

Superstar 931

Chapter 931: Are 2,000 Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books enough?

The atmosphere at the venue was exceptionally odd!

Everyone looked at one another blankly, shocked into confusion. The happenings in the ring were totally different from what they had expected. Even the "punctuations" appearing over their heads were different! Especially those unceremonious salutations that had come out of "Chen Zhen's" mouth, those dumbfounded many of them!

Old Rao?

But you?

Get lost, your sister?

Although many of the large sects' people present had responded to the call of the two grandmasters to denounce Rao Aimin, they at most dared to scold her as "Traacherous Rao." Being labeled "treacherous" these days might not even be considered as being scolded anymore, especially in the era of the "motherfucker," which was easily heard anywhere on the Internet. It could not get any more elegant to be called "treacherous" in this case. After all, she was a grandmaster, and even a highly notorious grandmaster at that. She was a hooligan who'd spent half a year doing nothing but going around the country to bring down the Zhou Family Style's training halls and schools. Even if they had fallen out with her, they did not dare act rashly, especially when this person was Rao Aimin. That was why, at this moment, many of the large sect members were greatly surprised and shocked by those words of that "Non-affiliate Chen Zhen"!

You're calling her Old Rao?

And even saying "but you"? Your sister?

Fuck, that was audacious!

That was really too goddamn audacious!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen looked astounded!

The Iron Palm's Master Sun was also staring with astonishment!

Even those large sect people who were very experienced and had seen it all could only react in that way, not to mention those from the small sects and the non-affiliates outside the ring. When they heard those words, they nearly knelt from the shock!

Liu Yiquan almost fainted. "That's a grandmaster he's talking to!"

"Why is Bro Chen Zhen speaking to her in that manner?" Li Quanneng asked in shock.

"Could it be that he knows Senior Rao?" He Badao suggested in disbelief.

"That's impossible!" Liu Yizhang said.

Yan Hui held Chenchen's hand as he stared and flapped, "Th-This makes absolutely no sense!"

The others were also in shock!

"Isn't he a non-affiliate like us?"

"Why did Bro Chen start scolding her the moment he went up! He even has the courage to scold a grandmaster?"

"This..."

"Just who on earth is this 'Chen Zhen'?"

In the ring.

Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin were not bothered by the spectators and kept bickering with each other.

Rao Aimin said, "Get lost already. This is none of your business!"

Zhang Ye replied, "It's my business now!"

Rao Aimin said, "With those skills of yours, this is not a place for you to mess around!"

Zhang Ye scoffed, "Ha, don't you dare look down on my skills. Do you think you can defeat two grandmasters just by yourself? Someone has to help you hold off one of them no matter what. If your junior brothers and sisters can't help you, then let me do it!"

Rao Aimin did not outright refuse his offer, but just looked at him. "Are you sure you can do this?"

Zhang Ye declared, "Even if I can't, I must still do it!"

"But this is a deathmatch!" Rao Aimin maintained.

Zhang Ye said, "I know."

Rao Aimin asked, "How are you going to fight then?"

Zhang Ye snorted. "You don't have to worry about that. I naturally have my ways!"

Rao Aimin narrowed her eyes and looked at him again. "Let me ask you again: Are you sure you can do this?"

Zhang Ye boasted, "I can as long as you don't drag me down!"

Rao Aimin stated, "It's not of my fault if you die."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Just watch yourself."

Zhang Ye understood Rao Aimin and Rao Aimin understood him. As the two of them were very familiar with each other, just by exchanging glances, they knew exactly what the other was thinking.

The Eight Trigrams School section.

Song Jiao said incredulously, "There's actually someone in this world who dares to speak to Eldest Senior Sis in that way? This is..."

Xu Fan was also stunned. "Why didn't Eldest Senior Sis get angry?"

Zhao Yunlong also expressed his exasperation. "What the fuck!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples knew Rao Aimin very well. Some of them even grew up under her care since childhood. They understood their Eldest Senior Sister's bad temper and sharp tongue better than anyone else. As a result, this incident perplexed them greatly! No one dared to speak to Rao Aimin in such a manner!

Chen Xi was bewildered as he stared at Zhang Ye.

Zhou Tianpeng also frowned.

At this moment, everyone present had only one important question in mind. They wanted to ask: Who on earth is this "Non-affiliate Chen Zhen"?

Suddenly, Yan Hui was caught by surprise and Chenchen slipped from his grasp. He hurriedly chased after her. "Hey! Where are you running off to?!"

Chenchen ran out from the crowd and headed straight in the direction of the Eight Trigrams School. She called out some of their names as she ran over. "Old Song, Old Xu, Old Zhao, Old Lu."

The disciples of the Eight Trigrams Palm were dumbstruck!

"Chenchen?"

"Aiyo!"

"Young ancestor, what are you doing here?"

"It's Chenchen!"

"It's really her!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples immediately rushed forward and brought Chenchen into their fold!

Song Jiao rebuked, "How did you come here by yourself? It's too dangerous here!"

Chenchen pointed to the ring. "I came here with him."

Xu Fan said startled, "You came here with him?"

Zhao Yunlong could not understand, so he asked, "Why are you together with 'Chen Zhen'? Weren't you in Beijing?"

Now, if Lu Yuhu was still unable to recognize who "Chen Zhen" was, then he really would be an idiot. Lu Yuhu gave a wry smile. "That person...is not even called Chen Zhen!"

"Ah?"

"What?"

"Who on earth is he?"

"Little Junior Bro, do you know him?"

"What's his background?"

The several of them fired questions at him.

Lu Yuhu wiped the sweat off his forehead and said, "It's not only me who knows him. I think all of you should know him as well!"

Song Jiao asked in surprise, "We know him too?"

Xu Fan said immediately, "How can that be!"

Zhao Yunlong said, "Is there such a person in our martial arts world? I don't have any memory of him!"

Another Eight Trigrams Palm disciple asked, "Don't tell me he's some great person of our martial arts world?"

"It's not wrong to say that he's a great person, but he isn't a great person from our martial arts world!" As there were outsiders around them, Lu Yuhu did not explicitly say his name. "But it shouldn't be! The man I know never learned any Chinese martial arts! He's someone who should be completely unrelated to our group of martial artists! So what is he doing here!?"

Yan Hui was taken aback by that. He suddenly recalled something after he overheard their conversation. He then immediately turned around and stared in disbelief at "Chen Zhen" in the ring. He finally recognized him as well!

Damn!

It's him!

I've been wondering who this goddamn familiar-looking man was!

After finding out his identity, Yan Hui was even more shocked. Why were there always traces of him at every place? When he thought of this person leading the non-affiliates to cause trouble last night and the conflict that took place before the National Martial Arts Conference was convened, Yan Hui could only feel thousand strings of "fuck" flashing before his eyes!

Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the others who were a distance away were baffled!

"Why did Chen Zhen's kid run over there?"

"The people from the Eight Trigrams School also know that kid?"

"Ah? Chen Zhen and Rao Aimin actually know each other!"

"What's their relationship?"

"I recognize her. She's the orphaned daughter of Rao Aimin's deceased little sister and brother-in-law!"

"What did you say?"

"That's their kid?"

"That kid from back then has already grown up this much?"

"This..."

Everyone from the Chinese martial arts world burst into an uproar!

There was too much information. Everyone was getting more and more confused about the identity of "Chen Zhen." Why was he taking care of the daughter of Rao Aimin's little sister? Why could Rao Aimin put the child in his care with such confidence? This was not as simple as just knowing each other!

Zhou Tianpeng gazed at Little Chenchen for a long time.

Chen Xi looked at Rao Aimin and Zhang Ye. "Have you two decided yet?"

Zhang Ye answered, "Yes, it shall be a two-on-two match!"

Chen Xi asked, "This was supposed to be a three vee three match. Are you sure you won't need a third person?"

"That's not necessary!" Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin did not say anything, but her attitude showed her acquiescence.

Her attitude once again shocked everyone. What was the meaning of this? Was Rao Aimin really going to join forces with "Chen Zhen" to deal with Grandmaster Chen Xi and Grandmaster Zhou Tianpeng? She didn't reject him? She wasn't afraid that he would drag her down?

Chen Xi did not expect this either!

Zhou Tianpeng said, "Then let's sign the agreement!"

At once, a disciple of the Zhou Family Style handed up a copy of the "legal documentation" for the deathmatch from below the ring, so it was obvious that this document was prepared beforehand. He said, "With the signing, each participant will be responsible for their respective lives!"

Zhou Tianpeng picked up the brush and wrote his name.

Chen Xi picked up the brush after him and wrote his name with a few strokes.

As they were martial artists who communicated mainly through their fists, even though there were those who enjoyed calligraphy, it was clear that these two were not among that group. The pennings of their names were each more ugly than the other.

Zhang Ye glanced at the names in derision. When he picked up the brush, his entire aura changed. With a few lively and vigorous strokes, he wrote his name as well.

He was open and aboveboard with this!

It was signed: Chen Zhen!

Rao Aimin also signed her name and glanced at the name written by Zhang Ye. She said nothing.

Zhang Ye's calligraphy was so beautiful that it could not be described by just that word alone. The two characters were like a work of art. Within the lively and vigorous strokes, there was no lack of strength

and the ending stroke surged with a sense of carefreeness. This calligraphy had once again stunned the people present at the venue.

Comparing Zhang Ye's signature to theirs, Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng both looked somewhat disconcerted.

The other martial artists were also a little lost for words. For a hooligan who had used a brick to make sneak attacks on other people last night, a nasty fellow who incited a fight for no good reason, damn, could his words be penned any more beautifully than this?! There was probably no one in the entire Chinese martial arts world who had better calligraphy than him, was there!?

They completed the signing of the deathmatch agreement!

The atmosphere immediately turned tense!

A person from the National Martial Arts Association announced, "The deathmatch shall begin in 10 minutes! Please get ready!"

Chen Xi sat down in the ring and closed his eyes.

Zhou Tianpeng took a deep breath. He did not sit down, but stood there to let himself calm down gradually. His rate of breathing was also getting slower, only taking breaths once every ten seconds.

Rao Aimin did the same.

Every martial artist had their own set of qi flow techniques. Before the deathmatch today, they absolutely needed to adjust their mental state and physical fitness to the optimum level.

Only Zhang Ye was different. This fellow did not bother with adjusting his fitness at all, because he had something else to do. When Rao Aimin asked if he was up to the task, Zhang Ye actually knew that he was definitely not up to it. At least in his present condition, he was certainly no match for the grandmasters. Although his physical fitness was enhanced respectively by each of the 1,000 Stats Category Fruits he had eaten, the grandmasters had a lifetime of training in martial arts as a foundation. They had the peak combat strength within the Chinese martial arts world. Even if they lacked some aspects such as Zhang Ye's agility, they wouldn't be inferior by much. In addition, the grandmasters practiced an internal style of martial arts. Therefore, other than the physical aspects, almost all of their power came from the "inside." And there was also the incomprehensible domain and attacks involving concealed power that Zhang Ye was a total amateur at. Even if he wanted to depend on brute strength to fight against them, he still knew that it was impossible to beat them no matter how confident he was!

But Zhang Ye did not hesitate in getting into the ring and signing the deathmatch agreement!

Because he was enraged!

Because he knew that he still had the Taiji Fist to depend on!

If 100 books were not enough?

Then would 500 books be enough?

If 500 books were not enough?

Then would 1,000 books be enough?

If 1,000 books were not enough either?

Then fuck your mother!

Surely 2,000 books would be enough!

Chapter 932: The legendary grandmaster!

A deathmatch!

Nine minutes to go!

The National Martial Arts Conference venue at the top of the hill fell completely silent. No one dared to make a peep right now. Even if someone had an itchy throat and wanted to cough, they had to quickly cover their mouth to cough in the most silent way possible as they were afraid that they would cause a disturbance to the three grandmasters meditating in the ring.

The blowing of the wind was the only thing that could be heard on the hilltop.

As well as noises emitting from someone's cell phone. Di di, da da da. It sounded like someone was playing a game. Carefully listening to the game music, it was the latest mobile version of Plants vs. Zombies.

Who was it?

Fuck, who dared to play games at a time like this?

And why was the game's volume so loud?

After looking around the crowd, everyone was shocked to realize that the sound originated from the fight ring itself. It turned out that "Chen Zhen" was actually playing the game on his cell phone, and as he was sitting quite close to the microphone, the game sounds on his cell phone were amplified even louder!

Liu Yiquan: "..."

He Badao: "..."

Yan Hui: "..."

Chenchen: "..."

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples: "..."

Will this guy really be able to fight the grandmasters?

This is a fucking deathmatch we're talking about! You, a non-affiliate whose kung fu is mediocre and is surrounded by three grandmasters, have only a few more minutes left until it begins! You don't even know if you will survive! So how can you still be in the mood to play games at such a time? Just how calm can you get!

Just what kind of a person are you!

Everyone was exasperated out of their minds by this behavior of his!

Only Zhang Ye himself knew that his motive was not to play the game, but in fact use it to hide what he was really doing. Otherwise, if the crowd saw him tapping at the air, it would surely arouse suspicion. By this point, he had opened up the game ring's merchant shop. He tapped on the Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book that he had received from the lottery draw a long time ago, though it looked to everyone else like he was tapping on his cell phone screen. Over the past two years or so, Zhang Ye had gradually bought over a hundred of these skill experience books. But to cope with today's situation, he was ready to push it to the limit. He had almost 1.9 billion Reputation Points remaining, and the cost of each Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book was 1 million Reputation Points!

