing all the fishes to leap!

It could be said that it was a supreme masterpiece!

At that moment, countless eyes were burning with desire!

"Mr. Ye, I'm Wan Guohao, the chairman of Wanfeng Group!"

The middle-aged tycoon was afraid that Ye Chen would decline him. He proceeded to speak, "If you're willing to sell it to me, I'm willing to pay 100 million USD to purchase your calligraphy work!"

Everyone was shocked when they heard that.

Spending 100 million USD on a mere painting?

Did he have too much money and had no idea how to spend it?

Many people inhaled sharply, thinking that Wan Guohao was out of his mind. However, they quickly snapped back to their senses.

Zhang Daqian's calligraphy work could be auctioned off at nearly 200 million USD, and this painting in front of them was even more magical. It was normal for it to be worth 100 million USD, right?

Even Wu Wenshan was shocked.

The reason being the highest bid for his work was merely 80 million USD.

Before everyone could react, another middle-aged woman in luxurious clothes stood out and said with a smile, "Mr. Ye, I'm Huo Enna from the Jinxiu Group. I'm willing to pay 150 million USD to purchase your calligraphy treasure!"

"I'm Liu Zhi from Tianyuan Group. I'm willing to pay 200 million USD..."

"I'm willing to pay 250 million USD..."

"Don't fight with me. I'll beat up whoever dares to fight me!"

"..."

At that moment, countless big shots were fighting to purchase Ye Chen's painting. They looked like street vendors at the market, completely losing their image.

Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin were totally stunned.

They did not expect a painting would be sold for more than 200 million, and it was even in US dollars. That would be over a billion yuan!

At that moment, Wu Wenshan, who had been silent all this while, suddenly said, "Mr. Ye, I'm willing to trade all my assets for your calligraphy work!"

The place fell into dead silence after he said that!

Countless people's eyes were filled with disbelief!

They thought they heard him wrong!

Art Saint Wu Wenshan was willing to sell all his wealth for a painting?

How much assets did Wu Wenshan have?

Nobody knew!

However, any calligraphy or painting that he released could be sold for an astronomical price of 70 to 80 million!

Wu Wenshan's expression did not change as everyone was shocked. Instead, he looked at Ye Chen anxiously, worried that Ye Chen would reject him.

He had spent his whole life studying Art Dao.

After what happened earlier, he realized that he might have some achievements, but he was still far from the end of Art Dao. Therefore, in order to seek a breakthrough, all his assets aside, he was willing to give up on anything that Ye Chen might be interested in.

At that moment, countless eyes stared at Ye Chen.

No one would reject Wu Wenshan's offer, right?

Cang Shuxue kept pulling the corner of Ye Chen's shirt, signalling him to agree.

Ye Chen smiled lightly when he saw everyone's gaze, "It's useless for you guys to ask me. This painting was drawn by my daughter. I'll have to ask for her opinion."

Wu Wenshan's face twitched slightly. However, he proceeded to stare at the cute girl in Ye Chen's embrace. She looked like a child who wanted candy.

The little girl's eyes widened as she asked in confusion, "Daddy, are they buying our painting?"

"That's right. My darling daughter, your painting is worth a lot now," Ye Chen smiled gently, his eyes were filled with love.

Cang Shuxue reminded softly, "Mengmeng, agree now!"

Even the little fatty was signalling her.

However, after the little girl blinked, she suddenly pouted and said, "No, I don't want to sell it!"

Everyone almost fell onto the ground.

Subsequently, he heard the little girl mutter, "This is a painting that daddy and I drew together. It's very precious. Besides that, I don't lack money. Mommy owns a company, and daddy gave me a company too!

You old men are the worst. You bullied my father and I before, and now you want to take advantage of my naivety!

Also, I painted this for Xiaohei. I want to bring it back to show him. He'll be very happy."

Everyone was speechless.

Was this father and daughter crazy?

Master Wu's net worth was at least a billion!

They actually rejected him!

Wu Wenshan refused to give up, "Who is Xiaohei?"

"It's just a snake!" Ye Chen smiled lightly.

Wu Wenshan was speechless.

He could only sigh softly eventually, "Forget it. It looks like I'm destined to miss such a treasure!"

He seemed to have recalled something as he spoke to this point. He looked at Ye Chen and said, "Mr. Ye, to express my apology, I'll re-rank the competition after we return. Your daughter will definitely win the first prize!"

"Master Wu, the Zhao family..." Someone hesitated.

After all, he had already promised to give the first prize to the Zhao family. If he made any changes now, would it not be a slap to the Zhao family's face?

Wu Wenshan looked fearful, "I will explain to the Zhao Family later!"

"Sounds great. I'll go with you guys!"

Ye Chen looked satisfied. He brought his daughter here to get the first prize. The reason why he caused such a huge ruckus was because of his daughter. Naturally, he would not give up halfway.

Unexpectedly, Wu Wenshan's expression changed as soon as he finished speaking, "No, Mr. Ye, you can't go with us. You made Zhao Yuanliang kneel earlier, someone from the Zhao family must be on the way. You should leave now!"

"That's right, Mr. Ye. The Zhao family is a wealthy family in Jinling. They have some connections in Beijing. Even Master Wu has to be wary of them."

