

## Superstar 941

Chapter 941: The large sects get annihilated!

In the afternoon.

In the hills.

The group from the Eight Trigrams School was running around like a headless chicken.

"What are you posting on Weibo for?"

"Calling for help of course!"

"H-How can there be any people at such a remote place?"

"I still have to give it a try no matter what. Why is there no signal around here?"

"You can't call on this cell phone anymore, there's no reception!"

"Let's walk around for a bit. Here, signal, signal, signal, where are you?"

After walking for about ten minutes.

Zhang Ye was tapping furiously on the screen of his cell phone. Suddenly, a signal bar appeared when it latched onto a signal that came from an unknown position. The phone immediately connected to the Internet and that Weibo message successfully got posted. But when he wanted to post something more, the signal disappeared again. He kept searching for a signal from the same spot they were at, but to no avail. After a long time, he had to give up.

Alright!

Let's leave everything to fate!

"Ah, Eldest Senior Sis's body feels very hot!"

"She has a fever!"

"Let's rest here for a while, don't walk any further!"

"Where are the large sects' people?"

"I don't hear any commotion from them. It seems like they didn't manage to catch up to us!"

"They definitely know that we are hiding in the hills. It's impossible that the dozen or so of us would not leave any tracks."

"We still need to take a rest no matter what. It's hard to walk any further!"

The paths in the hill were tedious to hike and there were no staircases to follow. There were just hilly roads everywhere and overhanging precipices and steep cliffs which made it quite dangerous. They found a rock to rest on and quickly placed Rao Aimin down.

Song Jiao quickly asked, "Is there anyone trained in medicine here?"

No one uttered a word.

Zhang Ye took it upon himself and said, "Let me have a look."

Lu Yuhu said in surprise, "You even know medicine?"

"That's great!" Xu Fan said, "Take a quick look at our Eldest Senior Sis!"

Zhao Yunlong said excitedly, "Teacher Zhang is the most dependable!"

Zhang Ye walked over and pressed Rao Aimin on her philtrum 1 in a very professional manner, but she still didn't come around. Zhang Ye then slowly withdrew his hand.

One second.

Two seconds.

Xu Fan blinked several times. "And then?"

Zhao Yunlong was taken aback and asked, "Why don't you continue to check on her?"

Zhang Ye looked at them and said, "That's all I know."

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples fainted upon hearing that!

So it turned out that you only knew how to press on the philtrum? Fuck, that's something we know too!

They knew they could not rely on Zhang Ye anymore and had to depend on themselves for ideas. Some of them went to search for medicinal herbs to see if there were any suitable for emergency treatment, while others looked around for food nearby. But in this winter weather, where could they possibly find something to eat? There were not even any unripe fruit around to be found. In the end, Yan Hui took out a piece of chocolate from his pocket to give to Little Chenchen to eat.

Chenchen tugged at Zhang Ye and said, "Zhang Ye, will my auntie die?"

"What are you saying!" Zhang Ye said firmly, "Old Rao will definitely be fine, there's me around!"

Xu Fan asked Zhang Ye, "What should we do now?"

Zhang Ye said, "Rest for a while first. Then we'll continue to travel downhill!"

Worried, Zhao Yunlong said, "But—"

"No buts. We must quickly find a hospital for Old Rao before the sun sets." Suddenly, Zhang Ye felt a pain in his chest and clutched it as he coughed several times. The coughs sounded like they had come from his lungs.

Yan Hui asked anxiously, "How bad is your injury?"

Zhang Ye gave a wave of his hand and said, "I'll be fine."

Among them, Zhang Ye's martial arts was the best, and coupled with his societal and fighting experience being greater than their group of martial artists, they had unknowingly started to look up to him as their

leader. As someone who had stepped forward at a critical juncture and saved all of them, everyone was definitely more than willing to listen and trust in him!

Lu Yuhu said in resentment, "We will have our revenge someday!"

"Have our revenge someday!" Xu Fan also shouted angrily!

Song Jiao wiped the sweat off the unconscious Rao Aimin's forehead. "Eldest Senior Sis, please get well soon! When you've recovered, we'll bring the fight to the large sects' headquarters together!"

All of a sudden, they heard some shouting from where they were!

"Their trail is over here!"

"They went in this direction!"

"Chase them!"

"It's definitely this way!"

"They're carrying an injured person, so they can't have gotten too far!"

The people from the large sects actually caught up to them!

Zhang Ye's expression changed. "Let's go!"

"Move!" Song Jiao carried Rao Aimin piggyback and everyone continued to run!

With nowhere to escape to, they were feeling rather helpless!

How pathetic! Only the word pathetic could be used to describe their current situation!

30 minutes!

1 hour!

It was already past 1 PM. Everyone felt utterly exhausted. But the large sects behind seemed to have an expert tracker who managed to follow closely behind them based on the footprints and trail left behind by their group. The distance between them was getting closer and closer!

"They're going to catch up with us soon!"

"How should we proceed from here?"

"Where should we head?"

"Which path is the way to get off the hill?"

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples were getting anxious!

Zhang Ye did not know the way either!

At this moment, Chenchen suddenly shouted, "Zhang Ye! Throw a shoe!"

Song Jiao was stunned. "What?"

Xu Fan was also stunned. "Throw a shoe?"

However, Zhang Ye smacked his thigh and said, "That's right! I nearly forgot about that!"

He opened up the game ring and immediately activated the Lucky Halo (Upgraded). Although he did not have many Reputation Points left, he still had enough to keep it activated for a few seconds!

He took off his shoe!

Then he threw it into the air!

The shoe landed on the ground!

Chenchen firmly pointed in the direction the toe tip was facing. "Let's go this way!"

Song Jiao: "..."

Lu Yuhu: "..."

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

Fuck, is that reliable or not?

Zhang Ye and Chenchen led them and ran in that direction. "Let's go! What are you guys looking at? This must be the path to get to the bottom of the hill. Trust me!"

Chenchen explained on his behalf, "On the journey from Beijing to here, we found my auntie by using this method! Zhang Ye's shoe is very amazing!"

What?

From Beijing?

You found your way here by throwing a shoe for directions on the journey?

Fuck, are you two serious?

Looking at Zhang Ye, they felt that this fellow's mysteriousness had elevated to yet another level.

It was time to move!

They kept running in that direction down the hill!

Another hour had gone by and they had lost their way again.

Touching Rao Aimin's forehead, it was getting even hotter. Zhang Ye was burning with anxiety by now, and decided that he had to use his last remaining bit of Reputation Points to activate the Lucky Halo again so that he could throw his shoe once more! And so, Zhang Ye's Reputation Points were completely used up. He was left with nothing!

...

Meanwhile.

Elsewhere.

The large sects lost their way as well!

The Huashan Sect's Fan Wen said in annoyance, "Where are they? Is it this direction?"

The Iron Palm's Master Sun said, "They must be over here!"

A disciple of the Zhou Family Style asked, "Is this the path to get down the hill?"

"They are carrying an injured person with them, so why are we still unable to catch up?" a Kongtong Sect member wondered. "We've already been chasing them for almost three hours! It's going to be dark soon!"

One of the Shaolin monks said, "They must have an expert in their group. Whenever we are about to catch them, they always seem to be able to find an alternate route and make us pursue in the wrong direction!"

"Ah!"

"Look, we're almost at the bottom of the hill!"

"The foot of the hill is right in front of us!"

"We're finally here! Once we reach the bottom of the hill, they won't be able to escape anymore!"

"Quick, call the others!"

"There isn't any reception right now, but I called them a bit back!"

"Are they on their way here yet?"

"Another 30 experts from the large sect will be coming!"

"Good! We'll attack them from either flank!"

"Right, we'll block them off from both ends and capture them in one fell swoop!"

"Attack!"

"Charge!"

The large sects thundered as their morale increased greatly!

...

The group from the Eight Trigrams School also spotted the end of the path at this moment. Suddenly, they heard the shouts coming from not too far behind them. It nearly drove them to despair!

"They're catching up to us!"

"We won't be able to get away!"

"What should we do now? What should we do?"

"Ah, there are some people at the bottom of the hill!"

They've even got pursuers in front of us now?"

"Fuck, let's perish together with them!"

"We'll charge our way out! Blaze through them and leave a bloody path!"

"Charge!"

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples were getting extremely nervous. They had nowhere left to run and no alternate route to take. They had no choice but to head down the hill with all they had and pray that there would be less people blocking their path at the bottom. In that case, they might still have a glimmer of hope and force their way through! But the moment they reached the bottom of the hill, they were stunned!

People!

There was a sea of people!

They only had one thought now: It's over!

Zhang Ye's heart skipped a beat. Have we nowhere else to run?

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples looked grief-stricken and angry. They had reached the bottom of the hill, but it still wasn't enough? They could not avoid this crisis? Why? Why?

However, the very next second, several loud screams from the crowd at the bottom of the hill dumbfounded the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples!

"Heavens!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"It's Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang is really here!"

The moment when the countless people at the bottom of the hill saw Zhang Ye, it was like they were all injected with adrenaline!

Zhang Ye was taken aback by this and his spine instantly straightened. "Damn! Those are my people!"

What?

They're on our side?

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples almost cried with joy!

Tourists made up the majority of the crowd. There were men and women, young and old in the group. Among them, there were also the police with their police vehicles, reporters, taxi drivers, and some local villagers who had brought along more than a dozen of their Tibetan Mastiffs!

There were over two thousand people!

A good two thousand people!

Up on the hill, the large sects were also charging their way down. They had no idea what was happening. When they saw from a distance away that there were people, they thought that it was their side's people. That made them run even harder. Everyone was shouting rallying cries as they did!

"Kill that Old Crook Zhang!"

"Capture Rao Aimin!"

"Take them down!"

"Hahahaha! We've finally caught up to them!"

"Don't be afraid of them! We have more people on our side!"

"Everyone, charge! Everyone—"

Abruptly, the shouting stopped!

The large sects finally saw the dense crowd of innumerable people!

Fan Wen asked dumbfounded, "Eh? Do we even have that many people?"

A person from the Zhou Family Style said stunned, "That's not right. We didn't call for that many people as backup."

Master Sun wondered, "Eh? Why aren't the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples running anymore?"

After being dumbstruck for a few seconds, they suddenly realized what was going on!

"Holy shit!"

"This is bad!"

"Th-They're not our people!"

A lot of the large sects' people were greatly alarmed and shocked!

Zhang Ye stopped running. Not only did he stop running, he even turned around and walked in the direction of the large sects, cursing loudly, "Motherfuckers! Who was trying to act tough with me just now? I dare you to try acting tough again!"

Looking at the child Zhang Ye was carrying and the unconscious woman piggybacked on someone who was running beside Zhang Ye, the crowd was instantly angered. It was the kind of anger that erupted violently, from deep within their hearts. What they saw truly enraged many of them! A woman? A child? And they were being chased by over a hundred men carrying weapons? In an instant, many of the younger and stronger adults rushed forward at the pursuers. There were even some women, grandfathers, and grandmothers who rushed up the hill angrily!

"Hitting a woman? Fuck you!"

"You even want to abduct a child?"

"These are the crooks that Zhang Ye posted on Weibo!"

"I can't take it anymore!"

"You people are taking it too far! Behaving so lawlessly!"

"Let's follow Teacher Zhang and attack them!"

"Follow Teacher Zhang and catch the crooks!"

"Let's get rid of evil for the people!"

"Beat those bastards to death!"

The crowd was frenzied!

Thousands of people were crying out in anger as they rushed up the hill. Their shouts were deafening!

When the large sects saw this, they were scared silly!

Why?

How could there be so many people?

Only now did they remember who Zhang Ye was. He was a fucking A-list celebrity! His fans could be found all over the country and they numbered in the tens of millions!

Comparing who had more people?

Fuck, who could have more people than him?!

Zhang Ye caught up with some of them. "Come on! Carry on acting tough with me! Let's compare and see who has more people!"

You have a few thousand people with you!

Compare? Compare your sister!

Fan Wen screamed, "Quick, retreat!"

Master Sun scrambled away. "Quick, run! Run!"

2,000 people versus 100 people? Even if the latter group was skilled in martial arts, they still wouldn't be able to take them on since the numerical difference was too great! They would be beaten to pulp from just getting punched by each person in that group!

"Run!"

"Withdraw!"

The large sects fled in panic!

Over a thousand people chased relentlessly after them!

An old granny angrily grabbed a rotten egg and threw it at them. With a crack, it smashed onto the head of a Shaolin eminent monk and the gooey yolk sprayed all over his face. "Baldie! I'll smash you to death!"



That Shaolin monk cried out in pain, but did not dare turn around. He just continued running away while covering his head!

A lot of the surrounding people started throwing things at them!

"Old Taoist, don't you run!"

"Bastards! Beating up a woman and a child?"

Fan Wen was hit right in the back of his head by a thrown apple!

An Iron Palm disciple who tripped and fell was beaten black and blue by more than fifty young and strong adults who had chased after him!

