

## Superstar 911

### Chapter 911: Searching for Rao Aimin!

Later that morning.

Zhang Ye packed his luggage while continuing to call.

The cell phones were switched off.

They were still switched off.

He could not get through to either Rao Aimin and Lu Yuhu!

If it were anyone else, Zhang Ye would not have been so worried. For example, people like Dong Shanshan and Zhang Yuanqi would basically not get into any big trouble. Even if they did meet with some problems, their lives were not likely going to be in any danger. Rather, it was easier for a highly skilled person like Rao Aimin to get into trouble because of her involvement with the Chinese martial arts world, which many talented people were a part of. Zhang Ye had seen Rao Aimin's martial arts before and they were really great. But as for how great her martial arts really were and what situation Rao Aimin—the Senior Sister of her generation in the Eight Trigrams School—was in, Zhang Ye basically had no clue whatsoever. He was not from that world after all.

Chenchen quickly finished breakfast.

His mother instructed repeatedly, "Be careful on the way and stay safe!"

"I understand, Grandma." Chenchen nodded.

His father also said, "Listen to Little Ye on the way and don't misbehave."

Zhang Ye added, "Right, you can come together with me, but before we go, let's make it clear that you must listen to me on all things. Otherwise, I won't bring you along, alright?"

Chenchen was especially obedient today. "I got it."

After packing. "Alright, let's go!"

His mother walked them out and said, "Come back quickly!"

His father said, "Go search for Chenchen's aunt thoroughly and make sure to bring her back!"

"I understand. Don't you two worry." Zhang Ye started the car and drove out from the district.

On the road.

Chenchen looked at him and asked, "Zhang Ye, where are we going to look for her?"

Zhang Ye was also thinking about it. "Chenchen, before your aunt became your guardian, hadn't you always been taken care of by the relatives on your father's side? Would they know anything?"

Chenchen shook her head and said, "My aunt has never spoken to them."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then what about the others? Is there anyone else you know? What about Old Rao's junior brothers and sisters?"

Chenchen shook her head and said, "I don't know how to get in contact with them!"

"Where do they live?"

"I don't know."

"Does the Eight Trigrams Palm have a sect headquarters? Where is it located?"

"...I've forgotten."

Even if she was clever, she was still just a nine-year-old child. It was impossible for her to know everything.

Zhang Ye truly did not have any leads at all. He could not get in contact with any of those people he knew were related to Rao Aimin and could not pin any hopes on Chenchen's cluelessness either. If there was one thing that they knew, then it was only: Old Rao was not in Beijing.

"Dammit, let's go to the airport!"

Suddenly, Zhang Ye thought of a way!

Although it was an extremely terrible and unreliable way!

...

At the capital's airport.

China Airlines' ticket sales counter.

Zhang Ye was so fully geared up with his sunglasses and face mask that the China Airlines female employee could not recognize him immediately. It was only when it was Zhang Ye's turn in line and he handed over his identification card that he got recognized!

The female employee of China Airlines said with a face full of shock, "T-T-Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "I need two airplane tickets."

That female employee said excitedly, "Sure, sure! Aiyo, I have met an idol today! Teacher Zhang, congratulations on your promotion to the A-list. Also, I would really like to thank you for the time when the airplane got hijacked. One of the air stewardesses you rescued back then is my older cousin. I haven't had the opportunity to thank you until now!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "You're welcome."

The female employee was very talkative and could not stop speaking. "You may not know it, but after that incident, many of our air stewardesses would either carry your photo with them or hang your posters in the crew rest areas during a China Airlines' flight. My cousin says that your photo can ward off any evil!"

Zhang Ye: "..."

Eh, why does it sound like she's insulting me?

Chenchen urged him, "Zhang Ye, get the tickets!"

Zhang Ye remembered, "Right, right, right!"

Only then did that China Airlines' employee realize. "Alright, I'll process it for you. As you are our honored passenger, you are entitled a free lifetime pass on our China Airlines' flights. If you brought anyone with you, uh, don't worry, that will be free too. Do you want tickets for today?" Actually, the lifetime honored passenger only applied to one person, but if that person was Zhang Ye, it did not matter at all for them to give an additional one or two more tickets. Even the CEO of China Airlines would not say anything to this.

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yes."

The female employee smiled and said, "Which flight would you like to be on?"

However, Zhang Ye's next sentence made that female employee's jaw drop!

Zhang Ye declared, "Any flight!"

The female employee was dumbfounded. "Ah?"

Zhang Ye repeated, "Just get me on any flight!"

Chenchen added, "Hurry up!"

The female employee could not quite react in time. "Then, then where would you like to go?"

Zhang Ye smartly said, "Anywhere!"

Chenchen echoed, "Anywhere!"

The female employee nearly fainted!

Anywhere?

Fuck, you can even be so random when it comes to traveling? Aren't you being too goddamn casual about it?!

"If you're not telling me where you're going, how...how am I going to print the boarding pass for you?"

The female employee stared with her eyes wide.

But Zhang Ye said, "Whatever boarding pass you print for me, I'll travel to that place!"

Chenchen said, "Hurry up!"

At this moment, Zhang Ye opened up the game ring's virtual screen and activated the Lucky Halo (Upgraded). There rested an angelic halo over his head that no one else could see as it emitted a pulsating glow that rippled outward. One pulse, two pulses, three pulses. His reputation points were dropping as fast as water coming out of a running tap!

-100,000!

-100,000!

-100,000!

That's right!

Zhang Ye's way was this: trying his luck!

It sounded totally unreliable but this was the only way out now!

The female employee dabbed at her sweat, not knowing how to handle this situation. If it were another passenger who said such a thing to her, she would classify that person as a troublemaker. But the person right in front of her was Zhang Ye, an illustrious A-list celebrity, an associate professor at both Peking University and Media College, a world-class mathematician, a great poet, a literary scholar, and even a hero who had previously rescued their China Airlines' flight. He was a lifetime honored passenger of China Airlines!

She hurriedly went to consult her manager.

The female manager, standing not too far away, quickly rushed over to them.

"Anywhere?" When the female manager heard that, she nearly fainted. "Teacher Zhang, please give us a destination that you would like to go to, or just tell us a location and we'll print the boarding pass for you!"

But Zhang Ye did not say anything in specific. "Just choose any destination for me."

The female manager and employee were nearly in tears. "Are you bringing the child on a trip somewhere? How about going to Sanya? The weather there is very suitable for a trip right now."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure!"

The female manager exclaimed, "Yangzhou is not bad too and the environment is very good."

Zhang Ye said, "That's fine too!"

The female manager asked again, "What about Guilin?"

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Anywhere is fine!"

Dammit, Teacher Zhang, could you please stop making things difficult for us?

This manager and the female employee had worked here for around five years. What kind of passengers had they not encountered? What problems had they not faced? But this was actually the first time they came across a person buying airplane tickets in the way Teacher Zhang Ye did! They had never had such an experience before!

-100,000!

-100,000!

The Lucky Halo (Upgraded) was still in effect.

The female manager had no other choice. Seeing how Zhang Ye was so insistent and the little girl beside him was also urging desperately, she could only say, "You just want to go anywhere for a relaxing trip, right? Then we're really going to print a boarding pass randomly for you, OK?" With that, she patted that female employee beside her and said, "Just print two boarding passes for anywhere!"

That female staff was getting nervous!

Randomly?

How could she just print them randomly?!

Her hand was shaking so badly that she even misclicked on the random destination. "Aiyo, I've made a mistake and clicked on Xinjiang instead. That is not a very famous scenic area, le-le-let me change it to another place!"

Unexpectedly, Zhang Ye suddenly said loudly, "That's it! Don't change it!"

The female manager: "..."

The female employee said, "You...you haven't even asked where in Xinjiang you're headed to!"

"There's no need to ask. It's there!" Zhang Ye heartily said.

The female manager: "..."

The female employee was silent for a moment before saying, "Alright then."

After getting the airline tickets, Zhang Ye deactivated the Lucky Halo.

After receiving the boarding passes, Zhang Ye brought the child to line up at the security checkpoint and expectedly took the green lane. China Airlines was still very good to him by giving two first class tickets!

During the security checks, they had to reveal their faces to match the photos. When Zhang Ye removed his sunglasses and face mask, the three security officers got quite excited!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Aiyo, Teacher Zhang!"

"Are you going somewhere for business?"

Actually, the security officers at the airport had seen more celebrities than they could count and would usually come across at least one or two celebrities each day. But even that did not get them as excited as they were now. That was because Zhang Ye was different from other celebrities, especially in the context of an airport where he was simply a legend. Back then, this fellow was just an amateur when he piloted a large commercial airliner to a safe landing, shocking every higher-up and airport employee who had concluded that the hijacked plane could not be saved. The security officers were also watching the situation closely that day and had a very deep impression of Zhang Ye because of this. The shocking scenes from that time were something they would never, ever forget in their lifetime. It was a very shocking memory make their blood boil!

While going through the security checks, a female security officer even whispered into Zhang Ye's ear, "Teacher Zhang, I'm a diehard fan of yours and really like you a lot!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Thank you."

When the security officer next to her heard that, he laughed and said, "Are you the only diehard fan here? Of all the people working at the airport, which of us are not fans of Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye engaged in a little bit of banter with them.

Chenchen was not happy at this and tugged at his arm. "Zhang Ye, hurry up."

"Alright, alright." Only then did Zhang Ye lead the child and walk off.

When they reached the departure gate.

Only now did Chenchen gaze at him with a doubtful face. "Zhang Ye, are you really sure of this? Can we really find my aunt by going to this place?"

"Didn't we already agree that you would listen to me when we are out?" Zhang Ye rolled his eyes.

Chenchen stared at him. "But I feel that you aren't very reliable!"

Zhang Ye smiled wryly. "In any case, I'll try my best."

Chenchen's face darkened. "You promised me that you would find and bring my aunt back!"

"Since I promised you, I'll definitely do it!" Zhang Ye reaffirmed his confidence. "My luck has always been good. Trust your Uncle Zhang!"

Trust him?

Actually, this fellow did not even trust himself!

Trying to depend on luck, just sheer, blind luck, would that really be OK?

Chapter 912: Damn, we actually found her!

9:30 in the morning.

They boarded the plane.

On this small plane, there wasn't much distinction between the first class and economy class seating. Zhang Ye and Chenchen were seated in the fourth row, which was slightly further at the end of the first-class cabin.

"Fasten your seatbelt," Zhang Ye said.

"OK," Chenchen replied.

"Sit properly and don't run around later," Zhang Ye reminded.

"I know," Chenchen said impatiently.

When most of the passengers had boarded the plane, the cabin door was closed.

As Zhang Ye was wearing sunglasses and a face mask, the people in first class did not recognize him. They all had their heads lowered and were busy with their own affairs, some reading the newspaper while others were preparing to turn off their cell phones.

A while later, the plane took off.

When the plane reached cruising altitude, an air stewardess walked out with two cups of hot tea and headed straight to where Zhang Ye was seated. She squatted down and smiled sweetly, saying, "Teacher Zhang, please have some tea." Although the other passengers could not recognize Zhang Ye, how would she not know who he was? All the flight attendants had a passenger list with them.

Zhang Ye was surprised as he took the tea from her. "Oh, thank you."

The air stewardess smiled at Chenchen. "Little kid, have some tea too."

Chenchen glanced at her and said, "I want to drink soda."

Zhang Ye slapped her upside the head and said, "Why don't you just drink whatever you're given?"

"I want to drink soda." Chenchen frowned.

The air stewardess immediately said, "Sure, no problem, Auntie will get it for you." Very quickly, the air stewardess served the soda and even brought along a plush toy. "Is this nice? It's for you."

Chenchen had a glance and just said, "Orh."

Zhang Ye stared at her and said, "Say thank you."

Chenchen said unwillingly, "Thank you."

The air stewardess was smiling widely. "You're welcome."

At this moment, some of the surrounding first-class passengers looked over with a blank expression. Didn't the plane just take off? It shouldn't be time for the in-flight service yet. Why did she start serving drinks the moment she appeared? And even gave the little girl a toy? Eh, why aren't we getting such treatment as well?

However, what would make them faint even harder was only just starting.

The moment that air stewardess left, another air stewardess came.

This was a plumper air stewardess and the moment she came over, she headed straight to where Zhang Ye and Chenchen were seated. She squatted down with a smile and said, "Here, it's quite cold on the plane, Auntie got a blanket for you."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Oh, thank you."

The plump air stewardess said, "You're welcome, this is my job." She even took the initiative to cover Chenchen with the blanket and said, "This child is really beautiful, how old is she?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "She's almost nine years old."

A moment later, under the dumbfounded gazes of the surrounding passengers, a female purser in her thirties also came over.

The female purser smiled and asked, "Is the child used to riding on a plane?"

"It shouldn't be a problem." Zhang Ye smiled.

The female purser looked at Chenchen and asked, "Do you want something else to drink? Is the seat comfortable? Is it cold? You can tell me if you have any needs."

Chenchen suddenly spoke, "I want to take a look at the cockpit."

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes at her. "Why do you want to look at that?!"

Chenchen said, "I want to take a look."

This child was overly curious!

The female purser giggled. "You want to have a look at the cockpit? Alright, I'll go and check with the captain first." She then walked away before returning a few minutes later. She clapped her hands together and said, "Alright, Auntie has spoken with the captain. I'll bring you over now, but once you are inside, you mustn't touch anything, OK?"

Chenchen blinked several times and got up from her seat.

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Sorry for troubling you."

The female purser smiled and said, "It's not troublesome, it's no trouble at all."