Buy!

Buy!

Buy!

He tapped on the buy button like crazy!

Afterwards, he flipped them open one by one and the Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books dissolved into many glowing particles of light. The contents surged straight into his mind, becoming a part of him. If anyone could see what Zhang Ye saw, they would certainly be shocked into dropping their jaw. With the countless glowing particles of light surging into his mind, image after image of the Taiji Fist's moves flashed through Zhang Ye's mind. He could feel his strength burgeoning without end!

100 books!

200 books!

300 books!

With his actions getting faster, the tapping on his cell phone also grew louder.

The people outside the ring were looking at him at their wits' end.

Some of the large sects' disciples were gnashing their teeth in hate and nearly insulted someone's mother!

Eventually, Zhou Tianpeng, who was meditating with his eyes closed, could no longer bear with this disturbance. The corners of his eyes twitched several times and he opened them, fed up. "Do you have a screw loose?"

Zhang Ye subconsciously responded the moment he looked up at him, "Do you have a screwdriver?"

Zhou Tianpeng: "..."

Everyone: "..."

Chen Xi, too, could no longer pretend to not have heard and opened his eyes in frustration. With the game's noisy sound effects and background music, how could he possibly still meditate in peace? So he

walked over to Zhou Tianpeng and discussed in low whispers their strategy for the battle. In this deathmatch, they had to terminate all of Rao Aimin's kung fu and were not allowed to make any mistakes. Otherwise, there would never be a day of peace after today!

Chen Xi asked softly, "Who will you take?"

"Let me handle Rao Aimin," Zhou Tianpeng replied.

Chen Xi made a noise of understanding. "Then I will take care of that non-affiliate."

Zhou Tianpeng asked, "Who on earth is that person anyway?"

Chen Xi pondered for a moment before saying, "I don't know and can't judge either. But I have some memory of him from last night. During his duel with a Kunlun Sect disciple, his skills were quite average as well as scummy. From the way that he is still playing games before the start of a deathmatch, he must definitely be just an amateur, so there's nothing to fear about him."

Zhou Tianpeng nodded. "I'll test Rao Aimin's skill first."

Chen Xi said, "Alright, I'll back you up whenever. Just be careful of Rao Aimin's Swimming Body form."

"I will," Zhou Tianpeng responded.

The two of them saw only Rao Aimin as a threat and did not take "Chen Zhen" seriously. In the Chinese martial arts world, there were only a handful of experts. Which of those people did they not know about? Would there be anyone they couldn't identify? But they had never even heard of this non-affiliate called "Chen Zhen" before, so there was really no point in taking him too seriously. For someone who would resort to using a brick in a duel and being such a young non-affiliate martial artist, even if he did start practicing martial arts when he was in his mother's womb, he could never get three attacks in against Chen Xi. Moreover, this would be without Chen Xi using his concealed power.

Everyone saw this deathmatch as a two-on-one match in practice. Rao Aimin would be taking on the duo of Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi. No one included "Chen Zhen" as part of the battle.

Zhang Ye was still furiously "eating" the skill experience books!

His hand was constantly purchasing the item!

1,000 books!

1,500 books!

1,700 books!

Finally, almost all 1.9 billion Reputation Points were spent. Zhang Ye did not bother spending whatever leftover points there were. At this moment, including the 100-odd Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books that Zhang Ye had eaten in the past, the total experience that he had summed to a terrifying 2,000-odd experience books! Zhang Ye's mind was brimming with images of Taiji fish motifs 1, a series of Taiji moves, and the breathing techniques for the moves. With his mind overflowing with information, he exited the game on his cell phone and closed his eyes as he hurriedly tried to organize his thoughts and take in all of the knowledge that he had gained from eating these skill experience books!

The experience was too great!

The amount of knowledge that he now had was shocking!

With every bit absorbed, Zhang Ye's comprehension of Taiji reached a higher plane. While there were no changes to his physical fitness, which remained the same as after he had "eaten" those 1,000 Fruits of each stat category, his martial arts skill kept soaring! One level, two levels, three levels. This feeling was so great and wonderful that there were no words to describe it!

There was still a minute to go before the start of the deathmatch!

At last, Zhang Ye opened his eyes. Even he did not know what plane his martial arts had reached by now. But as far as everyone else could see, there were no visible changes to Zhang Ye.

Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi had gotten ready and each stood in a corner of the fight ring.

Rao Aimin had also prepared herself to her best condition. She looked at Zhang Ye. "Can you?"

Zhang Ye looked back at her. "Probably."

Rao Aimin said quietly, "When the fighting starts, I won't be able look after you."

"That's not necessary." Zhang Ye said, "Just concentrate on taking on Zhou Tianpeng. How many attacks do you need me to hold Chen Xi off for?"

Rao Aimin glanced at Zhou Tianpeng and said, "Thirty."

Zhang Ye fell silent for a moment then said, "Alright."

They took their positions.

The four of them had chosen their spots to begin from!

The Eight Trigrams School's Xu Fan said anxiously, "Fifth Senior Sis, will that Chen Zhen really be of any help?"

"Who knows!" Song Jiao exclaimed. "Why was he playing games before the start of the match? He must have a really bad gaming addiction! If I'd known that, I would've gone in his place instead!"

Zhao Yunlong looked at Lu Yuhu. "Isn't that person too unreliable?"

It was time!

Suddenly, one of the National Martial Arts Association's referees announced, "The deathmatch will now officially begin!"

The entire venue immediately erupted!

The large sects started a rabid commotion!

"Come on, Master!"

"Grandmaster Zhou, you can do it!"

"Do your best!"

"Martial Uncle is almighty!"

"The Zhou Family Style shall prevail!"

"Grandmaster Zhou shall be victorious!"

Several hundred voices rang out across the venue!

When the Eight Trigrams School's disciples saw this, they started shouting too!

"Eldest Senior Sis, you can do it!"

"Don't hold back, Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Beat him up!"

"Be careful, Eldest Senior Sis!"

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye, who was also in the fight ring with them, seemed to have been forgotten.

Zhang Ye did not mind. He just walked quietly to the southwest corner of the fight ring with his hands behind his back and did not say anything.

Five seconds.

Ten seconds.

The cheering below the ring grew louder and louder, but it fell silent up in the ring. The opponents looked at each other, but no one made the first move!

Suddenly, Zhou Tianpeng was the first to break the deadlock. Kicking off the ground, his entire person shot forth like a cannonball. With a shout, he smashed toward Rao Aimin with a punch that seemingly carried a ton of weight behind it!

This was what it was like to be in a battle of grandmasters. Either they did not make a move, or, if they did, they would attack to kill!

But no one expected that Rao Aimin would not move. She did not even blink or even put up a defense!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples watched in fright!

"Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

It wasn't until the incoming punch was an arm's length away that Rao Aimin moved. Floating into Eight Trigrams footwork, she transferred into the kun stance 2. Not only was she able to avoid Zhou Tianpeng's punch, she even stuck fast to Zhou Tianpeng and threw a palm strike at him!

Zhou Tianpeng blocked with his elbow and counterattacked with a kick!

Rao Aimin seamlessly executed another Eight Trigrams footwork step to easily shift herself slightly behind Zhou Tianpeng before striking with her palm again!

In a matter of seconds, the two of them had exchanged several blows!

This was what it was like to be in a battle between grandmasters! It was spectacular!

Many people in the audience forgot to breathe. They held their breaths as they fully concentrated on the fight in the ring!

Chen Xi did not move.

Neither did Zhang Ye.

In fact, Chen Xi had been facing Rao Aimin all this while. Wherever Rao Aimin moved to, his feet would adjust in that direction in anticipation. He seemed ready to rush forward to help at any moment, but there was no reason to do so at this time. For now, he just wanted to see if Zhou Tianpeng could handle Rao Aimin with his greatly improved kung fu. If he could, then Chen Xi had no need to take action and aid him. That would save them some face. After all, a two-on-one match was not really something to be proud of!

After three attacks, the two grandmasters were evenly matched.

The disciples from the Zhou Family Style were getting excited.

"Good!"

"Master is awesome!"

"Go, Master, go!"

"Kill that Treacherous Rao!"

The Zhou Family Style disciples and others from the large sects also gained a confidence boost from watching this!

However, the fight was evenly matched after the first three moves. When Rao Aimin executed her fourth attack, all the large sect disciples who had just been cheering suddenly went quiet!

Rao Aimin swivel stepped and immediately attacked with a barrage of Eight Trigrams Linking Palms!

Zhou Tianpeng wanted to dodge this but could not, so he had no choice but to grit his teeth and take her head-on for three of the strikes. But by Rao Aimin's third strike, Zhou Tianpeng was unable to hold off her attacks any longer. He yelled, having already shown his full strength, and mustered his concealed power into his right fist. This could burst apart Rao Aimin's attack, so he repulsed her Linking Palms, which were also struck with her concealed power!

Eight footprints could be seen clearly on the wooden floor of the fight ring. Two of them belonged to Zhou Tianpeng, who had made them while taking the hard blows from the attacks. The remaining footprints in the thick wooden floor belonged to Rao Aimin!

If it were an attack directed purely at the wooden floor, a lot of the people present today could also leave their imprints. It was nothing less than needing enough strength to do so. But what had happened in the ring was entirely different. Zhou Tianpeng and Rao Aimin had not channeled any force into their feet and were just attacking each other. When their concealed power was transmitted into their opponents, there would naturally be a shockwave sent through the body of the person taking the

attack. This was an astonishing sight for many of those who had not seen a battle between grandmasters before!

Song Jiao shouted, "Eldest Senior Sis, follow up your advantage!"

Xu Fan said excitedly, "Old Crook Zhou is no match for you!"

Chenchen cried out, "Auntie, you can do it!"

The non-affiliates said in astonishment:

"Is this what it means to be a grandmaster?"

"This..."

"This is too scary!"

"Heavens!"

Meanwhile, the real martial arts experts looked apprehensive!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen gasped, "Grandmaster Zhou is not her equal!"

The Iron Palm's Master Sun was also getting anxious. "Grandmaster Zhou can't go it alone!"

"Rao Aimin's skill is too great!" the Kunlun Sect's leader exclaimed with a sunken expression. He had not expected that Zhou Tianpeng still could not compare to her after all these years!

Zhou Tianpeng did not look too good!

Even though Zhou Tianpeng was not exactly losing yet, after only a few attacks, many of the experts present could see that Zhou Tianpeng was not a match for Rao Aimin whether at moves or skill level!

Rao Aimin was indeed still that past Rao Aimin!

Even after disappearing for many years, she was still that legendary figure in the Chinese martial arts world. In a one-on-one fight, nobody was a match for her!

Watching from his side, Zhang Ye could feel a tingle run down his spine!

So Old Rao was actually this amazing?

Chapter 933: Zhang Ye's concealed power!

The Zhou Family was panicking!

"Grandmaster Chen!"

"Grandmaster Chen, what are you waiting for!"

"Finish off that Treacherous Rao together!"

"Attack her together!"

"At this time, you can't mind your honor!"

"If Rao Aimin is allowed to continue acting that arrogant, our entire martial arts world is done for!"

Rao Aimin remained calm and dealt another palm strike at Zhou Tianpeng. With that strike, Rao Aimin remained rooted in her spot, while Zhou Tianpeng stumbled back!

The difference between them was obvious!

Rao Aimin glanced at him. "That all you got?"

In the entire Chinese martial arts world, perhaps only Rao Aimin was qualified to speak so contemptuously to a grandmaster!

Zhou Tianpeng's face darkened as he was forced to turn to his last resort. "Old Chen, back me up!"

Even though Zhou Tianpeng had not yet given all his effort, he knew that Rao Aimin was holding back as well! Both of them were waiting to deliver their fatal blow to the other!

Chen Xi, not too far away, sighed shallowly. He looked at Rao Aimin and said, "I'm sorry then! Watch out!" He knew that he had no choice but to attack!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples suddenly looked horrified!

Lu Yuhu cried out, "Eldest Senior Sis, be careful!"

Zhao Yunlong said enraged, "Old Crook Chen is coming for you!"

Song Jiao yelled, "Eldest Senior Sis, be careful!"

They were haunted by fear! If their Eldest Senior Sister took Old Crook Zhou alone, the chance of victory was enormous. But if Chen Xi joined the battle, then their Eldest Senior Sister would be in danger!

The situation was suddenly reversed!

The atmosphere became strained!

The next moment, the Huashan Sect's leader, Chen Xi, made his move. Darting forward, Chen Xi advanced three meters from his original spot. He was heading straight for Rao Aimin and Zhou Tianpeng!

The Huashan Sect's disciples said excitedly:

"Come on, Master!"

"Our sect leader will definitely win this!"

"Everyone has a responsibility to exterminate Treacherous Rao!"

Chen Xi closed in on Rao Aimin. With a yell, he showed an original stance of the Huashan Sect that had never been passed down to anyone outside of the school!

In everyone's anxious gaze, there were only Chen Xi, Zhou Tianpeng, and Rao Aimin in the ring. In the moment, even Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng had forgotten that this was a two-on-two match and there was still another person in the ring with them!

Zhang Ye made his move. He lightly took three paces at a speed that was not fast, but had already drifted to Rao Aimin's side. He slowly got into an opening stance that no one could recognize. At this moment, Zhang Ye's bearing looked completely different from before!

The crowd was stunned.

Fan Wen said, "Chen Zhen?"

Master Sun said, "It's him!"