A big shot from the Jinling art world said, "You made Zhao Yuanliang kneeled earlier, which is equivalent to slapping the Zhao family's face. They will definitely not let this go. You guys should go now, we will send you the award later!"

"Yeah, Mr. Ye. Let's leave first!"

Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin tried to persuade him too.

However, Ye Chen smiled lightly, "This person ignored the rules of the competition and offended me afterward. It's only natural that I teach him a lesson. So what if the Zhao family is unhappy? I don't care about them at all!"

Wu Wenshan tried to persuade him again, "Mr. Ye, you..."

"Alright, I'd love to see how terrifying this Zhao family is!" Ye Chen interrupted him. He carried his daughter and walked toward Jinling Gallery.

"Sigh, Mr. Ye is too confident. The Zhao family's power is beyond his imagination!" Wu Wenshan sighed.

Li Yongmin asked nervously, "Master Wu, what do we do now?"

"What else can we do?"

Wu Wenshan shook his head and forced a smile, "Mr. Ye isn't willing to leave. I'll have to handle it myself. I hope the Zhao family can let this matter go for my sake!"

...

At the same time at the Jinling Gallery, the Zhao family's second young master Zhao Yuanliang was still in the same position since Ye Chen left. He was sprawled on the ground. Someone next to him wanted

to help him up, but he realized that he could not do anything no matter how hard he tried. It was as if he had taken root.

“What did this damned brat do to me?”

Zhao Yuanliang’s face was filled with hatred. He could not wait to tear Ye Chen into pieces. Subsequently, he looked at his nephew Zhao Yang next to him, “Xiaoyang, what did our family say?”

“Second Uncle, E-Eldest Uncle is already on his way. He said he will be here within half an hour!” The seven-year-old Zhao Yang said with a frightened look.

“Twenty minutes have passed, my brother should be here soon!”

Zhao Yuanliang’s face instantly revealed a proud expression, “Brat, you better watch out. My brother is coming. When the time comes, I’ll let you know what it means to be in a living hell!”

He knew his elder brother better than anyone! He looked calm, but his shrewdness was the deepest in the entire Zhao family. He was also the best at hiding. Even he, the King of Chaos, felt uneasy whenever he was facing his brother!

“Second Uncle, you must kill that idiot!”

A vicious look flashed across the seven-year-old Zhao Yang’s eyes, “And that little girl too. I want to use her as the target to throw darts at!”

“Alright, we’ll torture them one by one!”

Zhao Yuanliang grinned ferociously.

Just as they were talking, someone rushed in from outside. The person shouted as he walked, “Young Master Zhao, M-Master Wu and the rest are back, A-And that guy is back too!”

Zhao Yuanliang was so excited that he almost screamed, “Hahaha! There’s a way to heaven, but you didn’t take it. Instead, you barged right into hell!”

#### **Chapter 546: The Man I Like is Brother Wushuang!**

“Brat, my big brother is on his way here. I’ll give you one more chance. Release me immediately, then kneel and apologize to me. Perhaps I’ll spare your useless life!”

On the first floor of Jinling Gallery, Zhao Yuanliang could not hide the pride on his face when he saw that Ye Chen had returned with Wu Wenshan.

He thought Ye Chen might look a little panicky after hearing that. However, he did not expect Ye Chen to sit aside while carrying the child. He was only focusing on feeding the two children as if he did not hear him.

Bastard!

He almost passed out from the anger.

Ye Chen could ignore his words, but others could not. The entire hall was stirred when they heard that the Zhao family’s first young master was on his way.

“What? Zhao family’s first young master is coming too?”

“Tsk, that’s a tough nut to crack. I didn’t expect that he would actually come here personally. Doesn’t this mean that the Zhao family is truly enraged?”

“This matter has really blown up!”

“...”

Everyone was stunned by Zhao Yuanliang’s words!

Zhao Yuming, the head of the Zhao family in Jinling, had two sons in total. Zhao Yuanliang was the youngest one. He had been living with the Zhao family ever since he was young. He was the second-generation heir who lived up to his name. Most people were afraid of him because of the Zhao family.

As for Zhao Yuming’s eldest son, Zhao Junchen, no one in the whole of Jinling was not afraid of him, even if he was not the eldest son of the Zhao family.

It was because Zhao Junchen was the soul of the Zhao family.

Fifteen years ago, Zhao Yuming had yet to be the master of the family. His words were insignificant in the Zhao family, and he was ostracized by the main family. However, in merely three years, Zhao Yuming not only got rid of the third branch of the Zhao family, but also became the head of the family.

All the credit was on Zhao Junchen.

It was rumored that when Zhao Junchen was three years old, he was abandoned overseas because of the internal strife of the Zhao family. Everyone thought that he was dead, but unexpectedly, sixteen years later, Zhao Junchen returned safely. Not only did he have amazing martial arts skills, but he also conquered half of the Middle East at the age of sixteen. At such a young age, he subdued a group of black mercenaries who killed without blinking.

Zhao Yuming had also become the head of the Zhao family with Zhao Junchen’s help. Compared to Zhao Yuanliang, Zhao Junchen could be considered a true hero.

It could be said that in the upper-class in Jinling, no matter which family one were from, no matter how powerful one’s family background was, one had to obediently call Zhao Junchen Brother Chen in his presence.

Therefore, everyone reacted strongly hearing what Zhao Yuanliang said.