Wails could be heard from those people of the large sects!

Tragic!

Only the word "tragic" could be used to describe the current situation!

The 100 of them were surrounded and attacked by more than 2,000 people. Even a martial arts master would not be able to bear the beating!

The police also took action and chased after them!

The reporters were desperately trying their best to take photos of the free-for-all!

There was even an ambulance that had been urgently dispatched after Zhang Ye's Weibo was posted. The paramedics hurriedly carried the injured Rao Aimin onto a stretcher and sent her to the hospital for treatment!

But Zhang Ye did not leave yet!

The trio of Lu Yuhu, Xu Fan, and Zhao Yunlong did not leave either!

Lu Yuhu caught up with a Kunlun Sect disciple and gave him a beating immediately!

Zhao Yunlong faced off with a high-ranking senior from the Kongtong Sect. Yunlong's martial arts were actually inferior to his opponent's, but his opponent could not handle Zhang Ye's fans, who rushed up to him. His opponent had to face a dozen of them together! That Kongtong Sect senior did not even have the chance to make a move before being beaten to the ground unconscious. His teeth were even knocked out from the thrashing!

Zhang Ye held a brick-shaped rock that he had gotten ahold of and quickly chased after them, smashing it into whomever he came across!

"Fuck your mother!" He smashed it into a Huashan Sect disciple!

"Fuck your grandfather!" He smashed it on a Shaolin monk!

"Trying to act tough in front of me!?" He caught up to the Huashan Sect's Fan Wen and also smashed it right into his face!

"Go on and act tough then!" He smashed it on a Kongtong Sect member!

"You want to chase after me? Come on, I'll let you chase!"

Zhang Ye cursed as he smashed. A smash for each target, one shot, one kill!

The large sects had already pursued Zhang Ye and the others for around three or four hours, and adding the mass brawl with the non-affiliates and the small sects at the restaurant last night, many of them were still wounded. How could they outrun an angry mob of well-rested people standing at the bottom of the hill? The furthest that someone made it was about 500 meters away, but that person was quickly caught by a villager's Tibetan Mastiff!

Shrieks rang out everywhere!

The large sects were nearly annihilated!

Chapter 942: Taking it up with the various large sects?

That night.

There were no reports of the fight on the news. This story was discussed heatedly on Weibo instead!

"How is Teacher Zhang?"

"Have the criminals been arrested yet?"

"How's the situation over there? Local bros, say something!"

"Didn't Zhang Ye mention something about women and children being under attack?"

"Relax, everyone! Those criminals have been arrested!"

"We've taught them a lesson, those bastards! We've vented our anger!"

"Right, we don't know who they are either. There were monks among them and some guys wearing Taoist clothing. Over a hundred of them were shouting and itching to kill, but in the end, we totally crushed them! They were beaten up by more than 2,000 of us and sent scurrying with their tails between their legs! And at least a dozen of them were bitten by Tibetan Mastiffs!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Awesome!"

"If I could've rushed over there, I would've taught them a lesson too!"

"But why aren't there any news reports about it?"

"I don't know!"

"What's really going on here? Why did Zhang Ye appear there?"

A lot of people had gone there and the matter was settled. But as for the details of the happenings, those who answered the call did not have a clue. The police and reporters did not say anything either!

This was perhaps the power that the National Martial Arts Association had. Lu Yuhu was right. The National Martial Arts Association had connections in high places everywhere, and objectively, it was impossible to report about some incidents. A fight between several grandmasters from the Chinese martial arts world? Sneak attacks? Two injured and one maimed? And being chased after by a group of people out to kill? There were even people who got killed several years ago? How could they report something like that! If the truth of the matter and happenings were to be revealed, the National Martial Arts Association would definitely not be allowed to run any longer. It would surely get dissolved! As a result, even if they were not involved with this affair, some of the officials from the National Martial Arts Association would want to cover up the incident at all costs!

The people were ignorant of the events.

But the Chinese martial arts community knew full well of everything.

...

At a small sect.

"Second Senior Bro is back!"

"Second Senior Bro, what happened?"

"I read Weibo. What really happened?"

"Why did Zhang Ye participate in the conference?"

"Hai, don't bring that up. Something disastrous happened at the Martial Arts Conference!"

"Ah?"

"Sit down, all of you. I'll tell you all about it! The large sects have been annihilated this time!"

...

At a training hall.

"What?"

"Zhang Ye is the successor of Taiji?"

"Goddamn!"

"The Taiji Fist that had been missing for over a hundred years has reappeared again?"

"This..."

"He could even hold his own against Grandmaster Chen?"

"Concealed power? How could it be possible that Zhang Ye could achieve concealed power in Taiji Fist?"

...

The Huashan Sect.

"Say that again?"

"The sect leader is seriously injured?"

"Martial Uncle Fan Wen was beaten up by more than a dozen civilians? He was taken away by the police too?"

"How could Rao Aimin possibly be that skilled!"

"Why would Zhang Ye go and help that Old Crook Rao?"

...

The National Martial Arts Association.

"We have to suppress all news of this!"

"Hurry up and do some PR about this!"

"What the hell were Grandmaster Zhou and Grandmaster Chen thinking!"

"There were so many people going after Rao Aimin and they still failed? They were all arrested?"

"Quick, contact the local police! Get them to release our people! What? They can't do that? Why can't they do it?"

"Why did someone conduct a sneak attack during the deathmatch?"

"How bad are Grandmaster Zhou's injuries?"

"He's been stripped of his martial arts? That's a grandmaster we're talking about! He's the vice president of our National Martial Arts Association!"

...

The outside world was still in the dark about the news, but to those who were from the martial arts world, this was no secret at all. A lot of the martial sects and their disciples who did not participate at the Martial Arts Conference venue soon found out about the situation and were in shock! Too many things had happened at the National Martial Arts Conference this time, and every one of those events were more shocking than the last!

That shit stirrer of the entertainment industry had stirred his way into the Chinese martial arts world!

The successor of Taiji had appeared!

Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin versus Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi!

A sneak attack from below the ring!

Zhou Tianpeng stripped of his martial arts!

Chen Xi seriously injured!

Rao Aimin's survival unknown!

People of the large sects went against their moral principles to seek extermination of the opponent after the duel!

2,000 civilians and a dozen Tibetan Mastiffs annihilated all of those from the large sects!

When they heard this news, many people from the Chinese martial arts world fainted over and over again. In the many years of its existence, the Chinese martial arts world had never had something so disastrous happen before. The most recent incident before this was Rao Aimin's fierce duel against the two grandmasters. Who could have imagined that when nothing happened, all was peaceful; but when something happened, it was as big and shocking as this! It could even be said that all the incidents in the past 50 years of the Chinese martial arts world added together would be incomparable to the mess that occurred during the whole of today!

"Our martial arts world has been plunged into chaos!"

"Yeah, something really big has happened!"

"What will happen now?"

"How will the National Martial Arts Association handle this?"

"Will the large sects still continue to hunt down Rao Aimin?"

"Hunt down Rao Aimin? Zhou Tianpeng has been maimed and Chen Xi is seriously injured as well, so the question is: What will happen after Rao Aimin recovers from her injuries? Will she start hunting down these people from the large sects instead?!"

"Let's see how this will develop then!"

"Yeah, it's a fight between the gods. We should stay as far away from it as possible!"

On this night, every person in the Chinese martial arts world was paying close attention to the developments of the event. Everyone knew that with this big affair happening, the ramifications had yet to conclude!

...

At the place in question.

In a hospital.

Zhang Ye took a phone call in the corridor.

Zhang Ye said: "Mom, I'm fine."

His mother said: "Why did you get into a fight with others again? And it's even a real, physical fight this time? Where's Chenchen? How is she?"

"Chenchen's fine."

"You troublemaker! If I knew this would happen, I would never have allowed you to bring Chenchen with you!"

"Anyway, just let Dad know that I'm safe."

"When will you come back?"

"Me? Um, several days later, I guess."

"Isn't the problem already settled? Why are you coming home several days later?"

Zhang Ye replied: "There are still some issues that haven't been settled yet."

After hanging up, many of Zhang Ye's friends and colleagues also called him to find out what had happened. They had all seen Zhang Ye's Weibo post from earlier in the day.

Zhang Ye said: "Director Yan, I might have to take a longer break this time."

Central TV Documentary Channel's Yan Tianfei said: "I'm fine with extending your break, rest as long as you'd like. But why are you always getting into trouble everywhere you go? I'm very worried about you!"

His friends were all very worried for him, but Zhang Ye did not explain anything to them. Even if he did, it was pointless. The incidents that happened within the martial arts community could only be resolved with the martial arts community's methods!

He went back into the ward and realized that there were a few more people who had just come in.

"Teacher Zhang is back!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"This is our Eldest and Second Senior Bro!"

"They've just arrived!"

Song Jiao, Lu Yuhu, and the others introduced them.

Zhang Ye looked at the two of them. They were not old, not older than Rao Aimin at least. One of them was pretty ugly and had a buzzcut. The other had a ponytail and looked like someone who was involved in music or the arts.

When they saw Zhang Ye, the Eight Trigrams School's eldest senior brother immediately stepped forward and gave a fist and palm salute. Then he bowed for a long time. "Master Zhang, please accept my respects!"

"We arrived too late!" The second senior brother also did the same when he saw his senior brother bow.

Zhang Ye quickly went over to stop them. "What age are we living in now? Please don't do such things. Come, stand up straight! My relationship with Big Sis Rao is no worse than yours, so it's only right that I help her out. There's no need to be so polite!" He then looked at Lu Yuhu. "How are Old Rao's injuries? Will she recover?"

Old Rao?

The Eight Trigrams School's eldest and second senior brother's eyelids twitched.

What the fuck, someone actually dared to address their eldest senior sister in this way?

Lu Yuhu immediately said, "It's nothing serious. With Eldest Senior Sis's skills, she'll definitely pull through. The doctor said that as long as she regains consciousness, her life won't be in any danger!"

Zhang Ye asked, "Has her fever gone down yet?"

"It's better now," Song Jiao answered.

Their eldest senior brother clenched his fists and said, "Those people have gone too far!"

Xu Fan said angrily, "They did not even report this event in the news! There was no mention of it at all!"

Zhao Yunlong also choked out with anger, "The national martial arts world is also staying silent about this affair and those people from the large sects are all pretending that they don't know a thing. Meanwhile, those from the small sects are too scared utter their opinions. I really want to ask about this right now! Will anyone give us a proper explanation about this issue?"

Lu Yuhu yelled, "Right, who can give us a proper explanation?"

They had been through too much today and were angered by all that had happened. There had been too much scheming and injustice. Even though Zhang Ye had managed to call on those common folk and turn things around, and given a heavy beating to the people of the large sects, but it was still not enough to vent their anger! They just couldn't swallow it! Getting surrounded? Sneak attacks? Getting hunted down? This was a deep hatred that stemmed from them being targeted for annihilation. Even if those people had been arrested, so what? Besides, the National Martial Arts Association might still make use of their connections with the authorities and get those people released after a few days of detention. Moreover, those large sects likely had their own connections with people within the ranks of the authorities too!

Shaolin?

Or Huashan?

Each of them had better connections than the other!

Therefore this case was definitely not closed. They needed an explanation!

It was at this moment that Lu Yuhu received a call.

At the same time, the various martial sects and non-affiliates of the Chinese martial arts world received the news!

The National Martial Arts Association had finally spoken up after the incident and had expressed outrage at the events that took place during the National Martial Arts Conference. They listed out several actions to be taken. First, they would do their best to find out which person had carried out the sneak attack and make sure they gave a fair answer to the people affected. Second, they expressed a harsh condemnation of the incident in which people from the large sects hunted down Rao Aimin after the deathmatch. This was disgraceful behavior against the morals and rules of the martial arts community, and they would be taking disciplinary action against the various martial sects involved in the incident. Third, they also expressed their understanding of why all of the events had occurred. The downfall of a grandmaster was something that no one wanted to witness, and this was something that would definitely enrage anyone. Even though it was a deathmatch, the National Martial Arts Association had never advocated this as a way of resolving feuds in the martial arts community. For Rao Aimin to have taken such drastic actions against her opponents, it was also in defiance of the rules. Therefore, it was

understandable that those actions had triggered the emotions and sympathy of the people from the large sects!

Putting into context the three points.

The attitude of the National Martial Arts Association was clear. They had pointed out the problems with both sides and blamed the incident on both parties. Thus, the affair was concluded with no concrete results and the association's stand was that this would be the end of it!

The non-affiliates and those from the small sects were abuzz.

"That's how they're going to wrap it up?"

"Uh..."

"Is this considered resolved?"

"It does look like a fair judgment, but why doesn't it feel right!"

"Shh, don't say any more."

"It's not something we can poke our noses into!"

When a lot of the people from the large sects learned of this outcome, they were subconsciously relieved.

"It's finally been settled!"

"This is great!"

