

Red Envelope 431

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Chapter 431: Chen Xiaobei Vomits Blood

Jiang Ziya: Everyone! Be quiet!

The participants were so numerous that the chat was spiraling out of control. Nobody calmed down even after Jiang Ziya kept spamming the chat with screams for silence.

Jiang Ziya: First and foremost, there's no need to be nervous. We are only choosing the first deity to descend to the human realm, and they won't be the last! We'll keep sending them to the human realm regularly!

The chat was silence after that message. All the deities and monsters were immortal after all, meaning that eventually everyone would get a shot at the mission.

Jiang Ziya: Anyway, the lot of you aren't familiar with the rules. That's why I need to brief you before you go.

NeZha: All we need to do is recruit three million disciples, right? What other rules are you talking about?

Jiang Ziya: Any deity or monster who travel to the human realm are not allowed to carry any abilities or merit points over for the sake of balance. All of you will go as mortals.

Yanwang: We knew that a long time ago. It's no big deal! Humans are weak, so we just need to bring some of our possessions along and improve our cultivation to rule earth!

Jiang Ziya: Let me finish! Those who participate are banned from bringing their possessions along too. You may still use the group chat, but you are not allowed to send or snatch Red Envelopes!

Xiao Tianquan: What!? We can't bring our possessions or even snatch Red Envelopes? That would make the mission really difficult!

Chang'e: That's right! How is it possible for an ordinary human to recruit three million disciples? And is there a time limit for this mission?

Jiang Ziya: No, there isn't. However, you are not allowed to leave the human realm if you don't complete the mission!

The chat became quiet again.

Wei Xiaobao: What? Is that a joke? I'm not going to the human realm anymore... All my seven wives are going to run off with other men before I complete the mission!

Chen Xiaobei: What about me? Can I still keep sending and snatching Red Envelopes?

Jiang Ziya: You're not bound to that rule. However, the Primeval Lord of Heaven did mention that no one is to send God Chen any items that can improve cultivation tremendously, including Spiritual Qi!

Chen Xiaobei: I see...

"What the hell!" Chen Xiaobei frowned, upset even though he never received such items. "This isn't some Three Realms Mission – it's a trap! And they have no right to restrict the items I receive from Red Envelopes!"

Due to the strife between Chanism and Jieism, Chen Xiaobei suspected that the Primeval Lord of Heaven was trying to screw around with him.

"My Sifu is still in the Ancient Land. I don't have anyone that I can complain to – it seems like I'm on my own for now..." Chen Xiaobei was frustrated, but there was nothing that he could do – it was impossible for him to change rules set by the Primeval Lord of Heaven. "I'll just do whatever I can to smooth things out. Sister Chang'e would console my weary soul if she gets chosen..."

With that, Chen Xiaobei turned back to his cellphone and paid close attention to the chat.

Jiang Ziya: Back to business! Those who are still willing to enter the human realm for the mission, please come to me and finalize your applications. We will then do a lucky draw and select the first candidate.

Time passed.

A lot less people went for the second registration after learning that they might have to stay in the human realm for a very long time. Still, those who were close to Chen Xiaobei went for the second registration.

'I don't mind having Monkey King or NeZha,' he thought. 'Even if it's not Chang'e, Yanwang and Xiao Tianquan would be fine too! Please don't send someone who could f*ck my life up!'

Chen Xiaobei's eyes were glued to the screen of his cellphone.

Chang'e: I'm so nervous right now. I'm not sure whether I will be chosen...God Chen... Is earth a cold place?

Chen Xiaobei: It's a little cold, but not as cold as Guanghan Palace.

NeZha: Pick me! God Chen, is there enough Wahaha High-Cal Milk on earth? I want an unlimited supply of it!

Chen Xiaobei: Don't worry... You can even swim in Wahaha High-Cal Milk if you are chosen to travel to the human realm!

Xian Tianquan: I want a mountain's worth of sausages! Is that possible?

Chen Xiaobei: No problem! You will get a mountain of sausages of every flavor!

Yanwang: I want an unlimited supply of spicy sticks!

Chen Xiaobei: Easy! I'll buy the factory that produces spicy sticks for you!

Monkey King: Stop dreaming! We have no idea who will be picked! What if you guys fall short?

Chang'e: I'm pretty sure I will be chosen... There aren't as many registrants this time – there are just six of us, there is a high chance that one of us here will be chosen!

NeZha: That's right, we are destined to walk alongside God Chen!

Xiao Tianquan: I think so too!

Yanwang: Me too!

Chen Xiaobei: I hope so too! Brother, we are going to have fun together!

Jiang Ziya: Silence! I have the results!

The chatter stopped.

"Who... Who..." Chen Xiaobei's eyes were bulging as he prayed to see a familiar name on his cell phone screen.

Jiang Ziya: Cough... The first deity traveling to the human realm is... Shaoba Xingjun!

Blarrghh...

Chen Xiaobei almost spat a fountain of blood that blew through the roof!

"What the hell! Who the hell is Shaoba Xingjun? I've never even heard of him!"

Meanwhile, the group became noisy again.

Chang'e: Damn! Bad luck! I did not get chosen!

NeZha: Why not me? Why?

Yanwang: Blame the monkey! It's a jinx!

Monkey King: That's luck I guess. Better luck next time!

Shaoba Xingjun: I didn't even register... Why me?

Yanwang: Damn! The God of Misfortune is here! I'm leaving!

Xiang Tianquan: I'm leaving too! His bad luck is contagious!

NeZha: God Chen, take care! I'm leaving as well!

Everyone: Let's leave! Let's leave!

Soon, most of the members left the group.

"Shit...God of Misfortune?" Chen Xiaobei was frustrated to no end.

Why him??!!

"F*ck! I knew it! The Primeval Lord of Heaven is trying to f*ck with me! That mean old fart!" Chen Xiaobei frowned as he realized he needs to take care of the God of Misfortune!

Shaoba Xingjun: Hello. Could you answer my question? (Meek)

Jiang Ziya: What question? I can't change the results of the lucky draw so just get ready. I'm going to send you to the human realm!

Shaobao Xingjun: Uhm...

Jiang Ziya: Don't worry, you can bring one of your abilities with you when you travel to the earth!

Shaobao Xingjun: Which ability would that be?

Jiang Ziya: The Mouth of Curses!

Blaaargh...

Chen Xiaobei spat out blood again.

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Chapter 432: Three Incidents of Incredible Misfortune!

"Damn it. I really can't take this... Where is Sister Chang'e? Why did you guys send me the God of Misfortune? It's obvious that you bunch of childish gods are trying to mess with me!"

Chen Xiaobei was genuinely upset by what was clearly a cheap move on part of the Primeval Lord of Heaven.

"Should I just leave him and let him rot?" Chen Xiaobei muttered darkly.

However, he thought that it was rather unkind of himself especially since Shaoba Xingjun did not even register for the mission. They were both on the same boat, and the once-immortal deity might starve to death if Chen Xiaobei refused to help him. He was not that evil, and the God of Misfortune was essentially blameless.

"Whatever. I should contact Shaobao Xingjun and guide him..."

"Bro Bei! I heard something!"

Yap Liangchen's voice rang outside the house.

"What happened?" Chen Xiaobei opened his balcony door to find both Yap Liangchen and Cangjin Gu standing outside.

"There's an assassin, but we didn't kill him because you mentioned earlier that you need more merit points. We've saved him for you!" Yap Liangchen replied.

Chen Xiaobei was thrilled. "Let's go check it out!"

It was midnight. There was no one outside while Chen Xiaobei's parents were already asleep. The assassin was clearly arrogant enough to enter the house through the front door. It was a short man in his fifties who had a sharp, mousey face. His hair was unkempt and filthy, and combining that with his small eyes and wispy mustache he looked very much like a pervert.

Whoosh

Whoosh

Whoosh

Chen Xiaobei, Yap Liangchen and Cangjin Gu leapt from the balcony and surrounded the assassin.