Even the Art Saint, Wu Wenshan, was no exception. He inhaled sharply before walking over to Zhao Yuanliang, “Yuanliang, this is just a small misunderstanding. Why do you have to stir things up?”

He could still plead on behalf of Ye Chen if the patriarch of the Zhao family, Zhao Yuming, came personally.

After all, Zhao Yuming’s biological father had been put behind bars back then. It was Wu Wenshan who bailed him out with a painting of his.

Wu Wenshan knew very well that everyone in the Zhao family could give way to him, but Zhao Junchen was the only exception. It was because Zhao Junchen did not grow up in the Zhao family. His family root was not as strong and he did not have much contact with Wu Wenshan.

Zhao Yuanliang smiled coldly hearing what he said, "Uncle Wu, if you were to kneel on the ground like a dead dog for half an hour after being slapped, would you think it was just a misunderstanding?"

Wu Wenshan's lips moved slightly.

As he said that, Zhao Yuanliang glared at Ye Chen who was on the other side with extreme hatred, "Moreover, I've given the opportunity to that brat. He didn't cherish it. You can't blame me for that."

Wu Wenshan could only look at Ye Chen, "Mr. Ye, look..."

In his opinion, Ye Chen should let go of Zhao Yuanliang now and apologize to him. Perhaps there was still some room for reconciliation.

"Brother Ye, now is not the time to fight. The Zhao family is not one that you can afford to offend. You should take a step back," Li Yongmin was so anxious that he did not know what to say.

However, Ye Chen acted as if he did not hear him at all. He smiled in disdain after feeding Mengmeng a piece of potato chips, "The Zhao family? They might be unreachable to you guys, but to me, they're merely something I can destroy with a stomp of foot!"

Those who knew him well knew how confident he was.

Ever since Ye Chen debuted, many experts like Yuan Bupo had died in his hands. Even the Su family, one of the wealthy families in Beijing, as well as the Shen and Lei families in Hong Kong were destroyed by him.

Even without that, he could suppress the entire Korea. What was the Zhao family in Jinling even to him?

However, no one present knew about his legend. Therefore, they immediately became stirred when they heard what he said. They thought they had heard him wrong.

"I think this guy is crazy. He's really crazy!"

"Now that things have come to this, does he think that Master Wu would still be able to protect him? Master Wu aside, even the other wealthy families in Jinling would not be able to handle the wrath of the Zhao family."

"Initially, I was quite fond of his paintings, but now, it seems like he's just a proud and brainless guy!"

"..."

Countless people shook their heads and sighed as if they could see Ye Chen's fate.

"Brother Ye, I really can't help you now!"

Li Yongmin shook his head secretly and said disappointedly, "You're still too young. You don't know what it means to be from a wealthy family. Although your painting skills are good, you're not even comparable to an ant to them."

"If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have brought Mr. Ye here," Cang Shuxue bit her lips and nodded in agreement. She was filled with regret.

Ye Chen's stubbornness destroyed the last hope inside of Wu Wenshan. He sighed softly, "Mr. Ye, I neglected you earlier, so I wanted to help you, b-but you refused to listen!"

"We will have one less master painter in China!"

"Sigh, what a pity..."

...

At the same time, in a Bentley less than five kilometers away from Jinling Gallery, Zhao Junchen, who was dressed in casual clothes, drove at a moderate speed. Even if there were people running the red lights on the road, he would still stop the car patiently.

The girl in black sitting in the passenger seat would turn her head to size him up from time to time, and surprise would occasionally appear on her pretty face.

"Sister Ruolan, why are you staring at me? Don't tell me you've fallen for me?" Zhao Junchen smiled and said as he drove.

"Pfft, who said that I like you?"

The man I like is Brother Wushuang!"

The girl in black spat in annoyance before she said, "I've been observing you the entire way, and I noticed that you're completely different from your younger brother, Zhao Yuanliang. You guys don't seem like brothers!"

"Why not?" Zhao Junchen continued smiling.

The girl in black pursed her lips, "Your brother, Zhao Yuanliang, is a lawless playboy. As for you, his biological brother who is from the same mother as him and also a member of the Zhao family, you don't have the bad characteristics of a son from a wealthy family at all."

#### **Chapter 547: The Jinling Zhao Family's First Young Master!**

"For instance, an old man crossed the road without any regard for the danger. If it was your brother Zhao Yuanliang, he would probably have honked wildly and cursed. He might even have run his car over."

At this point, disgust flashed through her eyes before she continued, "But you're different. You didn't curse or honk. Instead, you stopped the car and waited patiently for the old man to cross the road before starting the car."

"Isn't that what everyone should do?"

Zhao Junchen smiled and said, "The children of wealthy families are humans too. They're also Chinese citizens. They're no different from ordinary people. Everyone is equal in terms of traffic laws."

“No, no, no. I’ve seen too many people from rich families. They don’t have the same awareness as you. They might appear humble on the surface, but deep down, they think that they are superior to others.”

The girl in black shook her head repeatedly.

Zhao Junchen said as if he was reminiscing, “If you grew up in the Middle East, you would also have this realization. In the face of death, there’s no distinction between nobility and lowly status!”

“I’m curious about what you experienced in the Middle East.”

The girl widened her eyes in curiosity.

Zhao Junchen shook his head slightly, unwilling to mention it.