"Yeah, it was Rao Aimin who went too far in the first place!"

"Both sides should just take a step back and forget it!"

"Yeah, this outcome is something that I can accept!"

But even though they could accept this, the disciples of the Eight Trigrams School could not!

Not only could they not accept it, the Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples nearly exploded with anger when they learned of the National Martial Arts Association's stand on this incident!

Lu Yuhu said angrily, "What do they mean by they will do their best to find out which person carried out the sneak attack? There were so many people at the venue at that time, so there must have been quite a few people from the large sects who saw the person throwing the darts. What's there to investigate? Just ask around and the truth will be revealed! They don't intend to hand anyone over!"

Xu Fan said, "Our Eldest Senior Sis was even blamed for the incident?"

"Fuck!" Zhao Yunlong said, "What kind of explanation was that?"

Song Jiao said, "To put it bluntly, the National Martial Arts Association are just made up of people from the large sects! Their people are all in there! So how can we depend on them to hand over the perpetrator? Or expect them to carry out any investigations?"



"They're just trying to sweep it under the carpet?"

"How can it be so simple!"

"Then who'll give us our explanation?"

"Are they just going to forget about the incident in which the large sects surrounded us and carried out a sneak attack against us?"

The Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples were enraged!

A nurse came in from outside the room and said, "Please be quiet. Don't disturb the patients!"

Suddenly, Zhang Ye spoke up. He looked at that female nurse and asked, "Comrade nurse, do you have a map around here?"

The female nurse said with a hint of excitement, "Yes, yes, we do. What kind of a map do you need, Teacher Zhang? We have everything here. Could I please take a picture with you later?"

"Sure," Zhang Ye said. "I would like a map of the entire country."

Soon after, the female nurse brought the things over to Zhang Ye.

The disciples of the Eight Trigrams Palm looked at Zhang Ye. They did not understand what he was trying to do.

Then, Zhang Ye spread the map out across the table and handed a pen to Lu Yuhu.

Lu Yuhu was taken aback. "What's this for?"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "Do you remember all those sects who surrounded and tried to hunt us down?"

"I won't forget even if they turn to ash!" Lu Yuhu said.

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, mark out the exact locations and address of their martial sects' headquarters for me!"

"Ah?"

"What are you planning?"

"Why do you need their addresses?"

"Teacher Zhang! You..."

Everyone was stunned!

However, Zhang Ye spoke very nonchalantly and even smiled, "I'll find a place to heal up for a few days. When I recover, I'd like to travel around to their stomping grounds and have a taste of the lands of our homeland!"

The Shaolin Monastery?

The Huashan Sect?

The Zhou Family Style School?

The Kongtong Sect?

The Kunlun Sect?

South Wudang?

The Iron Palm?

Good!

I'm going to look up each and every one of you!

Chapter 943: Attacking Shaolin!

Five days later.

Mount Song 1 .

The Shaolin Monastery.

This was not a tourist area. The mountain was located in a separate area from the tourist spots. In the main hall's backyard, a group of young monks were holding brooms and sweeping the floor.

"Are Martial Uncle Jie Jiao and Jie Zao back yet?"

"They just came back yesterday. I heard they got some fractures!"

"Yes, they were badly injured!"

"It's a miracle they managed to get back. I heard that they were only released and did not get into much trouble after the abbot pressured the local authorities in Tianshan. The National Martial Arts Association helped out too. Otherwise, they might have even gotten sentenced for that day's happenings. We live in a lawful society now, after all."

"How did it end up like this?"

"That Rao Aimin had been committing all kinds of evil. It was time to teach her a lesson!"

"Shh, don't speak carelessly. Others might hear you."

"So what if I said that. I'm just speaking the truth!"

"This issue is more or less resolved anyway."

"What do you mean 'resolved'? Aren't we going to take revenge for what has happened? Our martial uncles were beaten up too!"

"I heard that we were in the wrong first."

"Still, they shouldn't have been so cruel!"

"We'll settle those scores at a later time for sure. Has Rao Aimin come around yet?"

"I heard that she's still unconscious at the hospital!"

"Hmph, I hope she never wakes up! And that Zhang Ye too! Even the Eight Trigrams School's leader does not dare to have an opinion on this issue and announced that Rao Aimin would be expelled from the school a while ago, so why did a celebrity like Zhang Ye bring himself into the picture? So what if he's a celebrity? Does being a celebrity give him the right to poke his nose into other people's business? Why doesn't he..."

Suddenly, the bell in the mountains pealed!

When they heard the first ring, everyone still looked normal and went about doing what they were doing. But when the bell pealed five straight times, the Shaolin Monastery monks' expressions all changed!

An enemy attack!

It was an enemy attack!

Everyone came rushing out!

"What happened?"

"What is going on?"

"Why are we under attack?"

"The bell of Shaolin hasn't rung five times in a row in decades!"

"What has happened?"

"How can there be anyone who dares to come up into Shaolin and cause trouble!"

Some of the people were panicking!

Some of them were looking confused!

And there were some who quickly picked up their staves, ready to take on the enemy!

Suddenly, an angry roar from a warrior monk came from outside. "Zhang Ye is here! Zhang Ye is attacking us! Quick, go and get the Martial Granduncle!"

What?

Zhang Ye?

The successor to the Taiji Fist that had been lost for over a hundred years?

"This is bad!"

"It's him?"

"Hurry up and call the Martial Granduncle!"

"Defend! Defend the grounds!"

"Get into formation!"

Before they even saw him, they heard him say, "Since the National Martial Arts Association cannot give me a satisfactory explanation? And the Shaolin Monastery cannot give me a satisfactory explanation? Then I'm gonna force out a satisfactory explanation!"

Thump!

Thump!

Two muffled sounds and two warrior monks flew into the front yard with a scream!

Zhang Ye had changed into pure white training clothes today and was wearing a pair of normal canvas shoes. He strolled into the premises of the Shaolin Monastery!

The monks who did not know much martial arts had been sweeping the floor and gossiping earlier. But now, they were scared out of their wits and scampered away.

"Zhang Ye, what do you want?"

"The nerve!"

"You dare attack Shaolin?"

"How bold of you!"

"Have you gone crazy?"

The Eighteen Arhats formation was set up!

Quite a few Buddhist monks were raging at Zhang Ye from a distance away!

Everyone was very surprised at this, as after five days of peace and quiet, they had thought the worst was over. No one had expected that someone would actually bring the fight to the Shaolin Monastery!

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I've always had this much courage. Most issues only have two choices for me: I either handle them or I don't bother with them at all. There has never been an issue of whether I dare or not!" He raised his foot and started to walk in.

"Charge!"

"Stop him!"

"Don't let him get into the main hall!"

"Block him!"

The eighteen warrior monks formed into the Eighteen Arhats formation and swarmed Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye did not even look at them. His eyes were already set on a hundreds of years old plaque inside the main hall. Slowly, step by step, he made his way in!

A staff attack flew in!

Zhang Ye moved his hand with a twist and a snap!

A warrior monk fell to the ground crying in pain!

Right after, the afterimages of two staves whistled past, one in the front of Zhang Ye, the other behind him!

Zhang Ye did not look back. He raised a hand to use his index and middle fingers to pinch the staff attacking from in front. With a flick of his wrist, the staff held by the warrior monk in front of him shook violently and the monk lost his grip. Zhang Ye then gathered up a bit of concealed power and pushed the staff forward, hitting the warrior monk right in the chest, which sent him flying. Zhang Ye immediately twisted his fingers and flung the staff held between his fingers behind himself, straight into the face of the warrior monk standing behind him. That monk was also sent flying, with a bloody nose, and passed out from the pain!

Yet another monk attacked Zhang Ye with a staff, the afterimages sweeping his lower body!

Zhang Ye did not try to dodge. He just stepped on it with one foot. The tip of the staff was pressed down onto the ground, and with a shudder, that warrior monk was also sent flying!

The Eighteen Arhats formation was reduced to only fourteen people in the blink of an eye!

The monks of the Shaolin Monastery felt their blood run cold!

They were not a match for their opponent!

There was no way to fight him!

"Don't be afraid of him!"

"Beat him up!"

"Charge!"

"We'll stop him even if we have to die!"

"Let's charge at him together!"

There were a total of 28 people who could fight. All of the warrior monks present attacked together at once!

Zhang Ye made use of his "listening power" and used both hands to stop a barrage of punches from two warrior monks. Deflecting, he threw both monks to the ground. It was as though they had no control over their bodies anymore, but also as though they had been sent sprawling to the ground by the same force they had exerted in their attacks, resulting in them smashing their heads!

A warrior monk who practiced hard qigong roared and attacked in a berserk fury!

But the moment he arrived in front of Zhang Ye, before he could even see what Zhang Ye's move was, all he saw was the sway of an afterimage hitting his body's center of gravity. Afterwards, his entire person was thrown to the side, never to get up again!

"Master!"

"Assistant Instructor!"

"Assistant Instructor!"

The assistant instructor of the Shaolin Monastery's warrior monks couldn't even stand up to one strike from Zhang Ye!

There was no way they could fight him!

What was the point of fighting anymore?

Although the martial arts of these Shaolin Monastery warrior monks was very good, and each one was even picked out of a hundred others, their opponent right now was someone who was an expert in Taiji Fist. This expert had also fully recovered from his injuries and was young and strong, a martial arts master at his peak! Unless there were between 100 and 200 people attacking him at once, there was no way they could deal with him!

Five people!

Ten people!

Twenty people!

In the blink of an eye, all of them were on the ground!

A few people who had participated in the National Martial Arts Conference five days ago were once again surprised by Zhang Ye's kung fu. This was because Zhang Ye had obviously just recovered from his injuries, yet his martial arts had gotten better than before—of course what they couldn't know was that in the past few days, as long as he had accumulated 1 million Reputation Points, Zhang Ye would immediately purchase a Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book and "eat" it up!

"We can't do it anymore!"

"We're unable to hold him off any longer!"

Quick, get the Martial Granduncle!"

"Where is the Martial Granduncle?"

...

In the inner courtyard.

In some room.

The eminent monks of the Shaolin Monastery, including the abbot, were all gathered here. They did not even bother going outside in the face of this crisis. There were all kinds of expressions on their faces.

The abbot was silent!

An eminent monk looked anguished!

A Buddhist monk looked fretful!

And in the corner sat a monk who seemed to be the center of focus right now. But he did not say a word. This person was very old, but still looked to be very healthy. He wore only the most simple and common gray robes meant for the lowest level disciples, and had a head full of hair, all of which made him stand out. He might have been ordained as a monk before, or perhaps he had grown out his hair later on. But it was quite clear that everyone in the room was focused on him. They were also quite respectful of him!

His name was Shi Wu.

He was the most skilled person in the entirety of the Shaolin Monastery.

The abbot suddenly looked at him and said, "Senior Brother!"

Shi Wu shook his head.

A Buddhist monk said anxiously, "Martial Uncle! Zhang Ye has already trained to the level where he can use concealed power. Moreover, no one is familiar with this Taiji Fist martial arts style. In the entire Shaolin Monastery...only you can take him on!"

Shi Wu looked at them and replied, "I am not his equal."

"But you haven't tried yet, so how could you know?" said someone, gasping.

Shi Wu explained, "By taking Chen Xi for that many moves, there isn't anyone below grandmaster who is a match for him anymore." Taking a pause, he continued, "Even if I can fight on level terms with him, what then? The fault in this affair lies with the Shaolin Monastery. This is a sin caused by those who attended the National Martial Arts Conference. And the sneak attack? Surrounding their people? Hunting them down with the intent to kill? That was a blunder on the grandest scale! Now that they have come seeking an explanation from us, even if he were to bring the Shaolin Monastery to the ground, we could not raise a voice of objection against him!"

The abbot said, "But the several hundred years of the Shaolin Monastery's heritage, how can we—"

Suddenly, a scream came from the outside!

"Don't you dare!"

"Zhang Ye! Don't you dare!"

"Stop!"

"Stop, I say!"

Bam!

There was a loud crash!

"Ah!"

"Abbot!"

"Martial Granduncle!"

"Zhang Ye has smashed our Shaolin Monastery's plaque!"

The Shaolin Monastery plaque that had been handed down for hundreds of years was now in pieces!

What?

The abbot was furious!

The Shaolin Monastery was furious!

"We'll take him on!"

"We'll take him on!"

"Zhang Ye's taking it too far!"

"We can't let him leave!"

The plaque of the Shaolin Monastery had been handed down for several hundred years. This was their identity, as well as their reputation. By smashing the plaque, this was as good as smacking their faces!

Shi Wu's expression changed slightly. He sighed again then suddenly said, "None of those who came back from the National Martial Arts Conference this time will be allowed to leave the mountains for five years while they meditate and reflect on their actions! For the rest of this year, the inner courtyard of the Shaolin Monastery will be locked shut! There won't be any more recruitment of warrior monks as well!"

"But why?"

"Yeah, why!"

"Martial Uncle!"

"Martial Granduncle!"

