

Red Envelope 441

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 441: One Punch

The mustached man had mentioned earlier that his daughter was a fan of Chen Xiaobei. He never thought that the man himself would help him just because of that!

"That brat is insane! He's throwing his life away for a fan!"

"Absolutely crazy... We can't even leave this place if we wanted to, and he simply walked towards death!"

"That blood descendant monster would never spare him!"

The Jianghu veterans talked as if Chen Xiaobei was an idiot with suicidal tendencies, and even the mustache man doubted his help.

"Brother... You are a good man!" He breathed. "I really appreciate your help, but don't die here with me... Run... Run as far as you can..."

His groveling attitude towards Fan Tong aside, the mustached man was gallant enough to tell his rival to escape. He knew the meaning of brotherhood as fellow members of Jianghu, in the very least.

In the distance, Song Qincheng's anxiety gauge was brimming. "Asshole!" She muttered, biting down on her own lips "Don't act tough and die there! What should I do with my life if you aren't together with me..."

Moments ago, she had completely lost her composure when she saw Si Xuanyu. She was certain that Chen Xiaobei could never defeat a monster like that who threw the group of Crimson Cloud Jianghu elites around like ragdolls.

Ultimately, Chen Xiaobei stayed cold as ice while everyone else lost their minds to fear. Each of his step was firm – he clearly had no intention of stopping in his tracks.

"Bastard! Do you know that you walk towards death?" Si Xuanyu glared at Chen Xiaobei haughtily with his crimson eyes; he protruded his blood-red tongue to lick his fangs that were dipped in sanguine. Suddenly, he grinned ominously and smacked his lips.

"I think I smell the sweet aroma of a virgin!" He laughed. "Their blood tastes the best, and I've not had some for as long as I could remember!"

Chen Xiaobei's expression was unfathomable. "Too bad then," he said. "You won't live to taste it ever again!"

"Hmph! Keeping the tough guy act in when you die?!" Si Xuanyu grinned. "Fine! I shall sink my fangs into your neck and drain every single drop of your blood, and you should be honored to become my snack!"

Thud!

Tossing the mustached man aside, the blood descendant charged towards Chen Xiaobei.

"Shit! That brat is going to die!"

"That's to be expected! He could blame no one other than himself!"

"Don't talk about him anymore... It will be our turn soon!"

The crowd lamented in despair. They believed that they had no chance, and they would simply be next as if it was written in the stars, and neither would they find out who sent their killer, or why.

"Brother... It's my fault..." The mustache man moaned on his knees.

"Xiaobei! Don't die!" Song Qincheng could not help screaming out, her eyes red and teary.

What happened afterwards left them staring in amazement.

Pow!

Chen Xiaobei wrecked Si Xuanyu's face with a single punch. The nightmarish blood descendant never reacted, and was sent flying upwards the sky before landing with one almighty crash that blew a crater on the floor.

Blaaaaaaargh

Critically wounded, Si Xuanyu ejected a stream of ichor. His fangs – a symbol of his blood descendant heritage – were crushed, and he was unable to get up. The agony was so intense that he drifted in and out of consciousness.

"...How is that even possible?" The others exclaimed in disbelief.

"One punch... He just used one punch to defeat that monster... That brat- no, Mr. Chen's combat power is terrifying..."

"That's saying something! That demon is more powerful than Fan Tong, but one punch from Mr. Chen and he's floored!"

"And he's still young! I almost can't believe that he is already that powerful – he will definitely be a legend in the future!"

Every single one of those Jianghu elites gaped at Chen Xiaobei. They were so certain that he was going to die moments ago, but their opinions took an instant 180-degree turn.

In Jianghu, it was easier to convince your audience with actions rather than words. More often than not, a display of power was also the best way to give others a slap in the face.

"This boy... So he has such power... Such a bad boy, giving me the shock of my life..." Song Qincheng sighed in relief, her body limp against a wall.

She had prepared herself to die with Chen Xiaobei, but the brat simply turned the tables! The woman cried tears of happiness once more, her despair now replaced with hope!

"Bro... Bro Bei... Mr. Chen is the Bro Bei from Green Vine City!" The mustached man exclaimed as if making the discovery of his life. "I'm sure of it, only a person with combat power like that could crush the Black Gang and take control of the Green Vine City!"

"Bro Bei... He is that Bro Bei! Oh God! We were so blind..."

The other Jianghu elites soon came to the realization too. They respected strength more than anything else, and had already been fawning over the name of Bro Bei earlier. They never knew that the man was standing right in front of them; their faces went red when they recall their mockery.

"My fangs... Bastard!" Si Xuanyu screamed as he finally became lucid. "How dare you crush my teeth – I, who am the noblest of blood descendants! Go to hell!"

"Please, keep bragging. I dare you." Chen Xiaobei walked towards the vampire and stepped on his face. Si Xuanyu could feel his face spread mushily against the cold-hard floor, and soon his skull was stretched to its limits.

"Mercy! Mercy please!" The monster started to scream in terror, and abandoned every last bit of his pride to beg for forgiveness. He was sure that Chen Xiaobei would smother him if he kept spouting rubbish, and his life mattered more than anything else right then.

"Then start talking! Why are you here?" Chen Xiaobei asked coldly.

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 442: Golden Dragon Temple

Si Xuanyu trembled.

He was at a loss after he heard what Chen Xiaobei asked him. As a Baron-ranked blood descendant, he was not to divulge anything that could compromise himself, his mission or the covenant. However, he barely had a choice – his skull was at stake, and he had to do it if he wanted to live!

"I- I'll tell you... I'll tell you..." His composure having vaporized long ago, Si Xuanyu was but a blithering blob scared witless as he blurted everything out.

"The reward of Sanshi Martial Art Contest had attracted the attention of Lord Ye Linlong," he explained. "He needs Spiritual Qi to improve his cultivation as soon as possible, that's why he had decided to represent Baihe City in the upcoming competition..."

"What is Ye LinLong's combat power? Why would he send you here to kill his opponents before the competition? Could he be weaker than you?" Baffled, Chen Xiaobei frowned.

"No... No, no! Ye Linlong's combat power is around nine thousand – he is definitely more powerful than I am!" Si Xuanyu was almost pleading. "Lord Ye Linlong believed that no one is powerful enough to defeat him in all three cities, which was why he sent me here to kill everyone and spare him the fuss! He also wanted to recruit a few more Embraces to surrender to him on stage... It'll be the ultimate show of power!"

Every Crimson Cloud Jianhu elite were annoyed by Ye Linlong's plan to say the least. Still, they could not do anything to that vampire despite him being a top-of-the-line jerk.

In Jianghu, combat power is absolute – and none of them could have stopped Si Xuanyu if not for Chen Xiaobei. Otherwise, elites in three cities would have been severely wounded or turned into Embraces, and forced to grovel for their lives on stage. They would not have any place to hide their places!

"Bro Bei, how should we go about this? We need your guidance..." someone said, and everyone instantly turned their eyes to Chen Xiaobei. He was the only person they could rely on after all.

"I really need some Spiritual Qi!" Chen Xiaobei muttered. The blood descendant baron whose face was under his feet had a combat power of seven thousand, while the blood descendant viscount he might face in a few days had a combat power of nine thousand.