Looking at the purser leading the child into the cockpit from afar, the surrounding passengers were even more dumbfounded. Fuck, she's even getting a tour of the cockpit? What kind of treatment is this? We are also first-class passengers! Why haven't we heard of such privileges in first class?! They get handed drinks, receive a toy, and even get a tour of the cockpit?

At once, everyone looked at that man wearing the sunglasses.

Who was this person?

How can he be so privileged to get such treatment?!

Unbeknownst to them, that person beside them was the one who had saved a China Airlines plane with hundreds of passengers and cabin crew in it. Other than allowing the child to get a tour of the cockpit, even if he were to ask to take over the first officer's role for a while, no one would say anything since this person had really piloted a plane before!

...

A few hours later, the plane landed.

Outside the airport.

Zhang Ye looked around the place as he was unfamiliar with the surroundings.

Chenchen asked, "Where are we going now?"



Zhang Ye said in a composed manner, "Let's hail a taxi first."

Very quickly, they flagged down a taxi and opened the door to get into it.

The taxi driver spoke in nonstandard Mandarin, "Where do you want to go?"

Zhang Ye stuck to his usual practice and activated the Lucky Halo immediately before telling the taxi driver, "Just go wherever!"

"Where?" The cab driver turned around to ask.

Zhang Ye repeated, "Just drive anywhere!"

The cab driver nodded back at him, seemingly unsurprised. He did not ask any further and just drove off.

Perhaps he had heard Zhang Ye wrong when he said "just go to wherever" and "just drive anywhere" or he misheard it as the name of a place or some landmark instead, so he directly drove straight to that place. Zhang Ye did not say anything and just sat in the back while holding Chenchen's hand. This fellow did not have any objectives now as he simply kept the mindset of leaving it all up to fate for the entire journey. He could only take one step at a time!

Awhile later.

The taxi stopped at the curb. It seemed they were somewhere near a mall.

The taxi driver said, "We're here."

Zhang Ye paid the fare and led Chenchen out of the taxi.

The clouds here were rather low. It felt like they could be easily touched just by reaching out their hands. The sky was especially clear, a limitless span of blue. It was too beautiful.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and felt more refreshed than before.

But Chenchen looked at him and asked, "Zhang Ye, what now?"

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Now?"

Chenchen probed, "How should we proceed from here?"

"Uh, wait for me for a while." Zhang Ye made a decision as he bent down slightly to remove his right shoe. He then activated the Lucky Halo again.

-100,000!

-100,000!

Next, with Chenchen looking at him suspiciously, Zhang Ye threw his shoe up into the air.

Bada!

The shoe landed on the ground with its toe tip pointed in a direction!

Zhang Ye waved his hand excitedly and said, "Let's go this way!"

Chenchen: "..."

Around them, some passersby were floored when they saw this. They wondered to themselves about just what the hell this idiot was doing. In this era, there were still people using the method of throwing a shoe to find their way? Did you just emerge from the remote mountains?

They headed straight!

They kept heading straight!

They walked for a full 30 minutes!

Chenchen could no longer walk any further. "Zhang Ye, are you sure this is the right way?"

"Cut the crap and just follow me!" Zhang Ye became even more guilty the further they walked. And the further they walked, the less confidence he had. But he could not show it in front of the child, so he could only persevere and curse silently in his head!

Fuck!

Where the fuck was this place?

Why was it getting more and more remote the further they walked?

"Zhang Ye."

"Mmm."

"Zhang Ye."

"Stop calling my name."

"Zhang Ye, are you dependable?"

"How can I not be dependable?"

"Then when are we going to reach the place?"

"Uh, about this..."

Just when Zhang Ye was wondering how to answer her question, they reached a location that looked like it was a long-distance bus station. This bus station felt very different from the one in Beijing as there was not even a gate at the entrance. If they did not notice the sign, he really wouldn't know that this was a bus station.

Suddenly, they overheard three to five people dressed in Chinese tunic shirts talking.

The several people did not deliberately lower their voices but they were not talking too loudly either. All of them were speaking with a northern accent.

"Why isn't the bus here yet?"

"Let's wait a little while more. It should arrive soon."

"Why is the annual Martial Arts Conference organized by the National Martial Arts Association held at Tianshan this year? Although it's a nice place, it's quite a ways away."

"It was inevitable. Who knew that there would be such a big mess happening at this year's Martial Arts Conference! It definitely has to be held at a remote place!"

"Have you guys heard about it?"

"Yes, I've heard about it."

"Who doesn't know about that in the Chinese martial arts world!"

"Hai, it's Rao Aimin from the Eight Trigrams School again. That senior is much too ruthless!"

"Hur hur, she is Rao Aimin after all."

"Hey, the bus has arrived."

"Let's go, we'll talk on the bus."

A long-distance bus drove over slowly.

But Zhang Ye and Chenchen were standing by the roadside in shock!

Rao Aimin?

The National Martial Arts Association?

The Martial Arts Conference held at Tianshan?

Zhang Ye said dumbfounded, "Holy shit! We really found her!"

Chenchen was also stunned with her mouth agape. The little kid had been holding it in for a long time now before she finally said, "...You can even do that?"

During the journey, Zhang Ye brought her to buy some airplane tickets to anywhere, then hailed a taxi to bring them to wherever, and finally resorted to the method of throwing a shoe for directions, but all of those actions had actually managed to lead them to finding Rao Aimin!

Zhang Ye erupted into laughter, "Hahahaha! Let me see who still dares to say I'm not dependable! I've said that my luck is good! Look! Look at it how turned out!"

Chenchen pulled at him in panic. "Zhang Ye, the bus is leaving!"

Zhang Ye finally reacted as he hastily pulled Chenchen by the hand and ran forward. "Let's get on the bus first! We have to follow them!"

Chapter 913: Grandmaster Rao Aimin!

On the long-distance bus.

Zhang Ye brought Chenchen with him up on the bus before paying for the tickets. Behind them, a few other passengers also boarded before the bus sluggishly started its engine and drove out of the bus

station. The people dressed in Chinese tunic shirts sat in the middle row on the right side of the bus. They were talking among themselves and did not seem bothered by Zhang Ye and Chenchen's presence. There were not a lot of passengers on the bus, so Zhang Ye did a quick scan and found two seats in the second to last row to sit down at. He did not dare to get too close to the group but did not want to be too far away either, so he just left an empty row of seats between themselves and the group.

On the bus, those people deliberately lowered their volume, or perhaps it was due to the noise on the bus that made it sound like they were speaking softer.

Zhang Ye leaned slightly forward and had to make a great deal of effort to hear what they were saying.

"Bro Liu, you're glowing! Your martial arts must have improved again."

"Hahaha, Bro Li, you too."

"I'm not as good. My foundations are poor and I'm not talented either. Back then, when I wanted to be a disciple under the Zhou Family Style, they did not accept me. They said to me that even if I were to continue practicing and trying, it would still be very difficult for me to be admitted. Hai, it's already been six or seven years now, but it was really as they said. My boxing techniques have reached a plateau."

"Zhou Family Style?"

"Bro Li, you're fortunate that you didn't get admitted into the Zhou Family!"

"Yeah, I'm incredibly lucky. If I had been in this generation of the Zhou Family's disciples, I would have encountered that crazy woman, Rao Aimin. I probably would have ran for my life if that had happened!"

"Hur hur, you wouldn't have been able to get away!"

"Yeah, I couldn't have gotten away, hai!"

They were making small talk when the topic came back to Rao Aimin again!

Chenchen anxiously perked up her ears to listen.

Zhang Ye was also trying very hard to listen to what they were saying to analyze the situation!

Zhou Family Style?

Never heard of it!

Perhaps it was a boxing style that originated in this world? Similar to the Hung Gar 1 mode of naming?

From the tone of their voices, he could sense some fear in them, as though they were afraid of some impending event.

"The Zhou Family has really attracted big trouble this time. Speaking of, it was all because of that match those years ago and that incident in which the incumbent sect leader, Old Master Zhou Tianpeng, fought and injured the younger sister and brother-in-law of the current generation of the Eight Trigrams Palm's eldest senior sister. The two of them suffered serious injuries and fell sick soon after that incident, then passed away one after the other a year or two later. By right, in a normal tournament match, every participant is responsible for their own lives and whoever gets injured is down to their own lack of

martial arts foundation. But that Old Master Zhou Tianpeng was, after all, one of the four grandmasters at that time and was a force to be reckoned with in the Chinese martial arts world. Even if he was up against two opponents, it was still a case of bullying the weak. Heh, but back to the point, he did it all because of his son. Hai, that is the power of a parent's love I guess."

Chenchen was stunned!

Zhang Ye was also stunned by that. He could suddenly feel the little kid beside him trembling and when he turned to look at her, he couldn't help feeling a pain in his heart. He hurriedly held Chenchen's cold little hands into his!

Rao Aimin's younger sister and brother-in-law?

Then did that mean they were referring to Chenchen's parents?

So that was how Chenchen's parents died?

So there were actually so many things that happened all those years back?

Grandmaster?

Zhou Family Style's Zhou Tianpeng?

In this world, grandmasters actually existed!

In Zhang Ye's previous world, the usage of the term "grandmaster" was already almost nonexistent. Chinese martial arts had fallen behind, the talent pool had withered, and martial arts were long synonymous with the sport of martial arts, as well as with movies and novels of this genre. Although there were still a lot of martial arts schools and classes, they mainly taught only fancy moves and stances. There were even competitions purely focused on the performance aspect of such martial arts. There weren't many martial arts masters who were recognized by the Chinese martial arts world anymore, much less be recognized as a grandmaster in the field.

But it was clearly different in this world. They actually still had such a thing as grandmasters!?

There were even four of them?

And one of them was Zhou Tianpeng?

Then what about the others?

In front of them, another person of the Chinese martial arts world, sporting a mustache, vividly described, "Because of that, a deadly grudge between the Zhou Family Style and Rao Aimin was formed. Even after the intervention by many leaders of the Chinese martial arts world, including the current leader of the Eight Trigrams Palm, to help reconcile this difference, they were still unable to stop Rao Aimin from seeking revenge. She is truly a legend of the Chinese martial arts world, even daring to go against her master's wishes by single-handedly fighting her way to the front steps of the Zhou Family's headquarters. At that time, Zhou Tianpeng was on extremely good terms with another martial arts grandmaster, Chen Xi. According to rumors, the two of them were having tea together when Rao Aimin fought her way there. Chen Xi intervened and wanted to reconcile the two's differences by urging Rao Aimin to stop whatever she was planning. However, he did not expect that Rao Aimin would not give in

and even went up against both of them by herself. What left the people of the Chinese martial arts world even more surprised was that not only did Rao Aimin not get disadvantaged by the numbers, she actually matched blows with them! She even made Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi sweat after taking them on for several dozen rounds!"

"It's a pity that she still got defeated at the end."

"Yes, Rao Aimin still lost at the end. With the two grandmasters teaming up, who could have made it past three attacks from them? Yet Rao Aimin managed to battle them for a hundred rounds. Although she was seriously injured, she also injured Zhou Tianpeng! I did not witness that battle with my own eyes that year, but just thinking about it makes me shudder with excitement. From that day onward, the Chinese martial arts world welcomed its fifth grandmaster!"

Hearing this, Zhang Ye was dumbfounded!

What?

The fifth grandmaster?

Old Rao, that woman...was actually a grandmaster?

Zhang Ye simply couldn't believe it. He knew that Rao Aimin was incredible, possibly even to the degree of being able to use concealed power. He had witnessed Old Rao using her bare hands to split metal before, but never did he think that Rao Aimin could be a martial arts grandmaster, and even one of just five such grandmasters at the top of the Chinese martial arts world!

That person was still rattling off, "What Rao Aimin did at that time shocked the entire Chinese martial arts world! Later, even Grandmaster Chen Xi admitted to his friends over a drinking session that if Rao Aimin had been born a male, he and Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng would probably have only managed to fight to a draw with her! So you can clearly imagine how strong Rao Aimin is. From that day onward, no one in the Chinese martial arts world dared to mess with her. Also, Rao Aimin did not return to her martial sect after that. It was as if she had vanished from the martial arts community for good."

"But in the past half year, this one and only female grandmaster of the Chinese martial arts world reappeared again!"

"Yeah. At that time, it caused such a ruckus in the Chinese martial arts world. Rao Aimin had issued a challenge to the Zhou Family, but Zhou Tianpeng did not respond to it. I guess it was because he knew that he was no match for Rao Aimin, so he chose not to accept the challenge. But Rao Aimin was still the same old her from all those years ago. When she gets mad, no one can stop her at all. She went around the entire country challenging all the training halls and martial arts schools under the Zhou Family. How could any of these second or third generation disciples of the Zhou Family Style possibly be a match for a martial arts grandmaster like her? They wouldn't be able to take even a single blow from her! Within half a year, the number of Zhou Family Style disciples injured by her numbered over a hundred and more than 30 training halls and schools closed down! Because there were already no masters who could stay standing to continue teaching! They were left with no choice but to close down!"

Zhang Ye was getting shock after shock from hearing all of this. Only then did he realize that Old Rao was actually so amazing! When she said she would be back within a month, it was because she had gone

to seek revenge for her sister. But the opponent did not respond to her challenge, so she spent half a year going around the country and bringing down their training halls and schools instead, going up against the disciples of the Zhou Family Style to force their sect leader out!

Single-handedly, she challenged the entire Zhou Family Style?

What sort of audacity was that!

The sect leader of the Zhou Family Style could not even utter a word of objection?

The members of the Chinese martial arts world just kept silent?