The black-clad girl hesitated for a moment, but she still could not help but say weakly, “I heard that it’s very chaotic over there. People die every day. H-Have you killed anyone before?”

“Yes!”

Zhao Junchen openly admitted, “The first time I killed someone was when I was seven years old. At that time, I wasn’t even as tall as a gun. The other man was a black man who was in charge of repairing the tank tread. He often patted my head and called me a dwarf. He even stole my food.

One night, that man was abusing a white woman who had been kidnapped. I took the tank repair wrench, snuck in, and aimed it at the back of his head.

He was killed. He didn’t even manage to struggle!

Blood splattered all over my face. I wasn’t afraid, but excited. I licked my lips, and for the first time, I knew that blood was hot, fishy, and gooey.”

He spoke as he drove, but there was no expression on his face. It was as if he was stating that he had killed a chicken before.

The girl in black felt numb in her scalp.

Zhao Junchen proceeded to speak, “I killed that white woman after that!”

“Why? She didn’t do anything to you, did she?”

The girl in black blurted out by instinct.

“That’s right, she didn’t do anything to me!”

Zhao Junchen’s smile remained, “But if she didn’t die, she’d tell others that I killed that black man sooner or later. Therefore, she must die.

However, the truth was revealed later on!”

“Then how did you survive?” The girl in black could not help but be immersed in the conversation.

“After the leader found out that I was the one who killed him, he called me out alone and pointed a gun at me, asking me how I wanted to die.”

He paused for a moment as he spoke to this point, "I told him that since I can kill an adult black man, I can kill two, three, and even more. I knew how to repair tanks as well!"

The leader laughed out loud. He put the gun away and patted my shoulder. He told me that I could be his underling from that moment on. I was very excited, but when I returned, I was locked up in the house. There was a group of black men living in the house. They were the friends of the black man that I killed earlier."

"Did they beat you up?" The girl in black could not help but become nervous.

"They spent half the night beating me up. These people did not dare to kill me because they knew that I was the leader's man, so I managed to keep my life. In the middle of the night, when everyone was asleep, I forced myself to walk to the leader's bed with a toothbrush in my hand and used all the strength I had to stab him in the chest..."

"What?"

The girl in black was so frightened that she cried out.

"Since then, I became the leader of the 20 men in the dormitory. I was only seven at the time, and I knew that the reason the leader wanted me to follow him and lock me up to be bullied to warn me and make me submit to him!

Hah, I just couldn't accept it. When I was nine, the leader died in my hands, and I became the leader of a team of 500 mercenaries!"

"Y-You're too r-ruthless!"

The girl in black was so shocked that she could not even speak properly. Subsequently, she leaned back fearfully as if she did not dare to get too close to him.

Zhao Junchen's experience was too shocking.

Normally, seven-year-olds would carry their school bags and learn alphabets or roll around in their diapers. However, Zhao Junchen was surrounded by a group of outlaws when he was seven.

"Yes, I won't deny my ruthlessness."

Zhao Junchen was not angry at all. Instead, he smiled and said, "So, do you still think that I'm better than my younger brother, Zhao Yuanling? My younger brother is so scared of me that he's hiding far away from me."

"Both the Zhao brothers are crazy, crazy!"

The girl in black was terrified.

"No!"

Zhao Junchen shook his head slightly and said, "My younger brother isn't crazy. I'm the crazy one. Actually, I think you and my younger brother are quite compatible. You might be able to control him if you guys get together!"

“Oh, please. I won’t like him even if I’ll have to stay a bachelorette for the rest of my life!”

The girl in black glared at him, “I’ve always liked Brother Wushuang. Zhao Yuanliang is far from Brother Wushuang. He’s not even worthy of carrying his shoes.”

“I’ve always heard you talk about Brother Wushuang over and over again. Who exactly is this Brother Wushuang?” Zhao Junchen became interested.

“He’s not human!”

The girl in black was furious, “To be precise, he doesn’t look like a person, but a cold piece of metal. No matter how hard I try, I can’t warm him up. I wooed him for a month, but he only said three words to me.”

“What a strange man!”

Zhao Junchen could not help but laugh, “Why do you still like him then?”

“Because he’s handsome!”

The girl in black supported her chin with her hand as if she was reminiscing, “I’ve seen a lot of those Korean baby-faced celebrities and famous prince charming. They’re just a bunch of sissies. Brother Wushuang is more handsome and more charismatic than them!

Most importantly, Brother Wushuang is very good at martial arts. Think about it, who would let go of a boyfriend who has both looks and martial arts skills?

If I manage to win him over and bring him out in the future, I’ll definitely be so proud. Imagine he number of people who would turn their heads to look? Tsk tsk...”

Seeing the infatuated look on her face, a gleam flashed through Zhao Junchen’s eyes, “Is this person in Jinling now? You must introduce him to me if we get the chance.”

“No!”

The face of the girl in black sink, “Brother Wushuang has returned to Beijing to reunite with his master. That piece of wood hasn’t called me since two months ago. If I have the chance, I will go to Beijing and screw him.”

“Master?” Zhao Junchen was confused.

“Yes, Master!”

The girl in black mumbled, “His master is the No. 1 on the Heaven Leaderboard, Mad Southern Ye!”

As soon as she said that, Zhao Junchen’s hand that was driving immediately trembled. His calm face finally changed, “Mad Southern Ye? Are you talking about the China No. 1, Mad Southern Ye?”