It would not be an easy fight. His own combat power was six thousand and three hundred, which he could increase to eight thousand and four hundred through Primordial Witch King Combat Enhancement Training. Even so, he would still struggle against Ye Linlong.

Still, he possessed the Blood Chaos Sword Essence which would allow him to defeat his opponent with ease, although it would be a bad idea for him to reveal his trump card in front of everyone. He would put himself in grave danger if the super elites caught sight of the Blood Chaos Sword Essence, which was why the only way to defeat Ye Linlong was through training and Spiritual Qi.

"You can only acquire Spiritual Qi at the holy land of Golden Dragon Temple," the mustached man said. "What do you plan to do?"

"I'm going to train!" Chen Xiaobei replied said.

"Train?" Surprised, the mustached man quickly shook his head. "The people from the temple would never allow an outsider like you to enter the holy land, and the competition takes place in two days! Even if you're permitted to use the holy land, how much could you improve?"

"That's right! What could you even do in such a short period of time?" The others were nodding; they appeared to agree with the mustached man. It was not without reason either – an ordinary Jianghu elite would need months, years, or perhaps decades to make significant improvements. Two days would not make any difference.

However, Chen Xiaobei insisted. "To me, two days would be more than enough." He said calmly. There was some truth to it too – with the Scripture of Heaven and Earth, two days of training for him was equivalent to decades of training for normal folk.

"Cripple this man and take him to Golden Dragon Temple!" Chen Xiaobei commanded as he placed more weight behind the foot he used to step on Si Xuanyu.

"Yes, Sir!" Everyone remained doubtful, but none of them would dare to question his decision now. At his order, the mustached man and several others walked towards Si Xuanyu and broke his limbs.

Naturally, it pleased them to do so.

Chen Xiaobei called for Song Qincheng and Old Wang to travel along with them to the Golden Dragon Temple in the vehicles of those Jianghu folks.

The temple was located in the heart of the borders between Crimson Cloud City, Baihe City, and Zijiang City, where the cities met in a triangular arrangement. It was not a particularly long drive – the terrain was rather clear too, and they arrived at the temple before sunrise.

Song Qincheng and Old Wang left to stay at a small town near the foot of the mountain where the temple was built upon because women were not welcome there. Chen Xiaobei took the precaution of

leaving a few Jianghu elites behind to watch over them, while the mustached man and two others escorted Si Xuanyu to the top of the mountain with him.

"Bro Bei, that's Golden Dragon Temple!" The mustached man said as he pointed ahead. Chen Xiaobei stepped forward to get a better view.

Red bricks, yellow roof, green trees, and lush crawlers reflected the temple's ancient history and sanctity. The atmosphere around it was a solemn and awe-inspiring one too; it spread tranquility and commanded reverence in equal measure.

"Magnificent!" Chen Xiaobei drew a sharp breath, and his entire body quickly felt rejuvenated.

"Golden Dragon Temple is undoubtedly a fine place for training, but the monks never allow outsiders to set foot inside their temple under normal circumstances. I'm afraid this trip might be wasted..." Xuda[1] expressed his concern.

Nonetheless, Chen Xiaobei had decided to give it a shot.

"Who are you people? Golden Dragon Temple is a place for monks only, no outsiders are allowed in!" Two guards stopped them from entering the temple. They were clearly well-trained since they were only dressed in nothing but loincloths in the middle of winter. Wielding long poles as weapons, they resembled the famed Luohan.

"Good day! I'm the faction leader of Iron Palm; Xuda." Xuda had went closer to greet the guards politely. "We are not here to intrude – we are in dire need of the temple's help. Please, take a look at this man."

One of the men lifted Si Xuanyu's head to show his face to the guards. It shocked both of them, but they stood their ground.

"We are truly sorry," they apologized. "However, the Golden Dragon Temple does not concern itself with things that happen outside the temple. Please turn around."

"But..." Xuda was speechless and frustrated. Even a faction leader like him could not really stand his ground against Golden Dragon Temple monks. In fact, he might not even be powerful enough to defeat these two guards. Therefore, he simply relented.

"Actually, I'm here to look for an old friend of mine. Could you please help me pass a message?" Chen Xiaobei walked towards the monks and showed them a sander bracelet.

"This is... Please, wait a moment!" Both monks were shocked; one of them ran inside the temple with the sander bracelet immediately.

Whoosh

A huge man dashed out towards Chen Xiaobei at full speed.

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 443: You're Powerful? I'm More Powerful than You!

The sander bracelet that Chen Xiaobei had handed to the monk was the one Murong Tian had left in his care, while the monk charging at him was Murong Tian's Shixiong.

They previously met during the charity dinner. He was over two meters tall, and the muscles on his body were dense as iron. His very presence commands awe.

"Shixiong Yanhong! What are you doing?" The guardian monks who stood the entrance were caught by surprise. They never expected that to happen.

"Yanhong?! The elite monk – Yanhong?!" Xuda and the other two were stunned by the mere mention of his name. "He's the monk billed as the one who would solve the Labyrinth of Wooden Dummies in the Golden Dragon Temple!"

"He's quite young, but he is definitely growing in power as he ages. He would definitely become the Clan Master of Golden Dragon Temple in the future, or the abbot!"

"Shit! When did Bro Bei mess with such a powerful man?"

Xuda and the two were beside themselves with worry for Chen Xiaobei.

Boom!

Yanhong leapt from the doorstep and landed heavily in front of Chen Xiaobei; his bulky body had rose a few meters up in the air!

Whoosh

Without a word, Yanhong aimed his huge fist on Chen Xiaobei's chest, his attack cutting through the air like a cannonball.

The middle phase of Qi refining stage!

Eight thousand health!

Eight thousand combat power!

The punch was so powerful it made shockwaves as it moved through the air, but Chen Xiaobei remained unmoved.

He was at the early phase of Qi refining stage, and his combat power was only six thousand and three hundred. However, the Body Enhancement Skill of the Indestructible Eternal King increased his health to ten thousand, while the Primordial Witch King Combat Enhancement Training raised his combat power to eight thousand and three hundred!

His opponent was powerful, but Chen Xiaobei was even more so. He therefore had nothing to fear!

Pow!

Chen Xiaobei replied Yanhong with a punch of his own! There was no trick to it – all it was is just a simple punch. The air around them exploded as if Mars was colliding with Earth, a contest of pure power!

"How... How could this be?!" Yanhong gaped at Chen Xiaobei as his bulky body was forced three paces behind.

On the other hand, Chen Xiaobei remained where he was – it was quite obvious that he handled Yanhong's attack easily.

"Oh, my word... Bro Bei is too damned powerful... He just forced Yanhong the elite monk three steps back!"

"That's why he rules Green Vine City! I think he could be quite the big shot in Dragon City too!"

"Most importantly, he's practically a teenager! Can you imagine how much more powerful he would become when he reaches Yanhong's age? I think he will definitely reach the True Nirvana Stage in the future!"

Xuda and the two men were in complete awe of Chen Xiaobei; they now looked at him as if he was their God!

Even Si Xuanyu gaped at their joust. He always prided himself with his affiliation with the noblest family of blood descendants, and believed that he could destroy anyone easily with his combat power.