Then, he heard those people speak again. "Several days ago, Zhou Tianpeng finally said something, likely because he was getting forced into a corner. If it went on like this, the Zhou Family Style would cease to exist. Therefore, Grandmaster Zhou found Grandmaster Chen Xi and all the martial sects, including those leading figures of the martial arts community and called for an early convening of the Martial Arts Conference this year. He sent out mass invitations to the martial arts community and arranged for the Conference to be held at Tianshan, even releasing word that he would settle the feud with Rao Aimin during the event. Needless to say, Rao Aimin will definitely show up at tomorrow's Martial Arts Conference!"

"Yeah, it will surely be interesting to watch when the time comes!"

"It'll be super interesting. A battle of grandmasters? Who in the Chinese martial arts world does not want to come and witness this?"

"The Conference this time is probably going to be the most attended in its entire history!"

"Right, or else they wouldn't have also invited people like us who don't have any official recognition."

"Hai, rather than say we were invited, it might be better to say that we came uninvited, hur hur."

"We're just here to observe the happenings and see how the grudge will be resolved. I heard that not only is Senior Rao Aimin the only female grandmaster of our current time, she's also a peerless beauty."

"I've heard that too!"

"It's sucks that Bro Tan could not make it."

"Haha, he was really unlucky to have met with an accident at such a time and broken his leg!"

"Yeah, his invitation card is still with me."

Hearing everything from start till end, Zhang Ye could basically piece together the whole story and clearly understand what was happening. From the words of these people, he even knew why Rao Aimin had vanished from the martial arts community those years ago and ended up settling down in Beijing as a landlord collecting rental. She did all of that to take care of Chenchen! It was because she wanted to bring up her sister's child! Now that Chenchen had grown up and became more sensible, she put her in the care of Zhang Ye and returned to the Chinese martial arts world to avenge the feud from all those years back! Was that her reason for saying that line "if she doesn't make it back"?

The Martial Arts Conference was going to take place tomorrow?

Zhang Ye suddenly got very worried. Invitation letter? He didn't have that! All he knew now was that the landlady auntie was going to be there, but how would he and Chenchen get into the event?

"Zhang Ye!" Chenchen said anxiously.

Zhang Ye put a finger to his lips to shush her. "I know what to do."

Chenchen kept tugging agitatedly at his arm. "Quickly think of something!"

Zhang Ye thought hard for a while before he took a deep breath and said to Chenchen, "Sit here and don't move. I'm going over for a bit." Saying so, he stood up and took a few steps toward the seats in front of them.

Those several people were still chatting.

Zhang Ye went straight up to them and gave a fist and palm salute. "Sirs."

The few of them were taken aback. "Huh?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I accidentally overheard your conversation just now and realized that we're going to the same place. You're all going to the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference, right?"

One of the mustached youngsters asked suspiciously, "You are?"

Zhang Ye gave him a fist and palm salute, saying, "My name is Chen Zhen 2 ."

The other person blinked and looked at him.

Zhang Ye said in a serious tone, "I am the disciple of... Huo Yuanjia 3 !"

Huo Yuanjia?

Who is this Huo Yuanjia?

Suddenly, the long-distance bus hit a bump and the thermos flask that they had put in the netting on the back of the seats in front of them fell out in the direction of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye did not move his body and with a flick of his ankle, he miraculously caught the thermos flask on the tip of his toe, kicking it straight back up. As it hung in the air, Zhang Ye casually grabbed it and passed it back to them with a smile. "You dropped this."

Great agility!

Nice moves!

When the several of them saw this, they were immediately impressed. Those moves were not something that just anyone could pull off!

The four of them stood up together at once and cupped their fists in a salute. "We're pleased to meet you!"

"So Bro Chen is also one of us!"

"Good footwork!"



Zhang Ye said humbly, "You're being too generous with your praise."

One of them asked, "So why did you greet us?"

Zhang Ye made a noise of understanding then said, "It's like this. I brought a child with me this time, but as she was throwing tantrums on the way here, my Tianshan Martial Arts Conference invitation letter was lost. I don't know what else I can do, so I wanted to ask the four of you if you know whether I can enter the event without an invitation letter. Before I traveled here, my teacher had repeatedly reminded me to step out to see the world and gain some experience. But I lost the invitation letter the moment I stepped out, so if I were to go back just like that, I won't have it in me to face my old teacher! Hai! Hai!"

The four of them looked at each other.

The mustached youth immediately broke out into a smile and gave him another fist and palm salute. "Bro Chen, how coincidental for you. One of the people in our group did not come because he was admitted to the hospital." Saying that, he rummaged through his bag and found a letter which he handed over to Zhang Ye. "Here, I happen to have an extra one."

Zhang Ye hurriedly asked, "Is this, is this appropriate?"

The mustached youth laughed. "What's inappropriate about it? We won't be using this extra invitation anyway. Besides, only the name is written on the front side of the invitation letter and there is no photo ID on it. They will only check to see if you really have an invitation letter but won't look at the names. You'll definitely be fine using this to enter." There was something that they did not dare to say: It was even if they did check the names on the invitation letters, with their status in the Chinese martial arts world, no one would know them regardless. They were at most considered a fringe group of the Chinese martial arts world.

Zhang Ye said, "Aiyo, then I must really thank you senior bros!"

"You're so polite!"

"Don't worry about it!"

"We're all from the Chinese martial arts world, so you don't need to be so polite!"

The attitudes of these four people toward Zhang Ye were still quite good. Due to Zhang Ye showing off a moment ago, they felt that he had really wonderful moves. Additionally, Zhang Ye's expressions and manners left the four of them who were invited to this conference with no doubts that he was one of them too.

From this, a fact could be proven.

Life is just like a show, it's all about the fucking acting!

Chapter 914: Arriving at the conference venue!

On their way there, the five of them had a very engaging conversation.

Zhang Ye brought Chenchen to sit in the seat behind them. They chatted about random topics and he conveniently fished for information about the Chinese martial arts world at the same time. He was basically clueless about everything regarding it right now.

"Bro Chen Zhen, where are you from?"

"The capital."

"Aiyo, that's a good place."

"Haha, it's not too bad."

"Those moves of yours were pretty impressive."

"I'm just OK."

"What style does your master teach?"

"My master is Huang Feihong, and I learn—"

"Eh, didn't your say your master was Huo Yuanjia?"

"Ah? Did I?"

"You said so yourself just now."

"Oh yes, Huang Feihong is my other master." [1.]

"Wow, Bro Chen is practicing two forms of martial arts?"

"I'm just dabbling in a bit of everything."

Chenchen, who was listening to Zhang Ye make things up on the fly, could only roll her eyes and stay quiet.

These men were very talkative and friendly.

They were all non-affiliates, which was a nicer way of identifying those who did not belong to any sect or walked an unconventional path in Chinese martial arts.

In the group, two of them were brothers related by blood. Both were bald-headed men with domineering statures and looked like they practiced external styles. They looked like they probably packed a punch with their attacks too. One of them was named Liu Yiquan, while the other was named Liu Yizhang, and as their names suggested, the elder brother practiced fist-based martial arts and the younger brother practiced palm-based martial arts. As for the details, Zhang Ye did not probe any further, although it was unlikely that these names were given by their parents. They were more like nicknames than anything. [2.]

There was another person called Li Quanneng who looked like he was quite skilled. Whether he was as all-around as his name suggested was something still to be seen. [3.]

The last person's name was He Badao. Likewise, his name sounded similarly quite fearsome. [4.]

They were all young people, even though there were some who looked rather old. Zhang Ye only found out that the oldest among them was thirty-one years old after he asked, while the rest were only in their twenties. This wasn't surprising as there was a saying that went "fistfights favor the young and vigorous." This suggested that only the young ones in their prime were suited for hand-to-hand combat, while the older ones would suffer a drop in their physical performance. Only practitioners of internal style martial arts might have it slightly better, like Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng and Grandmaster Chen Xi, who continued to maintain and even improve their skill levels from their prime. Some grandmasters could still fight even after they turned ninety. But for most of those who practiced external style boxing, how many sixty-year-olds could still be seen leading the charge?

Liu Yiquan asked, "Bro Chen Zhen, is this your first time taking part in the Martial Arts Conference?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yeah, it's my first time here. You senior bros must be regular attendees of the Conference already, right? When we get there, I hope to seek your advice if there's anything I don't understand. Please don't find me bothersome at that time."

Liu Yizhang laughed heartily. "Of course not, Bro Chen. No need to be so polite with us."

He Badao smiled and said, "The four of us are just here to have fun. We only got invited because we knew someone on the inside, but when we get there, we're only as good as any other bystander. It's always like this for us every year."

Zhang Ye gave a fist and palm salute, and said, "Then you're all veterans of the event!"

He Badao hurriedly replied, "We dare not claim so!"

Li Quanneng noted, "Bro Chen Zhen is still quite young but already so skilled. I believe he will surely become someone of stature in the future!"

Zhang Ye repeatedly said, "I can't compare to the four of you senior bros for sure!"

Everyone spoke good things and dished out lavish praises about one another!

...

Soon, the five of them came to the topic of martial arts.

Zhang Ye did not really know what to say, so he took some time to whisper to Chenchen, "When we get there, don't run your mouth off. Listen closely to me and my instructions, understand?"

Chenchen asked, "Zhang Ye, will my aunt be alright?"

Zhang Ye consoled, "Don't you know what your aunt is like? Even if anything were to happen to anyone else, she would still be fine. Let's think about sneaking into the event first before we think of what to do next."

Contemplating this, Zhang Ye couldn't help but bring up the interface of the game ring on his left pinky finger.

The game interface appeared.

Total Reputation Points: 2.1 billion!

This was how many reputation points Zhang Ye currently had. It could be described as an astronomical figure. Back when he was just a B-list celebrity, the greatest amount of reputation points that Zhang Ye had gotten was only in the figure of several hundred million. But ever since he had experienced a boost in his popularity, more and more people started to learn about him and the influence of his works became greater as such. With A Bite of China, the Spring Festival Gala where he performed his skit and crosstalk, as well as the large-scale scolding battle that happened after that, his position in the Celebrity Rankings Index had risen into the A-list. With that, his reputation points accumulated in the game ring also broke above the staggering 2 billion figure. This was even the amount that he had left over after having used the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) several times on his way here!

Now, to check on his inventory items.

As he hadn't been doing any lucky draws of late, they were all the same old items.

[ Difficulty Adjustment Die ] × 1.

[ X-ray Vision Eye Drops ] × 1.

[ Pause Game ] × 1.

[ Stamina Potion ] × 10+. [5.]

[ 1-Up ] × 1.

That was about it.

Zhang Ye knew very well that Rao Aimin would stir up big trouble at the conference this time, but he didn't know if he could be of any help to her.

...

The journey took slightly less than two hours and the five of them chatted throughout. It felt like they had gotten very close and even had their arms around each other like brothers. Since they were all martial arts practitioners, it was definitely much easier to become friends. He Badao nearly even decided to acknowledge Chenchen as his god-daughter along the way! Zhang Ye also spoke up and said that if they visited the capital in the future, they could just call him up and he would take care of all their meals and accommodation!

The bus stopped.

They reached their destination.

After getting out of the bus, they led Zhang Ye on a hike for around two kilometers before they finally arrived—it was the venue of the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference!

Only then did Zhang Ye realize that even though the conference was held at Tianshan, it didn't mean that they were going up into the tarns or to the peak of the Tianshan mountains. That place was a national tourist scenic area. For a motley group of people like them to go there, the scenic area's management would probably not allow it. When they spoke about Tianshan, all it meant was the area near the Tianshan mountain range at the foot of the mountains. This place had very good scenery and the snow-covered mountain caps could even be seen from far away. [6.]

As they got closer to the venue, they saw more and more people.

With a sweeping glance, he could see at least a few hundred people arriving at the same time. They were all lining up to get into the venue, which looked like a large holiday resort of sorts. This venue was probably fully booked by the National Martial Arts Association. Inside were many buildings that looked similar to inns. It was a great contrast to the scenery that they saw on their way here.

At this moment, Liu Yizhang, Liu Yiquan, and the rest of their group met some familiar faces.

"Hey, Bro Pang!"

"Aiya, Bro Liu!"

"You're here too?"

"Yeah, I just arrived!"

"Come on, let's go inside."

"Let's walk together, hahahaha!"

On the way in, they introduced Zhang Ye to those people who had just joined them.

While they were in line, Zhang Ye heard some interesting news that left him rather speechless.

A youth, who had newly joined their group and wore a training outfit, sighed, "The Conference is tomorrow, but I heard that a few masters won't be participating in it anymore."

He Badao asked in surprise, "What happened?"

Liu Yizhang said with his eyes wide, "Could it be that they met with their enemies on their way here?"

"That's not possible," Liu Yiquan mentioned.

Zhang Ye's and Chenchen's ears perked up.

That youth sighed and said, "Master Zhang of the Hidden Weapons School had traveled with his weaponry and got arrested when he went past the security check conducted by the railway police! Master Sun from an Iron Palm branch was extorted by someone on the way here and didn't have any money left for the remainder of his travels. Then he got lost and is now wandering around Shaanxi on foot! Kongtong Sect's second senior brother of the current generation will be flying over later as his earlier flight was canceled. He's still stranded at the airport and leading the other passengers in a protest right now!"[7.]

Zhang Ye: "..."

Chenchen: "..."

Liu Yiquan sighed loudly, "What is this world!"

"Morality is no longer what it used to be!" He Badao said angrily.

On their way here, Zhang Ye heard these people talking in such extravagant ways that he had somehow gained a newfound respect for those masters and experts of the Chinese martial arts world. But after

this youth's account to them, the image of those martial arts masters was completely shattered in Zhang Ye's mind!

Chapter 915: All-out brawl!

Arrested by the police?

Extorted by someone?

Leading passengers in a protest?