Liu Yiquan hollered, "Bro Chen, don't go!"

Lu Yuhu said, "Y-You can't block that!"

Song Jiao exclaimed, "Quick, dodge that attack!"

Chen Xi was stunned and changed the direction of his attack. He headed straight for Zhang Ye and drove his palm strike toward him. This palm strike was meant for Rao Aimin and had a great deal of force. The attack was extremely ruthless. Even after redirecting it at "Chen Zhen," he did not hold back. He was already committed to the attack, so even if he wanted to stop, it was impossible to do so!

You're gonna get yourself killed!

This is what you get!

Chen Xi's gaze turned ruthless as he found a clear purpose. Finish off Chen Zhen first, then join Zhou Tianpeng to deal with Rao Aimin!

However, Chen Xi and everyone else did not expect "Chen Zhen" to still look so calm at this moment; there was no change in his appearance at all. He did not dodge, instead raising his hands in a seemingly slow manner, although it was actually a very fast motion!

Zhang Ye raised his hands and flicked his wrists, forming a strange rhythm that alternated between fast and slow. He warded off Chen Xi's palm strike with his wrist. For a second, it seemed like they froze there. Right afterwards, Zhang Ye pivoted. Swinging his wrist downward, his opponent's strength was coolly negated with the move. That swinging of the wrist had somehow diverted all of his opponent's momentum into thin air!

The palm strike was stopped!

Chen Xi was also stopped!

It wasn't like Chen Xi wanted to stop where he was. During the attack of his palm strike, he was in a constant state of motion. Just like a runner could not come to a halt all of a sudden, he required a buffer and time to come to a complete stop! But the scene that played out before Chen Xi's eyes had surprised him. He had been stopped just like that even though he was moving very quickly before that. All of his strength was suddenly reduced to nothing as he lost all of his momentum, leaving him standing there!

It was a very strange sight to behold!

So strange that it felt unbelievable!

Zhou Tianpeng was stunned!

Rao Aimin's eyebrows arched.

Nobody in the crowd could react, all staring up at the ring with surprise!

"What's the matter?"

"Grandmaster Chen, what's the matter?"

"Why did you stop?"

"Wha-What just happened here?"

"Who can tell me what just happened?"

"Could it be that Grandmaster Chen was holding back? He was worried that he would strike him dead with just a single palm strike?"

"Master! Don't hold back!"

No one could understand what they were seeing. They could only convince themselves that Chen Xi had held back, afraid that his attack would be too heavy on his opponent, so had decreased the strength behind his palm strike to minimize any damage!

However, only Chen Xi, Zhou Tianpeng, and a small few Chinese martial arts experts present today could see clearly. Although they did not know what had happened, they knew that this was not a matter of Chen Xi holding back his strength!

This was not good!

This "Chen Zhen" was definitely not just some non-affiliate!

The face of Fan Wen, part of the Huashan Sect, grew cold with fear. "Senior Bro, be careful!"

When Fan Wen shouted that, many of the people from the large and small sects were stunned!

Be careful?

Be careful of what?

Why would Grandmaster Chen have to be careful?

But as it turned out, the next second, everyone understood exactly why Fan Wen had shouted those words of caution!

Zhang Ye followed up with a move which was different from before. This time, he actively sought to attack with a very odd-looking set of moves. His palm struck out not in a straight line, but rather moved along an imaginary arc in midair. This palm strike started off slow but gathered speed while moving along the curved trajectory and pushed toward Chen Xi!

It wasn't a cross!

It wasn't a vertical chop!

It was just a simple push!

Logically, such a move would not have much offensive strength. Chen Xi blocked it with his own palm, which was imbued with some concealed power as he thought that he could use it to curb the enemy in one move. This was a move that was used to bully another since in most situations, a grandmaster would never apply concealed power when they came up against another internal martial arts expert who hadn't achieved concealed power. With the concealed power applied, there was no way that a person who didn't have it could block it. The fight would not go on any further than this! Meanwhile, Rao Aimin and Zhou Tianpeng were having an increasingly fierce battle. Zhou Tianpeng was already showing signs of defeat, so Chen Xi was anxious to aid him. As a result, he acted unreasonably by dealing an attack laced with concealed power!

Rao Aimin's saw this in her peripheral vision. "Dodge!"

Song Jiao shouted, "It's concealed power!"

Lu Yuhu cried out, "Shameless!"

Zhao Yunlong cursed, "Old Crook Chen, how shameful you are!"

The brothers, Liu Yiquan and Liu Yizhang, exclaimed, "Bro Chen, dodge that!"

But Zhang Ye did not dodge, or rather, there was no time to do so. An unknown force made him push his hand out, carrying an unbroken and ceaseless strength along with it. All of this was done instinctively. Zhang Ye did not really have full control of it!

Boom!

The two palms collided in midair!

Zhang Ye felt an enormous force explode out from his palms, then the corners of his mouth twitched and his entire person trembled as he stumbled back three steps!

Looking at Chen Xi across from him, Chen Xi was also destabilized as he took a large step backward. His flow of qi was disrupted and his palm was covered with sweat!

Chen Xi was stunned!

Zhou Tianpeng and Rao Aimin, in the midst of battle, were also stunned!

The several hundred martial sects' disciples of the Chinese martial arts world were stunned as well!

In a single exchange where they pitted their palm strikes against each other, Zhang Ye and Chen Xi were both injured!

Fan Wen gasped!

The Kunlun Sect leader's heart skipped a beat!

Song Jiao exclaimed in shock, "Concealed power!"

Xu Fan said ecstatically, "That's concealed power!"

Lu Yuhu simply could not believe his eyes. His jaw dropped! How did he know how to use concealed power? How could he have possibly trained to such a level that he could use concealed power!?

"Heavens!"

"This..."

"Who is he?"

"Fuck! Who the heck is he!?"

He Badao was utterly shocked!

The people of the large and small sects, as well as the non-affiliates, were all stunned too!

This was far too shocking. A non-affiliate whose origins were unknown actually pitted his skill against a Chinese martial arts grandmaster and did not lose. Further, both sides could even use concealed power!

This was too fucking scary!

Which crevice did this amazing "Chen Zhen" jump out from?!

Chapter 934: How do you know Taiji Fist!?

The entire venue was in shock!

A lot of people were so shocked that they could not even say a thing. They were having trouble accepting all that was playing out in front of them!

Even the currently fighting Rao Aimin said in disbelief, "What the fuck, how did a rascal like you learn to use concealed power? Are you on steroids or something?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "There are a lot of things you don't know about me."

Rao Aimin threw a palm strike at Zhou Tianpeng, then said, "Then I won't be worrying about you anymore. I'll leave that old Chen fogey to you!"

"Wasn't that what we agreed on from the start?" Zhang Ye watched Chen Xi closely, but did not make any moves. "You take one, and I take one! That's what a two-vee-two is!"

Those people who had encountered Zhang Ye and exchanged blows with him during last night's mass brawl were all breaking out into cold sweat now. They thought to themselves just how lucky it was that this guy had only used a brick to smash them yesterday. If he had used his attacks like he was today and attacked their heads, they probably would not be sitting here today!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen wore a solemn expression!

The Huashan Sect senior bro who had tried to incite Zhang Ye to a duel earlier was now so embarrassed that he did not dare utter a word. In fact, he was very frightened by the turn of events and cursed in his mind with a lingering sense of fear. Fuck, if you could already use concealed power, why did you still bother to argue back and forth with us while standing together with those non-affiliates! Like any one of us below grandmaster level were a match for you? But you? You even scolded and hassled us? How could you be so devious!

And that Swimming Body Eight Trigrams Brick?

Eight Trigrams Brick, your sister! Fuck!

Elsewhere.

A lean non-affiliate looked at Liu Yiquan and the others, dumbfounded. "That guy traveled here with your group, right?"

Liu Yiquan wiped at his sweat. "Yes."

A female non-affiliate asked them woodenly, "How did you guys get to know him?"

Liu Yizhang looked more aghast than anyone around him. "Me and my brother, plus Old He and Old Li, met him on the bus while we were traveling here. He had a kid with him and told us that he was also a member of the martial arts community. He said that he had lost his invite and asked if he could travel with us. He said his name was Chen Zhen and his master was someone named Huo Yuanjia? And there was also another master called Huang something?"

Li Quanneng had a better memory. "Huang Feihong."

"Right, that's the name," agreed He Badao while nodding.

One of the veteran non-affiliates said, "In our martial arts world, among the worthy experts, there is no one named Huang Feihong or Huo Yuanjia. Neither is there anyone called Chen Zhen! That must be a fake name! Him losing his invite must have been an excuse, since he probably did not even have one in the first place. He was never invited to this National Martial Arts Conference!"

Many of the non-affiliates did not seem too bothered by it. All of them could only think of one thing, the same thing: Oh my god! We actually traveled together with a Chinese martial arts expert? We actually fought fiercely alongside a martial arts expert who could rival a martial arts grandmaster, and took part in a massive brawl last night with him against our enemies? And even scolded alongside him?

In the ring.

Chen Xi looked imposing. "Who are you really?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "I am who I am."

Chen Xi said, "Then which martial school do you belong to?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "None of them."

Chen Xi asked, "What martial arts style do you practice?"

Zhang Ye said, "Guess."

In the other side of the ring, Zhou Tianpeng had lost a lot of strength, and it was getting more and more difficult for him to hold out. He was forced to shout, "Old Chen, get over here! I can't hang on for much longer!"

Rao Aimin rounded up the set of Eight Trigrams Palm's moves. She was one of the Chinese martial arts world's five grandmasters, and currently the most skilled disciple of the Eight Trigrams Palm. Even the leader of the Eight Trigrams School was slightly less skilled than Rao Aimin, as Rao Aimin had mastered all of the Eight Trigrams Palm's techniques to the pinnacle!

Chen Xi was getting impatient. "Step aside!"

"No way." Zhang Ye smiled.

Chen Xi said soberly, "You're not my equal."

Zhang Ye said, "You can't do anything to me anyway. And if I try my best, I might even be able to injure you some!" In his game ring's inventory, he still had the 1-Up item that he'd received a long time ago from the lottery draw. With two lives, he would naturally be more confident in such a situation!

Chen Xi said with a dark expression, "This is none of your business. Why would you want to make our entire martial arts world your enemy?"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Do you and Zhou Tianpeng represent our entire martial arts world? And even if you do, who cares if I make you two my enemy? This bro has offended many people, so it's not like including our martial arts world amongst them would make any difference to me!"

Chen Xi was enraged. "You talk really big!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Hur hur, that's because you do not know me."

That's right, Zhang Ye was not actually talking big!

In the audience, when Yan Hui and Lu Yuhu heard this, they didn't know whether to laugh or cry. At the venue today, perhaps only the two of them really knew that "Chen Zhen" was speaking the truth. He really did not care if he offended the Chinese martial arts world, as this fellow had already offended too many peers from too many different industries. His nickname of "shit stirrer" was definitely not for nothing! He was a professional shit stirrer with 20 years of experience! The only thing they probably did not expect was that he would come to stir shit in the Chinese martial arts world!

Chen Xi took a deep breath, then suddenly spat out, "Then let's give it a try!" He took a large stride forward and quickly got beside Zhang Ye, wanting to end the battle quickly. He could not drag it out any further!

As a grandmaster, his immediate attack was filled with concealed power!

Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed. He met the attack with his palm and pinned it at Chen Xi's wrist, twisting and squeezing.

Chen Xi's force in his palm was immediately reduced by a good half. With a low yell, his other hand turned towards Zhang Ye's face!

Zhang Ye ducked to dodge and managed to avoid the attack, but then saw Chen Xi changing his attack trajectory, shooting his palm down to smash against Zhang Ye's shoulder. Zhang Ye could not avoid this, and neither did he intend to avoid it. Under everyone's shocked gaze, he lowered his shoulder and went down on one knee, as though he were taking the palm strike on purpose. Surprisingly, he did not suffer any injuries. Then he straightened up and shrugged his shoulder up and returned the attack with an abrupt force!

Chen Xi's concealed power laced palm strike was unexpectedly bounced back by the shoulder's motion and came back to bite him instead!

Just what was this martial art style?

Why did it feel so familiar?

Chen Xi was shocked and was not having a pleasant fight at all!

In the audience, a veteran master fighter from the National Martial Arts Association suddenly said, "That looks familiar! Why does that martial arts technique look so familiar?" Yet he could not pinpoint what it was!

What could it be?

Just what could this martial arts technique be?

A lot of people were thinking!

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye and Chen Xi continued their match against each other in the ring!

Chen Xi was superbly displaying the Huashan Sect's martial arts. Sinister and ruthless moves were the characteristics of their martial sect. It was a very difficult martial arts style to face!

However, Zhang Ye's coping of it astonished the spectators further and further!

Zhang Ye did not make many moves, but every move he did make skillfully deflected all of the incoming attacks!

Repulse!

Deflect!

Thrust!

Push!

Yank!

Sever!

Elbow!

Bump!

Negating the force! Transforming the force! Applying the force!

Placed in a situation where his skills were inferior to his opponent, he still managed to fight on equal footing with Chen Xi!

Lu Yuhu was excitedly cheering, "Amazing! So cool!"

Zhao Yunlong rejoiced. "Great fighting!"

Song Jiao shouted excitedly, "Beautiful! Very beautiful!"

Xu Fan was amazed. "Great kung fu!"

A female disciple of the Eight Trigrams Palm was in disbelief even now. "Damn! That guy is actually a match for a grandmaster! Wh-What is this kung fu!"

