

Superstar 921

Chapter 921: Zhang Ye, Enhanced Edition! (Middle)

He'd received 1,001 Fruits of Stamina!

However, Zhang Ye did not have the opportunity to eat them yet. Because at this moment, the duration of the Lucky Bread was not over and there was still a bit of time left.

0:59.

0:58.

Zhang Ye quickly started another round of the lottery draw!

The wheel began to rotate!

One revolution.

Two revolutions.

Three revolutions.

To Zhang Ye's surprise, the needle again looked like it was going to stop in the Stats Category zone. Of course, there was also a chance of it ending up in the Skills Category zone, so Zhang Ye purposely waited for a while until it was easier to judge before suddenly putting in his additional stakes!

999 additional stakes!

Counting the original stake, the total now was 1,000 stakes!

At this moment, the duration of the Lucky Bread's effectiveness was up!

Although Zhang Ye knew that the luck effect of the Lucky Bread was quite good and had helped him get the category of items he needed, it was still just the most basic of luck effects. The luck effectiveness of the Lucky Bread was probably not enough to get Zhang Ye the items that he needed the most. He would require something at a higher level!

As such, Zhang Ye did not hesitate to open up the merchant shop to activate the Lucky Halo (Upgraded)!

-100,000!

-100,000!

It was only activated for a short time.

In the blink of an eye, the needle came to a stop!

Only then did Zhang Ye turn off the Lucky Halo and reach out to open the newly drawn Treasure Chest (Small)!

Golden beams of light glowed!

The item in the treasure chest appeared!

[Fruit of Strength] × 1,000: Permanently increases the physical strength of the player.

Hahahaha!

The item appeared!

It was really the Fruit of Strength!

Zhang Ye was very excited, and thought about how great the difference was between the upgraded and normal version of the luck items. Although it was a lot more expensive to activate, it proved to be extremely useful at this critical time! Of course, on the other hand, even the upgraded version of the Lucky Halo might not necessarily fulfill the user's wants 100% of the time and would only increase the probability of the outcome. For instance, previously at the Central TV annual staff party's lucky draw, the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) had "failed" once there. Therefore, he could only depend on himself when it came to things, and the Lucky Halo should just be treated as an assistance method at most.

He had done it!

It was time to "eat" them all!

Zhang Ye began to gobble down the Stats Category Fruits one by one!

100!

200!

500!

He chose to eat the Fruits of Stamina first. With every Fruit he ate, he could feel his spirit getting boosted slightly, while his feelings of weariness and fatigue were reduced by a little. Although it could not be seen with the naked eye and there was no detailed data, Zhang Ye instinctively knew that the Fruits of Stamina he had eaten were already taking effect. His stamina was rising substantially, no, rather, it could be said that it was rising at the speed of a rocket jetting into outer space!

1,000 Stats Category Fruits, a full 1,000 of them! In the past, the most that Zhang Ye had ever eaten was probably the 100 Fruits of Agility and the effectiveness that the 100 Fruits of Agility brought to him was already astonishing enough, let alone 1,000 of them. Zhang Ye's body was getting warmer and warmer. He felt that even if he were to run for 20 kilometers around Tianshan now, he would not feel tired at all as his whole body was currently overflowing with vim and vigor! He felt great!

He finally ate the last fruit.

Then, something happened all of a sudden.

As Zhang Ye ate the 1,001st Fruit of Stamina, he found that there was no effect and felt nothing course through his body. Afterwards, a notification appeared from the game ring on his pinky finger.

[System Notice: Stats Category Fruit usage limited to 1,000!]

Fuck.

It had hit the limit?

He couldn't eat them anymore?

Zhang Ye was speechless, but after giving it some thought, he was not surprised by it. Yes, a 100 Stat Category Fruits had already had a very astonishing effect. But with 1,000 of them now, wouldn't that have an earth-shattering effect? This could be the human limit!

Man, he actually managed to max out a stat with the Fruit of Stamina?

Zhang Ye savored his awesomeness for a bit then began eating the Fruits of Strength!

100!

500!

Just like when he ate the Fruits of Stamina, Zhang Ye felt like his body was about to explode at any time. He could feel a surge of explosive power in his body that felt so explosive it was like it was about to explode in his body. This sort of explosiveness, or perhaps better described as a surge, could be felt as an unlimited amount of strength forcefully started filling up inside him. What was most critical was that he had eaten the 1,000 Fruits of Stamina beforehand. As stamina and strength were basically inseparable, they complemented and boosted each other's effects, causing this explosiveness to become even greater. He felt that even if he were to go and run 20 kilometers around Tianshan while demolishing all the old folks' homes en route, he could still easily do it without losing breath!

Alright, let's cut the crap.

In truth, this fellow did not know how strong he was right now.

Zhang Ye thought of testing himself to find out, but shot down the idea for the time being as he wanted to go for one more draw. He was insatiable, wanting to bring his strength up to the highest limits!

So what was there left now?

Zhang Ye went quiet. Then he tapped the "start lottery draw" icon and activated the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) at the same time, hoping for one last gamble!

The wheel began to rotate.

The needle started to spin.

This time Zhang Ye did not hesitate at all and just put in the additional stakes like a compulsive gambler!

He added 899 additional stakes, totaling 900 stakes—this number was clearly worthy of remembrance, because Zhang Ye had eaten 100 Fruits of Agility in the past. Considering the upper limit of 1,000 for the basic Stats Category Fruits, deducting the amount that he had eaten before, he would need exactly 900 fruits this time!

One revolution!

Another revolution!

And yet another revolution!

However, the needle was slowing down as it approached the Special Category zone!

Zhang Ye was shocked. Fuck, this bro does not want that now, please don't give me this shit!

It was getting closer and closer!

Closer and closer!

Ba da. The needle went past the Special Category at the last moment and caught nicely on the border of the Stats Category zone!

Alright, let's see what I got from the lottery draw this time!

Please, bro, it has to be that item!

At this moment, Zhang Ye was feeling extremely nervous, but it was unavoidable as there were 100 million Reputation Points at stake. If he received 900 Fruits of Strength or 900 Fruits of Stamina again, then it would all go to waste. He had already "eaten" those to the maximum level and could no longer "eat" them anymore. Even if he got 900 Fruits of Charm, it would still be a failure as that was useless to him at the moment!

Hocus pocus!

Give me what I want!

When Zhang Ye opened up the golden treasure chest and saw the item lying inside, this fellow nearly went crazy!

[Fruit of Agility] × 900: Permanently increases the agility of the player.

Hahahahahaha!

I really fucking got it!

Zhang Ye quickly turned off the Lucky Halo (Upgraded) that was using up his Reputation Points. He had already reached an extremely excited state and couldn't express himself!

Eat!

Eat!

Eat!

He immediately ate all the Fruits of Agility one after another!

His eyes grew brighter and brighter!

Due to the special property of agility, the increase was not at a steady and constant rate like the Fruit of Stamina or the Fruit of Strength. The more he ate, the slower the agility increase became. This was because in the physiological structure of a person, the maximum limit would be a fixed value and it would be impossible to break through this human limit, otherwise...he would be an alien. As a result, Zhang Ye understood this very well. Actually, after he ate those 900 Fruits of Agility, he felt he could shoot up into the upper atmosphere of the Earth. Although the rate of increase became slower with

every Fruit he ate, in actual fact, at this stage he was nearing the limits of reaction speed. Even if it only increased by a little bit each time, it was still a qualitative leap forward! The difference between the highly skilled experts was sometimes just this bit of reaction speed and this "bit" was enough to decide who would be the victor!

He finished eating them all.

He had also reached the limit for the Fruit of Agility with that. If he still got them from the lottery draw in the future, he would not be able to eat them anymore!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath to calm himself, but was completely unable to calm down!

What did Chinese martial arts depend on?

What was the most basic of qualities that a martial arts expert should possess?

Not the moves!

What mattered was the physical body!

What were the most important aspects of the physical body?

1: Strength.

2: Stamina.

3: Reaction speed.

These three aspects!

As for the current Zhang Ye, he had fucking maxed out after eating 1,000 Fruits of Strength, 1,000 Fruits of Agility, and 1,000 Fruits of Stamina!

Chapter 922: Zhang Ye, Enhanced Edition! (End)

In the bathroom.

The weird sounds coming from Zhang Ye were emanating from the inside!

Chenchen was woken by that and tossed around several times in bed, but the weird sounds from the bathroom did not stop. She threw aside the blanket and got up, shouting in her childish voice, "Zhang Ye, what are you doing?"

Zhang Ye then came out from the bathroom, but was still wearing a silly smile on his face.

Chenchen got even angrier. "Zhang Ye, why are you so childish?"

Zhang Ye was in an extremely good mood, so he replied happily, "Haha, you're awake? Chenchen, don't address me as Uncle Zhang anymore from now on, you mustn't call me that, alright?"

Chenchen said, "I've never called you that before anyway."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "From now on, call me Iron Man."

Chenchen: "What?"

Zhang Ye confidently repeated, "Iron Man!"

Chenchen was already returning to her bed. "OK, Iron Rod."

Zhang Ye: "...Iron Rod, your sister! It's Iron Man!"[1.]

After putting the little rascal back to sleep, Zhang Ye reopened the game interface in reverie. Even though he had spent 300 million of his Reputation Points in the lottery draw this time, he did not seem affected by it and kept smiling. There was no reason for this other than that the Reputation Points were well spent. It was just worth it. Of all the Stats Category Fruits he wanted the most, he had gotten them all. Compared to all the lottery draws that he had done in the past, Zhang Ye had never had it as smooth as today!

He checked his current Reputation Points.

Remaining Reputation Points: Just under 1.9 billion!

It was still a lot. This was still an astronomical figure—all the Reputation Points that had been accumulated by Zhang Ye for the past year were finally unleashed. This was going to be his metamorphosis!

He made a few slight movements and could already feel that his current physical fitness was no longer what it used to be. Just an ordinary arm stretch felt unusual. Back when Zhang Ye ate the 100 Fruits of Agility, he also took a very long time to get used to the changes due to the sudden improvement of his reaction speed. Now that he had eaten 1,000 Fruits of Agility, Strength, and Stamina all at once, he definitely needed more time to refine his reflexes. Luckily for him, he had the experience of eating the Fruits of Agility the previous time and that left him more mentally prepared for it, helping him get used to it much quicker than before!

He threw a few punches.

He whipped a few palm strikes!

Even his sneezing felt much more powerful than before!

At present, Zhang Ye could even consciously determine that the 100-odd Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books could finally be controlled and unleashed to their potential now that his physical fitness had risen to a new level. It would no longer be ineffective at the critical junctures as he had finally understood why that used to occur. It was due to the fact that his body did not suit the wielding of this level of skill, therefore it was only effective at times. But everything was good now. With these 1,000 Fruits of Strength, Agility, and Stamina as his base, not only would he be able to control these 100-plus Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books, he would still be able to do it even if it was much more than that! At this moment, Zhang Ye's physical potential was just starting to develop. He was now getting into the groove of becoming a truly high-skilled martial artist, or rather, it was only now that he possessed the physical fitness of a person who had been training and improving their basic kung fu on a daily basis since childhood. In fact, his foundations might have even far outstripped those people!

As for how skilled he might be?

Or how deep his foundations ran?

That was still unclear currently.

When he thought about all this, Zhang Ye decided that he wanted to find out for himself. He put on a coat and eagerly headed downstairs.

The cold wind was blowing like knives cutting his face. But perhaps due of the effects from the Stats Category Fruits that he had eaten, or maybe because of his excitement, Zhang Ye did not feel cold at all. He proudly strode out against the wind and stood in the courtyard, looking around for something.

Oh, there it is!

That's the one!

It was a very thick wooden signboard, on which the phrase "Welcome, passing heroes" was written. It belonged to the inn and was around five centimeters thick. It was not hung up on anything and just left on the ground next to the inn.

The thickness seemed fine and the hardness was also quite suitable, likely to be made of solid wood. Zhang Ye got ready to use it as a test subject to see how his physical fitness was now, and if he would be able to compare to those truly skilled martial artists.

Come on!

Zhang Ye steadied his breathing and circled around the sign twice. This was to calm himself down, while warming up his body at the same time. Then he took a deep breath, and with a swift hand movement, an opening form of the Taiji Fist was easily conjured by him. His right hand moved across his body and his left hand retracted, all in one swift motion. Compared to when he could barely summon up the skill back then, it formed a sharp contrast. With that, Zhang Ye's entire momentum was completely different from before!

In the dead of the night, he dared not shout his intent but simply did so in his mind!

With a push of his hands, all the strength in his body seemingly gathered into his right palm in an instant. He took a step forward and suddenly expelled the force from his right palm and struck it into the wooden signboard, hard!

Smash!

A loud crash resounded!

Splinters flew!

Zhang Ye slightly grimaced in pain with that, but the moment his hands retracted, he was astonished to see that the thick wooden signboard was left with a deep palm impression. The top half of the wooden signboard was cracked apart and the word "welcome" was split in twain!

Zhang Ye looked at his right palm, dumbfounded, then looked back at the wooden signboard.

Fuck!

Was...was I the one who did that?

He was in a slight state of disbelief. He subconsciously lifted his leg rather high and stomped down hard, only to hear a loud bang. The wooden signboard was once again broken further by the large force!

Zhang Ye was surprised, as he knew that this was not some sort of Taiji Fist move, nor was it any specialized skill, but the effect of his current physical fitness combined by his pure brute strength and stamina! Damn, has this bro become this awesome now?

Just when Zhang Ye was secretly getting excited over himself, a cry suddenly came from the upstairs of the inn!

"What was that noise?"

"This is bad!"

"There's an assassin!"

In an instant, the entire inn was brightly illuminated by countless lights!

After the battle with the large sects tonight, many of these small sects' disciples and those non-affiliates were on high alert. No one dropped their guard; they were all extremely sensitive to any movements around them!

Zhang Ye nearly fainted when he heard that!

An assassin?

Assassin, your grandpa!

At this moment, he couldn't hide even if he wanted to!