Oh my god, I'm floored! What sort of martial arts masters are these!?

Zhang Ye didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He thought to himself about why these martial arts masters sounded so ordinary. But giving it some thought, it was also true that this was unavoidable in such an era. If you took the train while carrying darts and throwing knives all over your person, how could you expect to not get arrested! By the time the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference ended, this fellow would probably still not be released as he would be detained for at least three days!

...

In the Tianshan region.

Somewhere.

The people from the Eight Trigrams School gradually arrived!

Lu Yuhu, Rao Aimin's junior brother, was also in the crowd. He had handed over the cases that he was following to a colleague, turned off his phone, and rushed over to Tianshan without even applying for leave from his workplace. At the moment, he was anxiously pacing around. As he was the least skilled of the current generation of the Eight Trigrams School's disciples, all he could feel now was a sense of helplessness!

What should I do?

What should I do right now?

At this time, another two people arrived outside. It was a man and a woman.

Lu Yuhu went up to them, shouting, "Fifth Senior Sis!"

"Little Junior Bro!" His fifth senior sister strode over to him.

The senior brother beside her asked anxiously, "Where is Eldest Senior Sis?"

Lu Yuhu said, "She's in closed-door training!"

His fifth senior sister said anxiously, "She clearly knows that this is an extremely dangerous place, so why is she still so insistent on coming!"

Lu Yuhu sighed deeply and said, "Who can stop Eldest Senior Sis when she has decided on something?"

His fifth senior sister observed their surroundings. "We only have this many?"

One of the junior brothers who arrived early said, "This is all there is!"

His fifth senior sister asked, "Where is our Eldest Senior Bro? And Second Senior Bro?"

Lu Yuhu said angrily, "Don't bring them up. A lot of people couldn't come because they have been pressured by Master. Eldest Senior Bro and company even tried to force their way here! But they were held back forcefully at the training hall! None of them made it out!"

Hearing that, every one of them fell silent.

The group was made up of men and women, with most of them young people who were the current generation of disciples. When some of them heard about the Martial Arts Conference, they all started rushing over, starting from a few days ago. Some of them just made it here today, with no luggage and not even a change of clothes. It could be seen just how much of a hurry they were in to get here!

"Why did Master do that?"

"Master said that this was Eldest Senior Sis's personal grudge that had nothing to do with the Eight Trigrams School, so he wouldn't allow us to join her! He even said that Eldest Senior Sis has already left the Eight Trigrams School!"

"Master, he..."

"Eldest Senior Sis will always be our Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Don't blame Master for this. He has no other choice! Eldest Senior Sis has angered too many people this time and flouted the rules of our martial arts world. She has forced the Zhou Family Style School into a corner, injuring so many of their disciples and masters, and overturning so many of their training halls and schools at the same time. There is a written rule in the National Martial Arts Association forbidding such behavior, so the motive of the Conference this time is basically targeted at her. They're trying to gather the support of our entire martial arts world to denounce Eldest Senior Sis. Although our Eight Trigrams School is considered as one of the large sects, that is more because of the status we gained during the Qing dynasty. Our style has already weakened since then and Master does not wish to offend our entire martial arts world. If he did, then our Eight Trigrams School would definitely have no chance of survival!"

"But that's Eldest Senior Sis we're talking about!"

"Master has his considerations, so it's not our place to speak. But whatever it is, now that Eldest Senior Sis is in trouble, we definitely have to support her. I'll try to contact the other disciples who are outside and see if we can get more to come! We can't let Eldest Senior Sis battle on her own! Do they really think that the Eight Trigrams School can be easily pushed around?"

"Don't call the junior disciples. They won't be of any help even if they came!"

"Will it be OK with just this many of us?"

"What else can we do? We can only take them head on!"

The disciples of the Eight Trigrams School gathered together and started to discuss their strategy!

...

In the evening.

It was getting dark.

At the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference, Zhang Ye had already sneaked into the venue with Chenchen using his invite. Only the organizer's staff looked curiously at Zhang Ye who had brought a child along with him, but they did not say anything or even check his invite and allowed him into the venue. They arranged for them to check into an inn on the west side of the resort.

The rooms were on the third story.

Right after Zhang Ye put down their luggage, Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the others came over.

"Bro Chen Zhen, wanna grab dinner?"

"Alright."

"Do you drink?"

"That's a must!"

"Hahaha, great, let's have a couple drinks together!"

"Let's go!"

They headed downstairs. The dining areas were located within this large holiday resort. When they got there, the restaurant was already full, so they had to wait more than ten minutes before they got a table that had been temporarily set up on the first floor's lobby. After all, there were too many people and the seating both upstairs and downstairs were filled to the brim with at least several hundred people eating. But all they wanted now was a steaming hot bowl of rice, so it didn't matter where they were seated.

Sitting down, they ordered some dishes.

Zhang Ye could hear the conversations of those around him from all the different sects and schools of the Chinese martial arts world. Some of them were drinking wine and talking especially loudly.

"If Rao Aimin attends this Conference, then she better not think that she can leave standing!"

"She's bullying us as a more skilled martial artist. How is that the bearing of a grandmaster?"

"Our brothers from the Zhou Family Style have had it hard this time!"

"It's already been half a year and their training halls and schools have all closed down one by one. Even if Rao Aimin is a grandmaster, she can't break the rules like that. We definitely cannot forgive her and must seek justice for our brothers of the Zhou Family Style!"

"Right, supporting Old Master Zhou!"

"The Conference this time is basically a denouncement session aimed at Rao Aimin!"



"Has anyone from the Eight Trigrams School arrived yet?"

"They're not here yet, but there's nothing to be afraid of even if they are. How many people can they have?"

"Haha, that's right. With grandmasters like Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi taking helm, it doesn't matter how many of their people are here! Rao Aimin wasn't a match for the two grandmasters several years ago. Several years later, she still won't be a match for them. This time 'round, we can just sit back and watch how it plays out tomorrow!"

"We from the Kongtong Sect will definitely be supporting Old Master Zhou!"

"Our Iron Palm Sect will support Old Master Zhou too. Senior Rao Aimin has really gone too far this time!"

"Let me thank all of you on behalf of the Zhou Family Style's disciples!"

"Bro Huang, don't mention it!"

"Yeah, if you thank us like that, you're just treating us as outsiders. This sort of problem calls for our indignation, so of course we will be supportive! Or else it would end up with us witnessing Rao Aimin destroying the legacy of the Zhou Family Style!"

Some disciples belonging to several other schools did not say anything and only ate.

But some people started clamoring, shouting, and saying things like calling for the denouncement of Rao Aimin. From the looks of it, these schools had already reached a consensus with the Zhou Family before they arrived. Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng's social ties within the Chinese martial arts world had always been quite good. He was also a long recognized grandmaster of the Chinese martial arts world. With such a status and reputation, there were many martial schools that had a good relationship with him. With such events happening this time, a lot of the martial schools did not hesitate in showing their support for Old Master Zhou.

The food was served.

Chenchen's face was sunken and she did not even pick up her chopsticks.

Zhang Ye had only just found out that so many of those who were participating in the conference this time were actually here to denounce Old Rao. This was obviously an extremely dangerous place for her to be!

One of the newcomers who'd joined their group said, "Senior Rao Aimin is in big trouble this time!"

He Badao said in a low voice, "Let them say whatever they want, but we should not get involved."

Liu Yiquan agreed, "It's none of our business, so let's just observe. This is a fight between the gods; it's nothing we can take part in even if we wanted to."

"This dispute entails details that are too murky for us," Liu Yizhang remarked.

Li Quanneng raised his cup and said, "Let's drink. Bottoms up."

A lot of those who were eating quietly at the restaurant were people like Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and others who weren't affiliated with any sect or school. There were a lot of these non-affiliates who did not belong to any traditional sect or school of the Chinese martial arts world. Some of their kung fu was blindly practiced by themselves and they did not even have a proper teacher to guide them. They were purely born out of an unorthodox background without any roots in the Chinese martial arts world. As a result, they had no say in most of the matters in it and just kept a low profile.

They ate and drank their fill.

But the shouting got louder and louder. Before long, even those seated on the second and third floors joined in.

"Denounce Rao Aimin!"

"Drive her out of our martial arts world!"

"We can't let her continue being arrogant like that!"

"Right!"

"Well said!"

"Kill that bitch!"

"Return our martial arts world its clear blue skies! Kill that bitch!"

The Zhou Family Style's disciples were especially rowdy after downing a few drinks and were getting even more agitated!

Zhang Ye was becoming irritated from hearing all those voices. Hey, are you guys finished? Zhang Ye also stared hard at those who kept shouting "bitch" and burned their faces into his mind. You guys are dead!

Chenchen's expression was even darker!

Suddenly, a loud voice exploded not too far away from them!

"Why is it so expensive?" It came from a table of seven youths. Judging by their clothing, they should also be non-affiliates.

However, Zhang Ye was taken aback by the sight, because he had spotted a familiar face in that group. If Zhang Ye wasn't wrong, that person was called Yan Hui. During the hijacking incident when Zhang Ye couldn't hold his bladder and had to go to the bathroom, it was Yan Hui who held back the hijackers briefly and prevented the passengers from getting hurt. He held them off until Zhang Ye returned. After the airplane landed, Yan Hui, along with some of the injured passengers and aircrew, were transported to the hospital. That was the last time Zhang Ye saw him, so it was really unexpected to bump into him here. Eh, but he suddenly remembered that back on the airplane, didn't Yan Hui use karate? Although his skills were not much to talk of, his character was pretty good and Zhang Ye's impression of him was extremely good too. It looked like he had switched to practicing Chinese martial arts now? He was also here to participate in the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference?

The restaurant waiter glanced at them and said, "That is the price."

Yan Hui's companions shouted, "There's just the seven of us, why would it come up to over 3,000 yuan for the bill?"

Yan Hui said angrily, "You guys are out to slaughter us!"

Of the non-affiliates who came to attend the event this time, most of them were not rich to begin with. A bill of over 3,000 yuan was definitely too expensive for them. The other non-affiliates around them who heard this were also shocked. Even among those who belonged to a sect, some of them were relatively poor due to the fact that their sect's training halls and schools were not earning as much as before.

"Over 3,000 yuan?"

"This..."

"Who read the menu just now?"

"I looked through it, but I don't think there was anything this expensive in it."

"Then how much would it cost for our table?"

"I don't know!"

A commotion started in the restaurant.

That waiter frowned and said, "The wine you ordered was expensive. Our restaurant fermented this wine ourselves and a jug of it costs 2,000 yuan. It's all written on the menu, didn't you see?"

When they heard that it was the wine that was expensive, a lot of those people at the surrounding tables heaved a sigh of relief as they did not order it.

Yan Hui said angrily, "What wine is this that it costs so much?"

Another person said, "A jug costs 2,000 yuan?"

Another companion shouted, "Whose restaurant is this? I demand to see your boss!"

A table of people at the other side of the room looked over.

One of them who stood up was the Zhou Family Style's fourth senior brother of the current generation of disciples. As he ranked number four in the Zhou Family Style, everyone usually greeted him as Fourth Bro Zhou. Fourth Bro Zhou said stiffly, "The Zhou Family Style School are part owners of this restaurant, so this is our property. Do you have any problems?"

The restaurant was owned by the Zhou Family?

When many of the people heard this, they dared not utter another word.

Old Master Zhou Tianpeng's reputation was too great within the Chinese martial arts world!

Yan Hui also stood up. "You're all scammers!"

Fourth Bro Zhou sneered at him. "Don't come and eat here if you don't have the money! What are you going off about for!"

"You..." Yan Hui was infuriated.

His companions beside him dragged him back and tried to calm him down. This was the Zhou Family Style School! They were a large sect in the Chinese martial arts world, and their sect leader was a grandmaster. Even if they had to close down a lot of training halls after Rao Aimin's antics, their status as a large sect was still there. They definitely should not be messed with!

The seven of them decided to swallow their pride and let it go.

But at this time, a young man wearing a pair of sunglasses indoors, at night, suddenly sprang up and said loudly, "The Zhou Family has gone too far!"

It was Zhang Ye!

Everyone was stunned.

Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the others were dumbfounded!

Yan Hui and his companions were also stunned! What?

They heard Zhang Ye angrily say while he pointed at Fourth Bro Zhou, "Don't come if we don't have the money? We all heeded Old Master Zhou's invitation and came to the Martial Arts Conference this time to support the Zhou Family's denouncement of Rao Aimin. Some of us came from the capital, some came from Shandong, and there were even some who rushed back from overseas and traveled thousands and thousands of kilometers to get here, all because we wanted to come here to support you! None of us complained! But you guys? After sending out a mass invite to the martial arts community, it seems like their intention was just to cheat us of our meal money by slaughtering us with exorbitant prices? Cheat us of our wine money? Not only are they asking us to support them, they're even blatantly making money off us? What motives do you have! Where is your conscience!"

Listening to these words, Fourth Bro Zhou was in shock!

Fuck, what did I say? When did I ever fucking mean it like that!

When the surrounding people heard that, their expressions turned to anger at once and people stood up!

"Yeah! What is the meaning of this?"

"The Zhou Family invited everyone here to give you our support, so why are you still trying to cheat us of our money?"

"The bill for a seven-person meal came up to over 3,000 yuan, isn't that just like a scam?!"