It was obvious to everyone that Chen Xi's martial arts were better than "Chen Zhen's," but "Chen Zhen's" martial arts were just too strange and unconventional. It was a totally different type of martial arts that did not follow any known form within the Chinese martial arts world, yet everyone knew that it was not randomly executed by the fighter. This was absolutely a complete style of Chinese martial arts, from its defense to its attacks!

The Huashan Sect disciples were both astonished and angered!

"Master!"

"Come on!"

"The Huashan Sect will definitely emerge victorious!"

"Master shall emerge victorious!"

Ten exchanges had gone by!

Zhang Ye could not do anything to Chen Xi!

But neither could Chen Xi do anything to him for the moment!

Chen Xi was growing frustrated the more he fought. If it were his skills that were not a match for the opponent, there was nothing he could do. But the issue was that his skills were better than the opponent's, yet he couldn't do anything to him. This feeling was much too unbearable. He understood that the opponent's martial arts style had an upper hand because he had never seen nor come across it before, so he did not understand the basis of the moves. This was his reason for getting so frustrated. He felt like he couldn't summon any strength at all. There were even a few times the opponent had negated all the force behind his attacks!

Zhou Tianpeng was still shouting, "Old Chen!" He was losing ground in his fight!

Chen Xi was frantic.

Why?

Why did this martial arts style feel so familiar when he had clearly never encountered it before?

He could not understand! He could not understand no matter how he thought about it!

Everyone in the crowd was gawking!

"Why did it turn out like this?"

"Why?"

"My goodness, what martial arts style is that?"

"How can there be such an awesome martial arts style?"

"He clearly did not exert any strength, so how did he negate his opponent's force?"

"How did he manage to block that move?"

"Eh, how did he bounce that attack back? Grandmaster Chen has not managed to land a single hit yet!"

"This is too weird!"

"Which sect's kung fu is that?"

Suddenly, an extremely experienced and old martial arts master in the audience exclaimed, "I realize now! I've figured it out!" Then he looked astounded!

All of a sudden, the Kunlun Sect leader in the audience was also stunned. "How can it be! How is that possible!?" He had also realized what it was and wore a shocked expression!

"Which school's kung fu is it?"

"Yes! It's definitely that!"

"That is what we call a force of four taels yielding a thousand catties!"

"A balance of yin and yang, hardness coupled with softness. It's definitely that! It has to be!"

Quite a number of the large sects' leaders or elders had recognized it by now and were also dumbfounded when they realized!

But most of the others still did not understand!

"Ah?"

"What is it?"

"What kung fu is that?"

"Why is everyone reacting like that?"

Liu Yiquan, He Badao, and the other non-affiliates could not understand!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were also confused. What major events had they not witnessed before in the many years of their lives? Why were all of these veteran martial arts masters looking so horrified? What sort of kung fu made you react in such a way? What sort of kung fu has astonished you so much?

Finally, the answer was revealed!

As the saying went, those closely involved cannot see as clearly as those not. Chen Xi heard the shouting from outside the ring and something clicked in his head. He finally understood too. His expression changed greatly and he suddenly stopped attacking. He took a few steps back in extreme dread and gazed at Zhang Ye like he had seen a ghost. He stared at the stance that Zhang Ye was in and bellowed, "H-How do you know Taiji Fist!?"

Chapter 935: The successor of Taiji Fist appears!

"How do you know Taiji Fist!?"

With those words, the entire venue fell silent!

Liu Yiquan blinked several times. "Taiji Fist?"

He Badao said in a daze, "What's Taiji Fist?"

A large sect's disciple said in confusion, "What fist?"

In the crowd, people were subconsciously repeating the same few words. Then, all of a sudden, everyone was so shocked that they nearly faceplanted. They only managed to react after a long while!

"Taiji Fist?"

"Holy fuck!"

"What?"

"What is Grandmaster Chen saying?"

"The Taiji Fist that has been lost for over a hundred years?"

"That's not possible!"

"How could it be Taiji Fist?"

"Hasn't Taiji Fist been lost for over a hundred years already?!"

Everyone paled!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen was scared silly by the revelation. "This, this..."

Everyone was so shocked by the claim that their souls nearly flew out of their bodies!

When an eminent monk of the Shaolin Monastery heard Chen Xi shout those words, he also instantly recognized it and cried out, "It's really Taiji!"

A lot of people did not believe it!

They simply could not believe it!

"Impossible!"

"Taiji was lost long ago!"

"It's impossible for someone to know it!"

"Right, it's impossible!"

"It doesn't make sense for someone to know it!"

"Then why are those masters so sure?"

"Yeah, why are they so certain?"

A deputy leader of the Kongtong Sect said with a sunken expression, "Over a hundred years ago, a martial arts expert suddenly appeared out of nowhere and used Taiji Fist to defeat the top experts of the Eight Trigrams, Xingyi, Shaolin, Wudang, Kunlun, Kongtong, Huashan, and 18 other martial sects that practiced external and internal martial arts styles. No one could stop him. But then the war started and the martial arts expert was never heard from again. Taiji Fist simply disappeared from this world. From then on, no other disciples or successors to Taiji Fist appeared. In the many books and records that we still have, only those words that were spoken by that Taiji Fist expert all those years were recorded. They're also the only clue our modern martial arts world has left of this legendary Chinese martial arts style. I believe that the records of many of the large sects would have this piece of history written in them!"

Quite a few of those from the large sects started asking questions.

"What words?"

"Yeah, what words exactly?"

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen looked over!

The disciples from the Eight Trigrams School looked over!

Many of the experts from the large and small sects looked over in unison!

That Kongtong Sect deputy leader said pensively, "'Taiji Fist' says to 'use your mind to move energy. You must get the energy to sink. It is then able to collect in your bones. Use energy to move your body. You must get the energy to flow smoothly. Your body can then easily obey your mind. If you can raise your spirit, you will be without worry of being slow or weighed down. Thus it is said: "Your whole body will be nimble and your headtop will be pulled up as if suspended." Your mind must perform alternations nimbly, and then you will have the qualities of roundness and liveliness. Thus it is said that you are to "pay attention to the alternation of empty and full." When issuing power, you must sink and relax, concentrating it in one direction. Your posture must be straight and comfortable, bracing in all directions. Move energy as though through a winding-path pearl, penetrating even the smallest nook, meaning the energy is everywhere in the body. Wield power like tempered steel, so strong there is nothing tough enough to stand up against it. The shape is like a falcon capturing a rabbit. The dynamic is like a cat pouncing on a mouse. In stillness, be like a mountain, and in movement, be like a river. Store power like drawing a bow. Issue power like loosing an arrow. Within curving, seek to be straightening. Store and then issue. Power comes from your spine. Step according to your body's changes. To gather is to release and to release is to gather. Disconnect but stay connected. In the back and forth (of your

arms), there must be folding. In the advance and retreat (of your feet), there must be variation. Extreme softness begets extreme hardness. Your ability to be nimble lies in your ability to breath."

The members of the Chinese martial arts world present were getting more and more astonished from hearing that!

Use your mind to move energy?

Use the energy to move your body?

To gather is to release?

To release is to gather?

W-Wasn't that the set of fighting techniques "Chen Zhen" had just employed!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were dumbfounded when they heard that!

Xu Fan was flabbergasted. "Did that Chen Zhen really use Taiji Fist?"

Zhao Yunlong let out a curse. "What the fuck!"

Song Jiao said, "How can he know!?"

Lu Yuhu, Yan Hui, and Chenchen were even more dumbstruck. They were the only people at the venue who knew of "Chen Zhen's" real identity, so it added even more disbelief!

Everyone was stunned at this revelation. This mental shock was even more shocking than when Chen Zhen had revealed that he could use concealed power!

Because this was not just any other martial art!

It was the Taiji Fist!

This was the legendary martial art that had disappeared for over a hundred years!

This was the martial arts that had beaten the entire Chinese martial arts world until no worthy opponents remained!

Even Zhou Tianpeng who was currently fighting in the ring got distracted. When Chen Xi and he heard the words "Taiji Fist," their confidence was visibly shaken!

Even Rao Aimin was so shocked that she gasped and shouted, "Rascal, is that the truth?"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "What do you think?"

Rao Aimin said, "How do you know Taiji Fist?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I've always known it."

Rao Aimin replied, "Then why didn't you tell me, you rascal!"

"I've told you before!" Zhang Ye was rather speechless at her reaction. "When you asked me back then, I told you that I knew Taiji Fist, but you said that I was bullshitting!"

"Who the hell would know that you really meant it!" Rao Aimin countered.

Zhang Ye said, "Now you know."

When everyone heard "Chen Zhen" admitting this himself, they all gasped one after another. To them, and even to the entire Chinese martial arts world, this revelation was simply unbelievable. Just saying the Taiji Fist had reappeared in the martial arts community again was enough to send shockwaves throughout the entire community!

Why did Taiji Fist make a reappearance in this world?

Why did it have to be at this time of all times?

The Huashan Sect leader, Chen Xi, felt as though he had been slapped in the face. He had just made a speech at the National Martial Arts Conference using the story of Taiji Fist as an example to get his point across for not letting the Zhou Family Style follow in its footsteps. He said that they should not allow such precious intangible cultural assets to slip from their hands and be lost, thus using it as an excuse to attack Rao Aimin for the greater good of the Chinese martial arts world. But not soon after, just ten minutes later, a non-affiliate who knew Taiji Fist had appeared in the ring!

How face-smacking!

And it was really amazing!

So the legends of the Taiji Fist that had shocked the entire martial arts community before were not just legends!

It was no wonder Chen Xi could not do any harm to his opponent even though he was obviously more skilled than him. So it turned out that his opponent was a practitioner of this style of martial arts!

In the audience, Song Jiao could not longer hold it in. She seized Lu Yuhu. "Spit it out! Who on earth is that person?"

Xu Fan was also bursting with curiosity. "Little Junior Bro! Don't you know him? Hurry up and tell us!"

"A Taiji Fist master who has trained to use concealed power? This..." A slightly older disciple of the Eight Trigrams Palm said, "Are any opponents below the level of grandmaster worthy of him? Even if his opponent were a grandmaster, he might still stand a chance of defeating them! The theory of Taiji Fist in and of itself was already meant to be used to curb a stronger opponent, using only a small amount of effort to push away something much heavier!"

"Little Junior Bro!"

"Hurry up and tell us!"

Song Jiao said, "Because of Eldest Senior Sis's terrible social ties, her reputation in our martial arts world is in tatters. Who wouldn't avoid her if they could? So how did Eldest Senior Sis come to know such a powerful friend?"

Lu Yuhu was anxiously wiping sweat off himself. "Because..."

Xu Fan said, "Because of what?"

Lu Yuhu gave a wry smile. "Because that guy's social ties are even worse than our Eldest Senior Sis's!"

Yan Hui who was beside them couldn't agree more.

"Ah?" Song Jiao was stunned.

Zhao Yunlong was also stunned. "There's someone who has a worse reputation than Eldest Senior Sis?"

Around them, the disciples from the large and small sects, as well as the non-affiliates, could no longer hold it in either!

"Who is he!"

"Who the fuck can tell us who that is!"

"A non-affiliate?"

"How can such an expert not be affiliated with any of the martial sects!"

"After a lapse of more than a hundred years, the successor of Taiji is finally willing to show himself again?"

"I have a feeling that the martial arts community will be plunged into chaos soon!"

"Just who can he be?"

"Eh, hold up!"

"What's the matter?"

"He's familiar, he looks really familiar!"

"Ah, now that you mention it, I think so too!"

"Aiyo, why do I, too, find him quite familiar now? Like I've seen him somewhere before?"

Liu Yiquan, Liu Yizhang, and the others who had been traveling together with Zhang Ye were startled. If no one had mentioned that he looked familiar, they wouldn't have thought along that line. Now that they looked at him, this person truly looked familiar to them as well!

They had definitely seen him before!

They had definitely seen him somewhere before!

Finally, Chen Xi said something in the ring!

"After more than a hundred years, I've finally had the honor to see for myself this generation's successor of the Taiji Fist." Chen Xi then made a slight fist and palm salute according to the Chinese martial arts world's traditions. "Chen Xi, of Huashan's Five Way Boxing 1 ." This was a form of respect to the opponent, as well as to the legendary martial art of the Taiji Fist.[1.]

Zhang Ye looked up at him and slowly lifted his hand to his sunglasses. He rested his hand on them for a moment before taking them off!

Instantly, the entire hilltop fell utterly silent!

Chen Xi was shocked!

Zhou Tianpeng was also shocked where he was standing!

Liu Yiquan was dumbfounded!

He Badao stunned!

Song Jiao was stunned!

Everyone was stunned!

They heard the young man standing in the ring say in a plain manner, "Zhang Ye, of the Taiji Fist."

Chapter 936: The shit stirring duo!

When they saw this person.

When they saw his face.

When they heard his words.

At the venue, countless people's expressions turned to extreme excitement in an instant!

"Wha-What did he say?"

"He said—Zhang Ye, of the Taiji Fist!"

"Zhang what?"

"Zhang Ye."

"What Ye?"

"Zhang Ye."

"What Zhang?"

"—Go away!"

A lot of people short-circuited for a moment!