A lot of people had already rushed out to the entrance of the inn by now. Liu Yiquan and Liu Yizhang were also among them. Some of them were holding staves, some holding teapots. There were all sorts of weapons in hand, everything imaginable. There were even some who were still in their pajamas and holding a clothes hanger. Clearly, a lot of them had just randomly grabbed a "weapon" when they ran down here in haste.

When they saw that wooden signboard, everyone was shocked!

"This..."

"What an exceptional palm technique!"

"What kind of strength is that?"

Then, many of them looked at Zhang Ye.

He Badao asked, "Bro Chen Zhen, what happened here?"

Yan Hui said in astonishment, "This wooden signboard was..."

A female disciple of a small sect also asked, "Bro Chen, you were the first to get here. What on earth happened?"

From the other side, the innkeeper and a few employees had also rushed over when they heard the commotion. When they saw the splintered and cracked wooden signboard, they all started scolding and cursing!

"Who was it?"

"Which son of a bitch is so cruel!"

"Th-This is solid old wood! It's an item that's been passed down for many decades at our inn!"

"Who the hell did it? Step forward now! Which motherfucker was it!"

The innkeeper was raging mad and kept crying out in anger!

When Zhang Ye saw that over a hundred of these people were looking at him, he sighed in his mind. After that, he realized that there was no way to hide from this. He took a deep breath and suddenly roared angrily, "The large sects are too shameless!"

Everyone was stunned.

Then, they became infuriated!

"It's the people from the large sects!"

"Holy shit!"

"Judging from the damage, it was obviously the work of the Iron Palm! And it's likely to be one of the experts from an Iron Palm branch!"

"What do they mean by this?"

"Is this a demonstration?! Are they trying to show us something?!"

"Look, the word "welcome" has been split in half. They're obviously trying to slap our faces by saying that their large sects do not welcome us at all! They want us to get the fuck out of here!"

"Despicable!"

"The large sects are too despicable!"

"Carrying out a sneak attack in the middle of the night, what kind of hero can they call themselves!"

"This is infuriating! I'm furious!"

Everyone started cursing!

The innkeeper was also swearing nonstop, "Fucking large sects! I'll fuck your grandmas!"

The several inns located in the holiday resort were all independently operated by their owners. The large sects and the non-affiliates had essentially been arranged to stay apart and were all housed at different inns. For example, the inn across from them was the base of several large sects.

The shouting was so loud it woke those staying at the inn across the way.

The windows were all pushed opened one by one as those people from the large sects peered out.

"What's the matter?"

"Why are you guys shouting in the middle of the night?"

"What happened?"

With that, the non-affiliates looked over at once and stared at those large sect disciples angrily. The powder keg was on the verge of exploding!

Finally, a Kongtong Sect senior brother who was involved in the fight earlier yelled at them in a strong northeastern accent, "What're ya lookin' at?"

Liu Yiquan was infuriated. "You! So what!"

Another large sect's disciple was peeved and said, "Look again, I dare ya!"

The non-affiliates and small sect disciples shouted in unison, "Then we dare!"

The people from the large sects shouted in unison, "What're ya lookin' at?!"

The non-affiliates and small sect disciples shouted in unison, "You! So what!"

The people from the large sects shouted in unison, "Look again, we dare ya!"

The non-affiliates and small sect disciples shouted in unison, "Then we dare!"

More and more people emerged, and more and more people joined in!

The windows of the large sects' people were all open now, while the people from the small sects and the non-affiliates gradually gathered in the courtyard after coming downstairs!

"What're ya lookin' at?!"

"You! So what!"

"Look again, we dare ya!"

"Then we dare!"

From 12:10 AM onward, the large sects and those from the small sects with the non-affiliates kept at each other until it was past 2 AM. For a full two hours, everyone was pointing and scolding at each other in the cold wind!

As the person responsible, and the only person who knew the truth, Zhang Ye felt a little guilty. He coughed and wiped the sweat off his forehead, feeling rather sorry for all this.

The large sects: "What're ya lookin' at?!"

"You! So what!" Zhang Ye shouted angrily alongside everyone else!

So, what is a hooligan?

This is a goddamned hooligan!

Chapter 923: The National Martial Arts Conference begins!

The next day.

On the day of the Martial Arts Conference.

Beautiful snowflakes were lightly floating down from the sky.

Since morning, people were gradually arriving at the main venue located on a hilltop on the eastern side of the holiday resort. No one knew if this was part of the holiday resort itself, or if it was a different scenic area, but the scenery was extremely beautiful anyway. Birds and flowers...there were none of any of that! There was only a single pathway leading up and down to the peak where a wide platform stood. This place was set up long ago by the organizers, with horizontal banners, a fight ring, plum blossom pillars, and assorted weapons. But upon a closer inspection, none of the weapons had live edges. The weapons were mainly just used for training and performances.[1.]

A broadcast continuously blasted from the top of the hill.

"Welcome, all members of the martial arts community, to this year's Martial Arts Conference organized by the National Martial Arts Association. The event this time is proudly sponsored by Tianshan Holiday Resorts, Nu'er Hong Wine Enterprises, and Strong Brand Red Flower Medicated Oil."

Other than the large area designated for the fight ring, the rest of the venue was divided into many sections as well.

There was an area for the Huashan Sect.

The Kunlun Sect.

The Shaolin Monastery.

The Wudang Sect.

The large sects had many disciples and members, with each having around 10 to 20 members turning up for the event, so they were allocated a separate seating area by themselves. As for the small sects, some only had one or two representatives, while the non-affiliates were here on their own, so there was no way to properly designate an area for them so all of these people were squeezed into one area.

A lot of those who had just arrived immediately started to chat with others.

"Hey, Old Wang!"

"Yo, Old Chen!"

"Why are you limping?"

"My leg hasn't healed yet, how's your nose?"

"It's fine. I've already bandaged it."

"Why were you so late? Didn't we arrange to meet at 8 AM?"

"Hai, don't mention it. The inn that I was staying at last night was provoked by those people from the large sects. They even smashed the signboard of the inn, so a bunch of us from the small sects and non-affiliates got into an argument with them until 2 AM this morning! I did not get much sleep at all. I only just got up, but lot of people are still in bed right now!"

"Haha, I heard about that!"

"You know about it too?"

"Of course! An argument in the middle of the night involving more than two hundred people, how could anyone not hear of that? The non-affiliates near me were thinking of going over to back you guys up. We even readied our weapons, but when we saw that it didn't escalate into a fight, we stayed put instead! Those large sect members are too despicable!"

"Despicable to the extreme!"

"They're practically shameless!"

"Come on, let's head over there to get a seat."

"Right, we won't sit together with those from the large sects!"

Those non-affiliates started their scolding immediately after they reached the venue. Some of those who were allocated seats at an area close to the large sects harrumphed as they carried and moved their chairs 100 meters away to keep their distance!

When the large sects saw this, they just stared angrily and did the same by carrying their chairs in the opposite direction, keeping their distance from the non-affiliates and small sects.

One side went left.

The other side went right.

Both sides marked a clear distinction between each other!

At this moment, the sunglasses-wearing Zhang Ye led Chenchen up the hill. Right when he arrived, a number of the non-affiliates and small sects' disciples waved to him warmly, as though they knew him very well!

"Chen Zhen!"

"Bro Chen!"

"Good morning, Bro Chen Zhen."

"Are your injuries better? How'd you sleep?"

Zhang Ye smiled back at everyone and greeted them.

Some of the non-affiliates who had just arrived today still didn't know about the events of last night. They all looked at Zhang Ye with some uncertainty.

A small sect's junior sister who had bandages wrapped around her head met with an old acquaintance and immediately pulled him over to introduce him. "Senior Bro Sun, let me introduce you to Bro Chen Zhen. When we were bullied by the others last night, it was all thanks to Bro Chen, who stepped forward chivalrously to lead us to battle against the large sects. Then late into the night, it was also Bro Chen who stepped up first and led everyone to scold back at the large sects' members throughout the entire night. He's a really nice person, and a really loyal friend!"

When Senior Brother Sun heard this, he gave a fist and palm salute in admiration, saying, "Bro Chen Zhen, pleasure to meet you! I couldn't make it here on time yesterday, so I wasn't of much help. How shameful."

Zhang Ye returned the fist and palm salute. "You're too polite. I was just stepping in to help in the face of injustice!"

A non-affiliate whose arm was bandaged up said, "Bro Chen Zhen, let me introduce a martial arts expert to you also!"

Another small sect member who was also taped up with gauze said, "Old Bro Chen Zhen, this is Senior Liu from Dahu Medical Hall. He would like to get to know you too!"

"Bro Chen Zhen..."

"Bro Chen..."

"Big Brother Chen..."

"Sunglasses Bro..."

"Senior Chen..."

Quite a number of people found their way over and some even addressed him as "senior."

Chenchen looked around at all these people and was at a loss.

Although this was Zhang Ye's first time participating in the Martial Arts Conference—or perhaps to phrase it better, this was the first time that he'd sneaked into a martial arts conference through his acting skills—in just a single night, he had totally integrated into the circle, becoming a mini-celebrity among this group of people and was very well respected by them. Thus, the facts had proven yet another point. If you're a piece of gold, you'll still shine brightly no matter where you are. But if you're a stick, then you should be able to stir up some shit no matter where you go!

Then, the Huashan Sect members arrived.

Grandmaster Chen Xi led his people in. All his disciples were dressed in custom-made attire and they walked in a tight formation, making them look very professional. The only flaw was that some of the people in the group were limping or bandaged. Someone in the group even found a wooden stick from somewhere to use as a crutch as they walked in.

Following them, over a dozen Taoists from the Kunlun Sect arrived. There were a total of 17 of them, but 15 had bruised and swollen faces. One of them even had his head wrapped in thick bandages.

Next were the eminent monks of Shaolin Monastery who made an entrance by "strolling" into the venue. One of the eminent monks had his beard pulled off, one of them had a black eye, and one of them kept his mouth closed and at times exposed his teeth to show two missing front teeth. It was an extremely tragic sight to behold.

The sects all entered one by one into the venue.

The National Martial Arts Association's upper echelons were looking at everyone that arrived and could only be speechless at their appearances.

Suddenly, another person walked up from the bottom of the hill.

It was Master Sun, from one of the Iron Palm branches. He held a very senior position in the Iron Palm Sect!

"Ah, Master Sun!"

"Martial Uncle!"

"Martial Uncle!"

"You're here?"

"Didn't you meet with some trouble on the way here?"

A lot of the Iron Palm branches' disciples were pleasantly surprised and came rushing over to his side.

Yes, this was the highly skilled Master Sun who had been extorted and ended up getting lost in Shaanxi. Thanks to the help of fellow martial artists who rushed there to aid him, he finally managed to make his way here today!

But the Iron Palm's Master Sun did not answer them. When he arrived at the hilltop, he was dumbfounded by what he saw. Seeing the disciples of the Iron Palm branches all bruised, with swollen faces, then looking at the eminent monks of Shaolin Monastery who were missing a beard and two front teeth, and then finally seeing all the experts of the other sects limping and looking defeated, the entire venue seemed very tragic. Almost everyone here was in bandages. Master Sun could not react in time to this!

Fuck!

What on earth happened here?

Why was everyone in such an abysmal state?

Wasn't today supposed to be the Martial Arts Conference? Or was this actually a gathering of the disabled instead!?

For a brief moment, Master Sun wondered if he had come to the wrong place!

Chapter 924: The Eight Trigrams School arrives!

Master Sun said angrily, "What's going on here? Why is everyone in such a sorry state?"

When they saw an elder of their sect, the Iron Palm branches' disciples started complaining to him.

"Martial Uncle!"

"You're finally here!"

"There was a fight yesterday!"

"The small sects and non-affiliates went too far!"

"They even framed our Iron Palm Sect!"

The several of them kept pointing in the direction of the small sects and non-affiliates.

The people from the small sects and non-affiliates were having none of it. Clearly, it was you people from the large sects who colluded with each other to scam our money. Your Iron Palm Sect even came over for a sneak attack in the middle of the night, yet here you are trying to shift the blame? In the blink of an eye, the small sects and non-affiliates all glared at them. Several hundred sets of eyes were now staring down the Iron Palm Sect!

Master Sun was furious and glowered back at them. He pointed at them and uttered a line that would probably get voted by netizens as the most likely to trigger the next world war. "What're ya lookin' at?" He did not know what had happened yesterday, but as that was his usual way of talking, he just said it like how would have anyway.

As a result, it escalated the entire situation!

The small sects and non-affiliates were suddenly angered and over a hundred people aggressively pointed back at him, saying in unison, "You! So what!"

It was deafening!

The reply was too uniform!

It was so uniform that it felt like he was watching the 50th anniversary military parade!

Master Sun, who had never witnessed such a strong show of force before, was startled. Fuck! What are you all trying to do? Did you people practice this beforehand? Why does it seem like everyone shot up!

The large sects were infuriated. They kicked aside their chairs and sprang up, then reflexively reacted by pointing at those several hundred people and shouting, "Look again, we dare ya!"

Master Sun jumped again when he heard so many people behind him shouting back. He stared with his mouth agape at his sect's disciples, as well as those from the large sects. Fuck, why are all of you able to do this so uniformly!?

The non-affiliates pointed. "Then we dare!"

The large sects pointed. "What're ya lookin' at!"

The small sects pointed. "You! So what!"

The large sects pointed. "Look again, we dare ya!"

The small sects and non-affiliates pointed. "Then we dare!"

There, they were at it again!

Chen Xi covered his face in dismay!

Those from the National Martial Arts Association were also getting quite fed up by this!

At this moment, the Zhou Family arrived.

Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng and the Zhou Family Style's disciples were the last batch of attendees to arrive at the venue. Probably due to the Zhou Family Style's disciples being the center of conflict last night, they were the main targets of the non-affiliates, who "took care" of them. Their number of injured personnel was also much higher than the others. At least five people were limping, leading to their late arrival in getting up to the hilltop. When the Zhou Family finally got up here, they were also left speechless by the scene unfolding in front of them. Zhou Tianpeng's expression instantly became very strange!