Fourth Bro Zhou quickly tried to explain, "That wine was meticulously fermented by our—"

Zhang Ye instantly cut in, "This wine was meticulously planned by you guys! The bill for their table came up to 2,000 yuan for the wine, then for another table, it would be 2,000 yuan for the food! And another table would run up 2,000 yuan for the tea. No one can run from it! You're the ones who're doing all the talking anyway, so it's just going to be whatever price you want to set it at! We were initially full of respect for the Zhou Family Style School and also held a deep reverence for Old Master Zhou. But today,

we all have really been disappointed! Everyone here knows that the Zhou Family has been in an abject state for the past six months. You have closed down many training halls and your income stream must have had a sharp decline. But you can't just try to cheat us of our money because of that! Were your training halls and schools brought down by us? Why should we be paying for it? 2,000 yuan for a wine that you bought in bulk? It's even more expensive than Maotai!?"[1.]

When some of the people heard this, they had a sudden realization!

"The Zhou Family is in need of money!"

"No wonder!"

"But we're all on the same side. Surely you can't scam us like this."

"Right, why are you all cheating us of our money?"

"How can there be wine bought in bulk that costs 2,000 yuan! That bro in the sunglasses is right! This scam is way too obvious!"

Everyone was slowly getting convinced the more they listened!

Fourth Bro Zhou flew into a rage. "Which sect are you from?"

Zhang Ye banged the table and shouted, "Which sect am I from? Listen to that! Just listen to that! If we're not from any sect or if we're from the small sects, we can only suffer the slaughter of the Zhou Family! While those from the large sects get to eat and drink for free! This is a clear act of bullying! They are clearly targeting people like us from the small sects! Because our money can be easily cheated! Because we don't have much foundation and talent, we're a good pick for getting bullied! They can easily scam us of our money without much effort! Getting us to come support the Zhou Family Style School and using us a tool in their fight, we came without questions. When we got here, they want us to pay them for our meals, and we also have to pay without question! They want our support and want our money too! They're taking us for idiots!"

A burly man who was a non-affiliate also slammed his fist against a table. "Fuck!"

A tipsy group of disciples from a small sect also jumped up in anger. "So what if you're from a large sect! Do you think you can take us for idiots?"

"Despicable!"

"You people from the Zhou Family, what's the meaning of all this?"

"You guys are pushing it too far!"

"You even dare to profit with such ill-gotten gains?"

"Do you still have a shred of martial righteousness in you?"

Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the rest of their group also got angry. They followed Zhang Ye and stood up!

Fourth Bro Zhou was completely stupefied! Damn, what the fuck did I say? I only fucking asked you which sect you were from! All I did was ask that!

At this moment, one of the bad-tempered senior brothers of the Zhou Family Style suddenly smashed the teacup that he was holding onto the floor. He was just frustrated by what was going on and wanted to vent!

Crash!

The cup was smashed to pieces!

Then, Zhang Ye shouted furiously, "Smashing the teacup as a signal? You guys are even thinking of attacking us!?"

After those words left Zhang Ye's mouth, all of a sudden, many of the expressions on the faces of the non-affiliates and disciples of the small sects changed. They suddenly blew up in anger!

"Son of a bitch!"

"You guys are even thinking of attacking us?"

"Attack us then!"

"C'mon! Fuck! Let's fight!"

"Fuck you, Zhou Family!"

That senior brother of the Zhou Family Style was dumbfounded!

Fourth Bro Zhou was also dumbfounded!

Fight?

Smashing the cup as a signal?

I'll goddamn smash your second granny instead!

Some of the people at Yan Hui's table were already walking toward them, swearing at them as they approached the people from the Zhou Family Style!

Suddenly, the group of people seated at the Kongtong Sect table stood up as well. They grabbed Yan Hui and held him back, saying, "This is the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference! Don't make trouble here!"

The unprepared Yan Hui suddenly stumbled and was thrown back.

Zhang Ye roared, "The large sects are hitting us! They're all in cahoots! Fuck! Fuck them!" With that, Zhang Ye immediately led the charge forward. He found the person in the Zhou Family Style School who spoke ill of Rao Aimin earlier and brutally gave him a flying kick to the face!

The non-affiliates and small sect disciples were so angry that they lost their heads too!

"Fuck them!"

"Motherfuckers!"

"They were really going to attack us?"

"They're taking it too far!"

"Dammit, I'm gonna take them on!"

"A warrior prefers death to humiliation!"

That person from Kongtong Sect who held back Yan Hui was dumbfounded. "Attacking? Who's attacking anyone now? I was just—" Before he could finish, he had already received three punches to the face.

"Aiyo! Who the fuck hit my face!"

The Kongtong Sect people were suddenly infuriated!

Two sects beside them who were on good terms with the Zhou Family Style School were also angered. They kicked aside their chairs and joined in the clash!

Yan Hui rushed forward. "Get them!"

The brothers Liu Yiquan and Liu Yizhang shouted angrily, "The large sects are taking it too far with this bullying! If this can be tolerated, then what would be intolerable?!"

He Badao roared, "You want to see who has more people? Would we non-affiliates have anything to fear when it comes to that?"

Li Quanneng had already sent a flying kick and downed a disciple of a large sect. "You want to scam us non-affiliates of our money? You should ask if I, Grandpa Li, am willing to be scammed or not first!"

It was a mess!

A free-for-all!

Before the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference could even be convened, a huge brawl had broken out!

Chapter 916: The shit stirrer of the Chinese martial arts world!

"Fuck them up!"

"Fuck!"

"Charge!"

"Beat them up!"

"Charge! Fight it out with the large sects!"

"You thieving small sects, don't force me!"

"You guys forced our hands first!"

"Damn! Charge at them! Kill this group of non-affiliates!"

At once, chaos broke out on all three floors of the restaurant, as pots and pans, ladles and bowls came crashing to the floor. The tables were all flipped over one by one by the "martial artists"!

It was a brawl!

Close quarters combat!

The restaurant waiter exclaimed, "Stop fighting! All of you, stop fight—aiyo!" He got punched and wounded in the crossfire!

Yan Hui's companions kicked him a few more times and said, "This is what you get for trying to run a scam! You deserve it!"

The waiter cried out, "Help!"

Three people from the Iron Palm Sect rushed over at once. "Fuck!"

After exchanging three blows, Yan Hui's two companions were beaten to the ground!

Yan Hui suddenly sent a flying kick and brought down one of the opponents before he got kicked in the stomach!

At this moment, the Liu Yiquan and Liu Yizhang brothers rushed over. "Who dares lay a hand on our non-affiliates bros!" The two of them took on one each, and threw kicks and punches as they got embroiled into the chaotic melee!

The large sects were indeed the large sects. Their disciples' kung fu was definitely of a higher standard, especially that Iron Palm opponent taking on Liu Yiquan. His kung fu was amazing and his Iron Palm movements felt like they were full of power!

Liu Yiquan could only keep retreating as he got hit by several palm strikes!

Zhang Ye arrived and said, "Bro Liu, I'm here!"

Liu Yiquan called out, "Bro Chen Zhen, come and assist me quickly!"

Zhang Ye bent down and picked up something braced under the legs of a makeshift table before rushing toward them!

When that middle-aged man of the Iron Palm style heard that, he sent a palm strike behind him without even looking.

But before his palm could strike anyone, a dark object had flown straight at his face and battered him!

"Aiyo, fuck!" The Iron Palm disciple immediately fell onto the ground. He was nearly crying and had a bloody nose as he screamed piercingly, "Who the fuck threw that brick at me?!"

Many of the large sect members were furious!

"Shameless!"

"Shameless to the extreme!"

"How dare you use a hidden weapon?"

"Scumbag!"

"Take them out!"



Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the others were stunned! Damn! Bro Chen Zhen is too vicious!

When the small sects and non-affiliates saw this, they learned from it and picked up the chairs around them to smash them into their opponents. Someone even picked up a pot of hot soup and splashed it at the Zhou Family Style's disciples!

"Ah!"

"Fuck! Who poured that on me!"

"I'm fucking scalded!"

"Fuck! Pick up whatever you can find!"

"Take them out!"

The Zhou Family Style School and several of the large sect members went berserk. They also picked up some random items as weapons to fight against their opponents!

There were some members of three to five small sects who originally had no intention of partaking in the fight, distancing themselves far from the fight when it broke out. However, an unidentified flying object came hurtling at them amid the chaos!

"Aiyo!"

"My head!"

"Goddamn motherfucking Zhou Family!"

"I won't take this anymore! Charge them!"

As a result, the non-affiliates and small sects added another large wave of combat strength to their side!

On the second floor was a table with around nine Shaolin monks. The eminent monks were not bothered by the ongoing battle around them, as it seemed they had reached a very high state of cultivation and were very calm despite the happenings, continuing to dine as though the brawl did not involve them.

Crash!

A teacup smashed onto their table!

The chief monk of the table smiled and said, "Amitābha, do not be bothered."

"Yes, yes."

"That's right, that's right."

"Haha."

The other eminent monks also replied alike.

Then, a leg of a chair came flying over and clattered into two of their plates of food.

One of the eminent monks pressed his hands together and said, "Amitābha, don't be angry, don't be impatient."

"Don't be angry, don't be impatient."

"Let's eat, let's eat."

"That's right, that's right."

They smiled again and continued with their meal.

Next, a clay pot half-filled with hot soup flew over. When the soup splashed onto the monks, they couldn't carry on eating anymore!

One of the eminent monks pressed his hands together devoutly and said, "Amitābha, maintain our original mind."

"That's better, that's better."

"That's right, that's right."

"Extremely correct, extremely correct."

The monks still maintained their composure and were not affected by what was going on.

Suddenly, a disciple of a large sect came flying over. His whole body landed onto and smashed their table into pieces!

The chief monk said calmly, "Amitā—I'll Amitā your grandpa!" He jumped up and roared angrily, "Kill those sons of bitches!"

"Kill those sons of bitches!"

"The small sects are running rampant! They're really pushing it too far!"

The eminent monks of the Shaolin Monastery joined the fray as well, so you could imagine how out of control the fight had spiraled!

"You thieving bastard, watch out for my palm strike!" One of the Shaolin monks went straight for Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye was someone who had eaten over a hundred Fruits of Agility, so his reaction was extremely quick. He did not even have to break out his Taiji Fist and could just shift his body sideways to avoid the attack. As he avoided it, he reflexively used the brick in his hand to hit his attacker!

The Shaolin monk grabbed his face and cried, "Aiyo!"

Zhang Ye pulled back his arm just as a Zhou Family Style boxing specialist was about to sneak up on him. Zhang Ye smashed the brick into the face of this attacker, which made the man fall backwards as two of his front teeth came flying out and spun through the air!

With that one action, he had hit both his targets!

"Bro Chen Zhen, good one!"

"Beautiful!"

"Bro Chen Zhen was really majestic there!"

"Good brick technique!"

When Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, He Badao, and the others saw this, they didn't forget to cheer Zhang Ye on mid-fight!

Fourth Bro Zhou of the Zhou Family Style School was stunned, as though exclamation marks were written all over his face as he looked on with his jaw hanging!

Even now, he still could not understand how this fight had broken out. How did they start fighting? In all this time, he had only managed to say three and a half goddamn sentences in total! The first two sentences were: "Don't come and eat here if you don't have the money! What are you going off about for!", followed by half a sentence of "That wine was meticulously fermented by our—". The last sentence was "Which sect are you from?" All in all, it was only three and a half sentences. He could swear to the heavens that that was all he said! Besides, even if he said them again now, those words should not have been considered offensive! Fuck! Then how did it fucking cause a fight to break out!?

The facts had proven again that Zhang Ye's mouth was too damn wicked. Wherever this fellow went, there would be no peace. The entertainment industry insiders' evaluation of this person was truly spot on. He was just a goddamn hooligan, a downright shit stirrer. Whichever industry he went to, he would bring about bloodshed. Previously, in the literary world, the entertainment circle, and even the education world, those industry peers were all cultured people who were rather eloquent and could speak well. Whether it was this professor or that doctor, they had had more than enough arguments with Zhang Ye. But even so, those people still could not beat Zhang Ye a single time when it came to scolding! Now that this fellow had sneaked into the Chinese martial arts world—a place where the level of education was generally not too high—for a person that even the Tsinghua and Renmin University professors and people of the crosstalk world could not outargue, this place stood basically no chance!

They were nowhere near a match for him!

Now that this guy had arrived at the Chinese martial arts world, he was just like a wolf among sheep. With just a few words, he had caused internal strife at the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference. It had even spiraled so out of control that the fight could not be stopped even if anyone tried to stop it!

Fourth Bro Zhou shouted out, "Everyone, listen to me, I—"

Suddenly, a punch was thrown at him!

The unprepared Fourth Bro Zhou received a brutal punch to his right cheek, utterly infuriating him. He rolled up his sleeves and rushed forward saying, "Who the fuck hit me? Do you people think that our Zhou Family Style School are pushovers? How dare you people make trouble at the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference! If you want to fight, let's fight! Do you think we all have anything to be afraid of?"

Fourth Bro Zhou also rushed forward!

Then a brick met his face!

"Fuck!" Fourth Bro Zhou covered his face and cursed angrily!

"Fourth Senior Bro!"

"Get them!"

"We will bloody you today!"

"Right, we'll bloody you!"

Witnessing this scene unfolding in front of her, Chenchen was totally speechless.

Zhang Ye was quite unreliable in a lot of the things that he did, but that mouth of his could definitely be relied on to be the most sarcastic in this world! What was supposed to be a martial arts conference attended by all the members of the Chinese martial arts world had now turned into a civil war even before the event was convened!

In fact, the conflict was still growing!

Another wave of the Zhou Family Style's disciples arrived from outside!

"What is happening?"

"What's going on?"

"The hell, who hit me?"

"Damn! Bros, get them!"

When this group of people arrived, before they could even announce who they were or ask what was happening, they were already getting beaten up. They then immediately joined the fray without another word!

The non-affiliates had even more backup arriving!

"Bro Zhao, I'm here!"