He never expected to fall from just one punch from Chen Xiaobei, and was further horrified to find that the youth was not even using his full strength. The vampire might have died on the spot if he did! The very thought made him even more forlorn than he was before.

"Amitabha!" Yanhong exclaimed, and placed his palm in front of his chest respectfully. "Mr. Chen, you're really something! You're here five years earlier than my Sifu expected!"

'Five years? I don't need five years to rescue Murong Tian. Everyone is really looking down on me!' Chen Xiaobei smiled at the thought, but kept quiet.

"However, I'm afraid you're still not powerful enough to solve the Labyrinth of Wooden Dummies." Yanhong said with a grave tone.

"I'm not here to solve the Labyrinth of Wooden Dummies." Chen Xiaobei said, shaking his head and gestured at the person behind his back.

Yanhong's face was one of pure disgust when he saw Si Xuanyu. However, he did not look surprised – it was clear that he had encountered blood descendants before.

"Mr. Chen, I believe you should talk to my Sifu about this matter." Yanhong turned around and led Chen Xiaobei into the temple. Xuda and the other two men did not follow, however, since Yanhong did not give permission.

They walked past an aged but plain hallway that trudges into the main temple hall, before entering a private room where an older monk was waiting. This monk was quite short, and his back was hunched. He appeared to have been meditating.

"Sifu, Mr. Chen is here." Yanhong put his palm in front of his chest. His words were filled with reverence.

"Huh?" The old monk opened his eyes slowly. He smiled at Chen Xiaobei before placing his palms together and making a slight bow.

"Good day, master!" Chen Xiaobei greeted him politely in return.

The old monk then turned to Yanhong. "So. Did you lose to Mr. Chen?" He asked with a slight tease in his voice.

"I'm still not good enough. I lost." Yanhong was a real gentleman; he did not twist facts.

"Mr. Chen, you are truly special! No wonder why Yanfa likes you so much!" The old monk beamed, and his eyes seemed to read the question in his mind too. "Yanfa is Murong Tian's Buddhist name. Are you here to bring him home?"

"Not yet." Chen Xiaobei shook his head, and went on to tell the elderly man about the vampire.

"I see..." The old monk sighed. "These mystical creatures of western folklore had invaded our motherland quite some time ago. Just as we have our own Jianghu here, the countries to the west have their own as well."

"However, we established a truce whereby the religious organizations from the west would not interfere with our affairs overseas, and vice versa. That's why we can't do a thing – it's a matter that affects national security. The consequences would be unimaginable..." the old monk sighed again, shaking his head.

Chen Xiaobei was shocked – he never imagined that the west and the east would agree to a treaty of this sort. But now that he thought about it, the Golden Dragon Temple did set up a few temples in several western countries a few years ago, and had been recruiting disciples actively. Things would definitely escalate and quickly spiral into chaos if the treaty was broken!

"You can leave this problem to me – I won't drag you into this." Chen Xiaobei said bluntly.

"However, I need to use the holy land of your temple"

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 444: Master, Please Show Me The Way!

"Mr. Chen, I'm really glad that you're willing to risk yourself fighting the cult and protecting the three cities. There's no reason for me to stop you from training in the holy land, but there are only forty plus hours until the Martial Art Competition. That means you have around thirty hours left – minus travel time. How much could you improve even if you don't sleep?"

Yanhong nodded in agreement. "It's pointless to train with so little time left. I don't think you could turn the tide, and I'll be frank – your fight against the blood descendant viscount is virtually suicide!" He added earnestly.

Both monks did not believe that Chan Xiaobei could take on Ai Linlong and were insisting that he should not risk his life.

Still, they had no idea how the young man trained.

"Time is indeed short, but I believe that I can solve the Labyrinth of Wooden Dummies in two days." Chen Xiaobei said calmly, his tranquil voice reflecting resolute confidence.

What he said was even more incredulous than fighting a viscount, however, because the entire Jianghu knew that the minimum requirement to challenge the Labyrinth of Wooden Dummies was ten thousand combat power!

"That... That's impossible," a surprised Yanhong exclaimed. "I know your combat power is just slightly above mine when we jousting just now. That being said, you could never raise yourself above ten thousand combat power within thirty plus hours!"

The old monk shook his head too. "Impossible... Simply impossible... Not even the world's best martial art prodigy could do that. You'll need years of training to get to ten thousand combat power, I really don't believe you can do it in less than two days..."

"I don't know about the world best martial art prodigy, but I am running out of time if we keep discussing." Chen Xiaobei smiled humbly.

"Alright, if you insist." The old monk rose and gestured for him to follow him.

"Sifu! Aren't we supposed to inform the abbot first?" Yanhong frowned.

"I'll inform him myself later," the old monk waved him off and left with Chen Xiaobei.

The holy land was an area deep in the mountains behind Golden Dragon Temple. It was a forbidden area, and none were allowed to step foot in the place without permission from the abbot.

When he arrived, Chen Xiaobei became aware the cave was rather serene. According to Bagua readings, that was the core of the Golden Dragon Mountain where a huge reservoir of Spiritual Qi resided. It also appeared to be the work of really incredible individual, who shaped the landscape in order to condense all the Spiritual Qi from Golden Dragon Mountain into this particular spot.

"Such concentrated and huge amounts of Spiritual Qi... This is fantastic!" Chen Xiaobei grew excited as if he had suddenly secured entire mountains of gold and jewelry to his own. He remembered to text Xuda and the rest to carry on without him.

When that was settled, Chen Xiaobei quickly sat down and activated the Scripture of Heaven and Earth, before absorbing the almost-overwhelming flow of Spiritual Qi around him. It rushed at him like a storm, filling his Dantian instantly.

"That's my limit!"

Ceasing the absorption process immediately, he started to convert the Spiritual Qi inside his Dantian to True Qi. He had to stop because there was limits to one's Dantian, and his would have exploded if he kept raking it in beyond his limit.

Soon, all the Spiritual Qi that he absorbed was channeled throughout his entire body and converted to True Qi.

The concentration, mold and strength of True Qi would define the combat power of the martial artist. Super elites with True Nirvana Phase could even convert True Qi to Kang Qi and materialize it! Naturally, Chen Xiaobei kept those thoughts for the future. Right now, he needed to focus on absorbing as much Spiritual Qi as possible and converted them into True Qi.

This was his path to the True Nirvana Phase!

Time flew. Before Chen Xiaobei knew it, it was already the third morning into his training. As he rose to leave, the Spiritual Qi in the cave began to calm.

"Time's up, but this is exactly what I expected! Phew..." Chen Xiaobei opened his eyes slowly and released a mouthful of white breath.

Ding!

[Cultivation: Middle phase of Qi refining stage. Health: 11200. Combat power: 7500!]

With this, Chen Xiaobei could boost his combat power to ten thousand through Primordial Witch King Combat Enhancement Training. He expected this, but he could not stop himself from grinning like a child.

"If I have a mountain like this to myself that boasts such condense Qi, I could move heaven and earth. That would be astounding!" Chen Xiaobei thought. He gazed longingly at the cave one last time before leaving the place.

The old monk and Yanhong were already waiting for him outside the cave.

"Mr. Chen! Let's fight one more time!" Yanhong called out as soon as he saw Chen Xiaobei stepping out from the cave. The older monk was calm, but was quite eager to see his improvement too.