Spooked, the perverted-looking man fell to the ground.

"What the hell... You guys scared the shit out of me..." he squealed.

"This is an assassin?" Chen Xiaobei and Cangjin Gu exclaimed, looking at Yap Liangchen in surprise.

"Hmmm... I might have made a mistake..." Yap Liangchen replied, scratching his head.

Ding!

[Cultivation: N/A. Health: 5. Combat power: 5!]

Chen Xiaobei was absolutely certain that the man was not an assassin after examining him with his Netherspirit Battlescouter. "Old man. Who the hell are you? Why did you come to my house?" He asked.

"I'm looking for someone here, but I'm not allowed to reveal my identity until I meet him." The man said fearfully and gingerly. "Is Chen Xiaobei staying here?"

That was when Chen Xiaobei realized what was happening. "Are you Shaoba Xingjun?" He quickly asked.

"Are you God Chen? God Chen! Finally... It took me some time to locate your house... I shall follow your lead from this day forth. You must help me complete my mission!"

"I..." Chen Xiaobei did not know how to reply. Initially, he thought he could simply abandon the deity by not picking him up, but Jiang Ziya must have already secured his house-address. That douchebag of a deity must have lived long enough to learn how to read a person's mind after all. It was impossible for Chen Xiaobei to outwit him.

"Bro Bei... Shaoba Xingjun is the God of Misfortune, right? Aren't you afraid that his bad luck would come to you?" Yap Liangchen said nervously while taking a few steps back unconsciously.

"Superstitions! The God of Misfortune does not exist!" Cangjin Gu knew quite a lot about the Chinese folklore. His thought on the matter were rather transparent.

"Well... There is indeed... a God of Misfortune... In the directory of Chinese deities..." Chen Xiaobei gulped. He feared that Shaoba Xingjun would suddenly grab his hand tightly.

"God Chen, don't you worry! All my abilities have been stripped, and I don't have an aura of misfortune," Shaobao said earnestly.

"Alright... I wouldn't have dared to let you in my house otherwise." Chen Xiaobei was slightly relieved.

"Bro Bei... I find it hard to believe that such a deity exists. Shouldn't we test him first?" Cangjin Gu said respectfully, albeit with a doubtful tone.

Chen Xiaobei nodded. "Shaobao Xingjun, I remember that you carried over one of your abilities to the human realm, right?" he asked. "What does it do?"

"It's the Mouth of Curses. In other words, I can curse others, and they would simply come true." The mortal deity said.

"Sounds great! So that means you could create a curse like getting hit by a car or being struck by thunder?" Chen Xiaobei pressed on excitedly.

"Sure thing...Those are quite basic curses!"

"Wow! That is impressive... It means that you can kill someone with the power of words... From today onwards, I just need your ability to wipe out all who offend me! This is simply amazing! Hehehe..." Chen Xiaobei giggled excitedly.

"Uhm... God Chen, I think you misunderstand." Shaoba Xingjun interjected. "Killing others with my curse is an easy job when I was still a deity, but I virtually lost all my powers after I came here. All I could do are some really basic curses that can't even kill a person."

"Bummer..." Chen Xiaobei rolled his eyes. Of course, Jiang Ziya would deny him the good stuff. The Mouth of Curses may be powerful when the God of Misfortune was still divine, but now it was about as useful as a refrigerator in the Antarctica.

"Shaoba Xingjun, that sounds extraordinary. Can you give us a demonstration?" Cangjin Gu insisted. It seems that he really wanted to see if Shaoba Xingjun was the real deal.

"I could do that, but I don't have targets. And I would never throw curses at you three, since all of you are God Chen's friends!" The God of Misfortune appear to be a rather nice guy.

"Curse me! I've been an atheist all my life!" Cangjin Gu said boldly.

"Well... Just choose three events, I'm really good at the curse of the three unluckiest events."

"What three unluckiest events?" Cangjin Gu asked, while Chen Xiaobei and Yap Liangchen also paid full attention. They appeared very interested.

"The three unluckiest events would be pee splashing onto your shoes when you pee, feces dropping out when you fart, and toilet paper tearing off when you wipe your bottom. Choose one, I can definitely make it come true!"

Blaaargh...

Chen Xiaobei and Yap Liangchen leaned so low to vomit that they almost struck the ground with their heads.

"What the hell... These three options are not kidding..." Cangjin Gu became nervous. There was no way he would allow those things to happen to himself – one of the greatest prodigies in Japan! No person in their right mind would offer themselves as test subjects for such curses either!

"It's going to be so cool if he could really make all three curses come true!" Yap Liangchen said.

"Such curses are pretty useless actually. They don't cause any real harm to enemies..." Chen Xiaobei disagreed, shaking his head.

"Let's try something else, then. Young man, I want you to hit me," Shaoba Xingjun said.

"Me? Hit you? Sir, you must be joking. You'll become a pile of dead meat if I do hit," Cangjin Gu narrowed his eyes fearsomely.

"Don't worry! Just come at me!" Shaoba Xingjun said confidently.

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Chapter 433: Mouth of Curses

Cangjin Gu had 20000 (+5000) combat power, and Shaoba Xingjun only had 5 combat power.

There was absolutely no question as to who would come out on top.

"Geezer, I think we should call this off since you're Bro Bei's friend. I don't want to hurt you," Cangjin Gu said – the Japanese man was clearer doubting the mortal deity's ability.

"Don't worry. Just give it a try. My Mouth of Curses is at tip-top condition – I'm full of vigor!" Shaoba Xingjun replied.

"Can the Mouth of Curses really defeat a legendary prodigy of Japan?" Being Chinese natives, both Chen Xiaobei and Yap Lianchen had heard their fair share of mythical tales. They were really looking forward to what the God of Misfortune would show them.

"Just go ahead." Chen Xiaobei nodded.

"I'll come at you with full strength since Bro Bei has given me the green light!" Cangjin Gu smiled calmly; he was rather nonchalant about the weakling in front of him.

"Come on!" Shaoba Xingjun nodded and stood his ground, waiting for Cangjin Gu's charge. His body was so thin and frail that a strong gust of wind would have blown him away easily.

Whoosh!

Cangjin Gu charged at Shaoba Xingjun as if an arrow.

"So fast!" Yap Lianchen exclaimed in shock – his ten thousand combat power dulled in comparison to Cangjin Gu's combat power.

"You're right, I'm impressed too. It's impossible for me to catch up to him in the near future..." Chen Xiaobei said, his attention on every movement by Cangjin Gu. There was such a huge gulf in ability between him and the Japanese.

"Big Mouth of Curses, curse him. His left foot shall collide with his right!" Shaoba Xingjun murmured softly.

"What's that supposed to mean? Don't joke around! I'm the prodigy- Oof..." Cangjin Gu was caught before he could finish – his left foot has indeed tangled with his right, making him lose his balance and fall. Due to his inertial speed he slid towards Shaoba Xingjun, stuffing his mouth with mud.

"Woah! Woah! Woah!" Both Chen Xiaobei and Yap Lianchen cried out at the same time.

Cangjin Gu was one of the top elites in Japan, but somehow the prodigy tripped over his own feet! Everyone would definitely laugh at him, if others knew about this embarrassing incident, and the whole of Japan would be ashamed of him too!

One sentence from Shaoba Xingjun, and curse would occur regardless through a series of butterfly effects. It was unbelievable!

"How was it? Now, you guys know that I'm the real dead, huh?" Shaoba Xingjun said smugly as he flicked his messy and dirty hair around.

"Uhm... I'm impressed... I'm truly impressed. The culture of China is truly rich, I was the ignorant one. I would never doubt any Chinese deities or legends anymore." Cangjin Gu muttered in acknowledgment.

"This is extraordinary! No wonder all the other deities were afraid of you!" Chen Xiaobei and Yap Liangchen gaped at Shaoba Xingjun. The geezer had zero cultivation, but his ability could help him beat everyone! They shudder to imagine what his curses would do against powerful opponents.