"Hold on, our bros are here to help!"

"The Zhou Family is throwing their weight around and bullying us! This is outrageous!"

"Outrageous! Kill them!"

"The large sects are too arrogant! We must get revenge today!"

"Baldie, receive this palm strike from your grandpa!"

"Fourth Bro Zhou, you have often committed all kinds of evils! Let me rein you in today!"

Who said that there were no highly skilled non-affiliates?

A few of the non-affiliates who rushed over upon hearing the news turned out to be extremely skilled at kung fu. When Zhang Ye saw them fighting, even he was surprised as they all were seemingly on par with him. The Chinese martial arts world was truly filled with hidden dragons and crouching tigers. With this fight happening, all the experts started showing themselves! When a lot of them heard the shouting, they knew there was obviously some private grudge between the two groups. The large and

small sects, along with the non-affiliates, clearly had grudges that existed in the past. Everything just happened to spill over today!

More and more people arrived!

100!

200!

300!

The restaurant was close to being torn apart!

The battlefield was even extending out into the courtyard and outside the resort, the sounds of fighting coming from everywhere!

When Zhang Ye, who was never afraid of too much trouble, saw this, he shouted again, "Our small sect and non-affiliate brothers! Today's outcome is a matter of our honor! Will we just watch and allow the large sects to climb all over us?"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

Many of them were shouting like crazy!

Zhang Ye roared, "Will we just watch our dignity get trampled under their feet like that?"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

"Definitely not!"

Many were roaring in response!

Zhang Ye yelled, "On the path of martial arts! Everyone stands equal! It has never been segregated between large and small sects! Today is the day that we stand up to this! Today is the day that we shout to make our voices heard! If we don't shout, there won't be another chance! If we don't shout, they will soon be sitting over our heads and shitting on us! Why are you bros still watching the fight from outside? What are you still waiting for? Roar if you see injustice! Take action when the time comes! Do it with all your passion and hope!"

"Let's take action!"

"With the Zhou Family bullying us, how much longer are we going to keep quiet and endure this?"

"Kill them!"

"Charge!"

"Charge at them together with me, brothers!"

With Zhang Ye's speech, a lot of the onlooking non-affiliates and small sect members who were still hesitant earlier suddenly got pumped up, and roared as they charged forward!

Chapter 917: Zhang Ye versus the Kunlun Taoist!

Outside, the sky had turned dark and the entire holiday resort was dark, except here at the restaurant which was still brightly lit. Cries calling for a massacre could be heard coming from everywhere!

A passerby asked in panic, "What's happening in there?"

A non-affiliate, who was injured and covering his bloody nose, said, "That bunch of bastards from the Zhou Family ganged up with all the large sects and started a fight against us non-affiliates!"

"What? How could something like that happen? Bro, bear with it. I'll go get reinforcements!" After the passerby heard that, he quickly rushed back to inform the others. "Something has happened! Something has happened!"

On the way, as he ran back, he coincidentally bumped into a friend.

This other person asked anxiously, "What's going on over at the restaurant?"

Short of breath, the passerby panted, "I can't run anymore. You came at just the right time, quickly go back and inform the others! That bunch of bastards from the Zhou Family ganged up with all the other large sects to start a fight with all of us!"

"What did you say?" The friend was shocked. "I'll go call for reinforcements immediately!"

At the entrance of an inn.

Everyone came rushing out when they heard the ruckus.

"What happened?"

"Why did they start fighting?"

"Who's fighting who?"

"Should we go and take a look?"

"W-What serious event has just happened there?"

At this moment, that passerby's friend came running back with all his might. "Something has happened! Something has happened! That bunch of fucking bastards from the Zhou Family Style ganged up with the large sects to exterminate all of us!"

Everyone was angered and surprised at the same time!

"Ah?"

"Exterminate all of us?"

"Fuck your grandmas, Zhou Family!"

"They're pushing it too far! They're really pushing it too far!"

"Let's fight it out with them!"

"Fight them!"

"Brothers! Call for help! Get your weapons, and let's kill them!"

"Exterminate all of us? I'll fucking exterminate your entire clan instead!"

With the same message being passed down three times, it had already changed from a fight...to becoming exterminating all of them!

Instantly, another group of "reinforcements" set off as though they were on adrenaline. When they rushed into the restaurant and saw the people from the Zhou Family Style School and other large sects, they charged at them while angrily shouting "exterminate your entire clan" as they attacked!

This group of people randomly rushing in made many of those from the large sects jump in shock. They were completely caught off guard as they suffered defeat after defeat and were left wailing. Their expressions were extremely shocked as they did not even know what had hit them. Fuck! Wasn't this just about some non-affiliates thinking that the jug of wine was too expensive? Didn't the fight break out because they got into a war of words over that issue? How did it become about exterminating an entire clan? You people are looking to exterminate our entire clan just because of 2,000 yuan? Have you people all gone insane from being too poor?!

The people from the large sects were also furious. "We'll exterminate all of you!"

The non-affiliates shouted loudly, "We'll exterminate your entire clan!"

The people from the large sects yelled in anger, "We'll exterminate all of you!"

The people from the small sects said angrily, "We'll exterminate your entire clan!"

Both sides swore something as they fought!

From talking to having a war of words to starting a fight and finally turning into an extermination of clans, the entire process took only ten minutes!

A free-for-all!

A chaotic free-for-all!

Sounds of fighting could be heard everywhere and the fire of battle could be seen throughout the place!

The non-affiliates and small sects had a numerical advantage of about 2.5 to 1, but the people from the large sects had the advantage of superior skills. Even for some of the large sects' most ordinary disciples, their martial arts skills were still very good. Even if two fists were no match for four hands, it would not be that difficult to hold out. Furthermore, there were many experts among the large sects who could probably take on five opponents at the same time!

And Zhang Ye had encountered one of them!

It was a Taoist from the Kunlun Sect![1.]

Zhang Ye sparred with him for a while using his real skills and immediately knew that he was going to be a tough one. His opponent turned out to be trained in internal style martial arts as well, and his power was likely a little better than Zhang Ye's. Zhang Ye had eaten over a hundred Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books, so he could be considered as one of the top few fighters in this pool of ordinary martial artists. It would not be much of a problem for him to take on 20 of them. But if he were to really meet with a real practitioner of the martial arts, he would not exactly be a match for that person. With just those few skill experience books, he could only be considered to have barely stepped past the doors of the Chinese martial arts world, or perhaps be at a slightly higher level than most. He certainly could not be considered to be at the master level. Moreover, Zhang Ye's boxing techniques were not slowly trained by himself, but rather gained directly through the eating of all those skill experience books. His strength and stamina were also unable to keep up with his opponent, and his Taiji Fist only worked at times. All these key factors affected his overall ability. But fortunately, Zhang Ye's 100 Fruits of Agility were unleashed to their greatest effect. His reaction speed was not slower than those real practitioners of martial arts, so even if he could not defeat his opponent with his attacks, it was still enough to deal with him for a while!

Furthermore, he still had a brick in his hand!

With a brick in hand, I own the world!

"Watch my kick!" The Kunlun Taoist threw out a punch!

Zhang Ye dodged agilely and cried out, "Watch my kick!" But he used the brick to attack instead!

That Taoist dodged angrily. "Receive my palm strike!" But he aimed his kick at Zhang Ye's privates instead!

"Receive my roundhouse kick!" Zhang Ye dodged the attacks perilously as he shouted, but he did not move his leg and still attacked with the brick!

The Taoist shouted loudly, "Fish Leaps Over the Dragon Gate!" Then he threw himself prone to dodge the brick attack!

"Carp Skip-up!" Zhang Ye gurgled up a mouthful of phlegm and spat at him!

When the surrounding people saw that, they nearly fainted!

Roundhouse kick, your sister!

Fish Leaps Over the Dragon Gate, your sister!

Carp Skip-up, your sister!

The moves that the two of you executed were totally different from what you had shouted!

These two fellows were also from the martial arts community? Why was each of them more sly than the other?!



Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, He Badao, Li Quanneng, and some others were also engaged in battles with their "enemies" around Zhang Ye. When they saw the fight between Zhang Ye and that Kunlun Taoist, they broke out in cold sweats!

They could do it like that?

This had to be a meeting of two rogues!

On the bus, they had chatted happily with Zhang Ye and felt that this "Bro Chen Zhen" was a very righteous person. From a glance, he could be assumed to have come from some righteous sect. But who would have expected that when this fellow got into a fight, he would actually be such a hooligan and use a brick to make sneak attacks, randomly call out his moves, and even spit at his opponent! This scene made Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the group of people who came from an unorthodox martial arts background feel embarrassed! Why is Bro Chen Zhen's martial arts even more unorthodox than ours?!

When that Taoist had his clothes hit by a mouthful of phlegm, he flew into a rage. He was quite well-known in the Chinese martial arts world and was always reputed to be a vicious and devious person. When his name was mentioned, as long as it was someone in the martial arts community who had heard of his exploits before, they would definitely choose to avoid him. Even in normal circumstances when his fellow Kunlun Sect disciples sparred, no one would choose to be his opponent. He initially thought that he was already devious enough, but never did he expect to bump into someone today who was more devious than him!

The Taoist shouted, "What style do you practice?"

Zhang Ye threw a punch and questioned back, "What style do you practice?"

The Taoist said loudly, "The style I practice is called the Kunlun Universe Palms!"

Zhang Ye would naturally not reveal his background to anyone. He swung the brick towards the Taoist and said, "Then the style that I practice is called the Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Brick!"

Upon hearing that, the surrounding people fainted all at once!

One of the disciples of the Zhou Family Style School lost his concentration and was immediately floored by a punch and two kicks from two small sects' disciples! After he collapsed onto the ground, his mind continued to wonder about the skill that the sunglasses-wearing youth proclaimed that he had used!

They all knew about the Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Palm which was also known as the Eight Trigrams Palm!

But what the fuck was the Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Brick!?

Which sect's martial arts have you ever come across that train with fucking bricks?

Chapter 918: The National Martial Arts Association steps in!

The situation was getting out of control!

The organizers were startled as well!

Chen Xi, the vice president of China's National Martial Arts Association, the current leader of the Huashan Sect, and one of the five grandmasters of the current Chinese martial arts world, led a large group of people and hurried to the restaurant. In the group were a deputy sect leader of the Kongtong Sect, a leader from an Iron Palm branch, an eminent monk of the Shaolin Monastery, and a master from the Wudang Sect. All of them were, without an exception, famous figures within the Chinese martial arts world, and were also the backbone of their sects, even to the point of being the strongest in their respective sects. But Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng of the Zhou Family Style School was nowhere to be seen. He was probably secluding himself in preparation for the big battle tomorrow at the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference!

When this group of people got to the entrance of the restaurant, they were completely stunned by what they saw!

Liu Yizhang was keeping a disciple of the Zhou Family Style down with two hands, while his brother, Liu Yiquan, was furiously hammering at that Zhou Family Style disciple!

He Badao and a Kongtong Sect disciple were rolling around on the ground, throwing punches and kicks at each other!

Li Quanneng and Yan Hui were each holding a table leg in their respective hands, gotten from who knows where, chasing a group of four or five people from the large sects and hitting them with the legs. It was utter chaos!

"Kill them!"

"Senior Bro, save me!"

"Hang on! You must hang on!"

"Kill this bunch of non-affiliates!"

"We must exterminate them all!"

The most noteworthy duel was still between Zhang Ye and that Kunlun Taoist.

Zhang Ye swung his brick. "Watch out for my Huashan swordsmanship!"

The Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi, fainted then and there!

The Kunlun Taoist dodged away. "Have a taste of my Iron Palms!" Then he crouched and swept a kick at Zhang Ye!

The eldest senior brother of the previous generation of the Iron Palm branch wobbled in place when he heard that!

"I'm going for your lower body!" The brick swung towards his opponent's head!

"I'm targeting your left!" The Kunlun Taoist threw a punch at his right!

Zhang Ye shouted, "I'll spit on your face!"

The Taoist replied, "I'll fuck your grandpa!"

"I'll fuck your grandma!"

"Are you sick?"

"Do you have any medicine for me?"

"How much do you need?"

"How much do you have?"

"I'll give you however much you require!"

Zhang Ye spoke, "I'll eat however much you have!"

The Taoist asked again, "Are you sick!"

"Do you have any medicine for me?"

They did not exchange too many blows between them before transitioning into scolding each other with everything they had, even spitting at each other!

The fighting made these people of distinction and leaders of the various martial sects within the organizers and Chinese martial arts world nearly vomit blood! What kind of fucking people did the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference invite this time!?

That Taoist's martial uncle was the Kunlun Sect leader. He was also in this group that had just arrived. At the moment, he was pretending not to have seen anything as he looked up at the sky—he could not afford to be embarrassed like this.

Chen Xi roared, "Stop it! All of you, stop it!"

Everyone who was fighting was incensed and crying out their killing intents, so why would they bother listening to anyone calling for them to stop?

That eminent monk from the Shaolin Monastery was also stunned by the brawl, as he noticed a few of his junior brothers in the chaos with bruised and swollen faces. He called out loudly, "Junior Bro Jie Jiao? Junior Bro Jie Zao? Why did you all get involved in the fight as well?"[1.]

A monk who was currently fighting a small sect's combat expert shouted, "The small sects are taking this too far!"

The eminent Shaolin monk called out, "Stop the fight and get over here! Stop fighting already!"

Another Shaolin monk was still enraged as he spoke with a Henan accent, "Senior Bro, stay out of it! I must take care of these bastards today no matter what!"

Their senior brother: "..."

The usually mild-mannered Shaolin monks were all cursing and swearing!

Chen Xi watched in astonishment. "W-What on earth happened?"