**Chapter 548: Get the Adults of Your Family Here!**

Mad Southern Ye!

Zhao Junchen could not be more familiar with that name!

It was a ruthless person who single-handedly suppressed an entire country!

“Wait!”

The lady in black exclaimed and looked at him in surprise, “You’ve heard of his name?”

“I’ve heard of Mad Southern Ye!”

Zhao Junchen took a deep breath in and said with a serious expression, “It’s not an exaggeration to say that he’s well-known. Not to mention that he killed many Martial Dao masters like Yuan Bupo when he debuted, the commotion he made in Korea alone is shocking enough!”

Mad Southern Ye killed his way into the Park family of Korea and made them submit!

Later on, he killed Kim Tiansheng, the patriarch of the Kim family, and even the No.1 expert of Korea, Yinshi, could not do anything to him.

All of these achievements had already spread through China.

Even the Zhao family was no exception!

The Zhao family’s master, Zhao Yuming, had even ordered them that the Zhao family could not afford to offend someone like Mad Southern Ye. Instead, they had to befriend him at all costs!

“Has he become so powerful now?”

The lady in black did not expect Zhao Junchen’s reaction to be so huge. For a moment, she felt a little upset, “This guy kidnapped my Brother Wushuang. He even said that he would bring Brother Wushuang to see me in Jinling. In the end, there’s still no news two months later. He’s a big, fat liar!”

“You said that your Brother Wushuang called Mad Southern Ye master?” Zhao Junchen’s eyes blinked incessantly after he calmed down.

“Yeah!”

The lady in black nodded, “I don’t know why Brother Wushuang calls him Master Ye. Is it because Mad Southern Ye is more powerful than Brother Wushuang?”

Forget it, let’s not talk about him anymore. It’s killing my mood!”

Seeing that the car was about to arrive, the lady in black rolled her eyes and changed the topic, “Your brother, Zhao Yuanliang, has been bullied. How are you going to deal with that unlucky person?”

Zhao Junchen’s expression slowly turned grim, “My younger brother is insensible. If he offended someone out there and is taught a lesson, my family will definitely not intervene.

However, someone made him kneel!

This is equivalent to slapping our Zhao family in the face. If we let him go so easily, how will we stand in Jinling?”

At this point, his seemingly calm face was filled with endless coldness, "I want to see who dares to slap the Zhao family's face!"

The lady in black secretly shook her head when she saw that. She could not help but worry for Ye Chen, 'You could've hit anyone, but you had to hit that bastard Zhao Yuanliang. Not only did you hit him, you even made him kneel. Even the Immortal Daluo can't save you now!'

...

At Jinling Gallery, countless people remained silent. They looked at the thin figure in the middle of the hall in shock. The man did not seem to have anticipated the storm, and he was feeding his daughter.

'I wonder if he's pretending or if he's really fearless!' Someone thought to himself.

"If he doesn't die, he will definitely become a big shot one day!"

Wu Wenshan's expression was complicated.

Ye Chen acted as if he did not notice everyone's gaze. He lifted his head to look at Wu Wenshan after feeding his daughter the last piece of potato chips. He seemed to be impatient, "When can I get my daughter's certificate?"

Wu Wenshan was about to speak when Zhao Yuanliang, who was kneeling on the ground, asked, "What certificate?"

He did not follow them to the park to witness the scene of Ye Chen competing with Sato Seiichi of Japan earlier, so he had no idea what had happened. He was even more unaware that Wu Wenshan had decided to give his nephew's first prize to Mengmeng.

A young man smiled and said maliciously, "Young Master Zhao, you have no idea. Master Wu has decided to take back the first prize for your nephew from the competition and give it to this guy's daughter."

Zhao Yuanliang's expression changed when he heard that. He glared at Wu Wenshan as if he had been humiliated, "Uncle Wu? Is what he said true?"

"Yuanliang, it's not what you think."

Wu Wenshan sighed softly and said, "Mr. Ye's daughter defeated the young Art Saint from Japan with a casual scribble. Her drawing skills are enough to be awarded the first prize in this competition, so I thought..."

"So you want to give what is already ours to this brat and his daughter?"

Zhao Yuanliang sneered and interrupted him, "Uncle Wu, are you looking down on the Zhao family?"

If this matter got out, the Zhao family would definitely be laughed at!

"Yuanliang, I've thought of a compromise. The first prize goes to Mr. Ye's daughter. Of course, I'll keep my promise to take your nephew Zhao Yang as my disciple. Everyone is happy..."

Wu Wenshan hesitated.

“Everyone is happy?”

Zhao Yuanliang grinned coldly and looked at Mengmeng with disdain, “Do you think I’m an idiot to believe that this silly girl defeated the young Art Saint of Japan? Even if it’s true, I won’t agree!”

Pa!

Suddenly, a loud voice sounded.

Zhao Yuanliang screamed as he was sent flying. He rolled on the ground for more than ten meters before he crashed into the wall. When he turned around, he looked at Ye Chen with hatred while holding his swollen face.

“Brat, how you dare hit me?”

Everyone who was watching aside could not close their mouths in shock!

How dare Ye Chen attack Zhao Yuanliang at a time like this?

“You better believe that I’ll kill you if you say one more word of nonsense.”