This...

What the hell is this!

Zhou Tianpeng stayed silent.

Around him, there were sighs all around.

"Hai!"

"What's going on with this year's Martial Arts Conference!"

"What a shame! What a shame!"

"How did it end up like this!"

"This is unwatchable! What a mess!"

"Luckily this is just an internal meet and no outsiders are present!"

A few high-ranking seniors of the Chinese martial arts world marveled at the happenings. When had any of the past Martial Arts Conferences not been a flourishing and vibrant event, with everyone showing a deep interest in the pursuit of a higher level of martial arts, exchanging blows and learning from one another. But why did this year's conference devolve into such strife?

"This won't do. Where is the decency, where has all the decency gone to!" An 80-year-old veteran of the Chinese martial arts world could no longer watch. He was so infuriated that his mustache became ruffled as he said, "We have to teach them a lesson!" Then he pointed in a random direction, "All of you, shut up! Chinese martial arts emphasizes the self-cultivation of one's body and moral character. It is important to train your breathing and calm your hearts, but you all—"

The people over there reflexively reacted by pointing at him. "What're ya lookin' at!"

The old veteran nearly fainted from anger, as his temper flared too. "You! So what!"

Everyone: "Look again, we dare ya!"

The old veteran flicked his sleeves and roared angrily, "Then I dare!"

The old veteran, who was just questioning about values, had immediately joined in the scolding battle at the next moment!

Fan Wen: "..."

Chen Xi: "..."

Zhou Tianpeng: "..."

After the National Martial Arts Association spent a long time trying to calm everyone down, even needing Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng to act, the crowd finally ceased all their unpleasant activities and gradually quieted down.

After the farce, the venue was in total disarray. The main venue of the conference which had been neatly set up ahead of time was filled with scattered chairs and littered with spilled mineral water bottles.

Zhou Tianpeng walked up into the fight ring and picked up the microphone that was placed in there. He tested the sound system before looking down at everyone below the ring. "I am Zhou Tianpeng, the incumbent sect leader of the Zhou Family Style School and the vice president of the National Martial Arts Association. I believe all of you should know me, so I won't go into an in-depth introduction."

Below the ring, some people gave him their support.

"Sect Leader Zhou, who wouldn't know you."

"Yeah, do you even need an introduction?"

"Haha!"

Zhou Tianpeng smiled. "There are always new friends joining us for the first time."

It could be seen that Zhou Tianpeng commanded a lot of respect in the Chinese martial arts world. Even among those from the small sects and non-affiliates, there was no sign of any disrespect at this moment.

Below the ring, Zhang Ye deliberately observed him for a while. He was a man in his forties or fifties, and did not really look to have an outstanding physique. Although he couldn't be described as lean, he wasn't considered burly either. He looked to be around 1.7 meters tall and probably weighed around 60 kilograms or so. In the chilly weather with cold winds blowing, he only wore a single-layered black training robe that had the Zhou Family Style's logo printed on it. Just standing there, his aura was very domineering and anyone would know immediately that he was a tough person to deal with.

Was this what it meant to be a grandmaster in today's world of Chinese martial arts? It was quite different from what Zhang Ye had imagined, mainly because he wasn't really good looking. But when he remembered Rao Aimin's sharp tongue and stingy character, Zhang Ye was still somewhat relieved.

Compared to her, these Grandmasters Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi still had the demeanor of a grandmaster.

Zhou Tianpeng then continued, "Dear friends who have traveled from afar, welcome to this year's National Martial Arts Conference. Before the commencement of today's event, there is a piece of good news that I would like to share with everyone." With that, he looked at Chen Xi and said, "Old Chen, why don't you do it?"

In the audience, Chen Xi waved it off and said with a laugh, "I'll let you announce it instead."

Zhou Tianpeng explained, "The National Martial Arts Association has always been fighting to get a special fiscal fund injection from the country, and it has finally been approved. The funding is substantial and will involve many aspects, like the restoration of the sect and school grounds, reimbursing travel expenses, and subsidizing the taxes involved in the opening of new training halls. All of the funding will be used in support of the building and protection of our Chinese martial arts world's intangible cultural assets. As long as the sects and schools are registered with the National Martial Arts Association, everyone can enjoy this subsidy. If your martial sects don't have a long enough history, or if the martial arts style being practiced is not officially recognized in the books, you may still apply for the funding, subject to our approval. If it doesn't pass, don't worry. Because the subsidy will still be given out without being a single cent less than needed. If the National Martial Arts Association doesn't have enough funding, our Zhou Family will chip in the difference!"

After that announcement, everyone suddenly got a little bit excited!

"We have money now?"

"This is great!"

"It's finally been approved!"

"This is a real cause for celebration!"

"Yeah, the government has finally loosened its purse strings!"

"Grandmaster Zhou, how can we make you pay the expenses as well!"

In the audience, Chen Xi smiled and added, "This issue, the National Martial Arts Association, Old Zhou, and I put in a lot of effort to make it work. It wasn't easy, and Old Zhou contributed a lot to push this through. When we met up a few days ago, he said that if the money wasn't enough to go around, he would fork out the additional amount."

The martial artists in the audience immediately gave their gratitude.

"Thank you, Grandmaster Chen!"

"Thank you, Grandmaster Zhou!"

"Sect Leader Zhou, thank you!"

"Thank you for keeping us in mind! It's really difficult to set up a martial arts training hall these days to bring in new disciples and to hand down our legacies! Not many young people have the determination to persevere!"

"Yeah, although everyone seems to be doing well, it has also been really hard!"

"Thank you!"

Zhou Tianpeng smiled. "We're all colleagues of the martial arts world; it's only right to help each other out. Since the Zhou Family has a slightly better income than most of the schools here, we must definitely take on the responsibility."

Other than the large sects that were deeply rooted in society—like the Zhou Family Style School which had set up training halls all over the country, or a well-known sect like the Shaolin Monastery which had even become a national tourism spot—the smaller sects, which also covered large sects like the Huashan Sect, did not have much income to speak of and were in fact very poor. Otherwise, they wouldn't have fought so aggressively over such a simple thing as the meal money. When Zhou Tianpeng stepped forward with his offer, even those from the small sects and non-affiliates appreciated his good intentions!

In the audience, the conference officially kicked off and moved onto the main event.

According to each year's arrangements, the opening event always started with the various sects performing a demonstration of their martial arts.

The first sect to do this today were the disciples of the Huashan Sect. Just over a decade ago, the Huashan Sect was not considered a large sect at all. But ever since Chen Xi reached the pinnacle and was recognized as a grandmaster, the Huashan Sect welcomed a period of expansion and quickly increased their number of disciples. In today's demonstration, they chose to showcase their sect's sword formation!

At least a dozen disciples were involved.

They went into the ring.

They put on an elaborate sword dance.

But what was meant to be a beautiful image was not so this year. Every one of the participants was wounded and bandaged, and looking at the dozen or so Huashan Sect disciples injured and limping as they brandished their swords, a lot of the martial artists below the ring formed the mental image of a grass mud horse galloping across their vision!

Next up was the Shaolin Monastery. One of their monks successfully performed the Iron Head skill with his head wrapped with bandages.

Then it was the Iron Palm Sect's turn as a disciple supported by a crutch demonstrated an Iron Palm routine, while rooted to the spot.

This was immediately followed by the Kunlun Sect's wounded, erm, heroes, who took to the ring.

"Hah!"

"Heh!"

"He!"

"Hoo!"

Those bros were really putting in a lot of effort into their performances. However, it resulted in an accident at the next moment. One of the Kunlun Sect's performers sprained his waist while going through their sequence and cried out with a loud "aiyo" as he sat down unable to move. His fellow disciples around him then started panicking because of this, before several people ran into the ring and carried him out. The Kunlun Sect's performance had no choice but to cease. Meanwhile, the Kongtong Sect disciples, who were up next, limped into the ring in a hurry with their crutches to rescue things and started their performance.

Zhang Ye could only roll his eyes.

A proper event like the Martial Arts Conference had become like a post-earthquake relief donation site!

Suddenly, the crowd stirred!

"They're here!"

"Ah!"

"Quick, look!"

"They're really here!"

No one bothered to watch the performance anymore as their gazes all fell on the pathway leading up to the hilltop behind them!

Chen Xi wore a dignified expression.

Zhou Tianpeng was resting his mind with his eyes closed.

Chenchen anxiously looked over!

Zhang Ye and everyone else also turned around to see!

There was only one thing that could make everyone turn their heads like this—the arrival of the Eight Trigrams School!

Chapter 925: Rao Aimin's appearance!

The Eight Trigrams School received a lot of attention from everyone.

Under everyone's gaze, the Eight Trigrams School's disciples walked up one by one from the small pathway leading up to the hilltop. There were men and women, both young and middle-aged. All of them were wearing their Eight Trigrams School's robes with a black and white Eight Trigrams pattern printed on the front and back. It was an awe-inspiring sight.

"They're finally here!"

"They really dared to come!"

"Look, that's the fifth disciple of this generation's Eight Trigrams Palm, Song Jiao!"

"The Eight Trigrams School's Xu Fan is here too!"

"Who is that? Why have I never seen him before?"

"He's the ninth disciple of this generation's Eight Trigrams Palm. He's called Zhao Yunlong. He doesn't usually leave the training hall and I only saw him once last year. He is extremely skilled in kung fu and not many outsiders know that!"

"Why aren't their eldest senior brother and second senior brother here?"

"I don't know."

"It doesn't matter who comes today, it'll be useless!"

"With only about a dozen of them, they still have the guts to make an appearance?"

The people from the Chinese martial arts world were busily commenting as they pointed fingers at them, but when the last figure appeared, everyone reflexively withdrew their outstretched fingers and did not dare point anymore.

Because Rao Aimin had arrived!

Dressed in a very casual white training outfit and wearing a pair of normal-looking canvas shoes that could be bought for just 10 or 20 yuan, Rao Aimin appeared in front of everyone as she strutted in leisurely. It did not look like she was here to attend a Hongmen Banquet 1, but rather like she was just going for a post-meal stroll on the streets.

"It's Rao Aimin!"

"Ah?"

"She is Rao Aimin?"

"One of the current five grandmasters of our martial arts world?"

"That's her?"

"This..."

"So she really is that beautiful, damn!"

"I thought the rumors were false!"

Rao Aimin's name could be heard everywhere in the Chinese martial arts world. Basically, no one would not have heard of her name since she was one of the five grandmasters left. Who would not know her? Whenever the martial arts community mentioned her name, they would talk about her in whispers, like it was some taboo topic. It wasn't too much to say that one's expression would change whenever her name was mentioned. However, there were only a few people present who had seen Rao Aimin in person before. The number of up-and-coming, rising stars of the Chinese martial arts world was nothing

like in the past. As a grandmaster, Rao Aimin had disappeared for some years now, so even her fight with the two grandmasters that had shocked the Chinese martial arts world back then was not witnessed by many. The majority of those present were only seeing Rao Aimin in person for the first time.

Liu Yiquan was very excited. "This is the latest grandmaster?!"

Liu Yizhang could not hide his excitement either. "She has such an elegant aura!"

Li Quanneng nodded his head firmly. "This is my exact mental image of a female grandmaster! Beautiful and elegant! I can tell that she is extremely skilled at kung fu just by looking at her!"

Yan Hui, not far away, sighed in amazement. "This is the one and only female grandmaster of our era? And her kung fu is even at a higher level than Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng's and Grandmaster Chen Xi's?"

"Aunt!" Chenchen hurriedly tried to run over to her.

However, she was pulled back by Zhang Ye. "Wait and see."

Chenchen was not having any of that. "Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye whispered, "We agreed that you would listen to me when we are outside!"

Chenchen did not resist any further.

The main reason that Zhang Ye did not allow Chenchen to go over was because he was afraid something would happen due to the absolutely unusual situation today. It would be dangerous to let Chenchen go to the Eight Trigrams School's side since there was so much uncertainty right now. So rather than that, he might as well just keep quiet and observe. It still would not be too late to act after that. He could save the trouble of not getting Rao Aimin distracted if she had to protect Chenchen while fighting someone else. That would only burden her, so it was better not to let Chenchen go.

On the other side, many of the large sects were stunned!

A few people who had seen Rao Aimin or come across her before forced a smile. Looking at the astonished crowd around them, they only shook their heads slightly and said nothing.

"Senior Sister."

"Senior Sister."

"Eldest Senior Sister."

When she arrived, the disciples of the Eight Trigrams Palm opened up a path for her.

Rao Aimin who was right at the back of the group walked leisurely to the front.

In the ring, the martial arts performance was still going on. The injured disciples of the Kongtong Sect couldn't possibly stop their performance just because someone had arrived. They just carried on performing their boxing routine and put in much more effort than before.

Rao Aimin looked up at those Kongtong Sect disciples who were swathed in bandages. Suddenly, she lowered her head as she reached into her pocket and felt around in it. Then she took out something from the pocket and threw it up into the ring.

Jingle jangle.

It was a one-yuan coin.

The Kongtong Sect disciples in the ring were stunned.

Numerous martial artists outside the ring were also stunned.

What?

What was the meaning of that?

Rao Aimin turned around and told her juniors, "Spare them some change, everyone. They're still performing in the streets even though they're this badly injured. It must be hard on them." After she said that, she turned to the people in the ring. "Broken physically but firm in spirit, that's very good. I have high hopes for all of you. Will you guys be smashing any concrete blocks on your chests? Perform that, I love watching it."

The Kongtong Sect people nearly fainted from anger!

Smashing concrete blocks on the chest?

I'll smash your grandpa!

Why do you have to be so sarcastic?!

We're in this state already, so who the fuck could still have a concrete block smashed on them!

A deputy leader of the Kongtong Sect did not take this well. He quickly stood up and said, "Rao Aimin, you're targeting our Kongtong Sect the moment you arrive. What do you mean by this?"

Rao Aimin leered at him. "Are those people from the Kongtong Sect?"