"Non-affiliate Chen Zhen" had just taken off his sunglasses and was immediately recognized by the spectators. Even though these martial artists did not usually pay attention to entertainment news and celebrities as they wouldn't possibly be sitting in front of their TVs every day to get ready to watch The Voice of China, it was impossible for most of them to not recognize this person standing before them. Because this person was famous nationwide! Even if they did not watch The Voice, they would still watch TV at times, right? Or had watched the Brain Gold commercial before? Or read the newspapers before? Or watched the news on TV before? Or watched Beijing Television's Spring Festival Gala before? Or played Plants vs. Zombies before? Or had heard about the incident where a Korean celebrity got beaten up? Or heard their friends use those classic catchphrases for scolding people before? Or, when worst came to worst, they surely would have heard about that airplane hijacking incident that caused a

sensation across the country, right? As long as they knew about any of those aforementioned examples, they would surely know him. This guy's notoriety was incredibly well-known throughout the country! At most, some of them might be a little unfamiliar with him, but they definitely knew of him!

Liu Yiquan called out, "It's Zhang Ye!"

He Badao said, thrilled, "Goddamn!"

A female non-affiliate stuttered, "Teacher, Teacher Zhang?"

"What's going on?" the Eight Trigrams School's Song Jiao exclaimed.

Xu Fan exclaimed along with her, "Little Junior Bro, just what is going on here?"

Lu Yuhu said with resentment, "I don't know why Teacher Zhang is here today either! Actually, during this time when Eldest Senior Sis was away from Beijing, it was Teacher Zhang who had been taking care Chenchen."

Only Yan Hui who was standing together with the Eight Trigrams School looked very accepting of the situation.

Zhao Yunlong noticed. "Bro Yan, you recognized him early on?"

"That's right." Yan Hui gave a wry smile. "Back during the airplane hijacking incident, I fought alongside Teacher Zhang Ye. We worked together to defeat the terrorists, so I'm a little more familiar with him." Though he said that, Yan Hui had actually recognized him considerably late. It was only when Zhang Ye had entered the ring that he managed to recognize him, but that wasn't because Yan Hui was not alert, nor was it due to him not paying attention to the news as part of the Chinese martial arts community. It was simply because he had not thought along that line at all!

Zhang Ye?

A celebrity?

An A-list celebrity in the domestic entertainment industry?

He actually turned out to be the successor of the Taiji Fist that had been lost for over a hundred years?

In the ring, it was clear from Chen Xi's expression that he knew Zhang Ye as well. "Why is it you!?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "Why can't it be me?"

Outside the ring, a South Wudang disciple shouted, "It just cannot be you!"

At the venue, there were indeed quite a number of people who had watched Zhang Ye's latest film. Everyone here was still quite interested in a martial arts flick like that. In that movie, they clearly remembered the moves that Zhang Ye executed as the villainous Taiji Fist grandmaster. It could easily be described as dogshit, as none of the moves were logical or made any sense at all. Back then, a lot of these martial artists would often bring it up as an after-meal subject and mock that multimillion-RMB film. It was just so unprofessional and was purely done for the onscreen effects. Even they could single-handedly take on at least five of those so-called Taiji Fist experts who appeared in the movie! But when they found out about Zhang Ye's true identity here, today, that he was the actual successor to the

legendary Taiji Fist, every one of them could sense a grass mud horse galloping across their vision. And behind this lead grass mud horse, there were another 10,000 grass mud horses surging toward it!

Deception!

What a goddamn deception!

You were obviously the Taiji successor and had even mastered the usage of concealed power! But you being the only successor of this legendary martial arts in this world, and as a Chinese martial arts expert, how could you be so shameless as to use some dogshit, fake-ass Taiji Fist moves to deceive the audience? Deceive the film buffs?

Fuck, do you have a conscience, you?!

Fuck, do you have any shame, you?!

If the Taiji grandmaster from over a hundred years ago were still alive, he would surely be driven to the grave by you!

You were faking all those moves!

Outside the ring, the Zhou Family Style's Fourth Bro Zhou roared angrily, "Isn't your name Chen Zhen?!"

"When one is away from home, doesn't one go by several aliases?" Zhang Ye was unabashed, unashamed, and unembarrassed.

Someone from the Huashan Sect said, "But on the deathmatch agreement, you signed off as 'Chen Zhen'! This is cheating! How can you still be considered a martial hero if you behave this way? How can you be considered a member of the martial arts community?"

Zhang Ye looked at that person below the ring and boldly asserted, "Listen up, bro! I studied broadcasting in university, and my main profession is hosting. My side jobs involve me producing TV shows, performing crosstalks, writing calligraphy, composing poems, or if I go a little further, doing some mathematical research, or if I go even further, would bring me to guest starring in a movie!" Pausing, Zhang Ye smiled coldly at that person. "Who the hell is a member of your martial arts community?"

That Huashan Sect disciple was at a loss for words!

When everyone else heard this, they were also unable to snap back!

"I didn't have time to bother with you people earlier, but you're trying to cast doubt on me now? Even bringing up the martial arts community to me? And being a hero?" Zhang Ye looked at those people from the large sects and said, "Two grandmasters of our martial arts world laying a trap and working on the inside with the National Martial Arts Association. The large sects colluding together and marching into battle as one. All of this just to deal with a single female comrade? Do you people need your fucking honor! Don't try to talk to me about whatever rules of the martial arts community. Zhou Tianpeng already made the first move several years ago by interrupting a fight and causing the loss of two lives. So what justification do you people have? Weren't you people damn insistent on making sure that Old Rao didn't leave this place alive? The National Martial Arts Association, who should have presided over this case as judge, has also joined the fuck in to muddy the truth and assist in doing evil? Just tell me, what

sort of a martial arts community is this? Is this what you call being heroes? Is this what a grandmaster is like? Fuck you people! The entertainment industry is a much cleaner place than here!"

The Eight Trigrams School's Song Jiao cheered, "Well said!"

Xu Fan also said excitedly, "Teacher Zhang! Beautifully said!"

Zhao Yunlong cursed, "These bastards! Not a single one of them is a good person! Bullying our Eldest Senior Sis just because she stands alone? Even setting a trap by calling for a deathmatch? Ha! I bet none of you could have expected our Eldest Senior Sis to have backup!"

Lu Yuhu clenched his fist and exclaimed, "Teacher Zhang, thank you!"

"Right, Master Zhang, all of us fellow disciples of the Eight Trigrams School will forever remember your grace!"

"Thank you for today!"

"Thank the heavens you came here today!"

"Thank you for your great kindness, Teacher Zhang!"

"Your supreme grace and kindness will be returned someday!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples knew that if it weren't for Zhang Ye being here today, their Eldest Senior Sis would definitely have stood no chance of winning! But now, that situation had been completely reversed! Their Eldest Senior Sister and a martial arts expert who practiced Taiji were fighting together in this deathmatch. It seemed like their chances of winning were increasing by the moment!

Rao Aimin said as she fought, "Why are you guys thanking him? This rascal still owes me rent!"

Zhang Ye said, a bit speechless, "Didn't you say that you would waive it?"

"Did I ever say so?"

"Yes, you did. You even said that you would leave the apartments to me."

"Hur hur."

Right at this moment, Zhou Tianpeng was unable to dodge an attack and received a blow from Rao Aimin's palm. He was struck so hard that sweat flew from his forehead!

Disciples from the Zhou Family Style School and many of the large sects looked gloomy!

Shit!

This is bad!

Judging from the way that Zhang fellow had spoken with Treacherous Rao, their relationship was not just simply knowing each other; it was clearly much deeper than that!

After engaging in some banter, Zhang Ye said to those in the audience, "To all my fellow colleagues of our martial arts world, you come from large and small sects. There's also those who are not affiliated

with any sects, but everyone is an adult and should know right from wrong, and understand what is good and evil. If any of you still have a shred of conscience and dignity left, touch your chest and ask yourselves this: Is it really necessary to align yourselves to this sort of martial arts association? If Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi are willing to hide the truth to deal with Old Rao this way, one of you might get handled this way some other day! Is there even any meaning for a bullshit association like this one to exist anymore? Are they worth pledging your allegiance to in a war?"

A lot of those from the small sects and the non-affiliates went quiet. Zhang Ye's words had motivated them into contemplation.

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen shouted, "You better watch your words! Are you slandering the National Martial Arts Association? You have to answer to the law for that!" He had blurted this out!

But Zhang Ye shot right back at him, "You're talking about the law with me? Why didn't any of you bring up the law when Zhou Tianpeng killed two people? Instead, why were you using the rules of the martial arts community when you talked of him causing their deaths? Do you even know what the goddamn law is, you! Slander? Sue me then! Oh, but I think you don't know that I have recently gained a license to practice law!"

Fan Wen was literally choked back by his own words!

The Iron Palm's Master Sun said, "It was Rao Aimin who broke the rules first!"

A high-ranking monk of the Shaolin Monastery said, "Today's dispute has nothing at all to do with your Taiji branch of martial arts. Almsgiver, please stand down and not commit a mistake here!"

Zhang Ye laughed heartily. "Nothing to do with me? Then what the fuck has it got anything to do with your Huashan Sect, Iron Palm, and Shaolin Monastery? Did Old Rao beat up your mother or your father? Why are you people bouncing around here? Stop trying to bullshit me! Your martial arts are not good, yet all of you are here taking sides and forming cliques and blowing hot air! Blowing hot air in front of me? Do you people know what I do for a living? You wish to debate me? Sure, let's decide on the topic then! Arguing or what? I can stand alone against several hundred of you at once! If I can't beat all of you, I will take on your family names! Shall we try?"

The large sects' disciples were shaken by Zhang Ye's shamelessness!

Yet no one came forward to debate him! This was a proper martial arts conference. Who the hell would want to argue with you over something like that! Of course, the most critical factor was that they knew in their heart of hearts that when it came to arguing, absolutely none of them were his match. This was what he did for a living in the first place! Besides, they had witnessed for themselves the power of Zhang Ye's eloquence at the resort's restaurant last night! It was truly a representation of words being able to revive the dead! Looking at those wounded and limping people wrapped in bandages in attendance today, and then thinking back on yesterday, they realized that all this was the fucking consequence of Zhang Ye's words, which kickstarted it all. Before the Martial Arts Conference was even convened, their forces were almost totally wiped out!

Other than him, who else in the world could achieve something like that?

What sort of talent was that?

What sort of a mouth was that!?

They had finally seen for themselves just how much of a hooligan Zhang Ye was. He was as terrible as the news and the Internet had described him! It was little wonder that he and Rao Aimin knew each other, and even had so much in common. Fundamentally, these two people walked more or less the same path. Rao Aimin was a shit stirrer of the Chinese martial arts world, while Zhang Ye was a shit stirrer of the entertainment industry. If these two were not friends, then who would be friends?

Today, these two notorious shit stirrers of their respective fields were standing together to face their enemies!

So ask yourself, who in the entire world could match these two terrible hooligans!?

Chapter 937: Zhang Ye's speed!

A deathmatch whose outcome was decided from the start, a perfect trap that had been carefully laid out by the two grandmasters along with the various large sects of the martial arts community—this entire plan was now thrown into disarray by Zhang Ye's appearance!

"Grandmaster Zhou is in danger!"

"This is bad!"

"What should we do?"

"Master!"

"Martial Uncle, be careful!"

"Zhang Ye, you fucking meddler!"

"You bastard!"

In the ring, Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi knew that they were approaching a critical moment in the deathmatch!

"Old Chen! Why are you still talking so much nonsense with him!" Zhou Tianpeng was already injured.

"Take him out!"

Chen Xi clenched his teeth. "Alright!"

Zhou Tianpeng could no longer retreat any further and unexpectedly changed to a different set of fighting techniques. It was extremely vicious and do-or-die, giving up most of its defenses in exchange for killing blows!

The deathmatch had finally reached the concluding stage of desperation, the instant between life and death!

Chen Xi also went for it. He was no longer as cautious as before, launching a thunderous attack with Huashan's Five Way Boxing techniques. Like a violent storm, he charged at Zhang Ye with heavy killing intent, as if a changed man!

A low punch!

A cutting fist!

A high punch!

Zhang Ye took them straight on, raising his hands to meet the punches as they came, and countered the attack's momentum by shifting his center of gravity to negate his opponent's first punches into nothingness!

Deflect!

Yank!

Push!

The more he fought, the more lucid it became for him. In his mind, a voice kept echoing:

If the opponent takes no action, you take no action.

But once he takes even the slightest action, you have already acted.

Zhang Ye lowered his shoulder and followed through to do a Taiji pushing hand technique!

Power seems relaxed but not relaxed, about to expand but not yet expanding. When my power finishes, my intent of it continues. First in your mind, then in your body. Your abdomen relaxes and then energy collects in your bones. Spirit comfortable, body calm—at every moment be mindful of this. If one part moves, every part moves, and if one part is still, every part is still. As the movement leads back and forth, energy stays near the back and gathers in the spine. Inwardly bolster the spirit and outwardly show ease. Step like a cat and move energy as if drawing silk. Throughout your body, your mind should be on your spirit rather than on the energy, for if you are fixated on the energy, your movement will become sluggish. Whenever your mind is on the energy, there will be no power, whereas if you ignore the energy and let it take care of itself, there will be pure strength. The energy is like a wheel and your waist is like an axle.

The eight energies of Taiji!

Four taels yield a thousand catties!

With a muted crash, both Zhang Ye and Chen Xi were sent flying backwards!

"Grandmaster Chen!"

"Sect Leader!"

"Master!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Zhang Ye!"

Outside the ring, many people were crying out!