"Hmmm. Shaobao Xingjun, you mentioned that your curses work best when you've fully recovered, right? Does it take much to drop a curse?" Chen Xiaobei asked.

The God of Misfortune nodded. "Yes. I could only curse three times on a full charge due to my mortal flesh. My curses will be less effective if I'm tired too!"

"Three times isn't bad at all! It could turn the tide around if used at the opportune moment." Chen Xiaobei nodded, before asking: "Do you have a proper name? I can't be calling you Shaobao Xingjun around other people – and you can't go around calling me God Chen either."

"My surname is Wang and my name is Husheng." The old man said softly.

"Wang Husheng..." Chen Xiaobei was left speechless for a while. "Then, I would call you Old Wang from now on! You could call me Xiaobei."

"Alright!" Old Wang seemed to like his new name.

"And remember to stick close to me. I'll definitely help you recruit disciples as soon as possible!" Chen Xiaobei said thoughtfully. "Hmmm. I'll have to make some changes, since I have one more helper with me. So, starting tomorrow, Cangjin Gu will stay here and protect my parents. Old Wang, you are coming with me to Crimson Cloud City!"

"What about me?" Yap Liangchen asked.

"I need you to travel to Dragon City tomorrow and look for a huge plot of land. I need it to plant South Pole Spiritual Jade Fruits."

Yap Liangchen thought about it. "Bro Bei," he said afterwards. "I think the place you need must be hidden but also be suitable for living. And you'll need someone to guard those fruits!"

"Indeed." Chen Xiaobei agreed. "I'm glad you understand what I need. I'll leave it to you since you know Dragon City better than anyone else here,"

After that, everyone went back into the house and had a good night's sleep.

Chen Xiaobei and Old Wang woke up early next morning to meet up with Song Qincheng and board the plane to Crimson Cloud City. The young vixen had planned something naughty for Chen Xiaobei mid-flight, but with Old Wang travelling along she could only do it in her mind.

Crimson Cloud City stood between Green Vine City and Dragon City, and the travel distance was short. There were three S Class Mercedes Benz parked in a single file waiting for Song Qincheng at the airport when they landed. Those cars cost at least a few million alone, which in turn tells anyone not too ignorant that the Fan Family was filthy rich.

"Madam, welcome back!" An elderly man who had the mannerisms of a butler walked towards Song Qincheng and greeted her.

"Uncle Lin." Song Qincheng nodded politely to him. It was clear that the old man was respected in Fan Family.

"And these two are?" Uncle Lin squinted his wrinkled eyelids to stared coldly at both Chen Xiaobei and Old Wang. It seems that observing someone was his forte after long of years of servitude as a butler. To him, a twenty-year old brat who standing alongside a fifty-year old, perverted looking old man was simply unsightly.

"This is Mr. Chen... He is a rising superstar that Qincheng Entertainment Agency had just recruited. The one beside him is Old Wang, Mr. Chen's assistant," Song Qincheng quickly explained.

"Hmph! Young men nowadays are quite something, isn't it? An assistant is absolutely unnecessary since he just started working... Or is he going to have a team tag along with him wherever he goes when he becomes famous?" Uncle Lin said sarcastically.

"Uncle Lin, could you please stop talking?" Song Qincheng frowned, clearly unhappy with the old man's attitude towards Chen Xiaobei.

"Madam, I'm doing it for your sake. He would trample all over you when he gains even a little fame in the future!" Uncle Lin said confidently, as if he knew what would happen in the future.

"For me? That, is absolutely unnecessary!" Song Qincheng snapped.

'I don't think even you have the power to bring him down. This brat is Bro Bei of Green Vine City, who can summon thousands of gangsters with one call. A butler like you to bringing him down?! That's just stupid!' She thought.

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Chapter 434: Such Manners?

"If madam doesn't like it, I won't persist," Uncle Lin merely gave a little shrug after catching Song Qincheng's fury. "Hey! People!" He called out the others who were still in the other cars. "Come over and help carry Madam's luggage!"

The bodyguards quickly alighted and did as they were told, while Uncle Lin pressed on. This time, he aimed a dig at Old Wang.

"What kind of assistant is this?" He glared at the other man haughtily. "He looks like one of those village coolies! That really bothers me!"

Being a jovial and carefree deity, Old Wang scratched his head a little and continued to mind his own business – which appeared to be anything except Uncle Lin.

"You fool! Can't you could at least pretend to be annoyed?" Uncle Lin exclaimed, rolling his eyes. Those security guards around him guffawed, ignoring the unhappy Song Qincheng. It was obvious that there was no one in the Fan Family who cared about or respected her, the most they would grant her was skin-deep respect.

"Hey, old fart! You aren't that young anymore, I think you should learn when to shut up." Chen Xiaobei said calmly.

Uncle Lin's eyes widened, and his tone turned cold. "Who the hell do you think you are?" He seethed. "You weren't even born when I conquered the world with Master Fan! You have no right to tell me what to do!"

"I'm just giving some advice! Take it or leave it." Chen Xiaobei shrugged.

"What a terrible joke! I'm the third-generation butler in Fan Family; I can make you disappear with a single phone call! I'll be laughing stock if I ever follow to your advice!"

"Uncle Lin, Mr. Chen is an associate of Qincheng Entertainment Agency! You're overstepping your influence!" Song Qincheng clenched her fists; her beautiful face was filled with anger.

Uncle Lin was unfettered, however. His smile never vanished.

"Madam, did you forget that the company belongs to Fan Family?" He sneered. "I think you would lose everything if Master Fan simply decides to shut it down."

"I..." Song Qincheng was rendered speechless. She would have left or rebelled against the Fan Family if it was not for the company that she nurtured with everything she had. There was no need for her to endure the almost inhumane behavior the entire clan leveled against her otherwise.

"Qincheng, you don't have to defend me anymore. Uncle Lin is right! Small fry like me shouldn't tell him what to do!" Chen Xiaobei suddenly said calmly.

"I'm glad you know your place! You should know your place even if you become a star!" Uncle Lin glared at Chen Xiaobei warningly.

"Yes, understood. Oh, but here's another a kind reminder. The gods are always watching," Chen Xiaobei smiled.

"God? The Fan Family is the God of Crimson Cloud City!" Uncle Lin rolled his eyes at Chen and said pridefully.

Their convoy headed straight for the Fan Family mansion after stuffing their luggage into the cars.

The residence was enormous; it was comparable to Lan Family's own mansion in Green Vine City! As the richest and most powerful family in Crimson Cloud City, many women dreamed of marrying into the clan. Only Song Qincheng herself knew of the horrors that lurked behind the notion – the more they approached the mansion, the more her face grew visibly upset.

There was already a crowd was gathered by the front gate, with Fan Tong standing up front. The people standing behind him appeared to be Jianghu figures, while the Fan Family's servants were standing further back.

"Brother Fan, you're such a good husband... No one else would lead such a huge parade to welcome their wife!" A bald man grinned.

"That's for sure!" A muscular man with a mustache exclaimed. "All of us know that Brother Fan and his wife are the ideal couple of Crimson Cloud City! They still appear to be newlyweds, even after years of marriage... We're so envious of you!"

"My relationship with Qincheng is great, but both of you are influential figures in Crimson Cloud City too. Don't tease me too much... Hahaha..." Fan Tong laughed pretentiously.

"Brother Fan, you're the one making fun of us!" The bald man continued. "Your cultivation improved tremendously after you met Old Man Feng – I'm afraid you will become so much more powerful than I am after three years of training!"

"Yeah!" The mustached man joined in. "This young man is taking over the Jianghu. Nobody other than Brother Fan is going to win the upcoming Sanshi Martial Art Competition. We'll just have to wait and watch!"

"I'll do my best for the upcoming Tri City Martial Art Competition," Fan Tong smiled without the slightest effort of acting humble. "I will become the next Tri City Alliance Leader and bring prosperity to the Crimson Cloud Jianghu!"