"I could hurt you..." Chen Xiaobei smiled. "It's better to have your Sifu spar with me..."

"Arrogant! It's impossible for you to hurt me even if your cultivation did improve! You aren't worthy to fight my Sifu!" Yanhong said angrily.

Beside the huge monk, the old monk frowned – he was not too happy with Chen Xiaobei either. 'As Yanhong said, he's arrogant. I fear that it would hurt his future...' the old monk thought.

"Eat this!" Yanhong shouted and charged at Chen Xiaobei with his large fist, channeling all eight-thousand combat power behind his punch.

"I really don't want to hurt you..." Chen Xiaobei shrugged, and approached Yanhong confidently. He dodged his attack, reached out to grab his hand, and pushed.

"Wha-" Yanhong was caught surprised, and suddenly realized that Chen Xiaobei was already much faster and much stronger than he was. He could not react in time and lost his balance, falling to the ground like a clumsy, teething child.

"Ouch..." He exclaimed. Meanwhile, Chen Xiaobei had already left him behind and stood smiling at his Sifu.

"Master, please show me the way!" He said.

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 445: Demonic Icy Old Man

"My name is Fa Ming, let's do this!"

Spreading his hands, the old monk assumed a challenging pose. "Come!"

Chen Xiaobei nodded and charged at the old monk with his fist. That move was simple, but it carried four thousand pounds of brute force!

Pow!

Chen Xiaobei's fist landed on the old monk's chest, fluttering the elderly man's mustache and his robes. However, the aged man stood unscathed, even though anyone could tell that Chen Xiaobei's punch was extremely powerful!

Lowering his hand Chen Xiaobei took three steps back and said humbly: "Elder Fa Ming, your cultivation is simply too great. I hope that you aren't offended by my weak effort."

"Amitabha! Mr. Chen, you're being too modest – I was so much weaker when I was at your age. What you did has exceeded my expectations, and I also believe you have what it takes to move the world!"

Elder Fa Ming placed his palms together respectfully as he tried to conceal his shock. Chen Xiaobei's future exploits would rock heaven and earth. Just as Murong Tian once told him, the youth would definitely send waves across Jianhu – it was just a matter of time! Still, Elder Fa Ming was a bit remorseful that he did not think too much about it at the time.

Beside them, Yanhong was also amazed by Chen Xiaobei's improvement, and started to breathe hard. Around thirty hours ago, he was only slightly weaker than him, and he could still take a few blows from him. Now, Chen Xiaobei could punch him to the ground if he wanted.

In approximately 30 hours, Chen Xiaobei was a new man. Yanhong was also aware from the bottom of his heart that he would never catch up to the youth ever again. It now made sense why he was so arrogant just now – he had the right to be!

"Master, there's something else I want to ask you," Chen Xiaobei said.

"Please, ask away." Elder Fa Ming replied.

"Earlier, I heard about this formidable man called Elder Feng. He would also participate in the martial arts competition, but not even the leader of the Golden Dragon Temple could defeat him. Do you know more about this man?" Chen Xiaobei asked.

"Elder Feng?" Elder Fa Ming and Yanhong looked at each other. Then, the older monk said with a solemn tone: "I believe you're referring to the Demonic Icy Old Man; Feng Qingyang."

"Demonic Icy Old Man? I'm not quite knowledgeable on unique individuals in Jianghu, Master. Would you happen to know how powerful he is?"

Elder Fa Ming nodded. "His combat power is around twenty thousand. I've only fought with him once, and he showed that he was capable of Yin Yang techniques. Our battle eventually ended as a draw, and many were there to bear witness – so you might want to ask a little more about it!" He smiled.

"Twenty thousand?! That's over the roof!" Chen Xiaobei stood aghast, suddenly realizing that the martial art competition might prove perilous. He would not stand a chance if Old Man Feng did participate.

"Mr. Chen, you don't have worry too much," Elder Fa Ming soothed. "I heard that Feng Qingyang had come across some rather unfortunate events of late, and is currently missing in action. I don't think he would show up this time."

"Master, thank you so much for your information! I shall do my best to prepare now, and will leave those thoughts for some other time..." Chen Xiaobei's will was hard as steel; he was not shaken by the fact that there was a potential opponent who was a lot more stronger than him.

"I wish you all the best!" Elder Fa Ming put his palms together and smiled.

"I'll definitely defeat all of them, return here and train in the holy land to rescue Uncle Murong!" Chen Xiaobei declared. He then nodded his head lightly and left the place.

When Chen Xiaobei was out of earshot, Yanhong turned to his master.

"Sifu, what should we do if Feng Qingyang really joined the martial arts competition?" He asked. "Judging by Mr. Chen's personality, I'm afraid that he would do something stupid!"

"Mr. Chen seems determined, and I don't think anyone on earth could ever talk him out of it. Nevertheless, we shall attend the martial arts competition too – I believe we could aid him when need be!" Elder Fa Ming said calmly and returned to the temple. Yanhong nodded, and followed him inside.

Later, Chen Xiaobei rendezvoused with his entourage, before heading to the arena together.

It turned out that Song Qincheng had been so distressed about his safety that she could neither eat nor sleep, but she finally broke into a smile when she saw him again. The couple were also bold enough to do certain raunchy stuff in the car as they traveled to the arena. No one interfered, or even peeked.

The others knew that they shared an intimate relationship, but none of them said a thing about it. Furthermore, Chen Xiaobei had rescued all of them last night – he was their hero now, and it was only appropriate to pair a hero with a beauty! Compared to him, that useless Fan Tong did not deserve Song Qincheng one bit!

Meanwhile, Old Wang had grown so thoroughly addicted to Mobile Legends that he did not care about his surroundings in the least. Within a few days, the God of Misfortune had leveled up his in-game character to platinum rank! A deity was always superior to human beings after all; he may not be world champion material, but at least no one was scolding him anymore.

Still, he was having so much fun that Chen Xiaobei started to worry about him.

'When is he going to recruit three million disciples?' He thought. 'Would he die if he fails? That bloody Three Realms Mission is definitely a sham – deities who travel to human realm have no power, no merit points, no special pills and no means of sending or receiving Red Envelopes. That Primeval Lord of Heaven is definitely pushing his fellow deities to an infernal pit – the whole mission itself was a conspiracy!'

He quickly stopped himself from such horrible thoughts – he had no power over the situation anyway. All he could do was simply help Old Wang recruit as many disciples as possible even as he fought his own battles.

They finally arrived at the designated arena where a stage was erected in the middle of a field, and hundreds were already gathered around it. The seats were segregated according to the three towns: Crimson Cloud, Baihe, and Zijiang.

The representative of each city had their own chairs in front of the crowd, and it seems that Fan Tong was still the representative for Crimson Cloud. Baldy – whom he shared a passionate night with – stood beside him. It seemed like they had truly fallen for each other.

Meanwhile, the representatives of Baihe and Zijiang were...

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 446: The Cocky Ye Linlong

The representative of Zijiang City was an elderly man with a head full of white hair. He may appear old but there was something gallant about him. Many angry-looking bodyguards carrying sabers surrounded him.