Zhang Ye clearly suffered a greater injury and flew over two meters backward, landing heavily on the floor. Meanwhile, Chen Xi, whose martial arts were better, logically should have not been affected much. Yet he was still injured due to Zhang Ye's counterattack, which was dealt after judging Chen Xi's concealed power with his "listening power 1," causing them both to take injuries and fly backward. He fell and sprawled out in the ring!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen gasped, "Th-This is what Taiji Fist is?"

How legendary!

This was really too domineering!

Chen Xi carp skipped up with a dark expression and returned to his feet. "Watch this move!" He came charging in for another attack. I'll take your life while you're in strife!

Zhang Ye could feel his organs churning inside of him, but took a deep breath to quickly steady himself. He braced a hand on the floor and pushed himself back up. "Right on time!"

The two of them once again started exchanging blows!

A moment later, they were back at forcing each other into retreat!

Chen Xi went back two steps!

Zhang Ye went back four!

Before he could even really catch his breath, Chen Xi was rushing straight for him again. A killing blow imbued with concealed power was headed straight for Zhang Ye's abdomen. Those standing near enough could even hear the whistling of the wind as the attack was delivered!

Zhang Ye blocked again. He kept some concealed power within his palm strike and went for Chen Xi's wrists, pushing his hands downward. But Chen Xi burst out with a yell and forcefully held them up by using his shoulders to push upward, turning this into a test of strength! Zhang Ye could no longer avoid him, since Rao Aimin was only several steps behind him at this point. He couldn't retreat anymore even if he wanted to. In these dire circumstances, he took to using a very well-known Taiji Fist technique at an extremely close distance— neutralizing power 2 !

As their movements were too quick, the spectators could not even clearly see what was happening. Zhang Ye fell backwards, while Chen Xi fell on his sides, only not falling all the way to the floor as he put his hands on the floor to support himself!

Chen Xi coughed lightly!

Zhang Ye was the more seriously injured one judging by how pale his face had turned!

The exchanges were all-out blows. The two of them expended a lot of energy doing so. Concealed power wasn't actually some kind of internal skill or internal strength like what you see in wuxia novels and the like. To put it plainly, it was just the potential that one could achieve after pushing one's body beyond its physical limits. Due to differences in the practicing of internal styles and qi flow techniques, the concealed power achieved would be different as well. Chen Xi's concealed power was more vicious, while Zhang Ye's Taiji concealed power was softer and more tenacious. Also, concealed power was not

infinite but limited by one's stamina instead. Under continuous attacks, not even a grandmaster could keep it up for long, much less peak martial arts masters!

Chen Xi was visibly panting a little, but when he looked at Zhang Ye, he found that he was only panting as much as himself. Incredibly, he did not look like he had weakened at all!

How was this possible?

He could hang in there for this long?

Chen Xi's expression sunk even more. He could never have expected that his opponent would have such great stamina. Even if he was young, this shouldn't be possible! Of course, he couldn't possibly know that this was due to the effect of those 1,000 Fruits of Stamina. That Zhang Ye was able to continuously hold him off, and even injure him, was not purely down to his skill with Taiji Fist. The 3,000 Fruits of Strength, Stamina, and Agility had a large part to play in all of this!

Rao Aimin suddenly asked, "Are you doing OK?"

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth. "No problems!"

If only he had a few more Reputation Points!

If he could have eaten another 1,000 Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books? Or another 2,000 books? Or he could even have tried to get some Stats Category Fruits in the game ring's Lottery Draw (Two) to see if it could further help him break through his limits of strength and stamina. The Lottery Draw (One)'s Stats Category Fruits had already reached their limit. There would be no effects even if he ate more of them. He had yet to try out the improved version of the lottery draw in regards to this, but logically, he should be able to get even better!

However, he didn't have many Reputation Points left anymore. Moreover, Zhang Ye had also achieved what he set out to do today. He wasn't here to determine who was better against a grandmaster anyway. He only needed to help Rao Aimin hold him off!

The most important characters in the ring were Rao Aimin and Zhou Tianpeng!

As for the outcome of the match, it depended on these two people's duel!

"President Zhou!"

"Grandmaster Zhou!"

"Master, watch out!"

Suddenly, a scream rang out!

The deathmatch was finally going to be decided!

Zhou Tianpeng made a flailing attack and missed, then Rao Aimin dealt a palm strike straight to his face! Zhou Tianpeng started bleeding from his nose and mouth, then took several unwitting steps backward. But his feet were clearly stumbling, and he was obviously hit so hard that he was concussed. He briefly lost consciousness!

His defeat was decided!

"Old Zhou!" Chen Xi was so anxious that he was fuming and wanted to rush over!

But Zhang Ye blocked him!

Chen Xi roared, "Move aside!"

Zhang Ye said, "I won't fucking move aside!"

Song Jiao yelled, "Eldest Senior Sis!"

Xu Fan shouted, "Terminate that Old Crook Zhou!"

Lu Yuhu also yelled angrily, "A life for a life! Kill him!"

This was clearly not something that an experienced policeman would usually say. But since the Chinese martial arts world had its own set of traditional rules, for any duels that occurred or any deathmatch that took place here, there had not been any known cases of police reports even when someone had died. Even though the martial arts community was no longer the same as in the past, the same rules still applied!

In a deathmatch, life and death would be determined by fate!

Rao Aimin stepped forward and raised her palm!

At this moment, everyone at the venue held their breath!

"Ah!"

"Master!"

"Dodge!"

But suddenly, a twist of events arose!

From the direction of the large sects, two swishes suddenly broke the silence and traveled in the direction of the dueling ring!

Many people were stunned by this!

Even those from the large sects were stunned!

Lu Yuhu raged, "They're darts!"

Xu Fan shouted hoarsely, "Eldest Senior Sis, watch out!"

Song Jiao yelled, "Scumbag! Motherfucker!"

Who was it?

Who threw the darts as a sneak attack?

But there was no time to ask these questions!

The darts were too quick. Even before the screams and shouts of the Eight Trigrams School's disciples had faded, two blinding spots of lights were already flying into the dueling ring. Steady! Precise! Vicious!

Rao Aimin was standing perpendicular to the path of the incoming darts!

While Zhang Ye had his back facing away from the large sects outside the ring!

When he heard the words "sneak attack," Zhang Ye's sweat glands exploded! His first reaction was to go to where Rao Aimin was, but the instant Zhang Ye turned around, he discovered that the two darts were actually coming straight for him! One was headed for his forehead! The other was aimed at someplace slightly below his chest!

This was bad!

Zhang Ye was instantly angered! At this moment, the effects of those 1,000 Fruits of Agility showcased their powers. He clearly had his back facing the attack, and his face was only one meter away from one of the darts when he turned his head, but Zhang Ye somehow immediately figured out the trajectory of the darts as he crooked his head quickly to the right as the dart swooshed straight past him, brushing against several strands of hair on his head!

A lot of the people were dumbfounded by this!

Because...because that was simply too quick!

Was he still human?

Even a grandmaster might not be able to react like that!

Chapter 938: A single man guards the pass!

He dodged one!

But could not avoid the other dart!

It wasn't that he couldn't react in time. In fact, he could see it more clearly than anyone else, but his body just couldn't catch up to his thoughts and reaction. His center of gravity at this moment was off-kilter and there was no way to avoid it. He could only watch as the second dart made its way toward his chest!

Liu Yiquan shouted, "Bro Chen!"

Chenchen screamed, "Zhang Ye!"

I'm done for!

Zhang Ye could only think of one thing now. He wondered if the 1-Up item in his game ring's inventory would be of any use! If he were to die here, then would that 1-Up item be activated automatically or not?

Everyone thought that Zhang Ye would die for sure!

But the next second, a hand that shouldn't have appeared there suddenly flashed across the front of Zhang Ye's chest. That beautiful hand of a woman was so quick that it moved with an afterimage like it was gliding through time. It traveled at a speed that no normal person could imagine. The audience could only see a blur!

Ding!

That second dart was caught by that hand between the fingers!

The people below the ring created an uproar!

Everyone was stunned!

It was Rao Aimin!

It turned out that Rao Aimin had managed to catch the dart in the nick of time!

From this angle, in such circumstances, even Zhang Ye the intended target could only avoid the first dart. That had already made many people stare and drop their jaws. It was a reaction speed that even a grandmaster could not hope to achieve. But the second dart was still too much for him, yet who could have expected that Rao Aimin, who was a few steps away from Zhang Ye just a moment ago, would somehow manage with her out-of-this-world skills to backpedal and reach out to catch the flying dart!

Rao Aimin!

So this was that female grandmaster of the Chinese martial arts world who would send a shiver down anyone's spine, even if just from hearing her name?

Between the grandmasters, could there possibly be such a big gap between their skill?

A lot of the large sect's people had thought before the conference that even if Rao Aimin were powerful, she would only be slightly better than Grandmaster Zhou and Grandmaster Chen. It shouldn't have been a great difference at all. But when they witnessed this scene now, everyone finally understood why Rao Aimin was able to single-handedly challenge the two grandmasters all those years ago, even managing to seriously injure one of them! The difference in martial arts skill between the three grandmasters—Rao Aimin, Zhou Tianpeng, and Chen Xi—was definitely not just a little bit!

Lu Yuhu shouted, "Senior Sis!"

Zhang Ye looked astonished. "Why the hell did you save me!"

It wasn't that he was ungrateful. But right at this moment, Huashan's Five Way Boxing technique was unleashed on Rao Aimin without warning, brushing past Zhang Ye as he stood there! When he was trying to avoid that first dart, Zhang Ye exhausted all of his strength and lost his balance. As a result, he simply could not react to this attack as Chen Xi finally slipped past him, having made this decision after a slight hesitation when he saw the dart flying toward them. If he did not grab hold of this opportunity, both he and Zhou Tianpeng probably weren't going to leave this place alive!

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Despicable!"

"Bastard!"

"Chen Xi, you motherfucker!"

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were infuriated!

Chen Xi was faced with an internal struggle. As the vice president of the National Martial Arts Association and as a grandmaster, he still had his pride and cared about his status as well. But with everything turning out this way, he could only resort to this now. There was no other choice!

Plunk!

It was the muffled sound of a punch meeting the flesh!

Chen Xi had furiously thrown a punch filled with concealed power at Rao Aimin's shoulder!

To save Zhang Ye, Rao Aimin had exposed all of her openings while trying to catch the dart. She was practically defenseless at this moment and had no chance to avoid this punch. With the concealed power released, her entire body shook!

"Senior Sis!"

"Old Rao!"

Shrieks rang out!

But this was not the end!

Behind Rao Aimin, Zhou Tianpeng who had earlier been struck into concussion also made use of these two seconds to recover a bit. Although he was seriously injured now, when he saw Rao Aimin receiving a strong punch from his old friend Chen Xi, he still reflexively took action! Zhou Tianpeng did not struggle with his decision, nor did he have any hesitation. He instantly attacked her with the Zhou Family Style's 21st Form, the Crushing Punch!

"Old Crook Zhou!"

"How dare you!"

Yet another plunk sounded!

Zhou Tianpeng was slightly more skilled than Chen Xi, and even with his state of injuries, he could still muster up a lot of concealed power. With that punch, he had expended all of it and unleashed a deep strike on the center of Rao Aimin's back!

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

Rao Aimin trembled!

Many of the non-affiliates below the ring were breaking out in cold sweats from watching!

"This..."

"Rao Aimin is done for!"

"The female grandmaster of our generation is...done for!"

Meanwhile, many of the large sect's people showed looks of surprise!

"We won!"

"Master has won!"

One of the Eight Trigrams School's female disciples burst into tears. "Eldest Senior Sis!"

But before the voices faded, everyone turned aghast!

They saw that the pale and trembling Rao Aimin was still standing. Not only that, she narrowed her eyes and raised her palm in front of the terrified Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi!

She struck her palm downwards!

Thump! Chen Xi was completely unprepared for this. He had not expected that Rao Aimin would still be able to make another attack and took the hit directly, spewing out a mouthful of blood!

Zhou Tianpeng was greatly shocked by this and could not dodge in time!

With a low yell, Rao Aimin suddenly used a burst of concealed power to repel the power of the palm strike that Zhou Tianpeng had landed on her back. When Zhou Tianpeng stumbled backward a few steps, Rao Aimin turned and executed an Eight Trigrams Palm move, raising her hand up, but did not strike immediately. Instead, she raised it higher before suddenly attacking with a downward that looked neither fast nor slow, slapping Zhou Tianpeng behind his neck. From the looks of it, this strike did not seem powerful. It looked like how friends slapped each other's back as a greeting!

However, Zhou Tianpeng's expression changed drastically!

Crick!

Crack!

The creaking of bones snapping gradually sounded!

From the neck down to the back!

From the back down to the waist!

Zhou Tianpeng cried out and spat out a mouthful of blood, before immediately collapsing to the ground!

In just a few short blows, Chen Xi fainted from his injuries, while Zhou Tianpeng's survival was unknown!

The entire venue went quiet!

Not a sound could be heard!

No one said anything!

They saw Rao Aimin look down at the still conscious Zhou Tianpeng with her eyes drooping and tell him in a slightly hoarse voice, "I've finally avenged my younger sister and brother-in-law's deaths today. From now on, don't you even dare think of taking up martial arts again, or getting out of your bed to

walk about. Just lay in bed and enjoy a life of being provided for. In another half a year, get someone to organize your funeral for you. Oh wait, I doubt you have half a year left to do that since you have so many enemies around."

Many of the Zhou Family Style School's disciples leaped into the ring!

"Master!"