At this moment, the head warrior monk of the Shaolin Monastery, who usually kept to himself, finally spoke up, "Rao Aimin is currently unconscious. Chen Xi is seriously injured and won't be able to fight again within the next half a year. Zhou Tianpeng has been maimed and won't survive much longer. Meanwhile, of the other two grandmasters, one of them is overseas but his location is unknown; the other is already past 90 and has closed himself off from worldly affairs. In the entire national martial arts world, there isn't anyone who can stop him, so what else can we do but shut our doors to the outside world? What can we do if we don't submit? If we really make him angry again, do you want him to come back and take it up with us? By then, it may not be only the several-hundred-year-old plaque that gets demolished; it may be our entire Shaolin Monastery that gets leveled to the ground!"

Hearing that, everyone fell silent!

...

In the front hall.

Zhang Ye dusted off his hands. In front of the many angered Shaolin monks, he turned around and strode off.



He was extremely calm!

As though no one were around!

"Zhang Ye!"

"You..."

"The Shaolin Monastery has become your sworn enemy!"

Even though they shouted at him, none of them dared to make a move to stop him from leaving!

Zhang Ye had come and gone like there was no one around. He could come as he wanted, and leave as he pleased. Before he walked away, he even left some words for them. "Sworn enemies? Alright then, follow my Weibo to get the latest updates of my news. I welcome you all to be sworn enemies with me at any time!"

He even advertised before he left!

The many monks of the Shaolin Monastery exploded with anger at this!

Chapter 944: Attacking Kunlun!

The next day.

At a place where a mountain chain jutted into the clouds.

At the peak of a mountain, the Kunlun Sect's main hall looked extremely magnificent. A plaque with the word "Kunlun" engraved in gold hung in the main hall. Under the sunlight, it looked brilliant and blazing!

Within the halls, a lot of Taoists were busy chattering with one another.

"Zhang Ye is much too lawless!"

"This is infuriating!"

"Barging into Shaolin? Smashing their plaque?"

"With so many experts in the Shaolin Monastery, why didn't they resist?"

"How could they resist? Can anyone even beat him?"

"But there's Master Shi Wu around!"

"I heard that Master Shi Wu did not even appear to face Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye's being provocative right there! He's blatantly clamoring for war against our entire martial arts world!"

"How did the National Martial Arts Association react to this problem?"

"There's no response from them at the moment!"

"Why? Why aren't they sending someone to condemn his actions? This is the Shaolin Monastery we're talking about. Their monastery has been turned upside down and their disciples have been beaten up. Why isn't anyone saying anything?"

"That guy is a total hooligan! He's even more unreasonable than Rao Aimin! How should they condemn his actions? Send a skilled martial artist to condemn him? Fight him in the fight ring? The five remaining grandmasters in the national martial arts world are either injured, maimed, or not around anymore. The only person who might stand a chance against Zhang Ye was Shaolin's Shi Wu, but he didn't even make an appearance that day. He must have known that he isn't a match for Zhang Ye. Then, the whereabouts of the last few remaining powerful hermits all are unknown! So how can they fight him?"

"Just gather up the people to finish him off!"

"The National Martial Arts Conference is over and everyone has dispersed and gone back to their sects, so there aren't too many people they can gather. At this time, where else are you going to be able to gather up 100 to 200 martial arts elites? And if it's about comparing who has more people? He's an A-list celebrity, so how can you have more people than him? Don't you remember how it looked when our Sect Leader and our senior bros returned from the conference that day? They were all beaten up so badly!"

"Phew, we're fortunate that Kunlun is situated in a remote location."

"What do you mean? Even if he finds his way here, we're not afraid of him!"

"Right, there's still Elder Fang and Elder Xu, as well as the other martial uncles around!"

"Hmph, I doubt Zhang Ye would try and cause trouble at Kunlun anyway!"

Just as he was saying this, knocking on the Kunlun Sect's tower doors that had stood for over a hundred years suddenly boomed. It wasn't a light knocking, and neither was it a heavy knocking. The rhythm was neither fast nor slow.

The Taoists of the Kunlun Sect were slightly startled.

"Who is that?"

"Are we expecting any guests today?"

"Not that I know of?"

"Could it be the senior bros returning from their trip down the mountain? But it can't be. Senior Bro Han and the others always take the back door when they come back."

A young Taoist ran down the granite stairway to the front door and shouted to the person behind the door, "Who is it?"

It was a man's voice on the other side of the door.

It sounded very young and rather indifferent.

"Open up, I'm here to check on the water meter," the man simply said.

Check on the water meter?

Go check your sister's water meter!

We only use water from the wells around here, bro!

"Are you from the Area Administrative Committee?" That young Taoist lived in the mountains year in and year out, and did not have much experience in society, so he went over and lifted up the wooden crossbeam barring the doors.

The doors opened.

A sunglasses-wearing young man slowly walked in from outside.

The young Taoist did not recognize him immediately and tried to stop him. "Hey, hey, what are you trying to do?"

The sunglasses-wearing young man raised his hand and took off his sunglasses, then clipped them between a shirt button. "I'm here to collect a debt."

When the many Kunlun Taoists saw this person, their faces abruptly paled!

"Heavens!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye is here!"

"Quick, get the Sect Leader!"

"This is not good!"

"Prepare to face the enemy! Face the enemy!"

The Taoists started shouting in panic!

None of them had expected this. Zhang Ye was still at Mount Song yesterday, yet he had already arrived at the Kunlun Mountains to attack the Kunlun Sect today!

First was Shaolin!

Would it be them, the Kunlun Sect, next?

Was Zhang Ye really thinking that he could challenge all the large sects by himself?

In an instant, the entire Kunlun Sect was plunged into chaos. Everyone was alarmed as the Kunlun Sect's leader, who was still injured from Zhang Ye and his fans attacking, came out, along with 30 to 40 skilled and unskilled disciples. The highest ranked elders of the Kunlun Sect also came out, and when they saw Zhang Ye standing at the foot of the staircase, everyone was looking pretty bad, with some who blanched!

The Kunlun Sect's leader who had the same surname as Zhang Ye shouted condescendingly, "Zhang Ye! What are you here for?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm here to seek an explanation."

An old Taoist said angrily, "You injured so many of our Kunlun Sect disciples that day. What are you still seeking an explanation for?"

"That is a separate matter." Zhang Ye said quite calmly, "You people were beaten up because you deserved it. Who told you guys to be so reprehensible in the first place? I'm here today to ask for a proper explanation! Who was it that carried out the sneak attack on me when I was in the ring? Old Rao is only unconscious because she tried to save me. She still hasn't come around, and since that's the case, I'll do what she can't do now on her behalf! So for the debt that she cannot collect, I will collect it for her! That's perfectly justified, right?"

The Kunlun Sect's leader said furiously, "We didn't throw those darts!"

Zhang Ye put up his hand in a very unreasonable manner. "I don't care about that. After the sneak attack and Old Rao's injuries, you people from the large sects came to hunt us down. Therefore, I come to you to seek the answers. Whether it was Kunlun who threw the darts, or Shaolin, or South Wudang, or Kongtong, or the Zhou Family, it makes absolutely no difference to me. I just know it's you people!"

An elder chastised, "Are you still being reasonable here?"

But did they ever stop to think about that day at Tianshan when they surrounded Rao Aimin and Zhang Ye, where they viciously took insidious actions against them? Were they being reasonable then?

"Don't you dare cross the line!"

"Zhang Ye, do you really think that you're invincible?"

"How dare you trespass on our Kunlun Sect territory!"

"You must not know when to stop!"

"If you want to fight, let's fight!"

"We've sworn to defend Kunlun till our dying breath!"

The Kunlun Sect's leader knew that he couldn't avoid this face-off, so he looked to the several elders standing beside him!

A grumpy elder immediately went forward.

Another elder laughed bitterly and followed reluctantly!

Four elders were now standing in front of Zhang Ye. These four were currently the strongest in the Kunlun Sect, but even they did not dare be overconfident and take Zhang Ye on single-handedly. This was because they knew it would be impossible to do that, since he was a highly skilled Taiji master who had even achieved concealed power. They could only join hands and take him on in this case. It was nothing to be shameful of either. When it came to dealing with a martial arts master like this, it wasn't necessary to have that many considerations!

Zhang Ye, though, didn't even notice them. He scanned the place, and before long, his eyes landed on the plaque engraved with golden letters that was hanging in the main hall!

When the four elders saw this, they couldn't repress their anger!

"Charge!"

"Mysterious Formation!"

"Surround him!"

The four of them gave each other secret hand signals and attacked with killing blows!

20 attacks!

It only took 20 attacks!

After 20 attacks, only one person was left standing within ten meters of the fight—Zhang Ye.

Even with the four of them coming together, they didn't come close to being Zhang Ye's equal. The four elders were all injured, either lying on the ground, passed out, or clutching their chest while pointing and cursing at Zhang Ye!

"You'll get your retribution!"

"Don't you dare!"

"Stop!"

"No!"

"Your grandpa!"

All of the Kunlun Sect's disciples roared!

Because Zhang Ye had just picked up a stone from the flowerbed and weighed it in his hand. With a nod of his head, Zhang Ye turned his head and set his eyes on that Kunlun Sect plaque, which had also been handed down for hundreds of years. Suddenly, he exerted a force in his finger tips and channeled a stream of concealed power into the stone!

Whoosh!

The stone flew toward the plaque in the main hall!

"Stop!"

"I'll take you on!"

Amid the angry shouts of the Kunlun disciples, a loud crash rang out. The Kunlun Sect's plaque cracked apart and shattered into several pieces in midair before falling to the floor!

The Kunlun Sect's leader who was still had some injuries was so infuriated that he actually passed out from his anger and fell to the floor!

The plaque was smashed!

The Kunlun disciples wailed!

Kunlun meant everything to many of them. The plaque represented their dignity and was something they had sworn to protect with their lives. But now, the Kunlun Sect that had been established for over a hundred years, and which no one had dared to provoke before today, was under attack from just a single person! And their plaque was even smashed! This was a great big slap that continuously smacked their faces! It had crushed all of their dignity and honor!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang!"

"Revenge or death!"

"Kunlun will fight with you to the bitter end!"

"To the bitter end!"

Countless Kunlun Taoists were shouting, enraged!

Zhang Ye just dusted off his hands and told them, "Don't be anxious to shout those words. We still don't know who'll be fighting with whom to the bitter end. Old Rao is still unconscious right now. If anything were to happen to her..." He suddenly raised his voice and pointed at them. "I'll fucking fight with all of you to the bitter end!"

With that, Zhang Ye turned around and strolled out!

No one was brave enough to stop him!

No one could stop him!

He came and went like the wind, leaving the Kunlun main hall in shambles in his wake!

"Quick, attend to the Sect Leader!"

"Sect Leader has fainted!"

"Elder Chen, how are you? How are you holding up?"

An elder who had been seriously injured and left lying on the ground by Zhang Ye looked at Zhang Ye as he walked away. Shock written all over his face, he said, "His kung fu...Has it really reached that level already?"

Another seriously injured elder beside him sighed, "Below the grandmaster level, there really won't be anyone who's a match for him!"

The elder who suffered the lightest injuries turned around and looked at the broken and smashed Kunlun plaque and said, "We're all sinners of the Kunlun Sect! We've brought shame to our ancestral founder! We have brought shame to our martial sect!" Taking a pause, he suddenly said, "Yesterday, it was Shaolin! Today, it was Kunlun! Who will be next? Whose turn is it next? Do you guys still remember the Taiji grandmaster from all those years ago? The one who single-handedly challenged the experts from the eighteen martial sects! Our Kunlun sect leader from over a hundred years ago was defeated by

that person! And the current situation is turning out to be the same as the events all those years ago? Is history really repeating itself? Is the Taiji Fist...going to bring us back to a time of bloodshed?

An old Taoist sighed deeply, "Zhang Ye is only a step away from becoming a grandmaster, and he's just 25 this year! The only thing we can do now is pray that Rao Aimin regains consciousness quickly, or else...the entire martial arts community will be plunged into chaos!"

"But the martial arts community is already in chaos right now!"

"Hurry and inform the other sects!"

"What should we tell them?"

"Just say...Kunlun has fallen as well!"

Chapter 945: Old pal, open up!

The next day.

In the morning.

The Zhou Family's headquarters were situated in a remote region that had great scenery. Rather than calling it a martial sect headquarters, it felt more like a holiday resort.

This place was very well-known to those from the Chinese martial arts world, not only because the Zhou Family Style's disciples were numerous and running a very successful training hall system, but also due to that battle of the grandmasters several years ago. Rao Aimin had fought her way to the Zhou Family's headquarters and single-handedly battled with two of the grandmasters, Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi. Some of the traces left behind from the fight back then could still be seen. A woman's shoeprint was still clearly imprinted in the wooden front doors.

At this moment, the front doors of the headquarters were tightly shut!

Some faint voices came from inside.