"I don't know!"

"Why is everyone fighting?"

"Aiyo! How are we going to handle this?"

"In all the years of holding the National Martial Arts Conference, nothing like this has ever happened before!"

"Terrible, this is truly terrible!"

"Could it be that someone died, leading them to fight like this?"

"It has to be!"

At this moment, Fourth Bro Zhou of the Zhou Family Style School finally came running out from the chaos. His nose dripped with blood as he limped toward them. "Senior Bro! Second Senior Bro!"

Second Bro Zhou was taken aback. "Fourth Junior Bro? Quickly, tell us what's going on!"

Fourth Bro Zhou was already on the verge of tears, though nobody knew if it was from the pain or because he was infuriated to such a state. "Those non-affiliates were unhappy about us selling our Nu'er Hong at an expensive price!"

Chen Xi was stunned. "And then what?"

Second Bro Zhou's expression changed immediately. "Then did you guys kill someone because of that?"

Fourth Bro Zhou nearly vomited blood at that. "Then we started fighting because of that!"

The eminent Shaolin monk admonished, "But you can't kill someone over that!"

"Who did we kill!" Fourth Bro Zhou shouted.

The eminent Shaolin monk was stunned. "No one died?"

Fourth Bro Zhou protested, "Of course not!"

A leader of a small sect asked, "Then how did it become like this?"

Fourth Bro Zhou wiped away the blood from his nose and said, "The fuck I know! I only said a few words, telling them not to drink if they did not have the money. But it somehow ended up becoming a fight! They were even shouting and calling for our entire clan to be exterminated!"

A Kongtong Sect deputy leader said dumbfounded, "All this was over a jug of wine? At a respectable event like the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference, you all actually got into such a massive brawl involving several hundred people?"

Chen Xi: "..."

The eminent Shaolin monk: "..."

The Kunlun Sect leader: "..."

They all glanced at one another, embarrassed!

Chen Xi composed himself then forced a voice out from his diaphragm. "All of you, stop!"

Some of those involved in the brawl heard this and were startled when they turned to look. Seeing their sect leaders, masters, or martial uncles all here, they quickly stopped fighting.

But some of the non-affiliates were still at it!

Chen Xi closed his eyes and suddenly lifted a foot. Without using much strength, he stamped it down, and a loud crash reverberated. The entire surface of the floor seemingly shook. When he lifted his foot again, the concrete floor was deeply imprinted with his shoeprint! It was a very clear imprint too!

Concealed power!

This was made by concealed power!

Among a hundred Chinese martial arts experts, only a few could train to such a level!

"Stop fighting!" Chen Xi shouted.

This time, everyone turned their heads all at once!

Chen Xi did not depend on the one-sided story of Fourth Bro Zhou, but instead called over a few of his own Huashan Sect disciples. He listened to them as they related the entire situation that led to the fight, but as Huashan Sect was also one of the large sects that partook in the fight against the small sects and non-affiliates, their side of the story naturally did not favor the non-affiliates!

The people from the small sects and the non-affiliates were showing their anger at this, but did not dare say anything due to the domineering air of the grandmaster.

However, in the crowd was someone who was not afraid of anything. At this moment, that youth wearing the sunglasses once again "bravely came forward."

Zhang Ye brought a stool with him and stood onto it, shouting, "Brother and sisters, fellow countrymen and elders, the large sects seem to be confusing right and wrong. Are we just going to say nothing?"

With someone taking the lead, everyone who fought side by side earlier started raising a ruckus.

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

"No, we won't!"

There were hundreds of voices of men and women, all shouting loudly with their hands up in the air!

Zhang Ye shouted, "Who were the ones who tried to scam us of our hard-earned money!"

"The Zhou Family!"

"The Zhou Family!"

"The Zhou Family!"

Zhang Ye shouted again, "Who were the ones who started the fight?"

"The Kongtong Sect!"

"The Kongtong Sect!"

"The Kongtong Sect!"

Zhang Ye bellowed, "We were scammed of our money and even got attacked by the large sects. Can we take this lying down?"

"Definitely not!"

"Definitely not!"

"Definitely not!"

The small sects and non-affiliates were emboldened by their numbers and their morale suddenly increased by quite a bit as well!

When the group in the organizing party heard this, some of the small sect leaders and chiefs also showed signs of anger. Subconsciously, they were moving toward their own disciples to stand with them.

A leader of a small sect said while stifling his anger, "The Kongtong Sect made the first move?"

A deputy leader of the Kongtong Sect was taken aback and simply said, "About that..." Then he looked over to his own disciples.

The disciples of the Kongtong Sect nearly went crazy!

"Master, we really did not!"

"It wasn't us!"

"Senior Bro was only trying to hold someone back!"

Holding back? That counted as making a move!

Chen Xi frowned and gave a look to the Kongtong Sect members.

That Kongtong Sect senior brother in question was almost kneeling by now. "I, I was only trying to mediate the situation!"

At this time, the youth wearing sunglasses standing on a stool shouted, "2,000 yuan for a jug of Nu'er Hong? Did you use gold to ferment it?"

Yan Hui shouted, "Did you use gold to ferment it?"

Liu Yiquan roared, "Did you use gold to ferment it?"

A junior sister of some small sect: "Did you use gold to ferment it?"

Zhang Ye cried out, "Hand over the person guilty of hitting our people!"

"Hand over the person guilty of hitting our people!"

"Hand over the person guilty of hitting our people!"

Everyone echoed him loudly in unison!

Zhang Ye again cried out, "Hand over the person who fermented the wine!"

"Hand over the person who fermented the wine!"

"Hand over the person who fermented the wine!"

Everyone echoed him loudly in unison again!

Zhang Ye cried out for the third time, "Compensate us for our losses! Compensate us for our medical fees! Otherwise, we won't let this rest!"

"We won't let this rest!"

"We won't let this rest!"

"We won't let this rest!"

Everyone's shouting was increasing in volume!

The upper management of the National Martial Arts Association was facing a headache regarding this problem. If it were only one or two people, it would have been easy to settle. But since this was a matter of several hundred people making trouble, they could not handle it as easily. Although the upper management positions were mainly filled by people from the large sects, there were also many experts and talented people from the small sects too. The National Martial Arts Association grassroots' positions were generally held by these people. If the issue was not handled properly, the entire Martial Arts Association might fall into disarray!

Several of the upper management's people were getting flustered. "What the hell is going on! There has never before been a situation like this at the previous Martial Arts Conferences! What is going on this year?"

Chenchen's hearing was sharp. When she overheard those people begrudgingly say all that, she could only give a silent "hur hur" in her head. That is because Zhang Ye did not attend the previous conferences, but if he did, you guys would have been in trouble long ago!

But Fourth Bro Zhou retorted, "You people still dare to demand recompense?"

Those wounded disciples from the Kongtong Sect added, "You're all trying to shift the blame!"

This problem wasn't easy to handle, as both sides pushed their own rhetoric. But it was obvious that the non-affiliates and small sects had the greater advantage in numbers!

Finally, the National Martial Arts Association sent someone out to negotiate. He was a steward of the Martial Arts association and also one of the representative members of a large sect. He was the junior brother of the Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi.

This person's name was Fan Wen.

Huashan Sect's Fan Wen stepped forward. "The responsibility of this issue lies with both sides as it takes two hands to clap. Let's put this matter to rest here and everyone can take a step back. Can't we give the National Martial Arts Association some face?!"

Zhang Ye said, "No way!"

"No way!"

"No way!"

"No way!"

Everyone was just blindly following at this point!

Fan Wen's eyes twitched. He looked at them and said, "A jug of Nu'er Hong for 2,000 yuan is indeed a little expensive. Why don't we do this? I'll make a decision here and waive everyone's bill for the meal. The things that were smashed will be taken care of by our Martial Arts Association as well, so no one has to compensate anything. How does that sound?"

Zhang Ye said, "No way!"

"No way!"

"No way!"

"No way!"

Fan Wen was speechless at this. Then he said loudly, "Then what do you propose the compensation should be?"

Zhang Ye shouted, "Make the person who started this apologize! Compensate us for our medical fees! Pay each of us 100,000 yuan! That is non-negotiable! Not a cent less! We will not accept if it's a cent less!"

"We won't accept it!"

"We won't accept it!"

"We won't accept it!"

"We won't accept it!"

100,000 yuan?

Not a cent less?

The people from the large sects were getting mad!

"Bullshit!"

"Despicable!"



Huashan Sect's Fan Wen was also furious, "That's such an unreasonable demand! You people have absolutely no intentions on negotiating, right?! 100,000 for each of you? Bullshit! It would be more than enough to compensate you 1,000 yuan per person!"

Zhang Ye suddenly raised his hand and said, "—Deal!"

Fan Wen was stunned!

What?

Deal?

Under everyone's dumbfounded gazes, Zhang Ye jumped down from the stool and said, "Let's go, everyone!"

The people from the small sects and non-affiliates suddenly dispersed when the order was given!

Leaving a bunch of people from the large sects and National Martial Arts Association staring wide-eyed!

Didn't they say not a cent less?

That they would not accept it if it were a cent less?

Fuck all of your grandpas!

Wasn't that a non-negotiable request?

Chapter 919: The appearance of Rao Aimin!

At the holiday resort.

The sky was gradually getting darker. Various non-affiliates and others from the small sects were supporting each other as they made their way back to the inns. Some of them had injuries to their legs, some had injuries on their hands, and some also had their hair pulled out. But at this moment, everyone was very friendly and helping each other, propping one another up in support. After all, they were now compatriots who had fought side by side. Moreover, speaking of the injuries that they had suffered, they definitely got off much lighter than those from the large sects. With two or three people against one, their opponents were definitely much more seriously injured than them!

"What a good release it was!"

"Right! It felt great!"

"Having lived for so long, I've never felt as satisfied as I felt today!"

"That's right. Although my nose was punched and my ass was kicked twice, I still feel really wonderful. That bunch of people from the large sects have already bullied us for too many years! I finally vented all my pent-up anger on them!"

"Same here!"

"I've been wanting to beat up that Kongtong Sect bastard for a long time too!"

"The Zhou Family's Fourth Bro Zhou has always been a dishonorable character, so I took advantage of the chaos just now and kicked him. It felt so good!"

"Hahaha, after beating up those large sects' people, not only did we get a waiver for our meals, we even earned a thousand yuan's compensation for nothing. It would be great if such a good thing happens at every conference! I don't mind even if I have to get beaten up every year! So even we non-affiliates can turn the tide! And we didn't have to act in accordance with the will of the large sects for once!"

Everyone was very excited.

Elsewhere.

Liu Yiquan took two steps forward and gave a fist and palm salute, saying, "Bro Chen Zhen, if not for you rushing to help me in time back there, I truly could not have handled that person. Thank you so much!"

Zhang Ye also gave a fist and palm salute. "Don't mention it, there's no need."

He Badao laughed heartily. "It's all thanks to Bro Chen Zhen stepping forward!"

Li Quanneng said, "Yeah, if not for Bro Chen, we would definitely have been scammed by them today! Once the grandmaster and those large sect leaders appeared, the rest of us would definitely not have dared to say anything, but just look at how Bro Chen Zhen showed no fear at all! Admirable, admirable!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Thank you, thank you."

"Bro, your name is Chen Zhen?"

"Thank you!"

"Good one, Bro Chen!"

"Thank you so much!"

"If you go to Shandong in the future, come and look for me!"

"If you ever go to Northeast China, I will buy you some wine!"

"Considering Bro Chen's martial arts style, uh, uh, it is really...very unique!"

"Haha, it doesn't matter whether Bro Chen used a brick or a wine jar, as long as he can win with it, it is a good weapon!"

"That's right, that's right. Bro Chen's skills, no, brick skills were truly godly!"

Everyone gave their praise!

Yan Hui and a few of his friends also stepped forward at this moment to give their fist and palm salutes.

"Bro Chen Zhen, words can't express our gratitude!" Then he turned around and said to all the non-affiliates and disciples of the small sects, "And to all the other brothers and sisters, thank you so much for today. If not for everyone helping us to seek justice, we would really have been scammed by them!"

"Happy to help, happy to help!"

"We're all on the same side!"

"After they scam you, they would scam us next!"

"Right, helping others is equivalent to helping ourselves!"

"Everyone has been injured, so let's disperse for now."

"Go back and rest. We'll meet again at the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference tomorrow!"

The non-affiliates gradually dispersed and left.

When Yan Hui was about to leave, he turned around and doubtfully glanced over in Zhang Ye's direction.

A friend beside tugged at him. "Let's go-oh. What are you looking at?"

Yan Hui blinked and said baffled, "Somehow, I find that person to be quite familiar."

"That's enough, hurry back to the inn. Aiyo, my arms! Help me to apply some medicated red flower oil on my arms in a while. Those bunch of bastards from the large sects were really aggressive in their attacks!"[1.]

In the end, Yan Hui still did not manage to recall anything.

Or rather, he never even suspected that it might be that person!

...

Over at the restaurant.

The moment these people left, Fan Wen's face turned green with anger!

The others from the large sects embroiled in the battle earlier were also unable to accept this outcome!

"Compensation?"

"Why should we compensate them?!"

"We are the ones who were seriously injured!"

"No, we can't just let the matter rest like this!"

The disciples of the large sects started to make a scene.

Fan Wen said, "I'll go and stop them!"

However, he was held back by the Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi, who was beside him. "Forget it."

Fan Wen said dejected, "Senior Bro, what the heck is this!"

Chen Xi sighed and said, "Isn't it only 1,000 yuan per person? The National Martial Arts Association will fork out this sum of money. It's definitely better that we appease everyone's anger first."