The Kongtong Sect deputy leader said, "Yes, they are!"

Rao Aimin made a noise of acknowledgment and asked curiously, "When did the Kongtong Sect people start practicing square dances? Not bad. I was just wondering which professional square dancers they are to have sneaked into here. So they turned out to be Kongtong Sect's disciples!"

The deputy leader was getting frustrated and shouted, "Rao Aimin, don't push it too far!"

Rao Aimin looked at him and said, "That's what I'm doing. What are you going to do about it?" She looked at his teeth and remarked, "Oh, so you've replaced the front teeth I knocked out a few years ago? And they're even gold teeth? How rich!"

The Kongtong Sect deputy leader's face flushed then lost color. "You..."

The Iron Palm's Master Sun said angrily, "Now is the time for the martial arts performances put on by the large sects. As a grandmaster, you ought to be more respectful to martial arts, and respectful to—"

Rao Aimin interrupted him and pointed to the ring. "Do you call those limping moves a martial arts performance? I could watch a performance like that at any old folks' home."

Master Sun raged, "Are you picking a fight?"

Rao Aimin said, "Would you like to fight? Sure then, I'll fight you one hand tied behind my back!"

Master Sun was just quick with his mouth, so when he heard Rao Aimin say that, he immediately fell quiet. He was considered one of the top few fighters in the Chinese martial arts world. If not, he wouldn't be addressed as "master" wherever he went. But he knew the disparity between a master and grandmaster was vast as the distance between heaven and earth. Let alone Rao Aimin giving him a one-hand handicap, even if Rao Aimin fought without using her hands, he would still be unable to beat her!

An eminent monk from the Shaolin Monastery asked, "Almsgiver Rao, do you intend to offend everyone from our martial arts world?"

Rao Aimin replied in a nonchalant tone, "I've already offended many people in the past, so there's no difference in offending another one or two sects. Do you have any opinions about that? If you do, why don't we spar to settle our differences?"

The eminent monk was rebutted by that. Of course he wouldn't spar with Rao Aimin. Some years ago, their previous abbot of the Shaolin Monastery could not even take twenty attacks from her. Him? He could not even hold her for three attacks!

The surrounding "martial artists" who were seeing this one and only female grandmaster of the Chinese martial arts world for the first time were quite startled. Their image of a martial arts grandmaster was instantly shattered!

"So this is Rao Aimin?"

"This is...a grandmaster?"

"Uh..."

"This..."

"Why is this grandmaster kinda..."

The brothers, Liu Yiquan and Liu Yizhang, wiped their sweat away.

Li Quanneng and He Badao looked each other in the eye.

Why was this female grandmaster totally different from what they had expected!

Only Zhang Ye and Chenchen heaved a sigh of relief.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye was no longer worried about her. Having not seen her in over six months, Old Rao was still behaving the same. She had not changed at all!

Chapter 926: Zhang Ye steps into battle!

At the Martial Arts Conference.

The Eight Trigrams School got seated in the outermost area that was reserved for them. Rao Aimin led her juniors over and immediately closed her eyes in a composed manner, as though she was already getting ready for the upcoming duel. The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples did not disturb her.

Everyone was well aware of the intention of today's gathering, therefore the focus right now was all on the Eight Trigrams School, with lot of people casting glances at them every now and again. Secondary to that, they were also very curious about the legendary grandmaster of the Chinese martial arts world that was Rao Aimin. The Zhou Family Style's disciples and masters were particularly staring at her more frostiness and hatred in their eyes. They did not intend to avoid giving death glares to the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples. Some of the Zhou Family Style's masters were carrying old battle injuries which preceded yesterday's events and were clearly dealt to them by Rao Aimin—the Zhou Family Style's training halls and schools all over the country had been challenged and defeated by Rao Aimin in the past half a year!

The performances continued.

Next was the Wudang Sect's turn.

Followed by the Qingcheng Sect 1 .

Followed by South Wudang.

Then the Xingyi Fist Sect.

Afterwards was a small sect called the Flying Door Sect.

And so on.

Finally, it was time for the finale performance by the Zhou Family Style School.

An hour later, the performances ended.

An organizer from the National Martial Arts Association walked into the fight ring and raised the microphone to his lips and said, "Thank you to all the various sects and schools for their wonderful displays. Next, we will officially begin the next segment, the free sparring rounds. As per previous years, the match will be decided by individual skill, but do remember not to take it overboard. The matches will be held in ten separate sections, and the challenger can nominate any opponent they wish to duel. But the person being challenged may choose to decline the challenge. All matches will be refereed by the professionals from the National Martial Arts Association."

It was finally time for the key segment!

When they heard that, everyone's spirits at the venue were jolted!

This segment had been a standard event in every year's conference. Most grudges and disputes between the martial schools, or personal grievances, were usually settled in this setting. With so many martial sects existing in the Chinese martial arts world, it was impossible that they would be wholly united. There were in fact countless disagreements between them. Naturally, they would need a setting to resolve those issues as the Chinese martial arts world did not allow any large-scale vicious battles to

take place between the martial schools. After all, they lived in a governed society. Of course, there were also other reasons for taking part in the duels. For example, for the newcomers to the Chinese martial arts world who were aiming to shoot to fame, this stage was naturally the best way to do it. In addition, for those expert martial artists who believed in their own strength, this was the best place for them to make their name known!

Right as the announcement ended, someone stood up.

It was someone from South Wudang!

That middle-aged expert stood up and gave a fist and palm salute. "I am South Wudang's Liu Qing, and I would like to challenge the deputy leader of the Wudang Sect, He Yanqing. Would Deputy Leader He like to accept my challenge?"

The Wudang Sect's deputy leader sneered, "I've long since been waiting for you!"

That person from South Wudang swept an arm out. "Please!"

"Please!" The Wudang Sect's deputy leader entered the ring.

The grudge between the Wudang Sect and South Wudang was long-standing. At each annual Martial Arts Conference, they would always challenge each other, so no one was surprised.

In the audience, other people gradually began standing up as well.

"As the Qingcheng Sect's Li Xiaonian, I challenge the eminent monks of the Shaolin Monastery to be my opponent!"

"Who do you want to challenge?"

"Any one of them!"

"What big talk. Then let this old monk take you on!"

"Please!"

"Please don't be too hard on me!"

...

"I am the non-affiliate, Cao Liwei. Would you dare to take me on, Zhou Yunian?"

"Haha, why would I not dare?"

"Then bring it on!"

"Let's do this!"

"We must definitely decide on a victor today!"

...

"I'm just a newcomer of the non-affiliates, giving a challenge to any heroes here. Would anyone like to give me some pointers?"

"I'll do it!"

"Thank you for your guidance."

"You're welcome. I won't hold back."

"Sure!"

"Please!"

...

In the blink of an eye, nine of the ten sections divided for the matches were occupied. There was one section still empty. No one said anything for the time being.

A while later.

Someone finally said something.

Zhang Ye could sense someone in the crowd not far away glaring at him. He raised his eyes to look over and noticed a familiar figure.

It was the Zhou Family's Fourth Bro Zhou!

He saw Fourth Bro Zhou's provocative eyes staring at him. "Non-affiliate Chen Zhen, dare you exchange a couple blows with me?" After going back yesterday, Fourth Bro Zhou contemplated the sequence of events of last night. He knew clearly that he had only said about three sentences in the lead-up, but why did that end up with so many people getting involved in a brawl? It was clearly that non-affiliate named Chen Zhen who incited the situation. That mouth was so venomous that he could change something from black to white. After getting lectured by a senior of the Zhou Family, Fourth Bro Zhou's anger was all pent-up. As a result, he pointed straight at Chen Zhen who he deemed to be the leader of the non-affiliates and small sects for last night.

The small sects and non-affiliates were stunned at this.

Liu Yiquan's expression changed slightly as he quickly said, "Bro Chen, this Fourth Bro Zhou might not be the most skilled amongst this generation of the Zhou Family Style's disciples, but he's still an above average expert!"

Li Quanneng immediately added, "Be careful!"

He Badao also said worriedly, "Don't go if you can't do it!"

Everyone had seen Zhang Ye's martial arts skills yesterday and were not too optimistic about his chances.

But who could have expected that Zhang Ye would simply give a smile and say, "I've already been identified in person by name. It wouldn't make sense if I didn't go up then, right? Fourth Bro Zhou was such a bully last night, trying to scam us non-affiliates and the small sects. But after meeting with our resistance last night, he even has the cheek to come and challenge me today? Should I not stick my neck out? If I don't accept the challenge, wouldn't that make him even more arrogant in the future?! Wouldn't that be telling him that we're scared? I must fight him in this match today! Even if I cannot

beat him, I will take him on and take a chunk out of him! I cannot sacrifice the dignity of the small sects and us non-affiliates! We cannot let the large sects think that we're easily pushed around!"

When the people around him heard that, they started cheering in support!

These words of Zhang Ye's whipped everyone up into a frenzy, seemingly elevating his status even further!

"Well said!"

"Bro Chen! Nicely put!"

"Fuck, that's right!"

"Yeah, we aren't going to be pushed around easily!"

"For our dignity! Fuck!"

"Bro Chen, do well!"

"Go for it!"

"Fucking kill that Fourth Bro Zhou!"

"Fucking kill that shameless man!"

"Fucking kill the despicable villain that bullies the weak and fears the strong!"

"If you're so good, challenge me instead! Bullying a newcomer like Bro Chen doesn't make you better!"

"Fuck! Shameless!"

Listening to the shouting from over there, Fourth Bro Zhou nearly fainted from anger. Fuck your grandpas! What the hell did I say? All I did was ask if he dared to exchange a couple blows with me! What was all that about me being a shameless man coming out of nowhere? What was all that about me being a despicable villain about? Chen, you're too goddamn wicked! That mouth of yours is simply so venomous that it is leaking with pus! I will make sure that you leave on a stretcher today! Otherwise I won't be called Fourth Bro Zhou!

Fourth Bro Zhou was extremely angry!

The Zhou Family Style School's disciples were also supporting him in full force!

"Fourth Senior Bro, you can do it!"

"Get him!"

"That Chen Zhen is ridiculously infuriating!"

Fourth Bro Zhou and Zhang Ye both came forward and walked up into the fight ring. This wasn't some fighting platform that was set up with a wooden frame, but a demarcated area measuring 10 by 10 meters within the main fight ring.

The organizer's referee allowed the two of them into the area and said, "To reiterate, don't take it overboard. We just need decide on a victor."

Fourth Bro Zhou nodded while nursing his hatred.

Zhang Ye said, "Understood."

The referee asked, "Do either of you need any weapons? If you do, you may choose something."

Fourth Bro Zhou looked at Zhang Ye and said, "I need one, how about you?"

Zhang Ye nonchalantly replied, "Then I'll use something too."

The referee pointed. "The weapons are over there."

The weapons on the rack were all blunted.

Fourth Bro Zhou had already chosen something as he went over to grab a sword. He gave it a few swings then switched to a different one that he was more satisfied with. He carried the sword back to the dueling area.

However, Zhang Ye did not head over to the weapons rack. Under the watchful eyes of the referee and everyone else, he looked around until he spotted something. With a glint in his eyes, he walked away to a spot over 20 meters away, to a corner of the hilltop where he picked up a brick. Satisfied, he turned around and headed back to the fight area.

The referee was startled. "That will be your weapon?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yes."

The referee was dumbfounded. "Are you sure of your choice?"

"I am sure," Zhang Ye responded.

Fourth Bro Zhou's eyelids constantly twitched from anger. He felt extremely insulted.

But the small sects and non-affiliates did not seem bothered by this. They had already witnessed Bro Chen Zhen's brick techniques last night, so they knew his main mode of attack...kinda followed this approach.

"Go, Chen Zhan!"

"Go, Chen Zhen!"

"Bro Chen, you can do it!"

A lot of people were cheering on Zhang Ye!

Some of the other duels had already began and a lot of the others had their attention on the other nine areas. With the sudden cheering over on this side, all of their attention turned here. When they saw one of the participants holding a brick in the fight area, many of these martial artists' jaws dropped!

What sort of weapon is that?

My god, why is it a brick?

The Eight Trigrams School also looked over at this moment!

"Chen Zhen?" spoke one of the junior sisters.

Fifth Senior Sister Song Jiao said in astonishment, "That is Chen Zhen?"

Sixth Senior Brother Xu Fan was stunned. "Damn, he's really using a brick?"

The ninth disciple, Zhao Yunlong, was speechless.

One of the junior brothers exclaimed, "Is that really going to be his weapon?"

Song Jiao asked, "Junior Bro, is it him?"

Lu Yuhu was in a sort of daze. "I guess so."

"What's the matter?" Song Jiao wondered.

Lu Yuhu said with some suspiciousness, "It's nothing much, but I find that guy wearing the sunglasses kinda familiar. I might be wrong, though."

Rao Aimin still had her eyes closed and was not bothered by all these little distractions.

In the ring, the duel was about to begin.

The referee asked, "Are you both ready?"

Fourth Bro Zhou stared hard at Zhang Ye and said, "I'm ready!"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I'm ready too."

"Alright then." The referee raised his hand, then swooped it down. "Begin!"

With that, the referee immediately retreated to the edge.

According to the rules of the Chinese martial arts world, Fourth Bro Zhou gripped the sword handle, blade down, and gave a fist and palm salute. "Fight hard!"

Opposite him, Zhang Ye returned with a slight fist and palm salute. "Fight hard."

But sometimes, it only took an instant to decide the outcome between winning and losing!

Right after they finished speaking, Fourth Bro Zhou flipped his sword upright. But before he could even grip it properly, he was shocked to discover that a reddish object was already flying at him!

It was a brick!

Zhang Ye had shamelessly given this attack a pompous name. He bellowed, "Take my Brick Descending from the Heavens!"

This attack was just a simple one, and Fourth Bro Zhou thought that he could dodge it. After all, when one had reached the level of an expert, their reaction speed and agility were at an elevated state. Let alone a brick, even if it were against a hidden weapons expert, in the readiness of a combat situation,

Fourth Bro Zhou was still confident that he could dodge a throwing knife. But just as he was leaning aside to dodge the attack, he realized that he was wrong!