"Fantastic! Brother Fan is clearly more than we ever could be!" The bald man seemed unable to stop complimenting Fan Tong. "To think that he has his goal set on becoming the Tri City Alliance Leader... I really don't think I was that competitive when I was his age!"

Not one to admit defeat, the mustached man started grovel at Fan Tong's feet as well. "Brother Fan won't disappoint! The citizens of Crimson Cloud City will be proud to have you as the Tri City Alliance Leader!"

"Fan Alliance Leader the magnificent! Fan Alliance Leader the magnificent! Fan Alliance Leader the magnificent!" The people from Jianghu around Fan Tong started to chant.

"Thank you so much for the support! I won't disappoint! Bahahaha!" Fan Tong absolutely loved the attention that he was showered with, and began to chortle proudly where he stood.

Meanwhile, the three Mercedes arrived at the front gate of Fan Family's mansion. Song Qincheng boiled with anger when she saw Fan Tong standing by the gate, waiting for her return. Her gaze could kill.

"So, that's Fan Tong? Why did he bring so many people for your reception?" Chen Xiaobei asked softly.

"Do you really believe what you see? The whole thing is just a huge facade. How would he hide the fact that he's a eunuch if he doesn't show his love for me in public?" Song Qincheng's cold words caught Chen Xiaobei by surprise. The depth of her torment by the hands of the pathological liar that was Fan Tong finally dawned upon him.

"Hey, gorgeous! Stop sulking, I'll avenge you. Don't worry!" Chen Xiaobei smiled darkly.

"This is Crimson Cloud City!" Song Qincheng frowned. "You can't do whatever you like here – all those people around Fan Tong are Jianghu elites, and not some lowlife street thugs!"

"Hehe... I have elite with me as well..."

"With you?" Song Qincheng asked in surprise, and quickly turned to Old Wang.

'This wimpy uncle is an elite? You have to be kidding me!' She thought, still unable to understand why Chen Xiaobei would bring the old man along with him.

"Old Wang, listen..." Chen Xiaobei leaned over and whispered into Old Wang's ear.

"Okay... Understood..." Old Wang nodded.

Soon, their car parked in front of the gate and everyone alighted. Quickly straightening his suit, Fan Tong put on his brightest smile and walked towards Song Qincheng like a perfect husband.

"Ouch! Shit!" Fan Tong suddenly yelled as he fell in front of Chen Xiaobei.

"Woah, Mr. Fan! You're too polite... You really shouldn't pay your respects by lying prone in front of me... This is embarrassing!" Chen Xiaobei grinned mockingly.

"Master! Are you okay? Ouch..." Uncle Lin quickly ran over to help Fan Tong, but he fell right in front of Chen Xiaobei as well.

"Uncle Lin? You too? And it's the same exact pose as well... There's no need to rush, really! Take a look at yourself... Your front teeth are all gone now..." Chen Xiaobei's grin broadened.

"Haha!"

Song Qincheng had been fuming a while ago. But like magic, her anger vanished instantly when she saw the amazing clowns act.

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Chapter 435: Bro Bei From Green Vine City

The crowd was speechless.

They never expected the leader of Fan Family and the Future Alliance Leader to fall flat on the ground; they would not have believed it if they were not seeing it with their own eyes.

It was extraordinary even for common folk to display such clumsiness. In fact, Fan Tong would undoubtedly become joke of the year if others learn of this scandalous occurrence. Jianghu would be humiliated to have such a clown of his caliber trying to grab power in the martial arts scene of the Crimson Cloud.

That much was obvious from the people around him. Clearly disgruntled, they started to complain behind his back.

"E-Everyone... Tea will be served at the courtyard... I shall be there after I changed into a new set of clothes..." Fan Tong said as he fumbled to get up. He glared at Chen Xiaobei and Song Qincheng before almost running into his mansion.

"Master... Wait for me..." Uncle Lin rose as well. He looked like a senile old-man now – a trail of blood streamed from the corner of his mouth, and both his front teeth were gone.

Most of the others started to leave for the courtyard while Song Qincheng did her best to stifle her giggles. When they were out of sight, she finally unleashed herself. The sight of that arrogant Uncle Lin

and her so-called husband limping away in shame was simply too hilarious – and so she laughed hysterically as if she had gone mad, clutching her stomach.

Gulp

Chen Xiaobei swallowed. He was utterly captivated by the stimulating sight of Song Qincheng's massive breasts that swayed all over the place as she guffawed. In a corner of his mind, he was genuinely impressed by the quality of her clothes that did not tear up despite what lies beneath.

"Little pervert! Why are you drooling? You've seen my naked body before, right?" Song Qincheng pressed a finger against Chen Xiaobei's forehead seductively.

"I have seen it, but I have not eaten it – that's why it's natural for me to salivate over your body!" Chen Xiaobei licked his lips and grinned evilly.

"You're such a naughty boy!" Song Qincheng pouted.

"Xiaobei, I heard something about eating..." Old Wan cut them short with a rather meek voice. "What are we going to eat? I'm actually famished..."

"Uh... Nothing..." Chen Xiaobei shifted his attention away from Song Qincheng's chest immediately.

Song Qincheng turned red as well. "Let's go. We shall head to the dining hall for a good meal," she said. "You two can eat whatever you want!"

At the dining hall, the servants quickly prepared some food for Chen Xiaobei and Old Wang at Song Qincheng's order. All the dishes were Crimson City signature delicacies, the two of them enjoyed it very much. This was especially true for Old Wang who never ate food from the human realm. He was utterly delighted.

Later, a servant came to inform them that Fan Tong had asked for Chen Xiaobei and Song Qincheng at the courtyard. Chen Xiaobei quickly obliged to stave off further hostility before the Sanshi Martial Arts Competition.

There were several tea tables at the back garden. The Jianghu members were having a pleasant moment as they helped themselves to delicious tea and snacks.

"Qincheng, over here."

Fan Tong was in a fresh set of clothes. He smiled pretentiously as he pulled out a chair for Song Qincheng and poured her a cup of tea. She indulged him as the crowd looked on.

The eunuch had ignored Chen Xiaobei completely; he did not seem to have any intention of asking him to join them. For his part, Chen Xiaobei simply remained silent – he wanted to watch Fan Tong's acting firsthand.

"Qincheng, I have not seen you for a long time. You look thinner!" Fan Tong exclaimed as he reached out to touch Song Qincheng's hand. Disgusted, she shifted her hands instinctively and rested them atop her sensual thighs.

Apparently worried that this might incense Chen Xiaobei, she stole a quick glance but found him giving her a wink instead. Her heart leapt. Though it made her nervous to see him flirt with her in front of her husband and other Jianghu folks, she felt a mysterious excitement akin to that of a cheating wife. Such were the taste of the forbidden fruit – they were the most delicious of them all.

The move, however, did not escape Fan Tong. He narrowed his eyes and glared at Chen Xiaobei with hostility. He was obviously still fuming about what the brat had said to him when he fell dramatically.

Still, his display of affection was denied – he had to switch gears quickly.

"Qincheng, who might this young fellow be?" He asked almost too politely. "I believed you haven't introduced him to us yet."

"He's Chen Xiaobei, a celebrity that I have just recruited." Song Qincheng replied.

"Celebrity? Then he's here to entertain us!" The bald man rolled his eyes at Chen Xiaobei. "And here I thought he was some kind of big shot... He does not deserve to sit in the same car as your wife!"

"Not quite," The mustached man said. "Chen Xiaobei is pretty famous, he made a name for himself on the Internet for selling peaches, and is a great singer. My daughter is crazy about him; she probably won't hesitate to leap into bed with him... Bahahaha..."

It was then that the mustached man realized that Fan Tong was glowering at him, whereby he quickly changed his attitude. "However, he is still an entertainer. In other words, he is no different from a circus monkey!"