"The Kunlun Sect was taken down as well!"

"Then what should we do!"

"Shaolin, Kunlun, who's next?"

"Surely it won't be us, right?"

"That won't happen! H-He needs to rest at some point!"

"That's right. I heard that the four Kunlun Sect elders attacked him together yesterday. Even though Zhang Ye only took 20 attacks to beat the four of them, he would still have sustained some injuries! And even if he were made of steel, he can't possibly attack one sect a day, right?!"

"Whatever, hurry up and pack the things!"

"Yes, Eldest Senior Bro has already spoken. We have to be ready to retreat at a moment's notice."

"We're running away just like this?"

"It's not called running away, it's just a tactical withdrawal!"

"This is too hard to stomach!"

"Oh right, remember to keep the plaque safe. It's been passed down since the time of our ancestral founder—"

Bang bang bang.

Someone suddenly knocked on the door!

The faces of the headquarters' disciples abruptly tightened!

Zhou Tianpeng's seventh disciple of this generation, Seventh Brother Zhou, looked over to the front door and asked while trembling, "Who is it?"

A man spoke from outside, "Old pal, open up!"

Old pal?

Who is your old pal?!

Eighth Brother Zhou furrowed his brows. "Don't you have the wrong address?"

The man outside knocked on the door again and said, "Old pal, open up!"

"Who the hell are you?" When Eldest Brother Zhou heard the commotion, he came out as well.

Then, a surprising turn of events took place!

With a boom and a crash, the front doors of the headquarters were kicked open by someone on the outside!

Zhang Ye strode in with his hands behind his back. "I'll just barge in since no one's opening the doors!"

Instantly, everyone screamed in shock!

"Ahhhh!"

"It's him!"

"He's here!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Hurry and run!"

"Run?! We have to face the enemy!"

"Face the enemy! Face the enemy!"

"Grab your weapons! Pick up whatever you can get your hands on!"



When the Zhou Family received news from the Kunlun Sect, they started packing up their things overnight and planned to move everyone, including the books and items, from the headquarters by the end of the day. But little did they expect that they wouldn't make it in time! However, it was clear that they were still prepared for this. After Shaolin met with disaster and the Kunlun Sect got routed, if they still did not make any preparations, then they would really be idiots!

A moment later, more than 20 Zhou Family Style disciples came rushing out. Half of them were actually wielding modern compound bows made out of steel—this strategy was very ruthless, but it could be seen that they really had no other way out. Even if they had to bear the brunt of the criticism of the martial arts community for the rest of their lives, they would still stick with their unwise decision and use this tactic to deal with Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye did not even look up at them because he had received a call at just this moment.

Ring ring ring, ring ring ring.

Elders Brother Zhou gave a hand signal. "Listen to my commands!"

Everyone from the Zhou Family Style School nervously kept their eyes on Zhang Ye. Some of their hands were shaking badly even though they had compound bows on them. They were in truth not all that confident!

No one could have expected that at such a critical juncture, when faced with so many arrows pointing at him, Zhang Ye could actually do something that would stun everyone from the Zhou Family Style School and make their jaws drop!

Zhang Ye answered the call and said: "Hello, who is it?"

This was an opening!

You asked for it!

"Loose!" Elders Brother Zhou's eyes brightened!

The Zhou Family Style's disciples couldn't be more excited as none of them would ever give up on this oversight by Zhang Ye!

Whoosh!

An arrow flew like the wind at him!

The next second, the arrow stuck into the ground near Zhang Ye's feet as it missed its target!

Zhang Ye did not move a muscle. "Oh, Lu Yuhu? I'm outside now, what's the matter?"

Whoosh!

A second arrow was loosed!

Zhang Ye took a step forward all of a sudden, and that arrow zoomed past his face and struck the front door of the headquarters, its shaft rattling!

"Shoot!"

"Loose!"

"Loose!"

A third arrow shot through the air!

Zhang Ye lowered his head slightly and carried on walking. "What? Old Rao has woken up?"

A fourth arrow was coming for him!

Zhang Ye veered to the left. "When did she wake up? Just now?"

A fifth arrow came whistling in!

Zhang Ye leaned to his right. "Haha, that's good then. I told you guys you didn't need to worry about her. Old Rao is much tougher than everyone else. She doesn't die when others would!"

A sixth arrow darted over!

Zhang Ye turned his head to the side. "Did the doctor say when she'll be discharged?"

A seventh arrow came!

Zhang Ye lowered his head again. "Another two weeks?"

An eighth arrow!

Zhang Ye kept walking forward as he rotated his shoulders to dodge the arrow. "Alright, I understand. Make sure she recovers properly; I'll help her handle the rest. Haha, let her know that she owes me a favor now....Hai, not to the point of owing me a life, just a favor will do!"

Everyone was dumbfounded by what they saw!

Elders Brother Zhou was dumbfounded!

Third Brother Zhou was dumbfounded!

Fifth Brother Zhou was dumbfounded!

They could not believe their eyes!

Why was it like this?

How could this be?

He could still talk animatedly on the phone as he dodged over a dozen arrows without even a change in expression?

Zhang Ye laughed and said: "Alright, I can't speak now, so I'll hang up first as I have some things to attend to."

He hung up.

The moment Zhang Ye lowered his head to put away his cell phone, the arrow that Elders Bro Zhou held back from shooting earlier was suddenly loosed. With a whoosh, it flew straight at Zhang Ye's face.

Zhang Ye pocketed his cell phone, then raised his hand!

Time seemed to stop in this instant!

The next second, Zhang Ye grabbed that arrow. He flicked his wrist and threw it to the ground like he was throwing away garbage. He took another two steps forward and finally stood in front of them!

Seventh Brother Zhou exclaimed in horror, "I-Is he even fucking human anymore?"

"How did he do it? How was he able to do that?" Ninth Bro Zhou was shocked into daze.

Eldest Brother Zhou blanched! There really was someone who could dodge all these steel arrows at such a close distance? How was that possible! Even if they weren't very good at archery and the arrow volley was not uniform, this still shouldn't be possible! He knew that Rao Aimin and another one of the five grandmasters could achieve this feat, but he could not understand how Zhang Ye had managed to do it! Even Zhou Tianpeng and Chen Xi at their peak could not accomplish such a feat in this manner! Moreover, he was even talking on the phone?

But they did not know that just because a grandmaster couldn't do it, it would not mean that Zhang Ye couldn't do it. He was probably worse at some aspects compared to those grandmasters, like their concealed power and fighting experience. But with regard to reaction speed and agility, he was definitely superior to everyone else!

Others might not be able to see those arrows because they traveled too fast.

But Zhang Ye could see them clearly and was also able to dodge them as well!

Zhang Ye said with a laugh, "A few days ago, some of you used hidden weapons to carry out a sneak attack on me in the fight ring during the Tianshan Martial Arts Conference. I dodged one of those without getting hurt, so how difficult could it be for me to dodge arrows that you were shooting directly at me!"

"Take him out!"

"Let's all take him out!"

"This is a battle for the Zhou Family Style!"

"Everyone, no need to be afraid!"

"Let's attack together!"

"Let's fight him with all we've got! We have more people on our side!"

"Ah!"

"Let's run away instead!"

"We can't defeat him!"

"Don't hit me, I don't know anything!"

It was utter chaos in the compound!

Five minutes later.

Of the between 20 and 30 people who were present here, no one was left standing besides Zhang Ye.

Elders Brother Zhou was lying on the ground, shouting, "Zhang Ye, don't you dare! That plaque was passed down by our Zhou Family Style's ancestral founder! If you touch it, you're making yourself as a sworn enemy of our Zhou Family Style!"

However, Zhang Ye took down that plaque and broke it with a single stomp. "The moment you people tried to hunt me down, we became sworn enemies! I've touched it and even stepped on it. What will you do?"

"Ah!"

"Oh, ancestral founder!"

"Old Crook Zhang!"

Quite a few people screamed in anguish!

Elders Brother Zhou and several of the most loyal Zhou Family Style disciples saw red. They finally realized now just what kind of person they had offended that day!

Zhang Ye dusted off his hands again in that usual manner.

He turned around and departed, fulfilled.

The receding figure that the Zhou Family Style's disciples saw infuriated and rather terrified them simultaneously!

Elders Brother Zhou suddenly bellowed, "Quickly notify the other sects!"

Eighth Brother Zhou despaired, "Which sect will he attack tomorrow?"

Ninth Brother Zhou clutched his arm in pain and said, "Maybe...there won't be a need to wait until tomorrow!"

"Why?"

"What do you mean?"

A few of the Zhou Family disciples who could still speak asked this.

Ninth Brother Zhou was sweating profusely as he struggled to raise his hand and point west!

Everyone understood immediately!

The headquarters of the Kongtong and Iron Palm Sects were situated not too far from them!

"Hurry! Hurry and inform them!"

"Inform the Kongtong and Iron Palm Sects!"

"Everyone who escapes is one less victim!"

"I'm afraid it might already be too late!"

...

Half an hour later.

At the Kongtong Sect.

Someone was banging on the front door!

"Who is it!" Wary voices came from within the Kongtong Sect.

Bang bang bang!

"Old pal, open up!"

Bang bang bang!

"Old pal, open up!"

Inside the Kongtong Sect, everyone was suddenly screaming!

"Ah!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye is here!"

"Let's get out of here, quick!"

"Go!"

"Run! Run to the mountains behind the building!"

But the next second, the front door was kicked open by Zhang Ye. "Fuck, how did you people know it was me before the doors were even open? I'm here to collect a debt. It time to repay, with interest, the debts you people owe me!"

Bang!

Thump!

Crash!

Sounds of fighting rang out!

The Kongtong Sect's plaque which had been passed down for hundreds of years was smashed to pieces by the palm of Zhang Ye!

...

Awhile later.

At the Iron Palm's headquarters.

"Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!"

"Zhang Ye is about to arrive!"

"Shaolin, Kunlun, the Zhou Family and Kongtong were all taken down by him!"

"Are we next?"

"Hurry up!"

"Pack everything up, faster!"

"The plaque! Take care of the plaque!"

But all of a sudden, without any warning, a sound came from beyond the door!

This eerie sound horrified the Iron Palm branch's disciples. Other people might not find the sound to be anything special, and the word used to describe it would not be considered scary either. In fact, it even sounded pretty harmless. But without exception, when the Iron Palm's disciples heard this sound, they were all scared out of their wits!

Bang bang bang!

"Old pal, open up!"

Bang bang bang!

Bang bang bang!

"Old pal, open up!"

Chapter 946: Take this one 'alive'!

The next day.

At the front doors of South Wudang.

An eerie voice echoed!

Bang bang bang.

"Old pal, open up!"

Bang bang bang

"Old pal, open up!"

Half an hour later, screams rang throughout South Wudang!

The front doors 1 were kicked down!

The plaque was smashed to pieces!

...

The day after next.

And the day following that.

That ghostly sentence sounded at many of the martial sects' headquarters!

"Old pal, open up!"

Then chaos ensued!

...

Ten days later.

Mount Hua.

The Huashan Sect's headquarters.

There were two sounds of knocking on the main doors. Bang bang.

"Open up!"

Bang bang bang.

"Open up!"

Suddenly, a trap that had laid in waiting was activated without warning and a large net was released from above. It firmly caught the unsuspecting person standing before the front doors!

The front doors suddenly opened!

"We've done it! It's a success!"

"Get him!"

"Tie him up!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill the thieving bastard!"

"Defend the Huashan Sect!"

"Beat the fucker!"

A barrage of punches and kicks!

Weapons were drawn!

It was a mass drubbing!

But in the next moment, a piercing roar thundered from inside the net, stunning all of the Huashan disciples!

"Motherfucking hell!" Fan Wen, the junior brother of the Huashan Sect leader, had his head wrapped in bandages and his arm in a cast. He was lying on the ground with a bloody nose and a bruised face. He shouted angrily, "Why the fuck are you guys beating me up!"

After being released from the police station's holding cell a few days ago, Fan Wen had gone to a local hospital for treatment. His arm was put into a cast and he also got a rabies shot—for the bite that he received from a Tibetan Mastiff. After much fuss, he'd finally returned the sect's headquarters today. But he could never have expected to get beaten up so violently before he could even step through the doors. He was beaten so badly that even the cast on his arm was shattered!

All the disciples were dumbfounded!

"Aiyo!"

"Martial Uncle Fan!"

"Martial Uncle!"

"Why is it you? Why did it have to be you?"

"Why are back?"

"Aiya, you should have said you were coming back!"

Fan Wen howled, "What do you fucking mean I didn't say? Didn't I ask you guys to open the doors for me!"

Several disciples flusteredly went to remove the net and rescue Fan Wen out of it. They thought to themselves that with the ghostly "open up" phrase that he had used, who'd have known it was him? In recent days, that "old pal, open up" line had spread throughout the entire martial arts community and become the most frightening words that anyone from the large sects could hear, turning the people into birds startled by a sound!

Shaolin was barged into!