He could not dodge it at all!

The brick was approaching too quickly!

It was so fast that he thought he heard the whistling of the wind as the brick traveled at high speed and hit him right in the face. Fourth Bro Zhou could only avoid it to the point that the bridge of his nose would not get hit. He slightly turned his head but the brick still smashed hard into the left side of his face!

"Ah!" Fourth Bro Zhou screamed in pain. His left face was momentarily depressed inward and his entire body tilted as he fell down to the floor on his sides!

Many people were watching in shock!

This!

What kind of speed is that?

What kind of strength is that?

"You're using a hidden weapon!" Fourth Bro Zhou shouted angrily and started to rise to his feet to fight.

But before he could stand up, a shadow of a punch was already approaching his face!

Thump! It landed on Fourth Bro Zhou's face again!

The force was so great that Fourth Bro Zhou's entire person twisted as he was thrown to the ground. With a heavy crash, he banged against the floor. Just listening to that sound alone showed how strong that punch was!

The bruised and swollen-faced Fourth Bro Zhou was knocked nearly unconscious!

With a brick and a single punch, he had already lost all of his fighting spirit!

Zhang Ye did not even use a single kung fu move and only depended on the basic physical qualities of his body! Chinese martial arts were just like that. It was nothing like in the novels or the movies, where fights of a thousand rounds happened without much of a fuss. That was basically impossible, since a hundred rounds already sounded close to impossible, and that was even speaking in the context of a duel between experts. Most dueling matches in the ring were basically decided after a few punches or kicks, so how could there be a fight lasting several hundred rounds?

The referee was stunned. Everything had happened so quickly that he only managed to react just now. He hurriedly rushed over and shouted, "Stop, stop fighting!" Then he looked at Fourth Bro Zhou lying on the floor before he announced, "The winner: Chen Zhen from the non-affiliates!"

The Zhou Family Style School's disciples were furious!

Meanwhile, those from the small sects and non-affiliates all raised their arms and started cheering!

"Great!"

"Great fight!"

"Good punching!"

"Good brick technique!"

"Old Bro Chen's brick technique has improved!"

"Kill that shameless man!"

"Beat up that despicable villain!"

"Hahaha, how enjoyable! Good fight!"

"The villain will definitely get what he deserves!"

Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, Liu Yiquan, and a few other people whom Zhang Ye had gotten close to were cheering the loudest!

Chenchen looked at Zhang Ye in disbelief, as though in disbelief at how Zhang Ye could have gotten so strong all of a sudden!

Amid everyone's cheers, Zhang Ye gave a fist and palm salute in gratitude as he came out of the ring while laughing. "Thank you, thank you. I got lucky that the thieving bastard did not succeed!"

"Bro Chen, great showing!"

"That felt so good!"

"The thieving bastard will definitely lose!"

"Evil will never prevail against good!"

When Fourth Bro Zhou, who was lying on the floor, heard that, he almost vomited blood. He was so angry that he didn't know what he could say. Clearly, that Chen fellow had resorted to a sneak attack! He even shamelessly threw a hidden weapon to hit his face!

But as it stands?

Why am I the despicable one?

And shameless?

And I'm even called a thieving bastard now?

Fuck your grandma!

Do you people still have any shame!?

Chapter 927: Then I'll listen to you people!

Fourth Bro Zhou was carried out of the ring via stretcher.

Winners were crowned and losers vilified. That was how all matches ended in the Chinese martial arts world. Whoever was more skilled would have the last say. The loser didn't have any right to speak.

The duel ended just like that.

The tenth match was the last to begin but the first to finish.

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples nearly fainted when they saw this.

"So that is Chen Zhen?"

"Uh..."

"Isn't his strength a little too great?"

"Eleventh Bro, can your strength beat his?"

"Man, that's hard to say."

"Is that an external style he's using?"

"I don't know! He didn't even use any martial arts moves!"

"That's right. I couldn't even tell which martial school's moves those were!"

"Don't tell me that there's really a style called the Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Brick?"

"..."

Song Jiao, the fifth senior sister, evaluated, "Unless concealed power or some special type of kung fu was used, very few people in the entire Chinese martial arts world can compare to his strength. With normal training techniques, even if a person trains their entire life, their greatest strength would be no more than this!"

Lu Yuhu commented, "He's an expert."

Upon returning, Zhang Ye was surrounded by a group of people who gave him extremely good treatment.

"Bro Chen, I didn't know you had hidden talents!"

"Please don't say that."

"That brick smash was wonderful!"

"Thank you very much, thank you very much."

The Zhou Family Style School's Sect Leader Zhou Tianpeng did not look up at all. As for some of the older boxing specialists of the Zhou Family Style, their focus was not on these "brawls" between the juniors. At today's Martial Arts Conference, only Rao Aimin was their cause of concern. She was their most formidable enemy!

In the main ring, the duels gradually came to a close.

The duels with both parties using weapons ended slightly faster while the unarmed duels took longer.

In the match between both Wudangs, the Wudang Sect emerged victorious.

The Shaolin Monastery came out on top in the match against the Qingcheng Sect.

Victory was also decided among the non-affiliates.

Today's dark horse was a newcomer to the Chinese martial arts world. He had actually managed to defeat a rather well-known boxing specialist of the Chinese martial arts world. His win earned him some fame.

Of course, Zhang Ye gained some fame as well. Actually, this fellow was famous since last night. Who from the large sects did not know about "Chen Zhen"? Basically everyone hated him to the bone!

Afterwards, someone else came forward to issue a challenge.

"Qian Dong, come and have a match with your grandpa!"

"Grandson, Grandpa is coming!"

"Who is Grandson calling?"

"I'm calling you grandson!"

"Whose grandson are you?"

"I'm your grandpa!"

The enmity between them clearly ran very deep. They cursed at each other as they walked up into the ring and even continued to curse at each other while dueling.

"Grandson, take that!"

"Receive this palm strike from your grandpa!"

"Grandson, watch out for my attack!"

"Your grandpa is watching out!"

"Haha, my grandson got punched!"

"Haha! Grandson, you're only helping your grandpa scratch his back!"

The referee didn't know whether to laugh or cry while watching this.

The National Martial Arts Association's people were also speechless. They felt somewhat embarrassed as the Chinese martial arts world was opening up, standardizing, and taking the high-end route in the market. But those martial artists' characters and educational qualifications were not in line with this market expansion. There were always some people who liked to scold others, or liked to fight with a brick, or liked to scold others and fight with a brick. They could not curb the behavior of such people, so could only turn a blind eye to it all.

After some of the others went into the ring to duel, an unexpected person came forward. He was the Huashan Sect leader, Grandmaster Chen Xi's junior brother—Fan Wen. He was the person whom Zhang

Ye met with at the entrance of the holiday resort's restaurant last night. The compensation of a thousand yuan per person was "negotiated" by Zhang Ye and Fan Wen at the time.

The moment Fan Wen stepped forward, he called out, "Little Bro Chen Zhen, it looks like you were born with superhuman strength and your martial arts are very good, so I was hoping to learn a little from you as well. Would you object to that?"

"Ah?"

"Steward Fan?"

"Steward Fan has issued a challenge too?"

"Senior Fan, take care of him!"

The large sects were getting excited. After watching the match between Zhang Ye and Fourth Bro Zhou, they were largely unsure if they would be a match for that Chen Zhen opponent, so they did not dare step forward to challenge him. Even the Zhou Family Style's disciples were staying silent. With the Huashan Sect's Senior Fan issuing a challenge, he could definitely beat that Chen Zhen.

However, the people from the small sects and non-affiliates were outraged.

"Isn't this bullying!"

"Senior Fan, how can you, as a senior, issue a challenge to a junior?"

"You're totally on a different level!"

"Despicable!"

Zhang Ye was tickled.

When Fan Wen heard that, he said, "Alright then, since I'm your senior and older than you, then how about this, I'll give you a one-hand handicap. We'll exchange some pointers since I would like to see for myself what Little Bro Chen's fighting, uh, brick style is like." The words "brick style" sounded very odd no matter how it was put.

Liu Yiquan shouted, "Bro Chen Zhen, don't go!"

Li Quanneng hurriedly said, "That old man is really formidable!"

"Yeah." He Badao said, "Fan Wen is an expert who is ranked in the top three of the Huashan Sect. He is also a prominent martial artist of the Chinese martial arts world! He's a master martial artist! You're not his match!"

Liu Yizhang tugged at him. "Bro Chen, be cautious. A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him!"

The other non-affiliates all said the same.

"Don't go!"

"Don't bother with him!"

"This is bullying!"

"They're obviously targeting you!"

"The Huashan Sect has always been in cahoots with the Zhou Family!"

"That's right! Don't go!"

After listening to all that, Zhang Ye gave a fist and palm salute to the surrounding people. "Thank you, everyone, for your kindness."

Everyone sighed when they heard this, as they knew their words had fallen on "Chen Zhen's" deaf ears. However, they were simply making a passing remark. At this sort of martial arts conference, there had never before been a precedent of anyone declining a challenge. That was because it was more embarrassing for a martial artist to refuse a challenge than to lose a match. Of the many duels each year, even if they clearly knew that they could not beat their opponent, they still braced themselves to face the challenge, all because there was no other way to it.

Zhang Ye walked out from the crowd as he said, "I feel very flattered that a Huashan Sect senior is challenging me. I would also like to see for myself what the Huashan Sect's martial arts are like!"

Fan Wen smiled and gestured with his hand, saying, "Little Bro Chen, as you please!"

Fan Wen walked toward the dueling area.

As Fan Wen's reputation was well-known, numerous people at the venue looked over. They were surprised that Fan Wen would actually spar with a junior. Hur hur, this Chen Zhen will surely have a hard time!

The non-affiliates were still trying to talk him out of it.

"Be careful!"

"Don't be rash, Bro Chen!"

"Be cautious! Be cautious around him!"

"Senior Fan is not easy to deal with!"

"Don't go!"

Zhang Ye waved them off and said righteously, "Everyone, please don't try to talk me out of this! I've already decided! Since the large sects want to use me as an example to warn others, I definitely can't avoid it today. It doesn't matter whether I advance or retreat. For the dignity of the small sects and us non-affiliates, what reason do I have to back away from this challenge? I have to fight even if I die!"

Everyone was moved. They knew that Bro Chen Zhen was going to accept the challenge for sure!

"Bro Chen's heroism will reach the clouds!"

"Bro Chen is a heroic man!"

"Think carefully!"

"It's not embarrassing even if you don't go!"

Fan Wen was ready.

The referee had already gone up into the ring.

Zhang Ye suddenly looked around at the non-affiliates and flapped his hands, saying, "Don't talk me out of this. Everyone, please don't do that...why are you all still trying to talk me out of it? Hai! Whatever, I'll just listen to your advice then!"

Saying that, Zhang Ye turned around and walked back to his seat.

Everyone present was dumbfounded by what they saw!

Liu Yiquan fainted!

He Badao fainted!

Fan Wen fainted!

Everyone from the large and small sects nearly faceplanted!

Fuck, you really aren't gonna fight?

We were just being fucking polite with you, alright!?

Chapter 928: Is the legacy of the Taiji Fist actually lost?

With this episode, the venue's atmosphere became rather awkward! Although the saying went: "Listen to advice and you won't starve," weren't you still too easily talked out of it by us? Didn't you say that you would be fighting for the dignity of the small sects and non-affiliates? That you'd go into the fight even if you knew you would die? Weren't you not going to give in to the large sects' despotism? Your sister! Where exactly do your principles lie? Why did you choose to turn around just because others politely tried to talk you out of the challenge! You, you're totally going against the grain of martial arts routines!

Zhang Ye walked cool as a cucumber back to his seat. He did not consider this event to be of any importance.

Liu Yizhang wiped away his sweat and said, "Bro Chen, w-why did you come back?"

Contrary to expectations, Zhang Ye gave a look of astonishment and said, "Didn't you guys tell me to walk away from the fight?"

Liu Yizhang: "..."

Liu Yiquan: "..."

Li Quanneng: "..."

Yan Hui: "..."

We did try to talk you out of it!

But no one was expecting you to agree so readily!

But with Zhang Ye saying that, they could not find any other reasons to reply to him, because they had really shouted for him to walk away from the fight!

Whatever!

You win!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples looked at one another.

Song Jiao said with exasperation, "That Chen Zhen, why does it seem like he's kinda shameless?"

Xu Fan was also dumbfounded. "It's not that he seems that way, but that he's actually kinda shameless!"

Zhao Yunlong said, "Take away the 'kinda.' He's just shameless!"

Lu Yuhu said in a speechless manner, "Why do I find that person so familiar?"

With the crowd there, they could not even see "Chen Zhen" clearly, much less spot a little girl like Chenchen.

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen, who was already ready to go in the dueling area, furrowed his brows in anger. "Chen Zhen, do you intend to duel me or not? What's the meaning of this?"

The large sects were angered too!

Especially the Huashan Sect's disciples, who felt that their martial sect's senior had gotten played, making all of them infuriated.

When Grandmaster Chen Xi heard the commotion over here, he also frowned and swept his gaze to Zhang Ye.

"Shameless!"

"Say so if you're afraid!"

"Hey Chen, I bet you're just afraid to fight!"

"You just can't beat our Martial Uncle Fan! Stop finding excuses!"

"If you're skilled enough, you should step forward!"

"Right, if you're skilled enough, come out and fight!"

"Chen Zhen, let me ask you a simple question: Do you have the courage to exchange blows with our Martial Uncle Fan?!"

"Our master has already said that he'd give you an advantage, but you're still afraid of taking on the challenge?"

"Come out!"

"Come out!"

"Come forward if you're so skilled!"

The Huashan Sect kept goading him from their side!

But Zhang Ye was unmoved. He was neither embarrassed nor nervous and was completely untroubled by them. Instead, he started chatting, a smile on his face, with Liu Yiquan who was seated beside him.