That pleased Fan Tong, who appeared to have called Chen Xiaobei here for the express purpose of humiliating him. Song Qincheng frowned beside him in displeasure; she wanted badly to defend him but saw Chen Xiaobei shaking his head. She calmed herself down.

"Bro Bei? How dare an entertainer like Chen Xiaobei call himself by that name?" Someone asked.

"What do you mean?" Another man asked.

"Recently, a guy named Bro Bei took control over the underworld of Green Vine City. I heard he's extremely powerful, and no one in Green Vine City dared to go against him!" The first man explained.

"I heard what this Bro Bei did in Green Vine City as well!" The man with the mustache said, and everyone else quieted down immediately and turned to him. It seemed that this man knows much about Bro Bei.

"Has any of you heard of Qiu Hairui or Gu Chaozuo?" he asked.

"Of course. Both of them were Murong Tian's favorite generals, and they founded a faction together. However, those two later made a coup for power against Old Man Tian!"

"That's right," the mustached man nodded. "They almost succeeded in doing so too – the Black Gang had a really well-thought-out plans, but the man named Bro Bei simply trampled all over them. After that, Qiu Hairui and Gu Chaozuo disappeared from Jianghu completely, and the underbelly of Green Vine City was reunited. I heard that it's even stronger than when Murong Tian reigned – just a few days

ago, that Bro Bei made a call and thousands answered! I heard that the second master of Fan Family was crippled by him..."

"Few thousand people?! That's just crazy!"

Most of the people in the courtyard were influential figures in Jianghu, but none of them held a candle to that sort of authority. Now, there was little wonder why Fan Tong did not avenge his brother – he was afraid!

"That guy is so impressive! I hope I can have a drink with him!" The bald man exclaimed.

"You? You're not worthy!" The mustached man mocked.

The bald man smiled awkwardly but did not defend himself.

"We probably won't get meet such a great man in this life!" Everyone else murmured.

Chen Xiaboei and Song Qingchen exchanged another glance. They were the only ones who knew the truth!

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Chapter 436: The Rewards for the Martial Arts Competition

Out of the blue, the Jianghu crowd were showering overwhelming praise over this 'Bro Bei'. And yet, Song Qincheng was the only one who was aware that he was simply standing right in front of them.

Cough

Cough

Fan Tong was not at all pleased – Bro Bei had crippled his brother after all. However, he was scared enough to avoid insulting that man in public, which was why he kept faking loud coughs to stop them from talking. In other words, the leader of Fan Family and the future Tri City Jianghu Alliance Leader was actually afraid!

Thorough it all, Chen Xiaobei simply stood in a corner and enjoyed the incessant plaudits while Song Qincheng glued her eyes to him.

'I'm so blessed to have you in my life!' She thought.

"Alright! Let's get back to business!" Baldy, knowing what Fan Tong was like, changed topics immediately to save Fan Tong's face.

"The Tri City Martial Art Competition will commence in three days!" The mustached man declared; he seemed to be the most informed among them. "I heard that Baihe City and Zijiang City had hired some really powerful elites to participate, and that Zijiang City hired a foreigner."

"The people from Baihe City are extremely secretive," someone said. "Never underestimate them – especially since the rewards for the competition are rather special this year! Every faction has their eyes on it!"

Reward!

Chen Xiaobei became excited; he was only here for the rewards after all.

Song Qincheng had mentioned before that the rewards could be martial art manuals, weapons, and Spirit Stones, the latter of which was what Chen Xiaobei need most. However, he would not mind winning martial art manuals and weapons either since he could always sell them to the highest bidders in Dragon City. They might even sell for billions, even!

"My intel says that the winner would have the opportunity to train at the holy land at Golden Dragon Temple for five days!" The man with the mustache said.

"Really?!" The crowd was visibly shocked.

Chen Xiaobei was really curious about the holy land but did not ask about it since they would only jeer him.

Song Qincheng, however knew him enough. "Why would training in the holy land within the Golden Dragon Temple be a reward?" she asked.

Baldy was the one who answered.

"It's every martial artist's dream to raise their cultivation as soon as possible, but it takes Spiritual Qi to do so and there is a limited amount of it on earth. The energy is usually concentrated at famous mountains and caves, and the land that the Golden Dragon Temple was built upon is one of them! That's why the temple was home to many Jianghu legends. Their disciples would receive a steady supply of Spiritual Qi that improves their cultivation exponentially compared to anywhere else."

"Recently, a zone was singled out as the 'holy land' by the first abbot who had a Spiritual Qi Taiji Formation. The amount of Spiritual Qi in that area is hundredfold more concentrated than other areas around the temple, the boons made it the dream destination of every martial artist. However, the amount of Spiritual Qi in the holy land is limited, which was why outsiders are usually banned from entering. This time, however, they decided that they would allow an outsider to enter for five days – it's a golden opportunity!"

Everyone else nodded. All of them were hoping that they would be chosen to enter the holy land, and Chen Xiaobei was no exception.

"Wow! That's definitely better than Spirit Stones!" Chen Xiaobei was squealing inside.

There was no doubt that he would receive an unlimited supply of Spiritual Qi for five days if he emerged victorious. His health and combat power would increase by leaps and bounds with the help of Heaven and Earth Scripture and Indestructible Eternal King Body Enhancement Skill! Chen Xiaobei was extremely excited just imagining it.

Nonetheless, not everyone would have the opportunity to enter the holy land. To enter, they emerged victorious in the Martial Arts Competition – there was little wonder why every single faction was gunning for it.

"Well, the reward is definitely precious, but Baihe and Zijiang City must have hired some powerful people to participate. I suspect it'd be difficult for us to win this one..." Someone said doubtfully.

Most of the others were in agreement. "People tend to fight harder if it gives them what they really want... I'm pretty sure the others would die fighting for this incredible opportunity!" Another person added.

"Everyone, there's no need to worry! Elder Feng promised that he would come and help me!" Fan Tong grinned confidently.

"What? Old Man Feng is coming? Well then, first place is ours!"

"You're right! Not even the monk leader of Golden Dragon Temple can defeat Elder Feng! No one in Jianghu would dare to challenge him if he enters!"

"Looks like the championship is Crimson Cloud City's!"

The crowd was buzzing. They believed that Old Man Feng was invincible!

"I might need the help of Elder Feng this time, but I promise – we will keep winning first place of the Martial Art Competition every coming year once I enter the holy land to raise my cultivation! When the time comes, everyone can join me as we conquer all three cities and rise above all else! Hahaha..." Fan Tong laughed arrogantly.

It was then that Chen Xiaobei asked: "How can I join this martial art competition?" He appeared to have been holding back for some time.

"Why? Are you planning to join too?" Fan Tong laughed. "You're too weak and too young! Is this even a joke?"

"That's right! You're going to get crippled for the rest of your life!"

"Did you think that you are that Bro Bei from Green Vine City? You're just an entertainer! You should do what you were born to do!"

"Agree! An imbecile!"

Everyone began to belittle and mock Chen Xiaobei after Fan Tong. To them, he was just a young star-hopeful, and was nothing compared to the king of Green Vine City's underbelly.

"I'm just asking," Chen Xiaobei replied. "I don't think it would hurt anyone here even if I really did join!"

"You're right, why should I stop you from killing yourself?" Fan Tong smiled darkly. "Everyone can participate. Just register yourself on the day itself, and you can fight!"

"That's great! I should totally do it for fun!" Chen Xiaobei shrugged.

"Have fun? Let me warn you," Fan Tong said ominously. "This is a real fight, it involves weapons and blood. You're fully responsible for your own injuries – or death! You should buy yourself a coffin before you join!"

However, his words almost made Chen Xiaobei laugh.

Ding!

[Cultivation: Early phase of Qi refining stage. Health: 6000. Combat power: 6000!]

'Laugh all you want. If you're as powerful as you said you were and that everyone else here was roughly the same level as you, I'm wiping the floor with every single one of you!' Chen Xiaobei thought with a grin.

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Chapter 437: The Cockblocker

Crimson Cloud City was no Dragon City.