Kunlun was taken down!

The Zhou Family Style was exterminated!

The Kongtong and Iron Palm Sects had fallen one after another!

Afterwards, in the span of 10 days, South Wudang, the Emei, the Maoshan Sect, the Zhao Family Style, and the remaining dozen or so large and small sects that had taken part in the denouncement of Rao Aimin were all attacked by Zhang Ye. Their front doors were breached, and their sect's plaque was smashed. No one could escape his wrath. There were even two sects who had relocated to a secret hideout overnight when they received news of Zhang Ye's impending arrival, but Zhang Ye still managed to find them somehow! Even after all that, Zhang Ye still did not intend to stop!

Who would be next?

Everyone already knew the answer!

Next was them, the Huashan Sect!

This was because they were the only martial sect left standing that had partaken in that incident. Moreover, Zhang Ye could have already made his way here when he was last near Mount Hua, but he



had not come. Instead, he left this place for last. From that, it could be seen that Zhang Ye placed a certain amount of importance on this location. This was because on the day of the National Martial Arts Conference, Chen Xi and Huashan Sect were undoubtedly the lead main force of the main force, and was the only sect still with a grandmaster as its leader today!

Now that Fan Wen was back, he was also asking about the situation anxiously.

After the disciples related the events, everyone looked dejected as their expressions darkened!

"How are the Sect Leader's injuries?"

"He has not recovered yet!"

"If Zhang Ye comes, then will Sect Leader..."

"He certainly can't fight!"

"Then shall we...make a run for it?"

"How can we run away? We're the Huashan Sect, for goodness sake!"

"Right, we won't run even if it means our deaths!"

"Forsake our martial and run away? The ancestral founder would surely curse us to death!"

"But who can hold off Zhang Ye?"

"Where are the reinforcements? Where are they at?"

"We've already sent out an appeal to the martial arts community! But..."

"The other sects can hardly look after themselves right now, so who would answer to our appeal?"

"A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him! When the Sect Leader has recovered from his injuries, we can fight again then..."

"We can't run!"

"We will take him on then!"

A large sect still had the dignity of a large sect, after all!

A few minutes later, a large group of people suddenly arrived outside their front doors.

When the Huashan Sect saw this, they got very excited. "They're from the National Martial Arts Association!"

The people from the National Martial Arts Association were here, a team of more than a dozen martial artists led by a steward. When they arrived, that steward immediately found Fan Wen and said, "Ah, Old Fan, why are you injured again?"

There was fresh blood all over his arms.

Fan Wen looked glum. "It's nothing. I fell down earlier." He couldn't possibly blame it on getting beaten up by his own sect's disciples, could he?

The steward from the National Martial Arts Association said, "Where is Grandmaster Chen?"

"He's recuperating at a different location," a Huashan Sect elder said.

The National Martial Arts Association's steward nodded. "We're here to back you guys up. Don't worry. If Zhang Ye tries to cause trouble here at Huashan Sect, the entire martial arts community will not let him off easy!"

However, at this moment, an eerie sound suddenly came from beyond the door!

"Old pal, open up....Eh, it's already open? I'll let myself in then." Zhang Ye who was dressed in training clothes had at some point made his way quietly here!

The Huashan Sect's people were horrified!

"Ah!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"H-He's really here!"

Many of them picked up their weapons at once!

The National Martial Arts Association's steward was surprised. He looked at Zhang Ye and asked, "You really have the courage to appear on these grounds?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Why would I not?"

The National Martial Arts Association's steward said angrily, "I am Li Yan from the National Martial Arts Association! And I am in charge of handling this problem! The Association has given me full authority in handling you. Zhang Ye, do you know what you're doing? Do you know who you're pitting yourself against?"

Zhang Ye glanced at him. "I'd also like to know if you know who you people are pitting yourselves against. I've always been a reasonable man. If people are good to me, I will return the favor ten times over. But if someone provokes me, I'll be sure to return the favor a hundred times over! Li Yan, right? From the National Martial Arts Association? You're in charge of handling me? Can you handle it?! You people are suddenly making an appearance now? Where were you during the National Martial Arts Conference? Where were you when the news of the sneak attack was reported? Where were you when the dozen martial sects went against their morals and surrounded us and attacked? Stop bullshitting me!"

Li Yan said furiously, "Don't you dare make a move against the Huashan Sect!"

Chen Xi was the vice president of the National Martial Arts Association, while Fan Wen was a steward at the association. The relationship between the National Martial Arts Association and the Huashan Sect was therefore very close. When the other martial sects were attacked by the enemy, they did not show up. But when the Huashan Sect was in danger of attack, the National Martial Arts Association immediately sent their people over!

However, no one expected what happened next!

"Ha!" Zhang Ye laughed heartily.

Li Yan's voice had just faded when Zhang Ye took a large stride forward and used a pushing hands movement to land a hit on Li Yan, leaving him lying on the ground!

"Old Li!"

"Ah!"

"Stop!"

"Old Crook Zhang!"

The Huashan Sect was stunned!

The National Martial Arts Association's people were also stunned!

Li Yan lay on the ground and cried out angrily, "Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands. "See if I care! I was still worried I might not find someone from the National Martial Arts Association. If it weren't for the National Martial Arts Association siding with their own that day, the issue wouldn't have escalated to this point. I have yet to take this up with you people, but you're already here pointing your fingers at me? You think I won't make a move on the Huashan Sect? Let alone Huashan Sect, even for those of you from the National Martial Arts Association, I'll fucking beat up any who come forward! What can you do about that? Back at the National Martial Arts Conference, you people from the National Martial Arts Association and the various large sects were all expressing an attitude of 'whoever was more skilled would have the last say.' Well, alright then, in recent days, I am the most skilled in the national martial arts world, so the last say belongs to me now! Isn't that right?"

He was too imposing!

This attack from Zhang Ye dumbfounded those people from the National Martial Arts Association!

The dozen or so National Martial Arts Association people were ready to charge, but then took a step back again, probably afraid to do so!

A madman!

He's really a fucking madman!

Then Zhang Ye shouted, "Where's Chen Xi? Why is he still not coming out?"

No one spoke.

Zhang Ye said, "He's not coming out, right? Then I have no choice. I've been very nice, deliberately giving him more than ten days to recover from his injuries and left the Huashan Sect as my last stop. Since he still hasn't recovered, don't blame me for being a bully. I want to see who'll try to stop me today!"

Fan Wen raged, "When my senior bro recovers fully, that'll be the day you meet your demise!"

Zhang Ye was amused. "Wait for him to fully recover? It's still a question whether he can even land a hit on me. Besides, by then, Old Rao would've already been discharged. I'm guessing that Old Rao will still want to pay a visit to the Huashan Sect when the time comes, so you can leave those words for her when she comes!"

Fan Wen choked at those words!

If Zhang Ye were bullying his way around the Huashan Sect today due to their lack of people, then when Rao Aimin came around, they would truly be swept away. Even if their sect leader were not injured, or if his martial arts skill were to greatly increase all of a sudden, that would still not be enough for him to equal Rao Aimin!

"Let's take him on!"

"Charge!"

"Enough with the talk! Attack!"

A battle instantly broke out!

Huashan Sect was still a large sect after all, so they had many experts on their side. Compared to Kongtong or even the Zhou Family Style, they were on a completely different plane!

But just like Zhang Ye had said earlier, in the current Chinese martial arts world where the five grandmasters were either injured or not around, he had the last say in things. They were not even a match for him!

One person fell!

Ten people fell!

Twenty people fell!

Zhang Ye was also injured from taking seven or eight punches. In addition, a person from the National Martial Arts Association slashed his arm with a sword. But an hour later, he was the only person left standing!

They couldn't beat him!

They simply couldn't beat him!

The Huashan Sect people despaired!

Several of those from the National Martial Arts Association did not even have the courage to attack anymore at the end!

Zhang Ye looked at them. "Let me give you all a word of advice today. Do not think that if you're more skilled, you'll have the last say in things, that everything must follow your reasoning, that the world revolves around you and everyone else has to abide by your rules! There will always be someone who is more skilled than you!"

Whoosh.

He picked up a staff and prodded it upward!

The Huashan Sect's plaque that was hanging overhead immediately fell into Zhang Ye's hands!

"Zhang Ye!" Fan Wen glared at him with immense hatred!

"No!"

"Stop!"

"Stop!"

"If you want to break something, break me!"

"Don't touch our Huashan Sect's plaque!"

The Huashan Sect's disciples all looked doleful!

It's done for!

The Huashan Sect's plaque couldn't be protected!

Zhang Ye had been going around smashing the plaques of the various large sects and smacking their faces in the process. Everyone knew this by now!

Zhang Ye had already raised his hand as an open palm. But just as he was about to smash the plaque in his hand, he suddenly stopped and started studying the plaque. He turned it around, looked at the front, and even lowered his head to sniff at the wood's scent. In the end, Zhang Ye decided not to smash this plaque and tucked it under his arm instead, carrying it away with him.

Yes.

He took this one "alive"!

It was made from fragrant rosewood 2 after all!

Chapter 947: A man who strikes fear into the hearts of the martial arts community when mentioned!

On this day.

Somewhere.

At some military hospital.

Even though it was already spring, it was still not that warm out yet in the morning. Light drizzle was falling outside. Zhang Ye was carrying an umbrella and wearing sunglasses as he strolled into the hospital. After he folded the umbrella, he took a beaded bracelet out from his pocket and went looking for Rao Aimin's ward.

Before he walked in, he heard people talking inside.

"Madam Rao, you can't be discharged yet!"

"Why not?"

"There are still many tests that we have not conducted, and two more bottles of medication to finish."

"Don't try to bullshit me. Go and process the paperwork for my discharge. I want to leave by the afternoon. Other than that, just what kinds of meals does your hospital provide here? Did you scoop it up from the drain or something? You should change the cook as soon as possible."

"You mustn't get out of bed!"

"But I've already recovered."

"You were in a coma for several days. You don't have any strength as of now and still require further treatment!"

"I have no strength?"

A loud thud reverberated!

It sounded like something had been flattened!

"Damn."

"Senior Sis."

"Just listen to the doctor, please!"

The ward's door opened and that doctor strode out angrily, close to vomiting blood.

Several of the medical personnel standing a distance away looked over.

"Doctor Zhou, what's the matter?" a nurse asked.

Stressed, a female physician said, "Bed 13's Ms. Rao is kicking up a storm again?"

"That woman in Bed 13 has already driven away two doctors!" the chief nurse said, discouraged.

At his wits' end, Doctor Zhou said, "Just ignore her from now on. If she wishes to be discharged, then let her get discharged."

"How can we do that?" That female physician tried to go by the medical ethics. "We have to be responsible to our patients. Even though the patient in Bed 13 is rather hot-headed and has a sharp tongue, she is still our patient!"

Doctor Zhou said furiously, "Have you ever seen a patient who just regained consciousness after several days flatten a stainless steel lunch box?" He then waved his hand and ordered, "Get her discharged quickly. With that powerful constitution of hers, if we treat her as a patient, then the rest of the world must be disabled!"

The nurse: "..."

The female physician: "..."

Zhang Ye: "..."

This Old Rao! Why is she always so troublesome!

Zhang Ye pushed the door open and went inside.

This was a single person ward.

The disciples from the Eight Trigrams School were all inside. When they saw Zhang Ye, everyone got excited!

"Aiyo!"

"Teacher Zhang is back!"

"How did it go, Master Zhang?"

"Are you hurt in any way?"

"Teacher Zhang, you were so amazing!"

"You've really helped us vent our anger!"

Everyone stood up to welcome him like they were celebrating a hero's return. Zhang Ye had been away for half a month now, and although they did not accompany him on his road trip, they were still a part of the martial arts community. They could even be called the main party involved in this incident, so while the ordinary folk did not know about it, or even if the outside world's news did not report about it, how could they not know of the glorious deeds that Zhang Ye did in his time away? He had essentially gone to thrash more than a dozen martial sects and routed them all! Several of the younger disciples of the Eight Trigrams School were even looking at Zhang Ye as though he were a god of some kind. The events that occurred in recent days had left a very deep impression upon them! And it felt really good too!

Xu Fan brought over a chair. "Master Zhang, please, have a seat!"

Zhang Ye sat down and smiled as he pointed at a gauze covering his left arm, and said, "It's nothing, just slightly wounded."

Song Jiao and the rest heaved sighs of relief. "That's good then, good."

On the sickbed, Rao Aimin, who was watching Chenchen do her homework, glanced over as well.

"You're back?"

Beside her, a stainless steel lunch box lay there misshapen after being flattened by her.

"How are you doing?" Zhang Ye asked.

Rao Aimin looked rather well. She tilted her chin upward. "I'm not dead."

Zhang Ye nodded. "I suppose you aren't."

Lu Yuhu smacked his lips and said, "The doctor says that she can't be discharged yet, but Eldest Senior Sis keeps insisting on being discharged."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I overheard the doctor say that they're already processing her discharge. I think it's because they're afraid that your eldest senior sis will tear the hospital apart if they don't!"