On the other hand, the representative of Baihe City was a young man with pale skin and extraordinarily dark pupils. In contrast to Zijiang's representative this young man was arrogant – his gaze seems to belittle everything and everyone around him. Whether out of fear or respect, most people from his own city gave him a wide berth.

"Isn't that Fan Tong from Crimson Cloud City? He seems pretty energetic – seems like he would perform once again!"

"He's useless! Elder Gong, the winner of the previous martial art competition, would definitely defend his title!"

"What's wrong with Baihe City? Why did they send a kid to fight for them? Are they planning to throw the tournament entirely?"

The crowd chattered away – it was a momentous event for the Jianghu of three cities after all. On this day, even ordinary folks would have the chance to witness the most powerful Jianghu elites of their cities competing against other representatives from other cities. They would not miss the world for it.

"I'm sure everyone is getting impatient." The defending champion, Elder Gong announced. "While I trust everyone here to be aware of the rules of this competition, I shall repeat them. Your life is in the hands of the gods once you step onstage! There is no recompense for death or injury in the competition, and those who disturb the match shall face my wrath!"

His tone was resolute, his words merciless. Silence ensued – it was clear that everyone present were weighing his words and taking them to heart.

Then, unable to hold it in any longer, Fan Tong spoke not long after Elder Gong's opening speech.

"I have waited way too long for this day!" He declared with a confident smile. "I shall claim the first of my many victories!" He was aiming to become the alliance leader of the three cities today!

Whoosh

Fan Tong sprinted and leapt into the air before landing flawlessly on the stage. Lifted his chin, he glared at everyone around the ring.

"Alright!"

The spectators were thrilled, and cheered loudly for him. His move, comparable to the Light Skill, was extremely rare and raised a few eyebrows amongst the elites.

"Good! It seems like Fan Tong has improved his cultivation tremendously!" Elder Gong gave his compliments, but he was not put off by Fan Tong at all.

Whoosh

The representative of Baihe City had floated on to the stage like a phantom.

"Oh my word! What... What kind of movement skill is that? So weird and spooky!"

The crowd was buzzing once more. The young man's movement alone was proof that he was definitely more powerful than Fan Tong!

"Who... Who are you?" Fan Tong was unnerved; his confidence earlier seemed to have vaporized.

"Ye Linlong." The young man muttered his name and turned away immediately. It was pure, dismissive arrogance; one that which Fan Tong frowned deeply and took immense offense against.

He might be shaken, but he would never simply surrender to that snob! Over the past few years, he had to train himself vigorously and spend vast amount of cash to purchase martial art manuals, and even gone through the castration process to get to where he was today!

It was only right for him to be mad at Ye Linlong's pompous behavior!

"Ye Linlong, right? Be prepared!"

Fan Tong charged at Ye Lilong, his True Qi armed and aimed true.

"So weak."

Ye Linlong reacted almost lazily to Fan Tong's attack, and simply raised his own fist casually and threw a rather random jab at Fan Tong.

Poof!

A muffled thud echoed. While Ye Linlong's punch might have looked ordinary it most certainly carried an incredible amount of power.

Because Fan Tong was sent flying off the stage!

Crack

Crack

The sound of something breaking could be heard from Fan Tong's chest.

"Blaaaargh...."

He spat out a mouthful of blood and soon lay prone on the ground – he was downed with a single punch! A deathly silence filled the arena as everyone were left dumbfounded!

"Too damn weak! Is Chinese Jianghu really that pathetic?! How could they put rubbish like that on stage?" Ye Linlong started to insult all of China arrogantly – which was slightly bizarre since he was Chinese too.

Soon, every person in the crowd wanted to jump up and slap his face for his affront towards their country, but the way he defeated Fan Tong made them stay their hand.

"Young man, stop being so cocky! You have no right to spit upon our motherland that stood for thousands of years!" Elder Gong stood up and glared at Ye Linlong coldly.

"Elder Gong... I don't think you shouldn't fight with him... That young man is too strong!" Someone in the crowd tried to convince him to surrender.

Elder Gong simply shook his head. "I'm really old, and I would die sooner or later." He said. "If that's going to happen anyway, I shall fight until the end for glory of our country!"

And with those awe-inspiring words, he leapt onto the stage.

"Great! It seems like our Elder Gong is still pretty strong! We still have hope!"

Everyone roared in support of the current alliance leader.

"Come at me!"

Elder Gong assumed his trademark stance and prepared for Ye Linlong's attack. The aura he had made him appear invincible.

"Old bag of bones! You want to defend the Chinese Jianghu, right? I will make you beg for your life!"

Ye Linlong mercilessly mustered his full-strength and charged at Elder Gong with everything he had! Elder Gong might have been more powerful than Fan Tong, but he was definitely weaker than Ye Linlong while age also seemed to be catching up to him.

The old man was defeated in three moves!

Crack

Ye Linlong swiped at the back of Elder Gong's left leg and forced him down on one knee, before grabbing his white hair as the crowd looked on in horror.

"Say it out loud – Chinese Jianghu is garbage!" The blood descendant grinned ominously. "Your life depends on this!"

"Just cut the crap and kill me already! The talent in Chinese Jianghu is infinite. Someday, someone will make you kneel!" Elder Gong said solemnly.

"Hmph! There is no 'someday'! Anyone here still wants to fight? Or none of you has the balls?!" Ye Linlong asked, glaring at the crowd. None of them responded.

Save one.

"Let me play with you!"

Someone suddenly spoke, drawing the attention of the crowd instantly.

Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms

Chapter 447: The Crowd is Shocked

Chen Xiaobei slowly strutted onto the stage as the crowd looked on in surprise. Song Qincheng, Xuda and the other two men who followed him up to the Golden Dragon Temple stuck to him closely.

"Why is he here?" Fan Tong groaned through pain and confusion. "Is that kid crazy? He shouldn't be here! Why would he want to step up after seeing how Linlong defeat Elder Gong?"

Baldy, who was helping him up, suddenly pointed. "It's your wife and Xuda!" He exclaimed. "Why would they follow him? Ye Linlong would definitely kill them all if that brat offends him! And then they would drag us to hell with them!"

Most people around them thought the same, too.

"Where the hell did that idiot come from? Where did he find the balls to act tough in front of Ye Linlong? Does he even know how powerful Ye Linlong is?"

"Ye Linlong floored Fan Tong with only one punch, while Elder Gong didn't last more than three blows... I think Ye Linlong could defeat that kid with one finger!"

"He's not just trying to act tough! He is being plain stupid!"

The crowd was ridiculed Chen Xiaobei – none of them believed that he would even hold himself against Ye Linlong. However, he kept silent and smiled as he kept walking up the stage fearlessly.

"Young man, don't mess around here. This isn't your average opponent! Leave!" Elder Gong frowned and shouted. He did not know who Chen Xiaobei was, but he did not want to see a young man like him walking to his own death on the stage.

Slap!

Ye Linlong's face turned cold. He landed his palm on Elder Gong's face. "You're just a loser! You have no right to talk!"

That made Chen Xiaobei very angry.

"Blaaaargh" Elder Gong ejected a mouthful of blood, but persisted in his efforts to get Chen Xiaobei to run. "Young man! Leave... Live your life to the fullest..."

"Don't worry... I won't die here!" Chen Xiaobei said calmly.

Now, it was the crowd who was getting angry.