Murong Tian's five thousand combat power had been sufficient for him to dominate Green Vine City, just as Fan Tong's six thousand permit him to rule over Crimson City.

But to Chen Xiaobei, to rule a mere city was like trying to draw blood from a rock – a complete waste of time.

Still, he was slightly worried about that 'Elder Feng' the crowd kept mentioning. It seems that the old man's combat power would prove to be higher than all the contestants of the martial art competition, and the fact that even the master of Golden Dragon Temple could not vanquish him only adds to his reputation.

Right now, Chen Xiaobei would have a chance to win if he was up against Murong Tian's Shixiong, that giant monk with eight thousand combat power. Murong Tian's Sifu, however, would definitely walk all over Chen Xiaobei. There would always be more powerful individuals than him!

Stepping out of Green Vine City – that tiny speck of a town – Chen Xiaobei's view of the world had immediately expanded. He knew very well that he still had a long way to go; his journey had just begun! And one of his first steps would be to win the Martial Arts Competition and train in the holy place at the Golden Dragon Temple.

"Gentlemen, please enjoy your tea. I shall take my leave." Chen Xiaobei casted the Jianghu members a brief glance before quickly walking away.

"Motherf*cker! What sort of attitude is that? Come back here!" the Baldy commanded.

Chen Xiaobei played deaf and carried on.

"Brother Fan, are you just letting him walk away like that?" the face of the mustached man darkened.

These Jianghu folks caused so much trouble wherever they went that even municipal officers feared them. That was why for them to be disregarded by Chen Xiaobei was akin to being slapped. Everyone was clearly disgruntled but they could do nothing unless the owner of the house spoke up. It was Fan Tong's mansion after all – they would have already given Chen Xiaobei a good beating anywhere else!

Nonetheless, Fan Tong merely narrowed his eyes and said nonchalantly: "It's fine. Let him keep his tough guy act for another two days – we'll just beat him up during the martial art competition.

"Good idea! I shall trample his face until he's crippled. It would such fun! Hehe..." Baldy grinned.

Song Qincheng quickly rose from her seat at those words.

"Qincheng, what are you doing?" Fan Tong asked.

"I've no interest in the current conversation. Have fun!" Song Qincheng turned and hurried after Chen.

"Is she angry?" Baldy pursed his lips, "No way! She's mad us because of that clown?"

"Brother Fan," the mustache man added gravely. "I heard some crazy rumors about sister-in-law having an affair... Could she be with that jerk?"

"Never." Fan Tong said. confidently. "I have complete faith in our relationship. You don't have to mind such nonsense, Qincheng is merely career-driven."

In truth, his unwavering confidence was based on Song Qincheng's frequent virginity checkup – which she would undergo tomorrow too. Fan Tong was also certain that a woman who has betrayed him would never dare to return, which in turn meant that he could not even begin to imagine what that was actually happening right then....

"Hmmm..."

Chen Xiaobei had grabbed Song Qincheng and wrapped his arms around her slender waist once she was out of sight from the courtyard, gripping her firmly against him.

Her perky breasts pressed against his own chest, while her inviting long legs thrust against his crotch. As their bodies melded, Song Qincheng's body relaxed and she protested playfully in his embrace.

"Do you want to die? We can't do this here. What if someone sees us?"

"Let them. You'll eventually be mine anyway!" Chen Xiaobei grinned and buried his head in her neck, taking in her invigorating womanly scent.

"When would that be? I don't think I can wait anymore!" Song Qincheng's rosy lips curved into a dainty pout as she fluttered her long lashes like a kitten.

"Silly, I meant you will be mine, morning and night!" Chen Xiaobei beamed suggestively. He gazed at her delicate features to admire her ravishing appearances, and started to kiss every single corner of her body.

Forehead, cheek, chin, her long slender neck...Chen Xiaobei landed smooches everywhere imaginable. Song Qincheng shuddered in pleasure, her long, lean glistening thighs parted – she could barely hold herself together now. Meanwhile, Chen Xiaobei became bolder, and his hands started to touch regions that lacks tact.

"Xiaobei... Xiaobei... Oh... You're so naughty...Please be gentle...My shirt will get wrinkled... Don't touch... Don't..." Song Qincheng's lips parted as her breathing became rushed.

Her flushed flesh was filled with longing and tension; her glistening eyes were gentle and welcoming.

There was only one thing in her mind right now – to completely surrender everything she was to Chen Xiaobei. She would not mind doing it on the grass they were standing on right now! It was just so hilarious that the idiot Fan Tong was still bragging to his hooligan friends about how wonderful his marriage with Song Qincheng was, and the intimate bond that they shared!

He could not even begin imagine what was happening just a few steps away from him, in his own house!

"Xiaobei! Xiaobei, where are you..." A meek voice suddenly called out. It was Old Wang, coming over to them with a toothpick in his mouth.

"You- You..." The God of Misfortune flinched, his eyes widening in shock as he stared at them. He may be a deity, but he also understood relationships – and it was not as if it takes a genius to understand what Chen Xiaobei and Song Qincheng were doing.

"Hmmm... I didn't see anything... Just, uh... Haha! Right, continue..." Old Wang quickly left the scene.

"Let me go..." Suddenly embarrassed, Song Qincheng quickly pushed Chen Xiaobei away. She stood up to straighten her clothing while scolding him too.

"I told you not to do it here, but you didn't listen... Now we're in trouble..."

"Don't worry, Old Wang is on our side. Let's continue!" Chen Xiaobei insisted, reaching out for her once more.

"Don't even fool around!" Song Qincheng was so abashed she could dig a hole and bury herself. She slapped his hands away and whimpered, "You're so bad. I don't want to talk to you anymore!"

"What..." Chen Xiaobei wanted to weep. Just a moment ago, she was so willing, so prepared and so aroused... How much he wanted to transform into a lightning bolt and strike down Old Wang, that cockblocker!

"I know this is hard for you. But it's hard for me too..." Song Qincheng sunk her teeth gently into Chen Xiaobei's earlobe, "I'll call you tonight. Then, you can do whatever you want!"

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Chapter 438: Have a Taste of the Elixir of Obedience

Song Qincheng had told her servants to clear out two rooms for Chen Xiaobei and Old Wang. Chen Xiaobei was in his own, modifying the martial art manuals that he planned to auction off at Dragon City.

Left with nothing to do, the bored Old Wang kept pacing in circles around him. Furthermore, nobody would talk to him despite his rejoining the Red Envelope Group with his new cellphone – he was the God of Misfortune after all. After all while, Chen Xiaobei stopped his work and looked something up to ease his boredom.

"Come. Download this and have fun. You're making me dizzy..." Chen handed the cellphone back to Old Wang.

"Mobile... Legends?" Old Wang began tapping as he tried to figure out the game that Chen Xiaobei showed him. At first, he was silent, but became really excited when he finally learned how to play.

"This game is so interesting! I can play as Monkey King, Xiangyu, and even Li Bai! This is so fun!"

"Xiaobei! Xiaobei! How did my Monkey King get killed a minion? That's impossible! Monkey King is not that weak!"

"It's a game, all the characters start off weak. You need to level up first..." Chen Xiaobei replied nonchalantly.

"Xiaobei! Xiaobei! I leveled up, but why did my character die again?"

"You have to purchase some equipment..."

"Xiaobei! Xiaobei! What is a primary school student? Why did my team members call me a primary school student?"

"Erm... They were praising you for playing well..."

"I see... Earthlings are so kind! I'll tell them that they are primary school students as well!"

"....."

Chen Xiaobei felt troubled. Maybe he should not have interfered.

Time passed.

Chen Xiaobei had modified the Breast-groping Dragon Claw and Seventy-Two Ways to Get Laid into Heart Gouging Dragon Claw and Seven-Two Ways to Master Ringen respectively, and posted some passages from the manual on his Weibo.