Ye Chen retracted his hand slowly and said in an extremely cold tone, “My daughter is a talented girl, not some silly girl!”

His words were emotionless when he spoke, as if he was narrating something very normal. However, everyone in the hall could not help but shiver, feeling like they had fallen into an icehouse.

“Y-You...”

Zhao Yuanliang’s face flushed. He could not wait to kill Ye Chen. However, when he met Ye Chen’s cold gaze, his heart throbbed for some reason.

Right at this moment, a man quickly walked in and said feeling stirred, “Second Young Master, First Young Master is here!”

As soon as these words were spoken, the surroundings fell into dead silence!

The First Young Master Zhao eventually came...

“Yes, yes!”

Zhao Yuanliang suddenly let out a hysterical laugh, “My brother is here. Brat, you’re dead! Dead!”

Li Yongmin and Cang Shuxue’s expressions changed.

“What will come, came in the end!”

Wu Wenshan sighed to himself.

At the next moment, a tall young man in casual clothes slowly walked in with the sound of footsteps. The young man was not considered handsome, but there was an indescribable pressure coming from him that made people not dare look at him directly.

There was a lady in black behind him.

The young man was neither fast nor slow, but every step he took seemed to step on everyone's hearts, causing their breathing to become hurried.

"Brother, you're finally here!"

Zhao Yuanliang acted as if he had seen his savior. Subsequently, he turned his head to look at Ye Chen and said ferociously, "Brother, this brat made me kneel."

"Yes, Big Uncle, it's him. Second Uncle was beaten up badly by him. You must avenge us!" The seven-year-old Zhao Yang smirked coldly.

Zhao Junchen nodded slightly and lifted his head to look at Ye Chen. Shock flashed through his eyes. Subsequently, he said expressionlessly, "I'm Zhao Junchen from the Zhao family. May I ask why you humiliated my brother? Do you know that Yuanliang is a member of the Zhao family?"

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat hearing what he said.

"No reason, I just don't like him!"

Ye Chen took out a piece of tissue and wiped the corner of Mengmeng's little girl's lips while he said without even lifting his head, "As for your Zhao family, who do you think you are? You're not worthy of talking to me. Get the adults of your family here!"

As soon as these words were spoken, the crowd went into an uproar, and they secretly shook their heads!

'Oh no!

This guy is finished!'

As expected, Zhao Junchen laughed in anger and said, "You're so arrogant. I wonder who you are exactly!"

Before he could finish speaking, a beautiful figure leaped out from behind him and subsequently ran to Ye Chen quickly, "It's you, you big liar! You big, fat liar! Give Brother Wushuang back! Give him back to me!"

#### **Chapter 549: Meeting Ning Ruolan Again!**

"You big, fat liar! Give Brother Wushuang back!"

As everyone was stunned, the girl in black dashed to Ye Chen with her hands on her hips. She looked angry.

"It's the young mistress of the Ning family, Ning Ruolan!"

"Why is she here? Also, what's going on? Looks like she knows that guy with the surname Ye."

"What is going on?"

This sudden scene caused everyone's jaws to drop.

Initially, everyone thought that Ye Chen was dead for sure since Zhao Junchen, the eldest son of the Zhao family, appeared. They did not expect the young mistress of the Ning family to suddenly appear.

No one dared to underestimate the girl in black in front of him.

She was the young mistress of the Ning family, one of the wealthiest families in Jinling. She was also the only daughter of the head of the Ning family, Ning Zhiyuan. It would not be an exaggeration to say that she was the apple of his eye. The Ning family's status in Jinling was nothing less than the Zhao family's.

"Looks like that brat has offended Ms. Ning too!"

"Not only did he offend the Zhao family, he even offended the Ning family. This guy is done for!"

Seeing that Ning Ruolan was almost pointing at Ye Chen's nose and scolding him, many people on the scene could not stop their eyes from flickering. They were secretly gloating.

The two brothers of the Zhao family were the most surprised. Zhao Junchen's eyes blinked a few times and he was about to ask what was going on.

Zhao Yuanliang, who was kneeling on the ground, said by instinct, "Sister Ruolan, do you know this brat? Did he bully you? Don't worry, he'll be dead today!"

He also thought that Ye Chen and Ning Ruolan had a feud.

Therefore, he wanted to use this matter to please Ning Ruolan!

"Shut up!"

Unexpectedly, Ning Ruolan turned around and glared at him fiercely. Her expression seemed to be unhappy because of his interruption.

Zhao Yuanliang was speechless.

Ning Ruolan turned back to look at Ye Chen again and said coldly, "Liar, didn't you promise to bring Brother Wushuang to Jinling to visit me?"

"Sister, I'll be mad if you scold my father again," Mengmeng pouted and looked at her angrily.

"It's you, young lady!"

Ye Chen shook his head in surprise.

The girl before him was the girl who was with Wushuang when they first reunited. If he remembered correctly, her surname was Ning. She seemed to like Wushuang a little and was jealous of Su Youwei.

"Where's Brother Wushuang? Why didn't he come with you?"

Ning Ruolan kept looking around. When she did not see Ye Wushuang, she seemed very disappointed.

"Wushuang, he..."

Ye Chen's expression turned grim. In the end, he shook his head and said, "I'll explain to you later."

Initially, he wanted to tell her that Wushuang was dead and his whereabouts were unknown, but he was afraid that she would not be able to accept it.