"That brat really is an idiot! Elder Gong's kindness is wasted on him!"

"There should be a limit to arrogance! He should take a look at himself in the mirror. Does he really think he could defeat Ye Linlong?"

"Ye Linlong! Let Elder Gong live, you can have your fun with the brat?"

"Let him live? Do you even know who I am? Who the hell are you f*ckers to tell me what to do?" Ye Linlong unleashed his killing aura and protruded his fingers as if knives, prepared to slit Elder Gong's throat.

"Shit!" Fear gripped the arena. None of them thought that Ye Linlong would kill the venerated Elder Gong – and they could never stop him. He was simply too strong!

Now, every pair of eyes could only watch. Fear slowly gave way to despair, and even Elder Gong closed his eyes to accept his pathetic end. He believed in his victory this year again, but it appears everything ends here for him.

"You really need to let the elder go." Suddenly, Chen Xiaobei was beside Ye Linlong, gripping the blood descendant's hand and stopping the vampire's movement entirely.

"Huh? What- what the hell?" Ye Linlong stared, his eyes bulging. He could not believe that the young man everyone else was mocking would show such speed and strength; he was unable to free himself no matter how hard he tried!

The arena turned quiet. The crowd would never believe in Chen Xiaobei's combat power. If they had not seen it with their own eyes – it was powerful enough to hold Ye Linlong. It was inconceivable!

"By the gods... That brat concealed his own depth too well..." Fan Tong said as he and Baldy hugged each other unconsciously. Both of them shuddered when they thought of how they had sneered the young man.

"The young would eventually surpass the old, huh..." Elder Gong had decades worth of Qi training, but Chen Xiaobei had still managed to leave him awestruck. Since he was brought down after three blows, he would have been defeated by Chen Xiaobei with just one!

Song Qincheng, Xuda and the other two men were as flabbergasted as the crowd. They knew that their ally was really powerful, but they never could have known that he would outclass Ye Linlong so incredibly!

"Let him go!" Chen Xiaobei said, his expression unfathomable as he ignored the crowd. He tightened his grip.

"Ouch... Ouch..." Ye Linlong exclaimed in agony – the hand felt like a metal clamp tearing through his wrist, and his bones were at breaking point!

'Hold on! This is not his full strength? How did a brat like him come to possess such immense strength?' Ye Linlong thought to himself panickily.

"I'll let him go! I'll let him go! Both of us let go together!" He screamed and released Elder Gong. Chen Xiaobei shielded the old man while helping him set his broken leg, and waited until someone from the crowd helped the injured man down the stage.

Meanwhile, something bizarre was occurring over Ye Linlong's body. He must still possess a trump card since he did not flee the stage. A stream of dark grey True Qi wafted around his body as his eyes turned

crimson. A murderous aura started to ooze out from his body, while his fangs extended to five centimeters and protruded from his upper lips. It was horrendous!

"Vampire! That son of a bitch is a vampire!" The crowd screamed.

However, the learned folk was even more spooked compared to the ignorant masses. "The vampires are three times more powerful when they shift into their true form!"

"What?! That young man is in deep shit!"

"That's so scary! I never thought that the legends were real!"

Through it all, Chen Xiaobei remained a picture of calm. "The viscount of the blood descendant has only nine thousand combat power!" He grinned. "He can't even scratch me!"

"Motherf*cker!" Ye Linlong screamed like a banshee, spreading sheer terror. "How dare you look down on my combat power? It's blasphemy, and I shall slay you today for disrespecting my family!"

"Alright! Then I shall show my true strength too!"

Unperturbed, Chen Xiaobei channeled Dragon Force through his entire body, and his Qi field shifted considerably!

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 448: The Fist that Shook the World

Whoosh

Ye Linlong was brimming in fury. Channeling every single ounce of True Qi into his body, the blood descendant charged at Chen like a demon burning in a grey flame.

"Die!" He screamed as he threw his fists at Chen Xiaobei rapidly, showering them as if raindrops; his hits were so fast the afterimages completely shrouded the youth.

"Too fast... I can't even see his moves... I think at least ten punches are being thrown at that young man at every second... It's terrifying..." Those with higher cultivations were shocked by Ye Linlong's fighting style.

On the other hand, the commoners were not even aware of what was going on the stage. "That monster looks scary... Is Xiaobei going to be okay?" Song Qincheng said, pursing her lips and beside herself with worry.

"I don't really know either..." Xuda gulped, and recited a little prayer inside. "That vampire is so much stronger than Si Xuanyu! Bro Bei, please defeat him... Or we're all doomed!"

Even Old Wang has put away his cellphone. 'Should I curse the opponent for God Chen?' He thought.

The crowd was utterly stunned at the very next second.

Whoosh

Streams of draconic True Qi wafted out of Chen Xiaobei, wrapping itself around his arm. A dragon head formed on his fist, and he casually threw out a single punch at Ye Linlong amidst the thousands the

blood descendant threw at him. All ten thousand combat power worth of True Qi was imbued in that punch – its sheer power tore space and time apart!

"Shit!" Ye Linlong's heart skipped a beat – he could feel the force of the fist before it even reached him. It was as if a star was falling on him!

Run!

That was all the vampire could think about know. He thought he could win if he fought with everything he had, but Chen Xiaobei had reduced him to a nervous wreck, his tremendous power crushing his confidence and morale! With no way to win, all he thought of was flight.

Shifting all strength into his legs, the blood descendant dodged.

"Hmph! You can't dodge this if you're so slow!" Chen Xiaobei smiled haughtily – his fist had already struck Ye Linlong chest.

*Pow!

The hit echoed in the air, as if a meteor crashing.

Blaaargh

Ye Linlong ejected a mouthful of fresh blood as Chen Xiaobei sent him flying out of the ring. He rolled over the ground for a distance, uprooting the grass and forming a long trail in his wake.

"Oh god... Why did I fight such a powerful opponent... Why..."

His eyes bled while veins surfaced on his forehead. Blood kept pouring from his mouth – a horrible fist-shaped hole was blown into his chest, exposing his ribcage was. The monster wanted to get up and leave, but the agony stopped him from even moving.

Blaaargh

Ye Linlong vomited another mouthful of blood along with some contents of his chest. Chen Xiaobei did not just punch a hole into him – he also destroyed his lungs and heart! He was doomed.

"So. Is there anyone else here who wants to have fun with me?" Chen Xiaobei asked calmly and glanced around. The entire arena replied with silence.

Have fun?!

Have fun with what?!

Most of the crowd was speechless – it actually troubled them to see that they were saved by just one punch. What was more, Chen Xiaobei did not look marginally bothered, which made them wonder just how much of his strength he was using. The greatest fear is that of the unknown.

Elder Gong was pleased, however, as he slowly regained his senses. "Our Jianghu has a new leader!" He proudly declared.

Song Qincheng's air of maturity dissipated as she reduced herself to a squealing fan girl. Every tiny bit of her wanted to run up the stage and kiss Chen Xiaobei.

Meanwhile, Old Wang's mouth twitched. Taking out his cellphone, he started to play Mobile Legends again. 'God Chen is Prime of Tongitan's disciple,' he thought. 'How could he lose? I was overthinking things...'