"Look at how wonderful the fight over at section three of the dueling area is."

Liu Yiquan grunted, "Ah."

Zhang Ye asked, "Which martial sect is that person from?"

Liu Yiquan answered, "Uh, it looks like the Xingyi Fist."

Another Huashan Sect disciple called out, "Not brave enough to challenge my martial uncle? Chen Zhen, do you have the courage to challenge me instead, then?! This won't be considered bullying, right?"

"Second Senior Bro!"

"Go get him, Second Senior Bro!"

"Destroy him!"

"Right, destroy him!"

"That Chen Zhen is super infuriating!"

Yan Hui was afraid that he would be on the losing end, so reminded, "That is the Huashan Sect's second senior brother. He's one of the most outstanding disciples of this generation. Compared to the Zhou Family Style's Fourth Bro Zhou, he's way better than him, so you must be careful!"

But as it turned out, Zhang Ye was still chattering away with Liu Yiquan, as though he had heard nothing. He even conveniently turned around to Yan Hui to ask, "Eh, Bro Yan, what style of martial arts do you practice?"

Yan Hui: "..."

The surrounding people: "..."

The conversation went on until Liu Yiquan and Yan Hui could no longer keep a straight face, yet Zhang Ye was still as indifferent and calm as ever. This made Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and a number of the surrounding non-affiliates and small sect disciples feel extreme admiration for him! Bro Chen Zhen's skin is really goddamn thick! This was also a skill that most people did not have!

The Huashan Sect's disciples shouted until their voices turned hoarse!

Fan Wen was so angry that he just returned to his seat!

The Huashan Sect's second senior brother also looked extremely angry!

But Zhang Ye remained in his place. No matter how his opponents tried to draw him in, he did not step forward. Why would he want to duel? Earlier, in the match with Fourth Bro Zhou, Zhang Ye only did it

because he had wanted to test his skills in a real fight. Moreover, after watching so many matches, he had gained a slight understanding of his personal power. He had also gained a deeper understanding of the entire Chinese martial arts world's standards and the division of ranks for the experts, so why would he still bother with dueling anyone? It wasn't like he was here to fight anyway! Oh, just because you guys shouted and tried to incite me, I must step forward to duel you guys? Do you think I'm an idiot? Do you know how much this bro is worth? This bro can command an appearance fee of over a million RMB just by appearing in an interview. Can you people pay me such a sum?

A fellow like Zhang Ye was not someone from the martial arts community anyway. All he knew was that he had to sneak into the enemy's camp today to make a mess of things. But as for the rules of the Chinese martial arts world, or whatever honor or dignity, he did not care for any of that! As a result, he would naturally feel that this wasn't something to be embarrassed about!

The large sects could watch no longer.

"Forget about him!"

"What kind of a hero is that!"

"He's a disgrace to our martial arts world!"

He's even afraid of accepting a challenge?"

"How infuriating! I've never come across such a ruffian before!"

"Why did the National Martial Arts Conference invite someone like him to participate?"

"In so many conferences, there has never before been someone who didn't accept a challenge! He is the first!"

A lot of those from the large sects glared at Zhang Ye with contempt, looking very uncomfortable with being labeled together with him as members of the Chinese martial arts world. All of them were indignant at Zhang Ye for the Huashan Sect!

The Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi, spoke, "Quiet down, everyone."

With that, all the large sects and Huashan Sect's disciples did not utter another word. They looked up and realized that all the matches had ended and that there was no one else who came forward to issue a challenge to anyone!

Everyone was startled and knew that the main event was starting soon!

In the blink of an eye, the entire venue fell silent. They no longer cared about denouncing "Chen Zhen."

Chen Xi stood up. "Is there anyone else?"

No one answered.

Chen Xi asked again, "Let me ask again, is there anyone else?"

Still, there was no answer.

Only then did Chen Xi nod his head and signaled with his hand for the ten National Martial Arts Association's referees to get out of the ring and stand to the side. Then, quite a few National Martial Arts Association's employees came into the ring to clear the area and put the weaponry back on their racks. A female employee picked up the brick that Zhang Ye had taken from somewhere and took a long, hesitating look around before she finally just threw it somewhere onto the ground.

The second round of events at the Martial Arts Conference ended.

Liu Yiquan looked up into the ring.

Zhang Ye raised his head.

Chenchen scowled.

The Zhou Family Style's disciples clenched their fists.

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples looked to the ring.

"It's beginning!"

"It's time for official business!"

"How do you think they will fight to settle their differences?"

"I don't know!"

"A battle of grandmasters, it'll be really wonderful to watch!"

"Yeah, it's a once-in-a-lifetime battle!"

"This year's National Martial Arts Conference certainly won't be like the ones before it. The events of today will be immortalized for future generations, and as witnesses to it, we truly should feel honored!"

"How exciting!"

"Let's see how this feud will be settled!"

"Supporting the Zhou Family! Grandmaster Rao has definitely crossed the line this time. She is openly provoking our martial arts world by upsetting the norms. The National Martial Arts Association definitely won't let this go!"

Amid everyone's gaze, the incumbent leader of the Zhou Family Style School, Zhou Tianpeng, finally opened his eyes. His eyes were clear, as though he had been preparing a long time for this moment. It felt like a sharp sword suddenly being unsheathed. He stood up and strode toward the fight ring, then suddenly kicked off the ground and launched himself into the air before landing in the ring that was around 1.4 meters tall. He did this without any effort at all, but landed inside the wooden ring with a loud crash and violently shook it. The dust particles swirled up against the glow of the sun upon impact!

"Great kung fu!"

"Beautiful!"

"Grandmaster Zhou's skills have advanced greatly!"

"He's indeed worthy of the title of grandmaster!"

For most jump and land moves, this wouldn't seem unusual in the eyes of a real expert. As they say, "Laypersons watch the buzz, while professionals examine the skill." But at this moment, the Huashan Sect's Fan Wen was a little astonished. In his opinion, compared to the Grandmaster Zhou he had seen a few years back, even though Zhou Tianpeng had aged by a little, his martial arts skills did not seem to have regressed one bit. In fact, it even looked like he had improved. Reaching the level of grandmaster was the pinnacle of Chinese martial arts. But there was also a division of strength among the grandmasters. For example, their Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi—who was also Fan Wen's senior brother—would be considered the weakest of the five grandmasters when it came down to their martial arts skills. Meanwhile, Rao Aimin was the strongest of the five. Several years ago, Zhou Tianpeng was supposedly at the level between them, a little stronger than his senior brother but a little weaker than Rao Aimin. However, that was a comparison from those days. Today, it was more difficult to determine who was the strongest of the grandmasters. Besides, how could people like him judge the martial arts of these grandmasters? There was no way he could assess their skills at his level. He could only get a general feel of how it might be!

For instance, the way that Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng made his appearance today clearly gave many people the feeling that his martial arts were much better than a few years back.

It was probably the same for Chen Xi since internal style martial artists usually improved over time.

The only unknown was whether Rao Aimin's skills had regressed during this time. In the past few years, no one had seen Rao Aimin, nor knew where she had gone, nor what she had done. In the past six months of challenging the Zhou Family Style School's training halls, it was comparable to using a cannon to kill mosquitoes. The Zhou Family Style's disciples were obviously not worthy of Rao Aimin to exercise her efforts on and stood basically no chance against her. Therefore, Rao Aimin's current martial arts skills were still a mystery to everyone, including to the two grandmasters Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi!

The venue was enveloped in silence!

Zhou Tianpeng was in the ring. His expression this time was no longer the same as when he had stood there earlier. The aura he gave off was utterly different from before. This time, he did not even hold a microphone and just projected his voice to speak. Even so, every word that he spoke was loud and crisp. No matter where someone sat, they could still hear him very clearly!

Zhou Tianpeng said, "Dear friends and colleagues of our national martial arts world, the previous events have all come to an end. It is a little shameful to say this, but the next event has to do with me settling a personal feud with a certain someone!"

"There's nothing to be shameful about!"

"Grandmaster Zhou, just announce it!"

"Right, everyone is here as your witness!"

The Kongtong Sect, the Huashan Sect, the Iron Palm Sect, and all the other martial sects were very supportive!

Zhou Tianpeng nodded and said, "Alright, then I shall first give my thanks to everyone present. I am sure that everyone has already heard something about the cause of this issue. As a grandmaster, Rao Aimin has gone around abusing her powers against my juniors, bullying my Zhou Family Style's disciples, and tearing down my training halls. This has brought about great losses to the Zhou Family! Ignoring economic losses, which are secondary, it has hurt our Zhou Family Style's reputation. That is something I won't tolerate!"

Numerous shouts suddenly rang out from the audience.

The Huashan Sect: "Supporting Old Master Zhou!"

The Kongtong Sect: "Supporting Grandmaster Zhou!"

The Kunlun Sect: "Supporting Vice President Zhou!"

"Intolerable! No need to keep tolerating!"

"The Eight Trigrams School has gone too far!"

"Grandmaster Zhou is big-hearted and did not argue with you people in the past, yet you people still don't know where to draw the line? Going around the entire country to bring down the Zhou Family Style's training halls? If this can be tolerated, then what would be intolerable?!"

"This is too despicable!"

Many of those from the large sects were looking angrily in the direction of the Eight Trigrams School.

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were irritated by this.

Lu Yuhu shouted, "Have you people forgotten about the blood debt of my Senior Sister's little sister and brother-in-law?"

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen said bluntly, "That was just a very normal match in which they willingly put their lives on the line."

Song Jiao said furiously, "Quit your fucking bullshit! Old Crook Zhou's son has committed so many evil deeds and used martial arts to bully others. Our Senior Sister's little sister had only agreed to a deathmatch with him to settle their feud. But when Old Crook Zhou saw that his son was about to meet his end, he interfered in the match to save him, dealing some injuries to my Senior Sister's little sister and brother-in-law. Let me ask you then, who were the ones bullying the weak there? Let me ask you again, who did not follow the rules of our martial arts world? How are you going to repay this debt?"

The Huashan Sect's Second Senior Bro harrumphed. "And who witnessed that?"

A deputy leader of the Kongtong Sect scoffed, "Ridiculous. That's complete nonsense!"

The Kunlun Sect leader said, "Grandmaster Zhou is a big-hearted man, how could he possibly do something like that? What you heard were just rumors within the martial arts community and should not be taken seriously. Even if Grandmaster Zhou had hurt those two, it must have been during a normal match. They died a year later, so how can you place the blame on Grandmaster Zhou for their deaths?"

Zhao Yunlong said angrily, "Sect Leader of Kunlun, don't you dare pretend like you don't know a thing! Don't you know what concealed power is? When one gets struck by concealed power, their insides suffer irreparable damage!"

Master Sun, from an Iron Palm branch, repeatedly shook his head. "Where's the proof? The evidence? You keep addressing him as Old Crook Zhou. Do you have any manners?"

Actually, no one could relate the event that happened many years ago too clearly and there were all sorts of rumors flying around. But whatever the truth, one could easily guess what had really happened. All they knew was that Zhou Tianpeng's son was indeed not a good person and Zhou Tianpeng had also fought with Rao Aimin's sister and brother-in-law. As for the details, nobody really knew about them.

The Eight Trigrams School's people started arguing with the large sects!

The small sects and non-affiliates did not say anything and only whispered among themselves.

"Grandmaster Zhou's son was indeed..."

"Oh, I know. You don't need to mention that."

"My opinion about this is pretty close to the Eight Trigrams School's version of events."

"I heard that there were witnesses to the incident, but no one said anything about it afterwards."

"Shhh, be quiet. Don't let anyone hear you."

"We can only speculate among ourselves, but that person is still a grandmaster after all."

"Why do the large sects seem so united?"

"Who knows if they'd already discussed their stand before this!"

"Let's just watch how it turns out. Don't talk anymore."

"Yeah, it's not something that we can really do anything about either."

"It's a fight between gods!"

At the other end, the two sides were still arguing!

The large sects shouted, "Rao Aimin is a tumor within our martial arts world!"

The Eight Trigrams School shouted back, "Old Crook Zhou is despicable and shameless!"

"Bullying and injuring so many of the Zhou Family Style's disciples, who is the shameless one here? If you're so good, you should have brought this up to Grandmaster Zhou directly. Why did you have to injure so many of the Zhou Family Style's disciples?"

"Our Eldest Senior Sis has issued countless challenges to Zhou Tianpeng in the past half a year, but he dared not answer to her challenges due to his guilt! He did not even dare to step out of his hole. How else can she bring it up to him then? All those years ago, when Zhou Tianpeng injured our Senior Sister's little sister and brother-in-law, she went to confront the Zhou Family about it. When Zhou Tianpeng

realized that the situation was not to his advantage, he even teamed up with the Huashan Sect leader to take her on and defeated her. So how can you still have the cheek to say that?"

"That's because Rao Aimin had nothing better to do. Her sister and brother-in-law's business had nothing to do with Grandmaster Zhou at all, yet she came looking for trouble. That in and of itself was already her fault for coming to confront others with no good reason, so who cares if the grandmasters teamed up? If a thief breaks into your house, you're not even allowed to retaliate?"

"Bullshit!"

The Zhou Family Style School's disciples cut in, "That incident from all those years ago was due to her sister and brother-in-law being less skilled, yet they still agreed to the deathmatch. Since they were responsible for their own lives, what else is there left to argue about!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were so angry that they were trembling!

The large sects had the numerical advantage. With every one of them just saying something, it was more than enough to drown them out, and even the guilty could be presented as innocent. Moreover, judging from their unity, it seemed like those from the large sects had already discussed this prior to the conference!

Over there.

Chenchen was also trembling!

The large sects and the Zhou Family Style's disciples were speaking about Chenchen's dead parents without a care in the world, and some people even spoke with acrimony of them. There was also someone from the Zhou Family Style who said that they "deserved it for losing"!

Zhang Ye's face sank when he heard that. He clutched Chenchen's little hand, but found that it was ice-cold as she clenched her fist tightly.