Meanwhile, Zhao Junchen kept looking at them.

When he realized that the conversation revolved around the guy Wushuang, he seemed to recall something and could not help but ask Ye Chen, "May I know who this gentleman is?"

He asked cautiously.

Before Ye Chen could say anything, Ning Ruolan looked at him in surprise. She then said grumpily, "You don't know him?"

He's the Mad Southern Ye I told you about along the way here."

Hearing what she said, Zhao Junchen, who had been calm since he entered, had a sudden change in expression. He blurted out instinctively, "Y-You're Mad Southern Ye?!"

Ning Ruolan's words were like a massive bomb!

A storm was brewing inside of him!

Everyone was stunned. They obviously did not expect this Zhao family's first young master to suddenly have such a reaction.

At the next moment, Zhao Junchen suddenly took two steps forward and bowed deeply when he arrived before Ye Chen. He clasped his fists and said, "So, it's you, sir. I didn't know that you were coming to Jinling. Please forgive me for not coming to meet you!"

When he said that, he lowered his stance!

He did not have the slightest bit of pride as a son of a wealthy family!

It was like a junior giving salutation to an elder!

On the way here, he had discussed Mad Southern Ye with Ning Ruolan. He did not expect to meet the legend of China!

'I was wondering who it was that dared to look down on our Zhao family, so it turned out to be him!

That's true. Only someone like him can look down on all the wealthy families!

He can even suppress Korea, so what is my Zhao family even to him!'

He was trembling inside, he lowered his stance further.

However, the others at the side did not know what he was thinking. They were just shocked that the majestic first young master of the Zhao family would suddenly be so respectful to Ye Chen.

Wu Wenshan was no exception. Shock flashed across his old face. Subsequently, he looked at Ye Chen in deep thought, 'Did I miss something?'

"Brother Ye, h-he..."

Cang Shuxue, Li Yongmin, and the rest looked at Ye Chen who was playing with his daughter with his head lowered while ignoring Zhao Junchen's humble attitude. They felt as if there was something wrong with their head to be seeing such a scene.

"Brother, what are you doing?"

Just as everyone was feeling doubtful, Zhao Yuanliang, who was kneeling on the ground, shrieked, "Not only did this brat beat me up, he even made me kneel. Hurry up and kill him!"

Pa!

Before he could finish, he was sent flying.

"Brother, y-you hit me?"

Zhao Yuanliang covered his swollen face and looked at him in disbelief.

This was the first time that his brother had hit him!

Zhao Junchen, who was originally extremely humble, turned around and retracted his hand. He looked at him with an extremely grim expression.

"Bastard! Do you know that you've caused a great calamity for our Zhao family? It's already considered nothing for me to hit you. If father were here himself, he might even kill you on the spot!

Hurry up and apologize to this sir, or I'll kill you first!"

Zhao Junchen was furious!

He had grown up in the Middle East and experienced many things. He had never been mad since he returned to his family, but he was truly enraged now.

His brought could offend anyone he wanted!

Why did he have to offend Mad Southern Ye?

At the same time, he was afraid!

The reason being Ye Chen's expression remained the same since the beginning. He was so calm that it was terrifying!

Zhao Yuanliang said with a face full of humiliation, "W-What did you say? You want me to apologize to that brat? Brother, are you crazy? You're the future successor of our Zhao family!"

Pa!

Zhao Junchen slapped him again, causing his front tooth to fall out, "Not only do you not have any remorse for this sir, you even dare to be so rude?"

Zhao Yuanliang almost fainted.

Things had come to this.

Everyone finally realized that something was wrong!

Why?

He was able to make the wealthy young master of the Zhao family react like this!

“Even when facing those giants in Beijing, Young Master Zhao was chatting and laughing with them. I supposed he has never lost his composure like this?”

Many people looked at Ye Chen at that moment.

“Could it be that this guy has a powerful background?”

At that moment, Ye Chen, who had been silent the whole time, lifted his head and looked at Zhao Junchen. There was no emotion on his face, “Do you know me?”

### **Chapter 550: What You Did Five Days Ago Made You A National Knight!**

Zhao Junchen’s heart skipped a beat when he met Ye Chen’s gaze. He took a deep breath in and said, “Although I’ve never witnessed sir’s invincible moves before, you’re the most famous person in China! You’re world-renowned. How could I not know you?!”

Ever since you debuted, you’ve killed Yuan Bupo, who was Northern Devil Jiang, Western Overlord Liu, and other experts. You’ve killed foreign enemies in the sea of China. You’ve killed a warship with a swing of sword. You’ve never been defeated before!”

He ignored everyone’s surprised gazes and took a step forward, “Especially recently when you’ve killed your way into Korea alone and suppressed them with your own strength. You have long shocked the world.

Although I wasn’t present, every time I think about it, I feel my blood boil. It’s a regret for me to not go there personally and support you every little bit I could, so that the foreign countries would know how powerful China is!”

At this point, his face was flushed.

As he said that, the crowd became even more doubtful. The only thought in their minds was that First Young Master Zhao had gone mad. He was like a storyteller.

Zhao Yuanliang was even more confused. Other than using the Zhao family’s power to play with women, he knew nothing else and did not pay attention to anything else. How could he have heard of Ye Chen’s achievements?