Most of his fans appeared baffled; they made conjectures as if the sentences were a secret code. However, the post was meant for the select few who followed him on Weibo at the auction in Dragon City. They were extremely excited, with every single one of them messaging him in private to ask about the date of the auction and the price – although Chen Xiaobei stayed tight-lipped about those things.

As an experienced and successful businessman in his own right, Chen Xiaobei decided to rope them in through suspense. Afterwards, they would definitely not hesitate to make bids with everything they had to lay get those two martial art manuals.

He then realized that it was almost time for dinner, but Old Wang was still playing Mobile Legends. He was clearly addicted – it seems that even deities could not resist Mobile Legends!

The idea then came to Chen Xiaobei that he should promote the game at the Red Envelope Group. It would be great fun if he could play with his friends or organize a Mobile Legends E-sport Competition! The latter would definitely be more interesting than most competitions he participated before.

Stashing the thought aside, Chen Xiaobei started to ask Old Wang to leave the room for dinner, but several attendants brought some food for them.

There was no question that the dining hall was occupied by Fan Tong and his cronies – the servants might not even have brought them their dinner if Song Qinchen did not remind them. Still, it did not bother Chen Xiaobei in the least.

It was better to eat alone than being forced to look at Fan Tong's stupid face.

"Old Wang, I'm going out for a while. I need you to stay in the room and don't go wandering around. Understand?" Chen Xiaobei said. He was feeling 'ready' after having dinner, and was simply waiting for Song Qinchen's signal to have one wild ride.

"Understood..." Old Wang replied, never taking his eyes off his phone. He never put it down even when he ate as he pored over the attributes of each character in detail.

Chen Xiaobei nodded jovially – it was unlikely for Old Wang to disturb him with him so preoccupied over Mobile Legends. He also made sure to mute his phone so that no one could interrupt as he indulged on Song Qincheng.

One way or the other, he will lose his virginity tonight.

Soon, however, he grew worried. Song Qincheng had not given him the signal.

"Why isn't Qincheng calling for me?" He muttered. "Did something happen to her? Guess I have to check it out!"

The dining hall.

Fan Tong and Song Qincheng sat at the center of the room with the others surrounding them. All sorts of expensive dishes were spread across the table; every single one plate looked so much more exquisite and finely prepared than Chen Xiaobei and Old Wang's dinner.

Fan Tong's friends started to talk about his marriage after having their fill.

"Brother Fan. What's the secret to your marriage? How do you maintain your relationship?" Baldy asked with a grin.

"There's nothing to it! Brother Fan is so handsome and rich – there's no woman in this world who wouldn't fall in love with him!" The mustached man replied.

"You know nothing! Looks and money are skin-deep. I believe Brother Fan's dragon is the chief factor! His cultivation is so powerful he'd make his wife go crazy in bed! It's no wonder that they love each other so much!" the Baldy grinned ominously.

"Hmmm. You're right, you're absolutely right! Nowadays, women like men with big dicks, and I'm confident that Brother Fan's is humongous!" The mustached man joined in the groveling.

"Qincheng, I think you know best! Is his prick big? Do you like it?" Baldy asked teasingly.

All the while, Song Qincheng had been wearing an expression of pure disgust. She would have flipped the table and left if it was not for her precious company.

"Hahaha...You guys should stop talking! Qincheng is really shy about these things..." Fan Tong faked a smile changed the topic immediately to clear the awkward atmosphere. In reality, he was hardly pleased that they kept blabbing on about such things too since he castrated himself some time ago.

"Brother Fan, you were defending her, and therefore violating the 'Bros before Hos' rule!" The mustached man laughed. "You have to drink three shots of whiskey!"

"Three shots of whiskey isn't enough!" Baldy exclaimed. "We all want to watch see you kiss your wife here!"

"Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" Everyone started to chant excitedly.

Song Qincheng was genuinely upset. She hated Fan Tong's touch, let alone a kiss! However, she did not dare to reject him in public; she feared for both her company and Chen Xiaobei. The latter was in

Crimson Cloud City now – it would be impossible for him to summon his followers and plainly unwise to challenge Fan Tong on his turf.

Drip

A drop of pink solution trickled into Fan Tong's cup. Everyone was too busy with the festivities to notice it.

"Alright! I shall drink three shots of whiskey as punishment!" Fan Tong kept his dummy smile while gulping down all three shots without a pause.

Chen Xiaobei grinned evilly. "Have a taste of some Elixir of Obedience!" He whispered to himself.

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Chapter 439: My Eyes are Defiled

Chen Xiaobei was concealed beneath his Nightstalker Outfit. He would never let a eunuch kiss his woman, and Fan Tong never felt his presence.

"Huh?"

Fan Tong could sense something unusual going on within his body after gulping down the first shot of whiskey. His brain went numb and his vision grew fuzzy, and his strength seem to leave him.

"Brother Fan, are you alright? You don't look so good!" Everyone at the table began asking the same question; they stared at him nervously. His face was a bizarre crimson, and he could not stop licking his lips.

Nevertheless, instead of looking unwell, it was more appropriate to say that he was displaying extreme arousal!

"Qincheng! I'm afraid that Brother Fan wants to go to be with you... Just take him back to your room, we'll be fine here!" Baldy quickly said.

Song Qincheng was thoroughly disgusted; she did not even want to touch Fan Tong, let alone help him back to their room.

Meanwhile, Chen Xiaobei was furious – that Baldy had been persistently bringing up all sorts of lecherous things. He needs to be punished too!

"You! Go and have sex with that Baldy!" Chen Xiaobei used his True Sound Mastery to transform his voice into an old man's voice.

"Who? Who was that?" The guests were stunned. There were just a few of them in the dining room, but that disembodied voice terrified them!

Wooooo

Suddenly, Fan Tong howled. The effect of the Elixir of Obedience was showing – concocted by the Perverted Spirit, it could make anyone lose their will and comply to every perverted suggestion!

In the very next second, having seemingly regained his strength, Fan Tong rose and charged at Baldy.

"Shit! What the hell is going on?"

Baldy was shocked – Fan Tong had held him by his shoulders and pushed him to the floor.

"Brother Fan... What are you trying to do? Calm down... You need to calm down... You're not thinking straight..."

Baldy was scared out of his wits; he somehow knew that something terrible was about to befall him.

"Oof..."

Before Baldy knew what was happening, Fan Tong had jammed his lips into his. The intense and passionate moment between two men was happening right there in the middle of the dining room, in front of so many people!

French kiss!

Saliva!

Tongue!

That scene could only be described with one word: filthy!

"Uhm... Uhm... Uhm..."

Baldy's brain went haywire as he became unable to defend himself. Indeed, the scene was reminiscent of the lyrics of a famous song that went: love was like a hurricane – it's unstoppable and comes when you're least expecting it.

"What the hell! What the f*ck is going on?!"

None of the guests expected such a bizarre scene to unfold before them.

"Why is Brother Fan kissing Baldy, not Qincheng?! Someone please explains this shit!"

"What the hell is there to explain!?! Brother Fan and Baldy are obviously homosexual lovers!"

"Blaaaaaargh... This is too bloody disgusting... I can't watch..."

"Hey, that's not right! Same-sex marriage is legal in many countries – how dare you discriminate against them?"

"Discriminate?! It's fucking disgusting!"

Gradually, everyone's surprise turned into horror. They quickly changed their minds about Fan Tong because there was no way they would let a homosexual rule the Jianghu of Crimson Cloud City. If that truly happened, they would never be able to hold their heads high or tell people from other towns that they hail from Crimson Cloud City.

"Qincheng, are you alright? Hang in there! You must believe in Brother Fan, he still loves you!"

It did not take long for the guests to shift their attention to Song Qincheng. In their minds, they berated Fan Tong for choosing Baldy over a gorgeous and tantalizing woman.

"Gentlemen, please don't worry about me. I've always known that something wasn't right with Fan Tong. For years we acted like the ideal husband and wife, but in truth I exist only to keep his darkest secrets. With this, there's nothing to hide anymore."