Suddenly, the Huashan Sect leader stepped forward.

Grandmaster Chen Xi walked up into the ring and looked down, speaking loudly, "Let me say a few words!"

Only then did the large sects put down their hands, which they had been pointing at the Eight Trigrams School. They looked over and waited for this other grandmaster to speak. Chen Xi was representing the National Martial Arts Association as the organizer and also was in charge of this event today!

They heard Chen Xi say, "Today's National Martial Arts Conference was called in advance, mainly because we wanted to settle this issue between the Zhou Family and Rao Aimin. As a bystander, I largely understand the entire situation. Right now, I would like to talk about the following with everyone. Has anyone here heard of the Taiji Fist from over a hundred years ago?"

The Taiji Fist?

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes.

The people below the ring were taken aback.

"I've heard of it!"

"Of course I've heard about it!"

"I heard my master talk about it once before!"

"Yeah. That's a very famous internal style!"

"A pity that it's already been lost for over a hundred years!"

Chen Xi looked at everyone and narrated, "There are still some historical records about the time when the Taiji Fist first appeared during the Qing dynasty. It pushed internal styles to a pinnacle at that time. Some of the large sects might not be strangers to this name, as a lot of masters and veterans from that time have passed down many legends and stories regarding the Taiji Fist by word of mouth. However, it was exactly this internal style, which had such a colorful history, whose legacy was lost over a hundred years ago. This intangible cultural asset of our martial arts world did not get passed down and it is a heartache both for me and for our martial arts world!"

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen sighed, "Hai, what a pity!"

The Kunlun Sect's deputy leader also gave a light sigh. "How brilliant would the grandmaster of Taiji be at that time? But to this day, this martial arts style did not even get passed down to our time!"

Liu Yiquan said excitedly, "They're talking about Taiji Fist!"

Li Quanneng could only sigh, "I've heard of it too. It's such a pity!"

Zhang Ye gave both of them a look but did not say anything.

When the Taiji Fist was mentioned, the Zhou Family Style's disciples also had looks of yearning on their faces!

When an ordinary person hears about Taiji, they might not think of it as a fighting style. Many people did not even know what the Taiji Fist was. But within the Chinese martial arts world, everyone had long heard about the Taiji Fist. Some of the real experts and veterans in the martial sects all knew about the legend and brilliance of the Taiji Fist from all those years ago, and knew just how powerful this style of martial arts was. There had been many people who had tried to recreate the Taiji Fist from the written records and oral accounts of those who had witnessed it before, and if they could even recreate 10 to 20% of it, it would have been good enough. However, no one had been able to do it so far, because this was not a martial arts form that followed a strict form. It wasn't like practicing sets that one would for external styles but an internal style martial arts that focused on the application of force, breathing techniques, and the flow of qi, which were all practiced differently from external styles. There was basically no way to recreate it to its original form by simply using bits and pieces of unconfirmed records. Therefore, many people gave up on doing so anymore and the Taiji Fist was just used as an example of a legendary martial arts style in the Chinese martial arts world to be passed down generation by generation. The martial arts community could only hear about the brilliance of the Taiji Fist but were regrettably unable to witness the rebirth of this style of martial arts!

Zhou Tianpeng also revealed a slight tinge of regret. "Hai."

Chen Xi continued, "The times now are different. Our martial arts world has entered a new chapter in its history. We have our own new set of rules and regulations, and the National Martial Arts Association will not tolerate those who break them. A feud between martial sects? Bullying others with martial arts? These are both prohibited activities within our martial arts world! We cannot allow the tragedy of the Taiji Fist to happen again and let those martial arts styles, which have existed for hundreds of years, slip out of our hands! Otherwise, we will be sinners to our national martial arts world. We will be sinners to our nation!"

This speech stoked the anger of many people!

"Right!"

"Grandmaster Chen has put it very well!"

"We have to protect our martial arts heritage!"

"This is the legacy of our nation!"

"The Taiji Fist has already been lost. We cannot allow the Zhou Family Style to disappear as well!"

"By doing what Rao Aimin did, she is basically trying to force the extermination of their school!"

"Compared to the injuries suffered by those Zhou Family Style's disciples, the protection of our Chinese martial arts legacy is much more important! Rao Aimin is trying to end all these decades of the Zhou Family Style's legacy! This is even more vicious than ending one's family line!"

"This is too much!"

"Intolerable!"

"We must definitely punish such behavior!"

"Denounce Rao Aimin!"

"Drive Rao Aimin out of our martial arts world!"

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

"Right, we cannot allow the Zhou Family Style to become the second Taiji Fist!"

"Everyone, let's stand together! Strip Rao Aimin of her martial arts!"

"Destroy Rao Aimin!"

Everyone was freely expressing their anger!

Besides the Zhou Family, many of those from the large sects followed along and shouted!

In the end, even those small sects who had much to gain from the subsidy that Zhou Tianpeng was offering, and a small group of non-affiliates, had unknowingly followed along and started shouting when they heard that!

"Protect our martial arts heritage!"

"Supporting Grandmaster Zhou!"

"Drive Rao Aimin out of our martial arts world!"

"The martial arts community has no place for such a grandmaster!"

"Right, our martial arts world does not need a grandmaster like that. Everyone, let's stand united in denouncing Treacherous Rao!"

"Denounce Treacherous Rao!"

Chapter 929: Deathmatch! Zhang Ye makes his appearance!

The atmosphere was highly imposing!

Almost everyone was standing against Rao Aimin!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen stepped forward and said, "We of the Huashan Sect hereby proclaim our support for Grandmaster Zhou to seek an answer for the injustice he has suffered!" Although Sect Leader Chen Xi did not say anything, his words earlier had clearly expressed his attitude. Including the two versus one match between the grandmasters those years ago, it was quite evident whose side Grandmaster Chen Xi and the entire Huashan Sect were on. Moreover, Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng were friends of many years.

The Kunlun Sect leader stepped up and said, "The Kunlun Sect also expresses our support for Grandmaster Zhou!"

The Iron Palm's Master Sun came forward as well. "I also express, on behalf of our sect, that all the Iron Palm's disciples present today will give our support to Grandmaster Zhou! Any who dare to break the rules are antagonizing our sect!"

The Kongtong Sect deputy leader also came forward. "The Kongtong Sect will also be supporting Grandmaster Zhou!"

"And us, the Maoshan Sect!" an old Taoist with a white beard shouted as he walked forward slowly.

"And us, South Wudang!"

"Us too, the Xingyi Fist!"

"There's also us from the Splitting Mountain Sect!"

"And us, the Zhao Family Style!"

"Count the Qingcheng Sect in as well!"

"Don't forget about us from the Shaolin Monastery!"

Even the eminent monks of the Shaolin Monastery were taking sides in this feud!

Zhang Ye looked at those people and observed them one by one. His eyes got narrower and narrower as he took in all their faces. Those who understood Zhang Ye would know that he was angry now!

Up to now, all of the large sects had shown their support for the Zhou Family and some of the martial sects even warned that if anyone dared to prevent this denouncement of Rao Aimin, it would mean that they would become their sworn enemies! Some of the small sects like the Splitting Mountain Sect also joined their side and stood together with the camp led by Zhou Tianpeng! A lot of the other small sects and basically all of the non-affiliates did not express their opinions and just stood on the sideline. They stayed neutral as they felt they couldn't afford to offend either party. The martial sects or training halls they represented were also wholly unqualified to take part in the affairs of this incident to begin with. On the other hand, there was no one who expressed any support for Rao Aimin, not a single person. There were only a solitary dozen or so disciples of the Eight Trigrams School standing there with her!

Several hundred against a dozen or so?

It was an overwhelming numerical advantage!

Liu Yiquan sighed and said, "Grandmaster Rao is in trouble this time."

"This was indeed a Hongmen Banquet!" Yan Hui remarked.

Li Quanneng said, "She has made an enemy out of the entire martial arts community!"

He Badao said, "Looks like Senior Rao will find it hard to get away today!"

In the ring, Zhou Tianpeng gave a fist and palm salute to his supporters. "I, Zhou Tianpeng, give thanks to every one of you!"

"Grandmaster Zhou, you're being too polite!"

"It's only right!"

"Denouncing that Treacherous Rao is everyone's responsibility!"

"That Rao Aimin intends to exterminate your entire Zhou Family this time. Who knows if she might do that next to our Iron Palm Sect!"

"Right, this is a matter that concerns all of the martial arts community, so you don't have to thank us for anything!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were furious!

Lu Yuhu said angrily, "If you want a fight, just fight! What's with all that pompous reasoning!"

Song Jiao rebuked, "All you sanctimonious people! Do you people really think you're from some righteous sects? Ptui! You're all just shit!"

Zhao Yunlong let out a furious laugh. "What has the loss of the Taiji Fist's legacy for the past over a hundred years got anything to do with your Zhou Family? You're even comparing yourselves to the Taiji Fist? Do you people think you're qualified to be held in such regard?"

Suddenly, Rao Aimin opened her eyes.

"Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"They're really pushing it too far!"

"Those hypocritical villains!"

Rao Aimin motioned with her hands for them to be quiet. She then looked up at Zhou Tianpeng. "Are you finished with your nonsensical talk?" Then she turned to Chen Xi. "Are you also finished with your nonsensical talk? Are we fighting?"

Chen Xi's expression sank a little!

Zhou Tianpeng looked at her. "Of course we'll be fighting today!"

Rao Aimin said impatiently, "Then quit your bullshitting."

Probably only a person like Rao Aimin, who was feared by everyone in the Chinese martial arts world, dared to speak in this manner to the two grandmasters, Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi!

Zhou Tianpeng looked at her indifferently and said, "You were the one who issued the challenge, so the rules of the duel will naturally be decided by me. That fine?"

Rao Aimin asked, "What do you propose?"

Zhou Tianpeng's next words astonished everyone. He said, "I propose a deathmatch!"

Everyone at the venue jumped in fright!

"What?"

"A deathmatch?"

"Ah?"

"This...this..."

"A deathmatch between the grandmasters?"

The deathmatch was a practice that had been passed down over many hundreds of years. Even after society had entered an age governed by law, the Chinese martial arts world still engaged in this tradition. But unless it was some great enmity, almost no one would choose to settle things in such a manner, especially when it concerned a feud between two grandmasters. This was a huge event that had never happened before!

Everyone was so shocked their eyeballs nearly popped out!

However, Rao Aimin's response to this astonished them even more!

Rao Aimin did not even hesitate and just said, "Sure!"

Instantly, Zhou Tianpeng was putting forward the rules of the match. "There are a lot of you from the Eight Trigrams School today, so don't say that we're bullying you with our numbers. For this deathmatch, let's send out three people from each side. We shall duel together in the same ring!"

Everyone was stunned!

Zhang Ye's expression changed!

Three people representing each side? A duel involving six people?

What kind of rule was this? Wasn't it supposed to be a one-on-one match? Wasn't this battle supposed to be between the Zhou Family Style's leader and Rao Aimin? Three people? Which three people?

At the next moment, the faces of all those Eight Trigrams Palm people wholly changed!

Because Chen Xi had taken a step forward and stood quietly next to Zhou Tianpeng!

Chen Xi was going to take part in the battle?

Fuck your grandpa!

"Despicable!"

"Bastard!"

"Aren't you people playing dirty this way?"

"Two grandmasters against our Senior Sis by herself?"

"Shameless!"

"Fuck!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were raging!

The non-affiliates outside the ring were also stunned. H-How could they do this? The Eight Trigrams School was right! This really was somewhat of a shameless proposition!

Seeing quite a few of the conference participants stirring, Chen Xi could not help but explain, "Today is a one-off situation. Everyone here should know about Rao Aimin's martial arts. If Old Zhou or I were to take her on alone, we certainly aren't going to a match for her. Yet, we cannot just watch helplessly as she continues rampaging and bullying others. Her actions are threatening to end the legacy of the Zhou Family Style, so we have to go to such lengths today. This is very unbecoming of the title of grandmaster, but there are some things that must be done. After much hesitation, we decided that this would be for the greater good. After today, I will voluntarily resign as the vice president of the National Martial Arts Association!"

Zhou Tianpeng frowned. "Bro Chen, you're doing this because of our Zhou Family Style's problems. If anyone resigns, it should be me!"

Chen Xi gave a wave of his hand. "Don't say anymore, Old Zhou. I've already decided!" Then he turned to the Eight Trigrams School and said, "We won't be filling all three places for the duel. It'll be just me and Old Zhou representing our side!"

Below, some of the large sects were shouting.

"Grandmaster Chen, you don't have to do what you said!"

"Right, why do you have to resign?"

"You're suffering this humiliation on behalf of our martial arts world!"

"That's right! Treacherous Rao's kung fu is more advanced! It's not embarrassing even if it takes two grandmasters to take her on! You're dishing out justice on behalf of the heavens, so of course you have to ensure that it gets served! It was Rao Aimin who issued the challenge first, and our martial arts world has its rules as well. The rules of the duel have always been set by those who get challenged, so there's nothing wrong with that at all! Besides, only the two of you are participating. That's already considered as giving them some leeway!"

"Yeah, Grandmaster Chen, Grandmaster Zhou, the two of you are the real heroes here!"

"You'd rather bear the infamy of teaming up than letting that treacherous bitch get away! That's something that requires a lot of courage and strength to do! You're both truly worthy of being the grandmasters of our time!"

Many from the large sects were cheering them on for their actions!

Some of the Zhou Family Style's disciples were even holding back their tears as though they were suffering great heartache for the tremendous stress their sect leader was going through!

Liu Yiquan: "..."

Liu Yizhang gave a look to his brother. "Uh..."

Zhang Ye was exasperated!

He was truly exasperated!

Rao Aimin was showing the exact same expression as Zhang Ye. "Looks like I did not guess wrong. You've been holed up outside for the past half a year and not daring to go anywhere, and when you finally accepted my challenge all of a sudden, you clearly did not dare to take me on by yourself."

Chen Xi sighed. "Just choose your representatives!"

Lu Yuhu roared with rage, "Choose? Choose, my ass!"