Just when everyone was confused, a middle-aged tycoon walked out of the crowd all of a sudden. He walked to Ye Chen quickly as if he was on steroids and stammered, “W-Wan Guohao greets the China No. 1, M-Mad Southern Ye!”

At this point, he turned to the crowd and said, “Everyone, have you not heard the news on television a few days ago about a Chinese powerhouse killing his way into Korea and fighting a Korean powerhouse?”

“How is it possible that we’ve not heard of that news?!”

One of them stood up and said with saliva splattering, "This piece of news is quite big. At that time, I thought it was fake news. Later on, a friend of mine in Korea confirmed that it was real."

After his reminder, many people nodded and recalled something, "There was indeed such a thing. I heard the internet was in an uproar because of it. My wife even told me that if I was one-tenth as powerful as that Chinese man, it wouldn't have been so difficult to woo her!"

Even Wu Wenshan, a scholar, also nodded and said, "I was participating in the art exhibition in Korea that time. After learning of this matter, it has already ended. It's said that Korea's Crimson Afterglow Peak was almost beaten through!"

As he said that, his expression suddenly changed. He seemed to have recalled something as he looked at Ye Chen all of a sudden, "C-Could it be that Mr. Ye was the Martial Dao expert who killed his way into Korea and shook our country?"

"It's just a small matter. It's nothing!"

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. He was neither servile nor overbearing.

"What a poser!"

Ning Ruolan pouted and said somewhat unconvinced, "If my Brother Wushuang goes to Korea, he could do that too.

Next time, bring Brother Wushuang to Japan!"

Ye Chen was speechless.

When Wu Wenshan finished, the entire hall fell into dead silence.

Countless pairs of eyes stared blankly at Ye Chen!

There was shock, disbelief, and there was more horror...

So he was the powerful Chinese who had beaten Korea to tears!

No wonder he dared to demand an explanation from the Jinling Gallery!

It was no wonder that he still made Zhao Yuanliang kneel on the ground even after he revealed the Zhao family's background. He even ordered the Zhao family to roll over and take Zhao Yuanliang back!

It was no wonder that even after Zhao Junchen, the eldest son of the Zhao family, arrived, he still did not take him seriously!

Cang Shuxue covered her lips tightly. Her heart was pounding, "Mr. Ye is so... impressive!"

"Brother Ye, you really hid it well!"

Li Yongmin did not know whether to laugh or cry. When he got to know Ye Chen, he was surprised that the plain-looking Ye Chen would have such a beautiful and cute daughter like Mengmeng.

As the head contractor, he was worth over a billion yuan. Although he did not show off at all, he only nodded to Ye Chen as a friend when he was with Ye Chen. He felt that Ye Chen and he were from different worlds.

Who would have thought that his background was so powerful that it made people want to kill themselves? He could even make a country cry. What was a mere nouveau riche like him even?

Little fatty Li Erguo looked at the cute little girl in Ye Chen's embrace enviously. He could not help but mutter, "Why don't I have such a powerful deadbeat father? My real father doesn't seem to be capable other than money..."

Li Yongmin was speechless hearing that.

"I was wrong!"

Wu Wenshan took a deep breath in and walked to Ye Chen with mixed feelings. He bowed deeply, "Your actions a few days ago raised the prestige of our country and you were made a national knight. It's funny that I took the advantage of my seniority on you!"

"It's fine!"

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. Subsequently, he looked at Zhao Junchen who was standing aside, "I'll leave this to you."

Zhao Junchen's heart skipped a beat. He then walked to Zhao Yuanliang, who was paralyzed with fear. He lifted him up and threw him to Ye Chen, "Mr. Ye, my brother offended you. I failed to educate him properly as his older brother. I'll take the responsibility on behalf of him!"

There was a click the moment he was done speaking.

His right thumb was broken!

"Brother!"

Zhao Yuanliang cried out in shock when he saw that. He finally looked regretful. He could not stop kowtowing to Ye Chen, "Mr. Ye, it's my fault. I'm willing to accept any punishment from you!"

At this moment, the young man finally realized who he had offended. Not to mention the Zhao family, even the combined power of all the wealthy families in Jinling City was no match for him.

"Mr. Ye, do you think it's enough to pay for my brother's sins?"

Zhao Junchen, who had severed his right thumb himself, looked at Ye Chen with a pale face, "If that's not enough, I can sever another finger and an arm!"

At that moment, a staff member walked over with a certificate.

Ye Chen took it over and looked at it. He then walked out of the gallery with Mengmeng and Qianqian. He did not even look at the people behind him.

"This is an exception. There won't be a next time!

Otherwise, I'll wipe out your Zhao family with one strike!"

He left after saying that.

“Yes, sir!”

Zhao Junchen bowed in all seriousness in the direction that Ye Chen had gone. Zhao Yuanliang knelt on the ground like a dead dog, panting heavily as if he had just walked through the gates of hell.

At the same time, he kept Ye Chen’s words in mind.

After what happened today, the news of Mad Southern Ye’s arrival in Jinling would spread like wildfire. Any wealthy family would know the whole story with their ways.

If the Zhao family still did not behave, there would be countless wealthy families who would attack the Zhao family even without Ye Chen taking action personally.

Such as the Ning family...

At that moment, a beautiful figure dashed out, “Hey, Big Liar Ye, don’t go just yet. You haven’t told me where Brother Wushuang went!”