"What? I don't believe it! Brother Fan is horrible... He would destroy Qincheng's happiness for another man!"

"What a selfish asshole!"

All of them were at once repulsed by Fan Tong's behavior and sympathetic towards his poor wife.

"Oof... Stop kissing me... I'm not gay... Help... Guys... Help me please!" Baldy finally managed to surface from the sea of kisses and call for help. He was weaker than Fan Tong, which was why he still could not free himself entirely. The mustached man tried to help, but Fan Tong kicked him away almost effortlessly – after of which no one else dared to interfere again.

Tear

Baldy's shirt was torn apart by Fan Tong.

Whip

Fan Tong took off his pants, and everyone knew what was up next – vigorous, painful sexual violence.

"Disgusting!" Song Qincheng frowned and took two steps back before walking while the others were left aghast.

"Guys... Look at Brother Fan's crotch..."

"What happened to his..."

"It's gone!"

"Damn! Brother Fan... No... Fan Tong is a fucking eunuch!"

"For f*ck's sake! My eyes have been defiled! I'm leaving!"

"No one can keep watching this disgusting shit! I'm leaving too! Bye!"

Soon, with nobody else except the pair of homosexual lovers still in the dining hall, Chen Xiaobei left too. The effects of Obedient Elixir would not wear off until the following morning – enough for the two men to enjoy the night.

After putting some good distance between himself and the live homoerotic show, Chen Xiaobei took off his Nightstalker Outfit. He wanted to make a call to Song Qincheng, but she called him first – they were to meet out at the courtyard.

The moment she saw him, Song Qincheng ran into Chen Xiaobei's embrace and started to bawl like a baby.

"Pumpkin... Why are you crying?" Chen Xiaobei was shocked, not quite understanding her outburst of emotion. She had been really calm when Fan Tong expressed his 'love' for Baldy.

"I said it out loud! I've revealed Fan Tong's secret! I've finally done it!" Song Qincheng cried. She looked up to him, and he could see a wonderful smile on her face.

Her tears were happy ones. After all those years of being denied freedom by Fan Tong's gruesome demands and burdened by his grotesque secret, her life and wellbeing had continually come under threat. Now, she was free!

"I know! You were really brave!" Chen Xiaobei beamed while stroking her hair.

Song Qincheng was baffled. "What – how'd you know?"

"Well... I'm a god!" Chen Xiaobei simply replied. He should probably leave the complicated explanations for another time.

"Dear god, ravage me then!" Song Qincheng gave him a stimulating glare, and moved quietly towards him, before standing on the balls of feet and nibbling his earlobe lustfully.

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Chapter 440: Deathbane Vampire

"Ah... Help... Help, please!"

Suddenly, cries for help rang across the mansion – those voices belonged to the Jianghu guests.

"What's going on? Are we in danger?" Chen Xiaobei quickly tensed.

"I don't know... I've never heard anything like that before..." Song Qincheng shook her head; she was worried too.

"Fan Tong's friends aren't low-life thugs. It must be something serious, I'll go check it out." Chen Xiaobei said in a very deep voice.

"Don't go! Don't risk your life! Let's just hide inside the house!"

Song Qincheng immediately wrapped her arms across his; she absolutely refused to let him go. He may be the most powerful man in Green Vine City, but she thought that he could not hold his own in a fight. He was barely in his twenties after all; he could not possibly be a Jianghu veteran, or stand up against one. He would simply be risking himself!

"It's fine, baby." Chen Xiaobei soothed her. "I must go. The entire mansion won't be safe if even those Jianghu elites were spooked."

"But..." Song Qincheng was desperate to have him hide away with her.

"Follow me if you don't believe in me!" Grabbing her hand, Chen Xiaobei led her in a run towards the screams.

It was a scene straight out of a nightmare. A man with extremely pale skin and black clothes was standing at the front porch; he looked like he was mid-twenties but his hair was an ashen white. Both his eyes were blood red, and two fangs jutted out of his mouth. Everything about him screamed vampire – the mythical creature in western folklore!

In fact, he was behaving like one of them right now!

"Mercy! Please... Please let me go..."

A Jianghu veteran was begging for his life, unable to free himself from the man's grasp no matter how hard he struggled!

"Garbage! Your weak foundation is already buried deep within your bone marrow. You aren't even worthy of Si Xuanyu's Embrace!" The monster of a man turned his head and buried his fangs into the man's neck.

Slurp

Slurp

In a flash, the middle-aged Jianghu elite paled, and his eyes rolled back inside their sockets. He expired before long.

Boom!

The vampire threw the lifeless body aside forcefully and glared at the rest the group with his bloody eyes. They appeared to have fought him earlier; none of them was unscathed. Now, however, they bunched up like a flock of fowls, hoping for escape from the butcher's knife.

The mustached man – who always seemed more capable than the rest – was bold enough to ask: "Are... Are you one of those vampires of legend?"

"Imbecile! I'm Lord Si Xuanyu from the Deathbane Family – the noblest of all blood descendants! We were never 'vampires', uneducated fools gave us that rubbish of a name!" The man said proudly.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! You're the most honorable blood descendant..." The mustached man gulped. "My lord, please head to the dining hall if you're looking for Fan Tong. We won't stop you... So... Please spare us..."

"Hehe... I could, but I won't. I'm here for every single one of your heads – that's the direct order from Night Lord Deathbane Ai Linlong! Of course, you could keep your life if turn you into my Embrace and join the Deathbane Family!" Si Xuanyu said with a vicious smile on his face.

"What...What's an Embrace?" Someone asked in both fear and hope – anything was better than getting killed!

"Embrace is a vam- No. They're the lowest ranked member in a family of blood descendants, equivalent to a servant..." the mustached man barely managed to squeak.

"Hehe... It seems like you're unexpectedly knowledgeable! Then would you happen to know the difference between a baron and viscount?" Si Xuanyu asked.

The mustache man nodded. "Barons are descendants recognized by the family awarded with a noble title, and usually possess combat power above seven thousand. On the other hand, a viscount is of a higher rank. I don't know about their combat power, but I heard that they are able to utilize Dark Energy – they are thought of as the future of each family!"

The others were stunned by his explanation. They have never even heard of blood descendants before this!

Si Xuanyu clapped. "I didn't expect a smart man like yourself standing among these imbeciles. Congratulations! You have a chance to join the Deathbane Family!"

"Uhm..." The mustached man paused, not quite ready to accept the offer. He was also aware that the Baron was just one rank higher than Embrace, but somehow Embraces were treated as nothing more than animals and were cannon fodders sent out to die.

"Why? You aren't accepting my offer?" Si Xuanyu glared at the mustached man in fury. "This was a golden opportunity that you should have been grateful for! You've disrespected my family – what you've done is nothing less than blasphemy! "

Whoosh

Si Xuanyu moved, and grabbed the man's neck before he could blink.

"So fast... He is even faster than Fan Tong!" The other fled without so much as a glance behind. They had, for all intents and purposes, abandoned their comrade.

"Mercy... Please let me live... My daughter is still really young... No one will take care of her if I die here..." The mustached man could barely breathe; he had to choke those words out forcefully.

"Hmph! I'm a blood descendant, not a philanthropist! Your daughter is none of my business!" Si Xuanyu scoffed.

"No, but it's my business!" Chen Xiaobei bellowed as he walked calmly towards the vampire, after having forced Song Qincheng to hide herself in a far corner.

The others – who had been busy running – turned to look at the newcomer. "Why is he here?" They exclaimed in shock. "He's going to die!"

"What are you going to do?" Si Xuanyu said nonchalantly – he could not care less about Chen Xiaobei.

"I'm going to save him," the young man said evenly.

"What?! You would save me?" The mustached man could not believe his own ears. He never expected his 'brothers' to abandon him, only for this stranger he kept insulting to stand up for him.

"Not really, it's for your daughter. I consider this a gift for my fan!" Chen Xiaobei shrugged.