Xu Fan exploded in anger, "How are we going to fight this way?"

Song Jiao said anxiously, "Eldest Senior Sis, let's leave!"

When she said that, a number of the Huashan Sect and Zhou Family Style's disciples reacted the quickest. They blocked off the only pathway to get down the hill and said, "If you're not fighting, don't even think of leaving this place today!"

"Right!"

"Denounce Treacherous Rao!"

"Otherwise, we won't let this rest!"

"The challenge was proposed by your side! But you people are thinking of running away now?"

The path was blocked off!

The Eight Trigrams School was now a target for everyone!

But Rao Aimin did not seem to mind. She narrowed her eyes as she looked at Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng, then with a tap of her toe, she also jumped up into the ring. "Alright, let me take on the two of you and practice some today!"

"Auntie!" Chenchen, in the crowd, rushed to her.

Zhang Ye pulled her back right away!

Chenchen cried, "My aunt won't be able to win if the two of them team up!"

Zhang Ye muttered in a low and serious voice, "I know that."

Not only did he know this, the Eight Trigrams School's disciples knew it as well, as did everyone from the Chinese martial arts world who were present at the conference. No matter how skilled Rao Aimin was, she would still find it difficult to take on two people at once. It would be exactly like the time she took on Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng several years ago. She would at most be able to injure one of her opponents, but at high risk of getting injured herself. There was no chance she would emerge as the winner. Further, Zhou Tianpeng's skills had improved again and Chen Xi was also not at the same level as he was before. No one knew about Rao Aimin's kung fu, but even if she had improved as well, the circumstances were still the same. She couldn't possibly beat two grandmasters. This was a feat that was impossible!

Nominate three people for the battle?

Lu Yuhu rolled up his sleeves in anger. "I will go and hold one of them off!"

"Get back here!" Song Jiao stopped him. "Your kung fu is the weakest of everyone here! Like you would be able to hold them off! If we must go, it will be me and Sixth Junior Bro!"

Xu Fan immediately stood up. "I'm ready!"

"Don't be rash!" An older disciple of the Eight Trigrams Palm said, "The opponents are both grandmasters! What can you two do even if you take them on? Hold them off? How many attacks can you hold them off for? A single blow? Or two? Perhaps three? Among us, our Fifth Senior Sis and Sixth Senior Bro have the best skills and even they can't even hold them past three attacks! It'll only drag down Eldest Senior Sis if you guys fight! She'll get distracted by wanting to protect you guys! Don't forget, this is a deathmatch we're talking about!"

Lu Yuhu cursed in frustration, "Dammit!"

Zhao Yunlong said anxiously, "Then what should we do? What should we do?"

Xu Fan clenched his fist in indignation and said, "If Eldest and Second Senior Bro were here, that would've been great! With the two of them taking on a grandmaster, they could at least hold them off for more than ten attacks!"

"What's the point of delaying them for ten attacks!"

"Eldest Senior Sis is more skilled Old Crook Zhou, but only by a little. They certainly couldn't settle their differences within ten attacks. At the very least, Chen Xi has to be held off for 30 attacks! Even with Eldest and Second Senior Bro, we wouldn't be able to do that! This, this is a doomed match! It was totally targeted at Eldest Senior Sis! They want to make sure that Eldest Senior Sis will lose this match! There was no intention of letting her leave this place at all!"

"Bastard!"

"Let's take them on!"

"Take them on with what? They have several hundred people on their side!"

"Then what can we do?"

"Senior Sis! You should leave!"

"Right, with your skills, no one can stop you! Don't bother with us!"

However, Rao Aimin stayed motionless and just stared straight at Zhou Tianpeng!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were getting worried and really had no way to deal with this. The entire Chinese martial arts world was now standing against them. No one was willing to support them!

Zhou Tianpeng looked in the direction of the Eight Trigrams School and said, "Nominate your people!"

Nominate what people?

How could they possibly nominate anyone!

It was useless whoever they nominated!

To everyone at the venue, it was clear that this was a deathmatch of two grandmasters against one grandmaster. No one else would be allowed to interfere because no one could! Even all the martial arts experts in attendance, like the Iron Palm's Master Sun or the Kunlun Sect's Taoist Han, none of them could possibly hold off a grandmaster for more than ten attacks, let alone this new generation of Eight Trigrams Palm disciples! It wasn't like there were no skilled experts who could take on a grandmaster. For instance, that eminent monk of the Shaolin Monastery who had long since gone into seclusion, and that highly elusive non-affiliate Taoist. There were still quite a few of these hermits of the Chinese martial arts world who could probably fight a grandmaster and hold them off for many attacks. Unquestionably, none of those who could do it were in attendance of the conference today. But even if they were, they would not likely stand with Rao Aimin!

Therefore, the outcome of the match was already decided!

To say that they wanted to kill Rao Aimin today was probably a little over the top, but her keeping her skills was definitely something they wouldn't allow. No one could or would help her!

However, there was someone who refused to let this to happen!

While the Eight Trigrams School's disciples were anxiously circling around, a voice suddenly boomed, "Is this how the righteous martial sects and schools behave? Ha, today is such an eye-opener for me. Zhou Tianpeng bullied others and caused the loss of two lives, then explained that it was just a normal duel

and how everyone was responsible for their own fates. But when someone else came to challenge your Zhou Family Style without even taking any human lives, and just injured a few disciples, it became a matter of treason and heresy? An outrage? The National Martial Arts Association has to step in to denounce people? And it's even two versus one? You want to take her life too? Strip her of her martial arts? Fuck you people! What bullshit is this?!"

He Badao said in shock, "Bro Chen!"

Liu Yiquan was also stunned. "Bro Chen Zhen!"

None of them expected "Chen Zhen" to actually say something at this point in time!

"Bro Chen, you..." Yan Hui was also dumbfounded. At this moment, the entire Chinese martial arts world is denouncing Rao Aimin, so what are you trying to do here?

"Bro Yan." Zhang Ye pulled Chenchen over and handed her to him. In the group, Zhang Ye trusted Yan Hui the most. Although Yan Hui did not recognize him, Zhang Ye definitely had not forgotten him. On the airplane, they had gone through life and death together, so he knew what Yan Hui's character was like. "Help me take care of the kid."

Yan Hui was taken aback. "What do you intend to do?"

A number of non-affiliates around them were also dumbfounded!

"Bro Chen Zhen!"

"Bro Chen, you..."

Everyone was looking at him!

Amid everyone's dumbfounded gazes, Zhang Ye strode out from the crowd and unfastened the buttons of his down jacket. With a cold expression, he tore it away and flung it behind him!

With those words, he had shocked the whole venue!

Zhang Ye called out, "Nominate three people? There's no need for that! Just the two of us will be enough!"

With a lift of his leg, Zhang Ye went up into the ring!

Chapter 930: Rao Aimin's old flame?

At the Martial Arts Conference's venue.

Everyone present at the ring was stunned!

This martial arts conference was clearly organized as an effort by the large sects to denounce Rao Aimin. It was clearly an assault of several hundred people against her. It was clearly a situation in which the outcome was fixed after the two grandmasters joined hands for the battle. To say nothing of Rao Aimin, even the Eight Trigrams School's disciples would find it difficult to return home safely. It didn't matter who stepped up; it was useless. With Zhou Tianpeng teaming up with Chen Xi, they had the greatest

combat strength that the Chinese martial arts world could muster. But no one had expected that at such a critical moment, someone would actually side with the Eight Trigrams School and go up into the ring despite the large sects' hostility!

What did you say?

The two of you would be enough?

Has this person gone crazy?

You're gonna team up with Rao Aimin to take part in a deathmatch against the two grandmasters?!

Liu Yiquan became anxious. "Bro Chen! Stop fooling around!"

"Come back!" Liu Yizhang shouted too.

Yan Hui was getting anxious. "Aiyo! What is going on here? What the hell is going on here?"

He Badao shouted, "Damn, why the fuck did you go up into the ring? Are you drunk, Bro Chen Zhen?! Don't spout such nonsense, c-come down quickly! Quickly! This isn't something that non-affiliates like us can be involved in! The opponents are two martial arts grandmasters. Wh-What are you going up there for!"

Many of the non-affiliates and people from the small sects outside the ring were on rather good terms with Zhang Ye. After last night's fight against the large sects, they had forged a good friendship, so when they saw this occur, they started panicking as well!

"Holy shit!"

"Chen Zhen, get back down here!"

"Don't try to play the hero! This isn't the time for that!"

"It's useless no matter who goes!"

"This is a deathmatch we're talking about!"

"Are you throwing your life away, Bro Chen Zhen?"

The people from the large sects were angered by this. Some of the Eight Trigrams School's disciples present today were quite skilled at kung fu. For example, the fifth disciple, Song Jiao, the sixth disciple, Xu Fan, and even Zhao Yunlong's kung fu were acceptable. But even they did not go up as they knew they would drag her down if they did. But why did you not know that?

"What is that person trying to do?"

"Isn't he Chen Zhen?"

"It's him! It's that shameless guy!"

"Fuck, why did he go up into the ring?"

"Yeah, when Senior Fan and the Huashan Sect's senior brother challenged him just now, he wasn't even their match since he was too afraid to accept their challenge. So why is he going up there now? Two vee

two? You were too afraid to even accept a Huashan disciple's challenge. How the fuck can you fight with grandmasters? Will you die if you don't show off?!"

"You're really a fearless one!"

"Isn't he insulting everyone here by doing that?!"

"Chen! You're gonna die!"

"Get the fuck down!"

"Right, get the fuck down!"

"As a nobody, why are you causing trouble!"

"Amitābha, Little Almsgiver, retreat!"

Many people from the large sects spoke out, wanting to stop this farce!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen shouted, "This isn't a match that you can be involved with! Get down!"

A nobody interfered with the deathmatch involving three grandmasters, and he even wanted to participate in the match? This was an insult to many of the large sects' members. If someone qualified had to enter the ring to fight, it should not be him! With his mediocre kung fu, he could not handle an attack from any one of the participants in the ring! In this crucial deathmatch that is about to take place, are you trying to be the fly in the ointment? Take a look at yourself. Do you even think that you can take on grandmasters?

Chen Xi looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhou Tianpeng also stared at him. "Who are you?"

The two grandmasters had such an authoritative gaze that most normal martial artists would not be able to handle looking at them. But Zhang Ye was oblivious to it and nonchalantly uttered, "What does it concern you?"

"Bastard!"

"How can you talk to my master in that manner?!"

The Zhou Family Style School was infuriated!

Zhang Ye laughed. "I've said what I've said. What can you do about it?"

The Iron Palm's Master Sun stepped forward and shouted, "I've said it already. Whoever dares to help Old Crook Rao will be an enemy of our Iron Palm Sect and we will oppose him to the bitter end!"

Zhang Ye looked at him and asked, "Who do you think you are? Who does the Iron Palm Sect think they are?"

Master Sun was furious. "You're looking to die!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were floored as they did not expect such a thing to happen. At this moment, the person who went up into the ring turned out to be that troublemaking non-affiliate from last night!

Xu Fan quickly said, "Chen Zhen, our Eight Trigrams School appreciates your kindness. But you are not their match and you won't help much even if you fight!"

Fifth Senior Sis Song Jiao said, "Please come down."

Zhao Yunlong said anxiously, "This isn't something that a non-affiliate can be involved in! Do you understand that?"

However, Lu Yuhu was stunned. Hearing the words that were spoken by "Chen Zhen," looking at the appearance of that "Chen Zhen" behind his sunglasses, the sense of familiarity strengthened and started surging within him!

In the ring.

When everyone thought that this person was just being ridiculously overconfident in himself, Rao Aimin's words shocked everyone present so much that their jaws almost dropped. Everyone who gave the matter some thought had believed Rao Aimin to be one of the fighters who would definitely not allow an unknown, weird non-affiliate to cause trouble like this, and would definitely have chased him off. With Old Crook Rao's bad temper and sharp tongue, she would probably have lectured him and not appreciated his kindness at all. However, everyone present was stunned when they heard Rao Aimin's response!

Rao Aimin glanced at "Chen Zhen" and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Rao Aimin recognized him at first glance. Ignoring the fact that Zhang Ye was wearing a pair of sunglasses, even if he were to cover his entire head with something, Rao Aimin would still recognize him from his voice. After all, they were quite familiar with each other and understood one another very well.

Zhang Ye snapped, "Why do you think I'm here?"

"Who asked you to come here? Get lost." Rao Aimin raised her chin.

Zhang Ye got angry. "Get lost, your sister. It was easy for you to leave without even saying a proper goodbye, and you didn't even bother to call back much over the past six months. Tell me, who have I offended?"

Rao Aimin replied, "I had important matters to handle. Didn't I already tell you that?"

"You said that you would be back in at most a month, but you, do you know what year it is already? Only you had important matters to handle? Like I don't have important business to attend to?" Zhang Ye became angrier the more he listened. "Do you think that I'm not busier than you? Do you think I don't have more on my plate?"

Rao Aimin scoffed and scorned, "You call 'fighting' with people every day important business?"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "You don't need to worry about who I 'fight' with. At least you can find me when you need me. But you? You actually disappeared for six straight months. Even better, your cell phone

was turned off for the past two days. Tell me what you're trying to do. If there's a problem, you can just tell me. If not for my wit, I wouldn't have even known where you'd gone. Let me tell you this, Old Rao! Only I could have found you. If it were anyone else, it would have been impossible to find you!"

The two of them started arguing noisily in front of numerous members of the Chinese martial arts world as though no one else were around!

Liu Yiquan was shocked!

Li Quanneng was shocked!

Yan Hui was shocked!

Chen Xi was shocked!

Zhou Tianpeng was shocked!

The disciples of the Huashan Sect were shocked!

The Zhou Family Style School was shocked!

The people from the large sects were shocked!

The small sects and non-affiliates were shocked!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples also wore expressions of shock!

What was the meaning of this?

This man...actually knew Rao Aimin!?

And from their tones, why did it sound like two exes talking?