Chenchen also raised her head at this moment and greeted him. "Zhang Ye."

"Whoa, you're studying?" Zhang Ye looked at her.

Chenchen acknowledged him and suddenly turned her gaze to the bracelet in his hand. "Zhang Ye, what is that?"

Zhang Ye looked down, then held it up and said, "This? It's a bracelet. I'll give it to you since you like it." He then threw it at her indifferently.

Lu Yuhu caught it for Chenchen and held it up to inspect it. "Yo, is this made from fragrant rosewood?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Yeah, it is."

"It looks like it is even made from old growth wood?" Lu Yuhu said, "It's quite big too. This should be quite valuable."

Zhang Ye replied, "You like it also? I'll give you one too since you like it." He felt around in his bag, taking out another similar looking bracelet and throwing it to him. "Who else wants one?"

"How many of those do you have?" Xu Fan was astonished.

Song Jiao also wondered, "Didn't you go out to thrash those large sects? Why did you bring back so many local souvenirs with you?"

The eldest and second senior brothers, along with the others, were also very curious.

Zhang Ye sighed and then mentioned something that nearly gave the entire Eight Trigrams Palm's disciples heart attacks. "What local souvenirs? I went to the Huashan Sect to destroy their sect's plaque, but when I saw that it was made of fragrant rosewood, I took it instead and got it made into these beaded bracelets!" He threw his bag onto the table and rummaged through it before pouring out more than a dozen beaded rosewood bracelets. "I'll keep one for myself. Feel free to take one of the rest for yourself."

Song Jiao was dumbfounded!

Xu Fan was dumbfounded!

Everyone from the Eight Trigrams School was dumbfounded!

Fuck, are you serious?

The Huashan Sect's plaque that had been handed down for hundreds of years was turned into these beaded bracelets by you?

Turned into these beaded rosewood bracelets?

Into these beaded rosewood bracelets?

Beaded rosewood bracelets?



Lu Yuhu was holding the beaded bracelet he had just caught. His hands trembled. He nearly passed out, but said with a quavering voice, "Teacher Zhang, they must have gone through eight lifetimes of tribulations when they encountered you this time!

...

At a small sect.

"Have you heard?"

"The Huashan Sect has been taken down too!"

"Yeah, I heard about it! How scary!"

"The people from the National Martial Arts Association who went to back them up were beaten up as well!"

"Zhang Ye has gone crazy this time!"

"You're making it sound like he's ever once been normal!"

"Yeah, I've watched him on television since last year. If you've ever read his Weibo and know about his past deeds, you'd know that he's always been a madman!"

"We were lucky to not have attended the recent National Martial Arts Conference."

"The entire martial arts community has been thrown into disarray! I heard that the National Martial Arts Association intended to ask the remaining two grandmasters to deal with Zhang Ye, but I doubt that plan will come to fruition!"

"It's impossible to get those two anyway. Besides, even if they did, what's the point? Don't forget how old Zhang Ye is. He's already achieved concealed power, and is also practicing the martial arts style of the Taiji Fist. Who knows if he'll become a grandmaster too in the near future. Would a Taiji Fist grandmaster still have any worthy opponents in this entire world? Even at his current state, he could force a draw with a grandmaster. Moreover, Rao Aimin will be discharged from hospital soon as well! If those two were to join forces and set their eyes on the entire country....No, set their eyes on the world, there wouldn't be any worthy opponents for them! How can anyone take them on!"

"Indeed!"

"The large sects couldn't even take their vengeance!"

"They deserved it for being bullies in the first place. It was already a deathmatch, so why did they still resort to using sneak attacks! Hearing about it just makes my blood run cold! Those large sects threw good money after bad! They've bumped into a tough opponent!"

...

At a gathering of some non-affiliates.

Liu Yiquan wiped his sweat away and said, "Old Bro Zhang Ye has taken down the Huashan Sect as well!"

"How many is that already?" Liu Yizhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry as he started counting on his fingers.

Beside him, Li Quanneng said, "It's the sixteenth!"

He Badao said in awe, "All sixteen sects that went after them in the hills have been annihilated by Bro Zhang Ye! None survived!"

"How freaking awesome!"

"Yeah!"

"Zhang Ye's martial arts are ridiculously good!"

"It's not only that his martial arts are good. There have been a lot of people in history who were more skilled than Zhang Ye, but how many have dared to go up to each of those reputable sects to thrash them and smash their plaques? Only Zhang Ye decided to do that! Not only his kung fu, Zhang Ye is also the most audacious one of all!"

One person!

Sweeping away a dozen of those reputable large sects?

What awesome was that!

How domineering was that!

However, the even more domineering act was yet to come.

...

Some of those in the martial arts community who were better informed suddenly received a shocking piece of news. This news even dumbfounded some of them for a long time, making them unable to come back to their senses and forcing them to drop their jaws!

"The large sects have been slapped ruthlessly in the face this time!"

"Yes, whether it is Shaolin or Huashan, a martial sect getting its plaque smashed is something that is considered really terrible in the Chinese martial arts world. What's more, Zhang Ye even smashed 16 of their plaques all by himself?"

"Only 15 were smashed."

"Right, he didn't dare smash the Huashan Sect's plaque!"

"I heard about that too. Sounds like only the Huashan Sect was let off the hook this time. Their plaque was taken away by Zhang Ye instead of being smashed. I guess even Zhang Ye did not dare go overboard with a sect that still has a grandmaster as its leader. Hur hur, judging from that action, that's all he's got. He's also a bully."

Suddenly, someone broke the news!

"What are you all saying? A bully?"

"Is that not so?"

"Pfft! You guys don't know shit!"

"Eh? What are you trying to say here?"

"I just received a very reliable piece of news! The Huashan Sect was the unluckiest of all the sects that were targeted! After Zhang Ye left, he found a wood processing factory at the foot of the mountain and got them to make that fragrant rosewood plaque of the Huashan Sect into beaded bracelets! My god, made into beaded bracelets! Tell me now, how is he a bully!?"

"What?"

"Holy fuck!"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious! The news spread a while ago! I think that a lot of people have already found out about this too!"

"Heavens!"

"Holy shit!"

"This...this..."

"Just what sort of a person is that man!"

...

Meanwhile.

Roars of anger and piercing screams resounded within the Huashan Sect!

When a few of the Huashan Sect's disciples found out about this news, they fainted to the ground with a thud!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Fuck your grandpa!"

"You're too damn evil!"

"That's the plaque handed down by our ancestral founder!"

"We're your sworn enemy!"

"Despicable!"

"How despicable!"

"Sworn enemies!"

Fan Wen was enraged!

Chen Xi was extremely infuriated and coughed for a full minute, worsening some of his healed injuries!

...

Elsewhere.

The other large sects were also cursing and swearing!

"He's really pushing it too far! Pushing it too far!"

"Does he still abide by the laws? Does he even know about the code of the martial arts community?"

"What he did was even more evil than taking someone's life!"

"The Huashan Sect's plaque was made into beaded bracelets? Fuck! He's really gone too far, how can he do that! His lack of morals must have stretched across eight lifetimes!"

But while they cursed and swore, some of those large sects' disciples were also secretly feeling lucky and a lingering sense of fear. They were fortunate that at the time of the founding of their martial sects, the ancestral founders did not have much money and had only used some simple wooden materials for their plaques. If it had been some good material like the Huashan Sect's plaque, all these large sects' plaques would probably have been taken away by Zhang Ye to make tables, chairs, benches, or some treasured furniture. If that had happened, it would have caused a huge uproar and they would probably vomit at least three liters of blood! Who could bear with something like that!

This was not just simply face smacking anymore!

It was face trampling!

Trampling on the face step by step!

If Zhang Ye's attack on the 16 sects was said to be a shocking event in the Chinese martial arts world!

Then Zhang Ye using the Huashan Sect's plaque and turning it into beaded bracelets was something that disintegrated the entire Chinese martial arts world. The National Martial Arts Association, and people of the various martial sects and non-affiliates, all nearly passed out from Zhang Ye's shamelessness. But they were also astonished by Zhang Ye's guts! It was only now that many of those in the martial arts community truly knew just what kind of a hooligan had arrived in their Chinese martial arts world!

After this incident, Zhang Ye became even more infamous in the Chinese martial arts world!

In the current Chinese martial arts world, there were two phrases that must never be mentioned ever again!

One was "old pal, open up"!

And the other was "beaded rosewood bracelets"!

Overnight, Zhang Ye had become a man who struck fear into the hearts of the martial arts community when mentioned! Moreover, everyone knew that the incident this time would surely be recorded into the annals of Chinese martial arts history and forever be a painful history for those 16 martial sects!

Chapter 948: Hiring an agent!

It was now March.

In Beijing.

It was the season where flowers bloomed in the spring's warmth.

About a month had passed and Zhang Ye was finally back at Beijing. Before he reached home, he had already posted on Weibo after arriving at the airport: "I'm back in Beijing, everything is fine."

The fans actively replied back.

"Wow, Old Zhang is back!"

"Where did you go?"

"Has that problem Tianshan been handled yet? Why didn't the news report on it?"

"It's good that you're back. Teacher Zhang, when are you going to come up with a new show?"

"Your contract with Central TV should almost be up, right? One more month left?"

"Teacher Zhang, you were away for so long!"

"Get back to work quickly, or else you might drop out of the A-list rankings!"

The phone calls came in shortly afterward!

The first call was from Ha Qiqi. "Director Zhang, you're back?"

Zhang Ye laughed: "I just got off the plane. How's the documentary on the air pollution problem going?"

Ha Qiqi said: "We're currently shooting. It's almost finished."

Zhang Ye nodded and said: "If there's anything you need me for, just tell me."

"Oh right, Director Zhang." Ha Qiqi suddenly said: "When you weren't around for all these days, there were quite a lot of people looking for you. Some of them wanted to get you to make advertisements for them, some inquired about your copyrights, and there were all sorts of people looking for you to do commercials. When they couldn't get through to you, they contacted our Central TV Documentary Channel instead. You might not know this, but your assistant Little Wang was so busy taking your calls that she couldn't get any work done."

Zhang Ye said in embarrassment: "I was a little caught up recently."

Ha Qiqi said helplessly: "When do you intend to get an agent?"

"An agent?" Zhang Ye repeated.

Ha Qiqi laughed dryly. "I think that you should really hire an agent."

"Alright, I'll think about it," Zhang Ye said.

After hanging up, a call from the publishing firm came in.

"Teacher Zhang, I've gotten through to you at last!"

"What's the matter?"

"The sales for Ghost Blows Out the Light have been performing very well, so we've been thinking of adding a print run for half a month."

"Just do it. I'll leave the decision making to you all."

"But no matter what, we still have to inform you. How can we make the decision for such matters on your behalf? And there were also some overseas publishers who inquired about the copyrights to several of your fairy tales. It seems like they are interested in publishing an English and German edition of them, but since they could not get through to you, they contacted us instead. I will send you their contact info in a bit."

"Alright, thank you very much."

Next was a call from Dong Shanshan.

"Zhang'er, where did you go?"

"Haha, a tour, I just went on a tour."

"You simply disappeared without a care and just left everything for me to handle. When some people couldn't get in touch with you, they called me instead and wanted my help to pass their messages along to you. Did I become your agent?"

"Hai, I wasn't able to answer any calls recently."

"Check your email. I've already organized and labeled everything for you."

"Thank you, Shanshan. I'll treat you to a meal sometime."

"Don't give me that, it's not necessary. But you really should hire an agent quickly now that you're an A-list celebrity. It's fine even if you don't have a team, but you can't possibly not have an agent either, right? It wouldn't look good if it got out, but more importantly this really inconveniences everything. When there's something for which we need to look for you, you just can't be contacted. What happens if something gets delayed?"

"Alright, I will think about it."

"Don't think anymore and quickly hire one. Get someone to recommend a few candidates to you. With your current reputation and status, as well as your future development, if people in the industry know that you're looking for an agent, there will surely be many people flocking to you. Then you'll have a wider range of candidates to pick from and won't have to worry about not finding a suitable one."

"OK."

She was the second person today to suggest this to him.

On his way home, Zhang Ye pondered this. He was a small-time celebrity and not famous in the past, so he handled almost everything himself and did not need an agent nor did he consider joining any talent

agencies. But as he got more famous and became an A-list celebrity, he had more things to handle as well. Just like now, he had already received many phone calls the moment he arrived back in Beijing. Although Zhang Ye did not intend to accept commercial performances or make advertisements, even so, he needed someone to reject those offers for him, didn't he? Everyone constantly calling his office or his old classmate to look for him was not a long-term solution. In fact, it was even causing a lot of trouble for them.

...

Caishikou.

At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

"Dad, Mom, I'm home." Zhang Ye opened the door and entered the house.

His mother came out to welcome him. She said, "Why did you stay out for so long?"