"Sect Leader!"

"Master!"

Some of them started crying!

Others were shouting desperately for help!

After he heard Rao Aimin speak her piece, Zhou Tianpeng opened his mouth and viciously tried to say something, but couldn't muster up a voice at all. With that, he immediately blacked out!

The Huashan Sect's disciples rushed over in panic to Chen Xi's side, avoiding Rao Aimin as they ran past her!

"Martial Uncle!"

"Senior Bro!"

"Wake up! Wake up!"

Fan Wen flusteredly checked Chen Xi's pulse and found that it was very weak. He realized that his senior brother was suffering from very serious injuries. The look on Fan Wen's face became even more unpleasant!

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples were instantly elated!

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

Zhang Ye cursed, "Fuck your grandpa! Who threw those darts just now?" He could not take this lying down and wanted to take immediate action against the perpetrator!

Rao Aimin suddenly glanced at Zhang Ye and said weakly, "Let's go."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was taken aback.

"Down the hill." Rao Aimin looked wan.

Zhang Ye returned to his senses. "OK!"

Rao Aimin took very slow steps, and left the ring in front of Zhang Ye. She walked in the direction of the Eight Trigrams School's disciples.

When the members of the large sect who were in her way saw her, they panicked and hurried to the side to avoid her. Their fearful expressions when they saw her made it seem like they needed to stand at least several hundred meters away from her to feel safe!

There were too many unexpected events in today's deathmatch. The emergence of the Taiji successor; a sneak attack from out of the ring; Rao Aimin's amazingly powerful martial arts. It wasn't so bad for Grandmaster Chen, even though he was rather heavily injured. He would likely make a recovery after several months of rest. But for Zhou Tianpeng...Everyone who was present today knew full well that from this day forward, there would only be four grandmasters left in the Chinese martial arts world! In today's battle of the grandmasters, Zhou Tianpeng had been stripped of his title!

Rao Aimin slowly walked over.

The Eight Trigrams School's disciples excitedly came over to congratulate her!

"Senior Sis!"

"You've finally avenged them!"

"That last strike of your palm was executed with perfection!"

Chenchen also came up to her. "Auntie!"

But it was right at this moment that Rao Aimin suddenly stopped in her tracks. She did not say anything and just fell forward without any warning!

Beside her, Zhang Ye caught her and held her upright. "Old Rao!"

"Senior Sis!"

"Eldest Senior Sis!"

Rao Aimin passed out!

Only at this point did the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples realize that those two attacks by Chen Xi and Zhou Tianpeng were imbued with concealed power as well. Their Eldest Senior Sister had only forced herself to remain standing, but was in actual fact already suffering from internal injuries!

This was seen by everyone as it happened!

The large sects were startled!

Suddenly, someone shouted!

"Rao Aimin can't hold out any longer!"

"Traacherous Rao has fainted!"

"We cannot allow her to leave!"

"Right, we can't let them leave!"

"If they are allowed to go today, all of the sects that have denounced her would never have another day of peace!"

"Grandmaster Zhou has been maimed! Rao Aimin is capable of anything! If we allow her the chance to make a full recovery, none of us will be able to get away!"

"Avenge Grandmaster Zhou!"

"They only have a little more than a dozen people! We have several hundred! Rao Aimin can't fight anymore! There's nothing to be afraid of! Everyone, let's get them! Exterminate Treacherous Rao! Everyone has a duty to do so!"

"We cannot allow the tigress to return to the mountains!"

"Right, the tigress must not be allowed back into the mountains!"

With some of the martial sects' members leading, a furor rippled through the rest!

Fan Wen, who was helping Chen Xi up in the fight ring, looked over at the Eight Trigrams School, then breathed in and said to a disciple of his next to him, "Take care of the Sect Leader!"

The Iron Palm's Master Sun clenched his fists and took a step forward.

When several of the Shaolin monks saw this, they sighed and walked over slowly as well.

Ten people!

Fifty people!

A hundred people!

The large sects gathered an army of people!

Seeing the turn of events, the people of the Eight Trigrams School were bitterly disappointed!

Song Jiao pointed at them and shouted, "Respectable martial sects? Is this what respectable martial sects are like these days? The fighters signed the deathmatch agreement! Some of you even played dirty and interfered with the match in the ring! Using darts as a sneak attack! But now that you've lost, you're thinking of surrounding and attacking us? What sort of large sects are these? What sort of a National Martial Arts Association is this!?"

Xu Fan said, "Fuck all of your ancestors!"

Zhao Yunlong was already picking up a weapon. "Let's fight it out with them!"

"Right!"

"Let's fight it out with them!"

"They're pushing us too far! Is there any justice?"

"When Zhou Tianpeng killed two people, they called it a normal duel in our martial arts world. When our Eldest Senior Sis injured Old Crook Zhou, the National Martial Arts Association comes hunting for us and wants to exterminate all of us? What kind of logic is that? Just what kind of logic is that?"

"Little Junior Bro! Take Eldest Senior Sis and leave immediately!"

"Right, Little Junior Bro, your martial arts are the weakest among us. You won't be of much help here. Just take Eldest Senior Sis and Chenchen and get out of here!"

"I'm not leaving!"

"Go already!"

The people from the large sects were approaching!

The non-affiliates and those from the small sects were rather startled by what they were seeing. They had not expected that the large sects and people from the National Martial Arts Association would actually handle the matter this way. This, this...was not something that any of them were willing to intervene in, because there were too many people from the large sects who were much more skilled than them. Further, their party consisted of the Shaolin eminent monks, the Huashan Sect's Fan Wen, the Kunlun Sect's leader, the Iron Palm's Master Sun, and so on and so forth, all of whom were masters at their respective martial arts styles. This was something that they had utterly no say in!

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly spoke.

Zhang Ye handed Rao Aimin over to Song Jiao. "Carry her."

Song Jiao was taken aback. "You..."

Zhang Ye gestured to them and said, "Get going!"

Lu Yuhu was stunned. "Teacher Zhang!"

"Take Old Rao and Chenchen down the hill and get out of here!" Zhang Ye regulated his breathing a few times and stood there in front of them, blocking the only pathway down the hill. "I'll hold them off for a while."

Yan Hui was getting anxious. "But you're injured too!"

Zhang Ye said, "I can still hold them off."

Xu Fan said, "They have over a hundred people! Even if you're a grandmaster, you can't stop them!"

Zhang Ye raised his voice. "Hurry up and get going! I have my own ways! Otherwise, none of us will stand a chance of getting away!"

"Zhang Ye! Let's go together!" Chenchen said loudly.

Zhang Ye smiled. "All of you, leave first. I'll be right behind you."

Lu Yuhu decided on the spot and grit his teeth. "We can't delay any longer! Let's go!" He then picked up Chenchen. "Teacher Zhang! P-Please take care!"

Song Jiao's eyes reddened as she carried Rao Aimin on her back and started running with all her might. "Let's go!"

Xu Fan stomped his feet and followed them!

Chenchen was screaming like mad, "Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye!"

Lu Yuhu's tears were almost falling, but he tightly held Chenchen and did not let go. He put her on his shoulders and ran down the hill at full speed!

Yan Hui struggled with himself for a bit and did not move!

Zhang Ye shouted, "Old Yan! Hurry up and go!"

Yan Hui clenched his teeth so tightly that he almost crushed them. Finally, he turned around and chased after the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples!

Soon, only Zhang Ye was left standing at this pathway that led downhill!

Chapter 939: Ten thousand men pass out!

At the top of the hill!

A lone person stood at the pathway leading downhill!

The people from the large sects had rushed over and were closing in!

"Charge!"

"Capture Rao Aimin!"

"Revenge for Grandmaster Zhou!"

The pounding of numerous feet and deafening shouts could be heard clearly!

Zhang Ye had blocked off the only pathway leading down the hill. Without any more worries, he started smiling. The injuries he'd sustained during the battle with Chen Xi were getting more and more serious and he could his vital organs throbbing with pain. He coughed as though the more than a hundred people across from him did not exist. Then he adjusted the button on his collar before leisurely lowering his head to tighten his shoelaces. He picked up a long forked branch that was at hand and had fallen from a tree. Under the suspicious gaze of everyone, Zhang Ye straightened up before drawing a line in front of him with the forked branch. The branch scratched against the ground, making squeaking noises.

The people from the large sects were stunned.

What the hell?

What was he doing?

One meter...

Three meters...

Five meters...

Before long, Zhang Ye had marked a five-meter line in front of him.

Zhang Ye dusted off his dirty hands and threw aside the forked branch. He looked up at the dense crowd of large sect members and declared coldly, "Whomsoever crosses the line shall die!"

He said so in an extremely firm tone!

There was no hesitation in it!

Whomsoever crosses the line—dies!

A single declaration from him scared the mob of over a hundred people standing across him into shock!

Everyone who was about to break through where Zhang Ye was standing guard, suddenly stopped in their tracks in fear when they heard those words. No one knew why they had stopped because they did so instinctively. They were all stunned by the resolute tone of Zhang Ye's voice!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen said somberly, "Get out of the way!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "And what if I don't?"

The Kongtong Sect deputy leader was holding a weapon and staring at him. "Do you think that you can stop a hundred of us by yourself?"

"Feel free to try me," Zhang Ye said calmly.

An elder disciple of the Iron Palm Sect said fiercely, "Rao Aimin has enraged the masses and made an enemy of our martial arts world. Since it has come to this, why are you still trying to be a hero? How many people can you stop with just you alone? Ten? Twenty? Or thirty? Not to mention, you're seriously injured. But even if you weren't, you couldn't stop us! Even if Rao Aimin were standing here unaffected by injuries, she couldn't stop all of us! Do you really think that you're superhuman!"

"Right!"

"He's injured!"

"He already at his limit!"

"Everyone, don't be afraid!"

"Let's attack together! There's no way he can stop us!"

"Don't be afraid of him! We have a ton of people on our side!"

"He can't fight anymore! Grandmaster Chen seriously injured him!"

"He's at the end of his rope!"

With some interested parties shouting, everyone's morale rose once again. Right, Grandmaster Chen and Zhang Ye were both injured in the deathmatch earlier, but Zhang Ye was clearly the more severely injured one since he came under quite a lot of attacks from Grandmaster Chen. How could he possibly hold out any further?

Just when everyone was intending to pile forward!

Zhang Ye's next words shook everyone's morale again!

Zhang Ye started to laugh. "Do you really think that I can't fight when I'm injured? Alright then." His toe rubbed the ground where the line had been drawn. "Let's see any of you try to cross this line."

Quite a lot of the large sects' disciples looked at one another.

The Iron Palm's Master Sun also had some hesitation as he sized Zhang Ye up, as though trying to make out how seriously injured he was and how much more he could handle!

Zhang Ye challenged, "Come over!"

The other side was silent!

Zhang Ye shouted again, "Hurry up!"

The other side remained silent!

The more he said that, the more the large sects could not tell what he was up to and turned hesitant instead. That sentence "Whomsoever crosses the line shall die!" was like a sword hanging over their heads. No one had the courage to be the first to try! After all, the opponent was a martial arts master who was even the successor to the Taiji Fist! He was at the pinnacle now that Grandmaster Zhou had been stripped off his skills, Grandmaster Chen was unconscious, and Rao Aimin being severely injured. Nobody present at the National Martial Arts Conference was a match for him!

Master Sun asked, "Old Fan, how many attacks can you take him for?"

"...I don't know," Fan Wen said with a dark expression.

The Kunlun Sect's leader said, "What are our chances if some of us teamed up together?"

Eldest Bro Zhou of the Zhou Family Style School said, "We'd have to see how determined he is! If Zhang Ye really wants to fight with all his might and defend the pathway that goes downhill so that Rao Aimin and the others can have a chance to get away, then...people will definitely die today! And it will not be just a few! There might be...a lot of people dying!"

A lot people will die?

These words silenced many of the large sects' leaders and heads!

Fourth Bro Zhou said anxiously, "But he's already seriously injured!"

"What if his injuries are not that serious?" a Shaolin monk brought up.

An old man from the Qingcheng Sect asked, "So what are we going to do?"

"Hurry up and decide, Sect Leader!" South Wudang's deputy leader also spoke up. "Rao Aimin and the others are getting away! If we don't give chase now, it will be too late!"

"Yes, we must definitely chase them!"

"Let's all attack together! We can just pile up on him and crush him to death!"

But right at this moment, Zhang Ye spoke again. "None of you are going to attack, right? Alright then, I'll attack first!" As soon as he finished, he took a large stride forward.

Everyone was startled and took a step backward in unison!

What?

You even want to make the first move?

C-Can you really still fight?

Zhang Ye walked over slowly and said coldly, "The feud that Old Rao had with Zhou Tianpeng is settled, but not mine. I still intend to settle the score for what happened today. First off, who threw those two darts into the fight ring? Own up now, or do you want me to seek you out? Second, the deathmatch has already ended. I have always thought that the martial arts community would have martial righteousness, but all of you have widened my horizons today and allowed me to clearly see just what kind of people you all are. Those who know me will know that I've always been a vengeful guy! You think that I will just let the matter rest like that? You're even playing dirty with me?" He suddenly shouted in anger, "Motherfuckers! Then I'll fucking play with you guys today!"

"Charge!"

"What's he to be afraid of!"

"He's only one person! Just one person!!"

"Kill him!"

Someone in the crowd led the clamoring!

The Kunlun Sect's leader was also enraged by Zhang Ye. "You really think that we're afraid of you? We'll attack then! I would like to see just how many of us you can stop!"