As for Xuda and the rest, they were simply glad that to have befriended Chen Xiaobei. They would not have been able to sleep well anymore if they still treated the youth hostilely.

One way or the other, there would be some who welcome this news and others who stay cautious about it.

Fan Tong and Baldy were still in each other's embrace, suddenly feeling the urge to slap themselves for ridiculing Chen Xiaobei. They were still alive only because Chen Xiaobei viewed them as nothing but grains of sand in the beach.

"Get lost! Where is Fan Tong?" Suddenly, a rather unfriendly voice could be heard in the distance.

"Elder Feng?!" Fan Tong became really excited. "Here, Elder Feng, I'm here! Baldy, bring me to Elder Feng now!"

The crowd parted to make way as he limped to Elder Feng. They knew that Elder Feng must be an extraordinary individual, since even the head of Fan Family was behaving like that.

"Elder Feng? Could it be..." There were some who quickly reacted to the name. They turned around, and were stunned to find that Elder Feng was indeed there.

"Demonic Icy Elder – Feng Qingyang! It's really him... Why is he here...?"

"What?! He's the one who fought Elder Fa Ming from Golden Dragon Temple to a draw!"

"Oh my god! Elder Fa Ming is a super elite... That means Feng Qingyang must be extremely powerful!"

"Of course! To him, all of us here are ants!"

The crowd looked on in fear.

On top of a small hill in the distance, Elder Fa Ming and Yanhong saw everything.

"Sifu, shall we head there now? I fear that Elder Feng might slay Mr. Chen!" Yanhong's gaze was fixed on the stage, slightly nervous about making the wrong call.

However, Elder Fa Ming shook his head. "No rush. No rush." He replied serenely.

"Why? You know Feng Qingyang's power the best – there's no way Mr. Chen could defeat him!"

"No, but look closely. Mr. Chen is grinning!" Elder Fa Ming smiled.

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 449: The Smile That Trembles the Arena

"Elder Feng is here... Things are just getting started..." Xuda and the rest kept swallowing air.

They were scared like mice facing a cat. They knew how powerful Elder Feng could be, thanks to their previous friendship with Fan Tong.

"Shit..." Song Qincheng's joy was quickly taken over by despair. Elder Feng was precisely the old fart Fan Tong planned to offer her to in exchange for a martial art manual. He even glared at her lustfully as soon he arrived – clearly, he had not intentions on giving her up.

There's no question that Chen Xiaobei would fight him to protect Song Qincheng too, which made her even more worried when she remembered the Elder's combat power.

"Elder Feng, was everything fine at Green Vine City? I thought you weren't coming?" Fan Tong asked politely.

"No... Nothing! I didn't run into any troubles!" Feng Qingyang dodged the question impatiently – almost accidentally revealing himself. It clearly made him uncomfortable.

Fan Tong sensed that something was amiss, but was wise enough to stop asking immediately. "Elder Feng... The position of alliance leader was taken from me by someone else!" He simply started to complain. "You must do something about it!"

Elder Feng squinted his eyes at the figure above stage. From his back alone, he could tell that the person was a teenager, and it would be ridiculously easy for him to kill him off.

However, he hesitated. There's just something not right...

Fan Tong frowned, and quickly switched gears by riling up the old man.

"Elder Feng!" He cried. "It's fine if you don't want to help me out, but you must kill that young man! He took away your Song Qincheng, in other words, he just slapped your face in public!"

"What?! How dare he take my woman away?!" Feng Qingyang exclaimed in absolute fury. He had wanted her all along – and he came here exactly because he wanted to take her back to his hideout.

Unable to keep a lid on his anger, he strode to the stage. There was no question that he could punch a teenager to death, ignoring that prickling feeling that still lingered in his mind...

"Finally, he's moving! Are they going to fight?"

"Shit! That young man is dead meat, it's impossible for him to defeat Elder Feng no matter how strong he is!"

"You guys worry too much. I bet that young man will simply surrender to Elder Feng!"

"Right! No way he's dumb enough to risk his life to fight such a powerful man!"

"Yeah, it's it is not that embarrassing to surrender to a legend!"

The crowd chattered away once more, albeit with less excitement this time. They believed the bout would be short and boring, because Chen Xiaobei would definitely lose!

However, they did not expect the young man to remain standing as Elder Feng walked onto the stage. It was as if he did not intend to surrender!

"Is that kid insane? He's going to die as soon as Elder Feng moves!"

"It's crazy! I've never seen someone as mad! He's not even turning around!"

"I think he wants to die! One slap from Elder Feng and he's mincemeat!"

The crowd was raucous, all of them ridiculing Chen Xiaobei's arrogant attitude.

Even Elder Gong could not help biting back on his own pain, and stand up to try convincing Chen Xiaobei that surrendering was in his best interest.

"Brother," he cried. "You've already outdone yourself today! There's no need for you to keep fighting – Elder Feng is the super elite of our Jianghu. Just surrender to him, and he won't hurt you!"

On the small hill in the distance.

A baffled Yanhong frowned. "What the hell is going on in Mr. Chen's mind right now? How could he be so calm in the face of death?"

"Don't worry!" Elder Fa Ming soothed. "I'm certain that Mr. Chen has something up his sleeve... You could tell by just looking at that serene grin of his!"

"But I really can't figure out how he would deal with a demon like Feng Qingyang. Is my knowledge and wisdom that lacking?"

"It's not just you, my dear disciple – I haven't the faintest idea as well. Perhaps it's fate we could never tell when it comes to special individuals like Mr. Chen. Either way, let's observe... And soon we will have the answers to our questions!"

Yanhong was speechless. There are less than a handful of people in this world Elder Feng could never truly fathom, and yet the young, brash and arrogant Chen Xiaobei was one of them!

On the stage.

"Brat! Aren't you being too cocky?!" Feng Qingyang growled. "Turn around now! Are you looking down on me?!"

The crowd was annoyed as well; all of them started jeering.

"Are you sure that you want me to turn around?" Chen Xiaobei asked calmly.

"Huh? Who are you?" Feng Qingyang frowned. The youth's voice sounded really familiar, but he simply could not place it at the moment.

"Who am I? You should know pretty well by now..."

Chen Xiaobei turned, and flashed him an evil grin.

"Shi-Shit... Why are you here..." The old man inhaled sharply, and went down on all fours immediately, knocking his head on the stage as he begged for forgiveness.

"Damn it... I was really stupid... I'm really sorry for not recognizing you... I have offended you, My Lord... I don't deserve to live anymore..." Feng Qingyang pleaded for mercy, occasionally peering up at Chen Xiaobei as if he was looking at a deity!

Everyone else at the arena as well as both monks who stood on the small hill could feel their jaw drop to the floor. The legendary Demonic Icy Elder was groveling in front of Chen Xiaobei like a dog!

The entire scene felt wrong! Shouldn't Chen Xiaobei be the one kneeling in front of Feng Qingyang!

"What... What the fuck..." Fan Tong spluttered. He tried to get the old man to kill Chen Xiaobei and secure his place as alliance leader, but how did things turn out like this! It scared him even more when he realized that Feng Qingyang would definitely get him for this.

In that very moment, Fan Tong simply wanted to die and be rid of his misery.

On the small hill...

