

Wu Zhengde, who sat beside him, quickly got up.

He asked with concern, "Dad, are you feeling pain anywhere?" "I'll call the doctor over immediately."

Just as Wu Zhengde was about to summon the doctor, he felt Wu Zhirong grabbing his arm.

Wu Zhengde turned to see the old man's eyes flashing with resentment.

Rage.

Hatred.

Humiliation.

Wu Zhirong said to his son in a hoarse voice, "I don't need a doctor. I want you to go to Han Shan and look for Second Master."

Wu Zhengde's eyelid twitched as he became horrified.

As if Wu Zhirong had read his son's thoughts, he said coldly, "If you don't go, I'll rewrite my will!"

Gritting his teeth, Wu Zhengde turned and left quickly.

Han Shan was located outside Gu Su City.

The place was full of beautiful sceneries and lush vegetation.

At the foot of a mountain was a private estate that was closed to the public.

Wu Zhengde arrived at the door, spoke a few words to the guard and stood there waiting.

Even a member of the prominent Wu family couldn't enter without permission. The man had to wait outside just like everyone else.

The owner of this estate clearly had an extraordinary status and position.

Wu Zhengde anxiously paced back and forth outside the door.

He was looking to meet a man called Zhong Wuqi.

The common folk would not be familiar with this name.

But among the upper-class society, any prominent family leader who heard the name of Zhong Wuqi would feel their chest tighten!

When Zhong Wuqi was five, he began to

learn from his Grand Master, Broken Sword.

He had remained undefeated for several decades.

He was now even the head of Han Shan and had become a martial arts Grand Master!

Master was what people would normally call those who were skillful.

For example, Song Yuan, the best fighter in the Song family, was called Master Song.

Similar, they would give a budding fighter like Zhuo Yifan the title Master.

Of course, the title Master was sometimes overplayed. It was difficult to determine how powerful some 'Masters' truly were.

But the title Grand Master was different.

First, a Grand Master had to establish a school!

He had to have his own power, organization, and a large number of acers following him.

Zhong Wuqi had become a Grand Master at the age of 40.

No one dared to challenge his authority.

No one was even sure to what extent his powers were.

They could only look up to him!

Ten more minutes of waiting, and Wu Zhengde entered the estate.

After going around the winding forest path for about 10 minutes, he reached a courtyard.

There, two men played a game of chess under a tree.

Seeing them, Wu Zhengde quickly walked up and bowed.

“Greetings, Uncles.”

The two old men didn't lift their heads.

One of them asked flatly, “What are you here for?”

“My father sent me here. He said there is something important he wants to discuss with you.”

Hearing that, the old man smiled. “Is it something to do with Ning Province?”

“You're as wise as usual, Uncle. Indeed, my

father has requested you to drop by the hospital for matters relating to Ning Province.”

“I refuse.”

A black piece slapped onto the chess board.

Wu Zhengde couldn't help but breathe a quick sigh of relief.

In fact, Wu Zhengde was very unwilling to clash with Li Hang from Ning Province.

This was coming from a logical perspective.

Causing any conflict with Li Hang was simply the wrong move.

Merchants would pay attention to mutual benefits; not a life-and-death struggle.

Wu Zhengde quickly took his leave.



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