The Kongtong Sect deputy leader said, stifling his anger, "But—"

Chen Xi declared, "Has everyone forgotten what the purpose is of organizing the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference this year? Before the conference takes place, there mustn't be any screw ups. It's more important to resolve the matter of Rao Aimin before anything else! That is what matters the most!"

"Yes, Senior Bro."

"That's true."

"Understood."

The sect leaders and elders all looked at one another but did not speak further. Yet they somehow were left a certain feeling—it was as though they had been scammed by someone!

...

At night.

In the Tianshan region.

At a certain location.

"Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"You've finally appeared!"

"How is your condition right now?"

Rao Aimin walked into the room languidly as she yawned. "My condition is quite good. Little Fifth, Little Sixth, Little Lu, what are the bunch of you here for?"

Though they hadn't not seen her in quite some time now, Rao Aimin was still the same as before. She neither put on weight nor slimmed down, and didn't grow taller or became shorter; she was just the same old her.

Lu Yuhu said anxiously, "How can we possibly not come when you are in trouble!"

His fifth senior sister said, "Eldest Senior Sis, you are in great danger this time!"

His sixth senior brother said, "That's right. The purpose of organizing the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference was to deal with you, how could you not understand that? We are here to give you our support and a helping hand!"

His thirteenth junior brother said, "It's a pity that Eldest Senior Bro and Second Senior Bro couldn't come! Master locked—"

Lu Yuhu's fifth senior sister glared at him to stop him from saying any more.

Rao Aimin glanced at him. "That old man is still alive?"

Everyone from the Eight Trigrams School: "..."

Rao Aimin waved it off and said, "Alright, that doesn't matter, but it's useless even though you guys came here. You guys didn't train properly, so what can you help me with? It's pretty good if you don't drag me back. Hurry up and get lost."

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Wherever you go, we go too!"

"Right, if you're going to the Martial Arts Conference tomorrow, then we'll go together as well!"

"Let's fight it out with those people from the large sects!"

"Fight them!"

Rao Aimin glanced at them and said, "They have hundreds of people, how are you guys going to fight them?"

Suddenly, Lu Yuhu received a call right after he turned on his cell phone. He walked away to answer it. But when he returned, his expression had turned into one of bewilderment!

His fifth senior sister looked at him and asked, "Little Lu, what's the matter?"

His sixth senior brother kicked his foot and said, "Say it!"

His seventh senior brother asked anxiously, "Little Junior Bro, you have the best network amongst us, so what news did you just receive? Hurry up and tell us, what are you staring at?"

Lu Yuhu said, "Shit, the people at the venue of the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference got into a fight!"

When they heard that, everyone from the Eight Trigrams School was shocked!

"What?"

"They got into a fight?"

"Who dueled with who?"

Lu Yuhu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "It's not about who dueled with who, it was more of a civil war! The people from the large sects fought with the small sects and non-affiliates. They were locked into a battle so fierce that they almost destroyed a three-story restaurant at the resort! Hundreds of people were injured! Even the National Martial Arts Association was alerted and had to step in to prevent the brawl from getting out of control!"

His fifth senior sister laughed heartily. "Great fight! They deserve it!"

His sixth senior brother was tickled. "To think they were even intending to deal with our Eldest Senior Sis together! Look at what's happening now, they've gotten into infighting first!"

"Man, surely that couldn't have happened, right?"

"How did the conference turn into such chaos when it has not even started yet?"

"What was the cause of it?"

"How can there be so many people fighting each other?"

Lu Yuhu also found it difficult to accept this news because it sounded inconceivable to him. "It seems that the cause of the incident was due to the organizers selling overpriced wine and the Zhou Family turning out to be part owners of that restaurant as well. As a result, someone named 'Chen Zhen' represented the non-affiliates and small sects by stepping forward to resist the large sects. That was how they ended up fighting!" Then he smiled and went on, "No matter what, the Heavens are really helping us!"

His fifth senior sister laughed. "Right, even the Heavens can't bear to watch any further!"

His sixth senior brother said, "Chen Zhen? He sounds like he is not bad!"

His fifth senior sister nodded. "Yeah, what that Chen fellow did was beautiful!"

Lu Yuhu couldn't help but laugh. "The National Martial Arts Association wanted to band everyone together to deal with Eldest Senior Sis in order to exert pressure on her and even stood on the moral high ground to criticize her, but what happened in the end? The Martial Arts Conference has not even started yet and they are already fighting amongst themselves! Those people are really unlucky!"

"Yeah!"

"Well done!"

"Which sect is this Chen Zhen from? How can he be so bold? He even dared to stand firm against the large sects?"

"I'm not sure. My friend there did not say which sect he was from either."

"What style does he practice?"

"Uh, he said it was Swimming Body...Eight Trigrams Brick!"

"What?"

"Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Brick?"

"What kind of a weapon did he use?"

"—A brick."

"Pfft! What the hell?"

"Don't tell me it's closely related to our Eight Trigrams School's Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Palm?"

"Closely related, my ass! This two styles definitely have nothing at all to do with each other!"

"This Chen Zhen sounds like a really interesting person. He must be talented!"

"Where did this person come from? I must be on the lookout for him tomorrow!"

Everyone from the Eight Trigrams School chimed in one after the other and started chattering away. Regarding the infighting over at the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference, they expressed that their present mood could only be described with one phrase: Let's have another round of drinks!

## Chapter 920: Zhang Ye, Enhanced Edition! (Beginning)

Nightfall.

Peace and quiet had finally descended upon the world.

The last non-affiliate from Shanghai who insisted on training his hard qigong downstairs at the inn was getting tired. He let out a shout before cooling down with the closing form, then proceeded upstairs back to his room to sleep.

In Zhang Ye's room.

Chenchen called out, "Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye looked over and asked, "What?"

Chenchen said, "Why were you so mean?"

Zhang Ye blinked. "Was I mean?"

Chenchen asked, "Zhang Ye, why is it that wherever you go, that place would always suffer?"

"I was just stepping in to help in the face of injustice, ha!" Zhang Ye boasted without shame, "Did you see your Uncle Zhang's imposing manner when I commanded the masses earlier? Did you see it? That's what you call appeal and charisma. How was it? They still had to agree to compensate everyone's medical fees at the end, didn't they?"

Chenchen pointed out, "Didn't you ask for 100,000 yuan in compensation? Wasn't it non-negotiable?"

Zhang Ye chided her in embarrassment, "What 100,000 yuan? We should not be too greedy."

Chenchen said, "Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye replied, "What?"

Chenchen looked at him then asked in all seriousness, "Is this what they were talking about on television when they mentioned 'healthcare disturbance'?"[1.]

Pfft!

Zhang Ye nearly fainted!

Healthcare disturbance, your sister! Could you put it any more scandalous than that?

"You insolent brat, go to sleep already!" Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said indignantly, "If you have the time, you should be learning to be good from your Uncle Zhang instead. Don't always learn from your aunt." But after saying that, Zhang Ye's face turned red. What good could she learn from him? Throughout the day, he had not really done anything good for her to learn from.

Chenchen nodded in acknowledgment.

After settling Chenchen down and watching her fall asleep in bed, Zhang Ye found a chair to sit down on and started rubbing his arms and legs in pain. He had received a few blows in today's fight and it was really painful for him. With this fight, it also allowed Zhang Ye to gain a comprehensive understanding of the Chinese martial arts world. He had now formed a general understanding of the conflicts that existed between the sects, the role that the National Martial Arts Association played, the size of the community, and the martial arts skills of this world. By contrast, he gained a better understanding of his own martial arts skills now. With his subpar skills, he realized that they weren't really enough to do anything. Any one of those ordinary disciples from the large sects who'd trained every day since childhood would already be equal to Zhang Ye's level. If they were more talented, like that rogue from the Kunlun Sect today, Zhang Ye would definitely not be able to take them on if they were to fight for real!

His skills were still not at that level!

The key issue was that his physical fitness could not keep up!

As the Martial Arts Conference would officially be convened tomorrow, he didn't know if Old Rao would make an appearance or not. In any case, he knew that the situation would not be good after listening to the conversations between those large sects' disciples at dinner. Many of them were here to deal with Rao Aimin, and this made Zhang Ye feel very nervous. He did not know what the situation would be like tomorrow, but if any trouble occurred, he would be of little help with his mediocre kung fu. Not only would he be of little help, he would also find it difficult to fend for himself. After all, this was the most important convention of the Chinese martial arts world. All the talented and reclusive experts, as well as sect leaders of the martial arts community, would be in attendance and every one of them possessed unique skills that were incomparable!

This won't do!

He had to improve his physical fitness!

If not, he wouldn't even be able to truly wield the power of those hundred-plus Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books effectively since his strength and stamina were limiting his abilities!

Zhang Ye felt that he was like a child with extraordinary skills. Even with his impressive martial arts and deep set of skills, if his physical fitness wasn't there, it would be impossible for him to beat an adult of similar standing. These objective conditions would be the decisive factors. This was the state Zhang Ye was in. A city dweller who went through a nine-year compulsory education, a person who did not even do the dishes or laundry, someone who could not even pass his PE classes; even if he had learned the Melancholic Palms, he could not have brought out the prowess of it! He might even twist his back![2.]

As such, Zhang Ye was only left with one choice!

It's time for the lottery draw!

He opened the game ring's interface. It had been a long while since he had used the lottery functions of it. As such, when Zhang Ye saw the interface, he felt a strange sense of familiarity. He managed to quickly recall it, and with a slight hesitation, did not open the Lottery Draw (Two), but chose the lower grade lottery draw that only cost 100,000 Reputation Points per try. Because today, Zhang Ye only wanted to get the items from the Stats Category. As long as they could improve his physical fitness and



build up his body's foundations, he would accept whatever he got from the lottery draw. As long as his foundation was strong enough, he would be able to increase the proficiency of his kung fu!

Here we go.

It was time to give it a spin and see how his luck would turn out.

100,000 Reputation Points were spent. To a person with close to 2.2 billion Reputation Points, this was just a drop in the bucket to him.

The wheel began to spin. The lottery draw began!

Once around...

Twice around...

Thrice around...

Zhang Ye went to the bathroom and turned on the fan. He lit a cigarette, and after a few drags, the result of the lottery draw was out. The needle had actually stopped in the Stats Category slice. A Treasure Chest (Small) appeared. Zhang Ye laughed as he opened it, hoping to test his luck. But when he opened the golden treasure chest, he found that there was nothing in it—it was empty and he had wasted his Reputation Points! Zhang Ye didn't know whether to laugh or cry at this bad start! In the Lottery Draw (One), the chances of receiving an empty treasure chest were extremely low. He had only met with one such occasion before in the many spins of the lottery draw. This was the second time.

Again. Let's give it another try.

Without further ado, Zhang Ye tapped the lottery draw button again!

The wheel began to spin!

Zhang Ye did not really mind the outcome of this round either. The first two draws were just to warm up. After the needle stopped, Zhang Ye had a look at the result and was very disappointed when he saw that it was a Consumption Category's treasure chest. Although some rather good items had appeared in this category before and given Zhang Ye some really important help in the past, he did not feel that he needed these today. His target was the Stats Category's Treasure Chest (Small). That was the most pressing matter right now.

Since that was what he had gotten, he just opened it.

He flipped open the treasure chest—out came a familiar item!

Lucky Bread: Increases the player's luck stat for a duration of five minutes.

Zhang Ye had gotten this item before and even earned the right to purchase a similar item from the Merchant Shop under the Special Category—the Lucky Halo. Actually, upon further thought, the luck effects of the Lucky Halo and Lucky Bread should be exactly the same as they were the most basic of luck enhancement items. Of course, Zhang Ye later earned the right to purchase the upgraded version of the Lucky Halo, which had now become the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) item.

Zhang Ye smiled as this item was rather good too. It was good since he was unwilling to spend so many Reputation Points by activating the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) to draw in the Lottery Draw (One). This Lucky Bread had come at the perfect time!

He ate it! The Lucky Bread was activated! Go!

Zhang Ye immediately put the Lucky Bread to use!

Lucky Bread in effect: Counting down. 4:59.

Following that, Zhang Ye did not dare waste any more time and instantly started the next round of the lottery draw. He waited as the wheel spun round and round!

One revolution...

Five revolutions...

The wheel began slowing down!

Zhang Ye treated it seriously and was fully focused this time. His mind was also continuously predicting the position that the needle would stop at. Eh, it seemed like it was going to stop at the Stats Category?

It's gotta be it!

Zhang Ye immediately put in the additional stakes. 100 stakes, 300 stakes, 500 stakes. Initially, he hesitated a while here, but he grit his teeth like he was gambling and thought, Fuck it! If we're gonna play, let's play big!

1,000 additional stakes!

Counting the original stake, the total was now 1,001 stakes!

100 million Reputation Points! This was 100 million Reputation Points Zhang Ye had used up just like that!

Fruit of Strength!

Fruit of Strength!

It must be strength!

Zhang Ye kept wishing for it in his head. This was what he wanted the most right now and also what he lacked the most!

The wheel stopped and the needle was really pointing at the Stats Category! Zhang Ye took a deep breath and clenched his fists. Then he abruptly opened up the Treasure Chest (Small)!

[Fruit of Stamina] × 1,001: Permanently increases the stamina of the player.

It was not strength?

But a Fruit of Stamina instead?

Haha, this wasn't too bad either!

Zhang Ye was feeling excited all the same. There was no need to explain how important stamina was for a martial artist. This was one of the most basic foundations of physical fitness that Zhang Ye was desperately lacking. Every martial arts expert must have exceptionally good stamina that could be put to great use. For example, one could run farther than others when fleeing for one's life.

Of course, it would, without a doubt, be useful during a duel too!