Zhang Ye looked at the Kunlun Sect's leader and laughed. "Then I'll let you find out. If any one of you can make it downhill and still stay standing, I'll take your surname!"

What?

No one can reach the bottom of the hill and still stay standing?

Those words were really fucking domineering!

The small sects and non-affiliates who were standing far away suddenly felt their blood coursing with excitement!

Liu Yiquan clenched his fist and said, "Zhang Ye is going all-out!"

He Badao said in astonishment, "H-He must already be prepared to not make it down to the bottom of the hill alive!"

Liu Yizhang's eyes reddened. "He was prepared to not go back alive the moment he chose to stay behind! To save Rao Aimin and the people of the Eight Trigrams School, he prepared to go all-out!"

A female non-affiliate said anxiously, "Teacher Zhang!"

Li Quanneng roared, "What sort of righteous sects are they? They're just a bunch of low-class thugs! Teacher Zhang is the real man! He's the fucking hero of my heart!"

The large sects surged forward, but many of the disciples were still looking rather unwilling to do so. Seeing Zhang Ye's insane behavior, they felt intimidated!

Zhang Ye showed no fear and gave a cold smile. "There will definitely be casualties today. Since this is the final battle, I'll need to take a bathroom break. You people can understand that, right?"

He can still joke around at this time?

Seeing this, the small sects and non-affiliates were even more impressed!

This is what you call a real hero!

This is what you call a heroic man!

The people from the large sects did not say a word.

Zhang Ye did not wait for their reply and headed straight for the unsophisticated bathroom not too far away. He went inside while whistling a tune.

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen said, "Split the party in half and have them pursue Rao Aimin!"

But at this moment, Zhang Ye's voice came from the bathroom. "Whomsoever crosses the line—dies!"

A big group of the large sects' disciples were about to rush down the hill, but retraced their steps in a daze. Even though Zhang Ye was in the bathroom at this moment, they still couldn't help feeling terrified. They were afraid that if they had really crossed the line, they would be killed straight away! Perhaps this was what one would call having an imposing aura!

Elders Bro Zhou of the Zhou Family Style School looked at his frightened juniors. "Good-for-nothings!"

Master Sun said a bit guiltily, "From the looks of it, Zhang Ye should still have a backup plan! He might have hidden some of his strength earlier. If we split up and a group of us head downhill first, we might not be able to deal with him!"

"What could he be planning?"

"I don't know!"

"How can he be so confident taking us on. Is he thinking of perishing together with all of us?"

"Could it be that he has already reached grandmaster level?"

"Impossible!"

"Even if he is a grandmaster, he can't stop this many of us!"

10 seconds...

20 seconds...

In the blink of an eye, 30 seconds had passed.

Zhang Ye still did not come out from the bathroom.

Second Bro Zhou asked in puzzlement, "What's going on?"

Master Sun called out, "Zhang Ye!"

The Kunlun Sect's leader said, "Are you done yet?"

No one answered.

"Why isn't there any response?"

"Where is he?"

"Say something!"

"Are you not ready yet?"

They shouted two more times. Still, no one answered. Everyone was simultaneously surprised and bewildered. Immediately, Eldest Bro Zhou of the Zhou Family Style School gathered a number of martial artists and charged into the bathroom together. When they got inside, everyone was stunned!

There was no one inside!

Not a trace of a person!

Zhang Ye had disappeared into thin air!

"Holy shit!"

"Where is he?"

"How did he disappear?"

"Is he in the cubicle?"

"No one is in the cubicle either!"

"What about the death battle?"

"What about not letting anyone reach the bottom of the hill while staying standing?"

"Fuck your grandma! Zhang Ye has escaped!"

"Fuck! Zhang Ye has really escaped!"

Whomsoever crosses the line shall die?

Fuck your third uncle's grandma!

Don't tell me you were simply blustering just now!?

In the end, after the entire bathroom was destroyed by the angry people of the large sects, spilling a pool of urine and feces all over the place, there was still no sign of Zhang Ye!

Escaped?

Zhang Ye escaped?

Liu Yiquan, Li Quanneng, He Badao, and the others were dumbfounded!

Be it the disciples of the large and small sects or the non-affiliates on the hilltop, everyone was dumbfounded!

A disciple of the Huashan Sect cursed angrily, "That cheat!"

A person from the Iron Palm shouted, "How deceitful! That was very deceitful!"

A disciple of the Kunlun Sect could not believe his eyes and said in a stunned manner, "Didn't Zhang Ye say that if there were anyone who could leave the hill and still stay standing, he would take our sect leader's surname?"

When the Kunlun Sect's leader heard that, he got even angrier!

No one understood what was going on.

However, the next thing that the Kunlun Sect's leader said made everyone faint. "Fuck his grandma! M-My surname is Zhang too!"

Everyone collectively fainted on the spot!

Immediately, everyone started cursing and swearing on the hilltop!

"Old Crook Zhang is very deceitful!"

"Despicable!"

"How despicable!"

"Let's quickly give chase!"

"Everyone, quickly chase after them!"

They would never have imagined that there would be such a shameless person in this world!

Life is like a play—anyone can get best actor!

Chapter 940: Let's see who has more people today!

Halfway down the hill.

Everyone from the Eight Trigrams School ran for their lives down the hill. But as they were carrying Rao Aimin, they could not go too fast and were already at their limits. If anyone were to pursue them, they would definitely be unable to escape. At this moment, their hearts were heavy with sadness. Just before they escaped down the small pathway, the last words they heard from Zhang Ye were "whomsoever crosses the line—dies." At that instant, they realized that Zhang Ye intended to take their enemies down with him!

"Teacher Zhang!" Yan Hui's eyes were filled with tears!

A female disciple of the Eight Trigrams School was unable to stop herself from crying. She kept wiping away her tears while saying, "Zhang Ye chose to stay behind so that he could save us! He sacrificed himself because of us!"

Lu Yuhu roared with rage, "I, Lu Yuhu, swear that I will absolutely avenge Teacher Zhang within this lifetime of mine!"

"Right! Avenge Teacher Zhang!"

"We must take revenge for him!"

"We can't allow Teacher Zhang to sacrifice himself for nothing!"

"That bunch of bastards from the large sects! When Eldest Senior Sis has recovered, we must exterminate them all!"

"Exterminate them all! Avenge Teacher Zhang!"

"Revenge or die!"

"Revenge or die!"

The Eight Trigrams Palm's people started shouting rallying cries in grief.

But at this moment, the footsteps of someone running could be heard coming from behind them. A figure was sprinting toward them at a speed that was at least three times faster than their group's pace!

"Ah?"

"Someone is catching up to us?"

"This is not good!"

"Let's run faster!"

"That doesn't feel right. Why does it sound like it's only one person?"

"Who is it?"

The figure was getting closer and closer!

When they saw managed to make out who this person was, the disciples from the Eight Trigrams School were stunned and stood rooted in place!

It turned out that it was Zhang Ye!

"Zhang, Zhang Ye?"

"Teacher Zhang?"

"Damn, how are you still alive?"

"Where are they? Where are the people of the large sects?"

Zhang Ye bellowed as he ran madly for his life, "What do you mean why am I still alive? Let's hurry the fuck out of here! Stop staring! They will be catching up to us soon!"

Lu Yuhu said in a stunned manner, "Weren't you going to sacrifice yourself to stop them from advancing?"

When Zhang Ye heard that, he nearly tumbled to the ground. "I'll sacrifice your sister! Are you cursing me?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I, I..." Lu Yuhu did not know what to say anymore and just asked, "Then where are they? Why aren't they chasing us?"

Zhang Ye replied, "I stopped them!"

Song Jiao, who was carrying Rao Aimin on her back, exclaimed, "How did you manage to stop them? Did you beat them all into the ground?"

Zhao Yunlong was greatly surprised. "Y-You're that amazing? Even our Eldest Senior Sis couldn't do that!"

"What do you mean by beating them all into the ground? There were over a hundred fucking people back there! Do you guys think I'm Iron Man? Even if there were only a third of them, I wouldn't be able to beat them!" Zhang Ye said matter-of-factly.

Xu Fan gaped. "Then how did you stop them?"

Zhang Ye explained, "By using my mouth of course!" Then this fellow even proudly related the happenings back there instead of being ashamed. "Those idiots, they think they can fucking argue with me? I frightened them with just a couple of words!"

Did they really think that I was injured?

Did they really think that I couldn't beat all of them?

Yes, I! Really! Couldn't! Beat! Them!

Those who knew him knew that Zhang Ye was not known for his excellence in martial arts, but for that mouth of his! If he couldn't beat them? Then he would outtalk them!

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples were extremely astonished as they ran down the hill together with Zhang Ye!

Just you alone? Someone who had been seriously injured? Could rely on your mouth to stall over a hundred martial arts experts, masters, and sect leaders from the large sects?

Fuck!

How could your mouth be so damn powerful!?

Chenchen cried out, flustered and exasperated, "Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye was given a fright. "Whoa, why are you shouting so loudly?"

Lu Yuhu gave a wry smile. "The child was frightened just now."

"Here, let me carry her." Zhang Ye took Chenchen from Lu Yuhu's hands. "There, there, your Uncle Zhang is fine. Didn't I tell you all that I would hold them off for a while? I said that I be right behind, how did that turn out to become me sacrificing myself and taking them down with me? Do you guys think that I'm an idiot?"

Song Jiao: "..."

Lu Yuhu: "..."

Xu Fan: "..."

Yan Hui could only think about how he had cried for nothing!

Zhang Ye naturally would not go all-out with those large sects at such a time. As he and Rao Aimin were injured, and Chenchen was also with them, what he needed to do now was not to take revenge, but to recuperate. After Zhang Ye recovered from his injuries, he would settle this score properly with those people one by one. No one was going to escape from that! Therefore, Zhang Ye was just bluffing the entire time when they were on the hilltop. He had thought of an escape plan beforehand and relied on the game ring to do so. This time, he had used the right to activate an item from the Special Category that he obtained a very long time ago. It had performed outstandingly!

Invisibility Effect (Upgraded)!

Zhang Ye had tested this item from the merchant shop before and it was quite awesome, though he had not officially used it. But today, he used up the last of his remaining Reputation Points on it and was able to escape under the watchful eyes of hundreds of people!

Although he had played the lottery draw many times yesterday and purchased about 2,000 Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books today, there was still a tiny amount of Reputation Points left over. On top of that, Zhang Ye was an A-list celebrity and his Reputation Points would constantly increase. For example, if the news mentioned him, or if someone watched A Bite of China, or maybe there was a leak about Zhang Ye being involved with the Central TV Documentary Channel's upcoming documentary on air pollution issues. All of this exposure would give a continuous stream of Reputation Points to Zhang Ye. Although the accumulation per day was not considered much, he still had enough Reputation Points to activate the "Invisibility Effect" for a while and run out of the bathroom!

"How is Old Rao?" Zhang Ye asked.

Irritated, Song Jiao said, "She has internal injuries, so I'm not sure!"

Lu Yuhu said, "We must find a hospital as soon as we get to the bottom of the hill!"

Zhang Ye spoke again. "Call the police first!"

"On our way down, I contacted the local authorities, but I don't know whether that will help much!" Lu Yuhu said with a dark expression, "The National Martial Arts Association is quite influential and have people within the ranks of the relevant authorities! Why else do you think that the deaths that occur every year within our martial arts world never get exposed?"

Suddenly, shouts calling for a massacre could be heard from afar!

"Chase them!"

"Capture Rao Aimin!"

"Kill Zhang Ye, that thieving bastard!"

"Let's catch up to that shameless person!"

"They won't be able to fight back anymore!"

"Don't let them escape! Let's attack together! We have more people anyway!"

"Right, we have more people!"

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples immediately paled from the shock!

Song Jiao said while panting, "They've almost caught up!"

Zhang Ye decided, "We can't keep running like this. We simply can't outrun them! Since there is still some distance and they haven't spotted us yet, let's hide in the hills!"

"Hide in the hills?"

"I suppose that's the only way out now!"

"Let's hide in the hills first, then find an opportunity to contact someone from the outside world!"

They turned around. At a forked path, they did not run down the stairs but went straight into the forest and deeper into the hills!

"Little Junior Bro, try to contact your friends at the Public Security Bureau again!"

"I've already contacted most of my friends in Beijing!"

"What do we do now?"

"Even if we continue downhill off the beaten path, what if those people waiting for us at the bottom are also from the large sects?"

"No one's ever been caught halfway!"

"They have too many people!"

"Eldest Senior Sis and Teacher Zhang are injured. We won't be able to stop them if we bump into them!"

"The local authorities might not necessarily help us either! The police tend not to concern themselves with the majority of feuds occurring within the martial arts community and the National Martial Arts Association! It's the same everywhere!"

No one knew what to do. They could only run blindly in the hills, but what lay ahead was uncertain!

They had more people?

Comparing who has more people?

Zhang Ye's face darkened. "Where are my clothes?"

Yan Hui was startled. "Ah? I'm wearing them."

This was the down jacket that Zhang Ye threw on the ground back before he went up into the fight ring. It was later picked up by Yan Hui, who was wearing it.

Yan Hui took off the down jacket and passed it back to him.

Zhang Ye felt the pockets of the down jacket and took out his cell phone. When he saw the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples looking at him in confusion, he said, "I'm posting on Weibo!"

Competing with me on who has more people?

Motherfuckers!

Let's see who has more people today!