Yanhong gulped. "Feng Qingyang just called Mr. Chen his lord... Could it be that Mr. Chen is some powerful and influential figure from the Demonic Faction?"

"No idea... I have no idea..." Elder Fa Ming shook his head, his feelings at once complicated when he saw Feng Qingyang – an equal of his – kneeling in front of Chen Xiaobei, pleading for mercy.

[Red Envelope Group of the Three Realms](#)

Chapter 450: Dominate Three Cities

Thud!

Thud!

Thud!

Feng Qingyang was still knocking his head on the stage – each knock seemingly triggering a nuclear explosion in the mind of everyone watching.

"Fine. I'll forgive you for not recognizing me so stop knocking your head on the stage, you're soiling the floor!" Chen Xiaobei waved him off. It helped that Elder Feng appeared starkly different from when they last met – Chen Xiaobei genuinely could not feel a hint of arrogance from the geezer.

"Thank you, My Lord! Thank you, My Lord!"

Feng Qingyang stopped knocking his head on the stage, but he still would not stand up – not until his Lord asked him to do so.

Chen Xiaobei then remembered something. "You are actually quite bold!" he exclaimed. "I vanquished your Three Faces Evil Spirit and destroyed your cultivation the last time, how do you still have the guts to walk on this stage and pick a fight? Aren't you afraid of dying?"

"My Lord, I managed to groom a few evil spirits to fight for me after I left Green Vine City. I thought that you were just another nobody, which was why I dared to come. If I had known it'd be you... I wouldn't have!"

Yanhong and Elder Fa Ming were extremely shocked after hearing what Elder Feng said. "Sifu... Am I hearing it wrong?"

His eyes almost bulging, Yanhong asked: "Mr. Chen... Destroyed Demonic Icy Elder's Three Faces Evil Spirit? And his cultivation as well?"

"I would like to know whether I heard it correctly myself!" Elder Fa Ming could – the most tranquil monk in Golden Dragon Temple – was no longer calm. He recalled his own battle with Feng Qingyang and his Three Faces Evil Spirit which eventually ended in a draw. How could Chen Xiaobei destroy that old man's minion as well as cultivation?

It was inconceivable!

'This young man is a monster!' Elder Fa Ming thought with a gulp.

The deathly silence still lingered over the arena. The crowd could not be more surprised, while those who kept picking on Chen Xiaobei's arrogance earlier were now terrified that he would make them pay.

Eventually, Xuda calmed himself. "Elder Gong!" He called out to the defending champion. "I believe the victor of this martial art competition is now clear, shouldn't you announce it?"

Barely recovering from the list of shocks he had today, Elder Gong asked gingerly: "May I know the name of this young man?"

"He is Bro Bei from Green Vine City, he who destroyed the powerful Black Gang and claimed the throne of Green Vine City!" Xuda shouted.

For the umpteenth time on this day, the crowd was astonished. Most of the Jianghu people have heard tales of Bro Bei. However, none of them expected the legend to be such a young man!

It was unbelievable!

"Everyone! Silence, please!" Elder Gong inhaled deeply, stood up and clasped Chen Xiaobei's hand.

"Mr. Chen, your combat power is extraordinary!" he praised. "I don't think that anyone within three cities can defeat you – and yet, you did us the huge favor of eliminating the cult leader Ye Linlong and restore peace to our cities! Now, as the previous leader of the alliance, I officially announce that Crimson Cloud City, Baihe City, and Zijiang City would all serve the new alliance leader; Mr. Chen. None shall disobey him!"

"Bro Bei! Bro Bei! Bro Bei!"

Xuda and the rest of his allies started to chant his name right after Elder Gong finished, and so did the entire arena in a show of loyalty!

And thus the martial arts competition ended. After taking absolute control over Green Vine City, Chen Xiaobei now grabbed power over another three cities without so much as a scratch.

Such heroics!

The crowd started to file away from the arena. Among them were Fan Tong and Baldy, who attempted to blend in the crowd and leave as soon as possible.

They were keenly aware that they were in for some serious pain after having offended both Chen Xiaobei and Feng Qingyang. It was therefore unfortunate that they were stopped by Xuda before they could escape.

"Bro Bei wants the both of you to go to him!"

Fan Tong and Baldy did not bother to argue, and followed Xuda like a pair of obedient dogs. Meanwhile, Chen Xiaobei was prattling away with Song Qincheng – he hardly resembled the superheroes in movies at all.

Beside him, Elder Feng stood, bowing forward at ninety-degrees, while the others around him looked solemn. It was as if Chen Xiaobei was a king, while the others were his domesticated tigers.

Fan Tong and Baldy barely breathed; they feared that their bladders would give in any moment now.

"Fan Tong, you know clearly what you've done. I shall be blunt – first, divorce Qincheng. Second, transfer all your shares in the Qingcheng Entertainment Agency to her. Three, transfer one billion to my account! Do these three things, and you can keep your miserable life!"

"That is a little..." Fan Tong gulped, his voice hesitant. The divorce and shares were trifles.

That one billion on the other hand was a major issue. The Fan Family – the most prominent family in Crimson Cloud City – had thirty billion worth of assets, but most of them came in the form of property. Furthermore, the wealth was shared among several other family members.

Although he could fork out one billion right now, Fan Tong would not be able to feed himself anymore if he did. The capital was also meant to be used for the upkeep of his numerous companies, and without it, some of his smaller branches would fall.

"What? Are you not going to do it?" Chen Xiaobei narrowed his eyes at Fan Tong. His stare could kill.

Fan Tong inhaled sharply. He knew that he would never walk away unscathed after offending a powerful person like Chen Xiaobei. Gritting his teeth, he chose life. "I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"Then get lost! Get everything done in five days or I'll make you tear your own head off!" Chen Xiaobei growled and waved him away, an order which he and Baldy accepted a little too gratefully.

Having watched the two leave as fast as their legs could carry them, Chen Xiaobei turned around to look at Elder Feng. "Aren't you leaving?" He asked.

"My Lord, I have a favor to ask of you!" Elder Feng knelt in front of him again.

"Just... say it. It isn't necessary to kneel..." Chen Xiaobei fought back his urge to laugh whenever the Shaman cum Martial Artist went down on his knees.

"My Lord, could you take me in as your disciple? I'll devote myself to your teachings, and I shall burn in hell if I ever betray you!"

"You? You want me to take you in as my disciple?" Chen Xiaobei asked in surprise.

"Please! This is my one and only request!" Elder Feng pleaded, and started to knock his head on the ground again.

Chen Xiaobei found it a wonderful idea – in fact, it would be pretty cool to take in the Demonic Icy Elder as his disciple.

"Alright, it seems like you're pretty earnest," he took care to reply with a calm voice. "I would say yes, but I still need to talk to my Sifu about it first. You'll be my provisional disciple, and I will officially take you if my Sifu agrees."

"Allow me to pay my respects once more. Incidentally, My Lord, may I ask who your Sifu would be? I would like to pay my respects to him as well!" Elder Feng said excitedly.

Elder Fa Ming and Yanhong's faces lit up. They were curious about the true identity of Chen Xiaobei's Sifu too – who could it be who could groom such a rare prodigy like that young man?

"I could tell you, but I won't!" Chen Xiaobei smiled. "You'd be frightened to death if I did!"