"Hai, there was something I needed to take care of." Zhang Ye took off his shoes and changed into his slippers.

His father asked, "Where's Chenchen and her aunt?"

Zhang Ye said, "They're back as well and have already returned home. Her aunt...has fallen sick and will need to rest for a few more days. She will come over in another two days to thank you both for taking care of her child for such a long time."

His mother heaved a sigh of relief. "It's fine as long as she's alright. The last time she called to leave her seemingly last words gave me a terrible fright." Then she passed a piece of paper to him and said, "By the way, these are the phone numbers that called you in the past half a month. Why did so many of them call our home to look for you? Since your dad was afraid that it would delay your work, he did not neglect anyone who called. He wrote down everything for you, so just take it from here."

Zhang Ye looked down, then exclaimed, "There were this many people who called?"

His mother laughed and said, "You're an A-list celebrity, so how can it be the same as before?"

At the mention of this, his father said slightly angrily, "The house phone kept ringing and every caller was looking for you. I wanted to pull out the telephone line because I couldn't even have a peaceful afternoon nap at home."

Zhang Ye quickly said, "I'll take it from here, I'll take it from here."

His mother said, "Let's eat first."

"Hai, I'll eat after I've finished with all these," Zhang Ye said, stressed.

Back in his own room.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath before beginning his work

The novel's authorization for an additional print run? Signed!

The fairy tales' international copyright? 200,000 RMB for everything? Get lost!

The Voice's international copyright authorization? 1 million USD? Goodbye!

An invitation to attend a beverage enterprise's 10th anniversary celebrations? Can't go!

A managing director of a global top 500 company was getting married and he was invited to be the host of the wedding event? Bye bye!

A commercial endorsement for a condom product? Go away!

One hour...

Three hours...

Five hours...

Zhang Ye was busy handling all the matters from the morning until afternoon! For some commercial performances or jobs, all he needed to do was ignore them and that would be the end of it. But there were many others that he had to reply to one by one. Since they thought so highly of him and even got their people to contact him again and again, Zhang Ye could not possibly just ignore them. Even if he didn't intend to take the job or accept their requests, he had to at least give them a reply. But when they knew that it was Zhang Ye calling them back personally, of course they got a little bit excited and couldn't help but say a few words. And try to extend the conversation. As such, the time taken to get everything done was dragged out much more than originally intended! This also included some weird people he encountered who wanted to have a long chat with him!

"Little Ye, it's time to eat!"

"Son!"

"Quickly come and eat dinner!"

It was already time for dinner.

His parents had to call him three times before Zhang Ye finally came out to join them.

Zhang Ye who had just handled all the outstanding work was extremely exhausted. The moment he came out, he exclaimed, "This won't do. I was exhausted by all of that, so I must quickly find myself an agent! Now! Immediately!"

He had no choice but to find one!

Now that he had reached A-list status, he was getting too busy to handle so many things by himself. With his character, he could not possibly take care of all these things every day!

He had to find one!

He had to find one immediately!

Chapter 949: The battle of the agents!

On the same night.



He gave Zhang Yuanqi a call. The Heavenly Queen was acknowledged to have the best social ties in the entertainment industry. Zhang Ye did not have many friends and she was the only person he knew to have the means. If he wanted to find an agent as soon as possible, then it would definitely be the most convenient to contact Zhang Yuanqi.

Du du.

The call connected.

"Hello, Sister Zhang, it's me!"

"Mhm."

"What are you doing? Where are you?"

"Home."

"By yourself?"

"Yes."

"I've got something to tell you. There's something I need your help with."

"I'm listening."

"I'm looking to hire an agent as fast as possible!"

"Any requirements?"

"I don't have too many requirements and either gender is fine, but it'd be best if it's a woman as it will be easier for me to communicate with her. She should be capable of handling work, but it doesn't matter whether she is very capable or not. Even if she's a rookie, it's fine. You know that my social ties are not that good, so I don't have many demands for my potential agent's popularity with others as long as she suits my needs. It'd be great if she has the same values as me so that I can save the trouble of communicating. And, uh, it'd be best if her appearance is not too shabby either, since she'll be representing me, after all, and has to pull in the points in the looks department for me. I don't have many demands regarding her figure either, but she must not look too bad. She should at least have a decent figure since she'll need to appear in public sometimes on my behalf..."

He rattled off a long string of demands.

In the end, Zhang Yuanqi summarized his requests in a few words. "So a busty, beautiful woman, and nothing else matters?"

Zhang Ye was slightly embarrassed. "...Right!"

Zhang Yuanqi said: "Wait for my message then."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye confidently left the task to Old Zhang.

The agent held a very special position in the entertainment industry. It could be said that they were the celebrity's most intimate colleague and the most loyal representative. They could help the celebrity handle all sorts of matters, such as endorsements, advertisements, press interviews, and job

arrangements. There was no need to emphasize how important an agent was. Every celebrity's agent was either selected in the strictest way, or they were the celebrity's most trusted relatives, like their mother, elder sister, or second aunt to begin with. Otherwise, they would have to be exceptionally capable like Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong. She was a renowned, elite agent in the industry who had become famous long before she became Zhang Yuanqi's manager.

Actually, Zhang Ye could opt for the latter choice, but he found it unsuitable for his situation.

Look for his relatives?

His mother or one of his aunts?

His paternal elder cousin or his maternal younger cousins?

None of them would fit!

His family members were just ordinary people who had not seen much of the world and were inexperienced in the things they might have to handle on his behalf. With Zhang Ye's notorious reputation in the industry and him getting into trouble so often, he did not want to let his relatives handle his affairs for him.

As for those highly reputed elite agents, he did not wish to hire them, and neither could he hire them. Many of the agents were directly contracted to the celebrities and would draw a percent commission from the celebrity's earnings. For a person like Zhang Ye who had never accepted any commercial appearances and was not likely to accept them in the future, which elite agent would want to work for him? Ignoring the fact that the agent would not be earning much, just the trouble brought about by Zhang Ye's temper would be enough to keep them busy. A low salary, a pile of work, and they might even get cursed at by other people. Only an idiot would take a job like that!

Hence, his favorite was still a rookie, who could at least help him handle some miscellaneous tasks. As for the other, more important matters? Zhang Ye could handle them by himself.

...

The next day.

Early in the morning.

Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong, sent him an email with a list of the candidates!

Although Old Zhang's temperament in private wasn't too good, her efficiency in getting things done was still very high. Zhang Ye did not have to worry that she would forget about the favor that he had requested from her.

More than ten résumés arrived in his inbox!

Li Han: Female, 27 years old with 4 years' experience in the industry.

Han Fang: Female, 29 years old with 6 years' experience in the industry. Former agent of Huo Dongfang.

Zhao Minli: Female, 25 years old. Rookie with 1 year of experience in the industry. Very capable and had just left her previous position at a communication and media agency.

Zhang Ye scanned through the résumés one by one and was very satisfied with every one of them. Actually, he did not really understand them as this was his first time doing something like this. He did not feel that anyone was worse than anyone else, which gave him with an even greater dilemma. Later, he even got his parents to help him look at the résumés together. As a professional agent, she'd also need to handle some parts of a celebrity's private life. Therefore, Zhang Ye valued his parents' opinions very much as they would come across each other often in the future.

His father pointed at one of them. "This person seems alright."

"Come on." His mother disagreed and pointed to another person. "This one is better; she looks rather big-hearted. One look at her and you can tell that she's a very capable person."

Zhang Ye said, "That so?"

His mother urged, "Check with her!"

"Uh, alright." Zhang Ye agreed since he did not have any opinion either.

Zhang Ye picked up the phone and called the candidates he had shortlisted.

"Hello, is this Ms. Zhao Minli?"

"Yes, this is she. May I know who's calling?"

"It's Zhang Ye."

"Ah, Teacher Zhang, hello, hello!" The woman on the other end of the line sounded very excited. "Sister Fang mentioned this to me. She asked me about my current job situation, as well as my opinion of you. I never expected that you would actually contact me. Let me introduce myself briefly then. I just left my position at my previous agency, so I have no contractual obligations right now. I can accept being contracted to you as an exclusive agent. You can put that as a term in the contract and I won't have any problems with it."

"I seldom accept commercial appearances. Are you OK with that?"

"Ummm...how seldom is seldom?"

"I basically never accept them."

"Uh, that's not a problem. Can we meet up to discuss this?"

"Sure, let's schedule a time."

After chatting for a while, Zhang Ye felt quite satisfied with her.

He then called the next person.

"Hello, is this Ms. Han?"

"Hur hur, are you Teacher Zhang?"

"You can recognize my voice?"

"I'm very familiar with your voice."

"I'm looking for an agent, and Sister Fang recommended you to me. Before we discuss other things, I'd like to get to know you a bit more, and also find out if you have any requests."

"I don't have many demands, except that upon contracting, I would like to receive a higher percent commission, at 30% of the earnings."

"Is that so?"

"If you have a talent agency, the agency will assign you an agent while they take a percentage for the commission. If I am your personal agent, I'd have to use my own network to get work done. Therefore, I would definitely need to receive a higher percent commission. As for the exact details, we can discuss further."

"Sure."

As he contacted the shortlisted agents, he did not know of the buzz that had started in the talent agency business!

...

At a talent agency.

"Hey, did you hear? Zhang Ye is looking for an agent!"

"I just heard about it too!"

"Now this is a good opportunity!"

"Aiyo, I would like to apply too!"

"Then you'd have to quit first. He's hiring a personal agent!"

"I don't mind quitting. I'm mainly afraid that I'm not qualified enough."

"There's nothing good about being Zhang Ye's agent anyways. Don't you guys know him by now? He has never accepted any commercial appearances, so there's basically no money to be earned!"

"I'd still be willing! He's an A-list celebrity!"

"Yeah, my career highlights would be glossed up and in the future when I say that I was once the agent of an A-list celebrity, who wouldn't scramble to employ me? My résumé would have thickened!"

...

At a private gathering of some agents in the business.

"So Zhang Ye is looking for an agent?"

"Yeah, I heard Sister Fang Weihong helped him spread the word."

"This is a very good opportunity!"

"Yes, among the current A-list celebrities, only Zhang Ye does not have an agent yet. I wonder who will get the job! Hai, too bad my contract is tied to the agency. Otherwise, I would have applied too!"

...

Almost everyone in the business knew about this now!

This industry was neither big nor small. There weren't many secrets in the industry, especially if it concerned an A-list celebrity like Zhang Ye. Every move of his would attract the attention of many others!

At once, quite a number of agents in the industry tried to contact Zhang Ye or Fang Weihong. Their demands were gradually getting lower than the last!

"I don't have any demands!"

"I am willing to take a commission of only 10%!"

"I can take 7%!"

"5% for me!"

"I don't need any commission at all! A working salary will do!"

The number of applicants increased by the second. In the end, they were almost fighting to outdo each other in terms of their demands. Everyone was using all means possible to try to secure this job!

Zhang Ye did not expect that he would be so popular. Initially, he thought that no one would willingly be his agent since he did not accept commercial appearances and often got into a lot of trouble, but it seemed like he had underestimated his current fame. There were even some very prominent, established agents in the industry who found ways to contact him to reveal their intentions of willingly becoming his agent, and also to express some of their requests to him.

Zhang Ye was spoilt for choice!

This is good!

This one is not bad either!

So who should be chosen?

Chapter 950: A martial arts action star warns against Zhang Ye!

"Zhang Ye looking to hire agent!"

"Competition in the talent agency business heats up!"

"Who will end up as Zhang Ye's agent?"

Online, some media outlets had also posted news updates about the situation. Some of the more meticulous reporters even made a chart of talent agents for comparison in a special coverage of the business. They listed some of the current statuses and contributions of agents to celebrities like Zhang Yuanqi, Huo Dongfang, Ning Lan, etc., and took the opportunity to comb through the standing of the talent agency business.

The netizens were very happy.

"Haha!"

"Teacher Zhang has finally been enlightened!"

"Quickly hire someone. Let's see who'll get chosen!"

"Being Teacher Zhang's agent won't be an easy job!"

"Yeah, it's going to be quite difficult!"

"With Zhang Ye's social relationships, the pressure on his agent within the industry will surely be the greatest! After every fight that Teacher Zhang gets himself into, his agent will have to handle the media. I doubt just anyone could handle that!"

"They'd also have to be careful not to get beaten up!"

"Pfft, that's right!"

"Teacher Zhang attracts too much hatred from within the industry!"

Although some things were only meant to be jokes, no one could have expected those jokes to actually come true!

Though no one knew which private gathering it had originated from, nor who had leaked it, a piece of news posted online stirred up a huge reaction! A very popular martial arts action star had actually issued a warning publicly: Whoever dares to take the job as Zhang Ye's agent would get "fixed" by him!

Jiang Hanwei!

An A-list celebrity in the domestic market!

The best martial arts action star in the country!

A famous movie star whose appeal at the martial arts movies' box office was unparalleled. As long as it was a movie that he starred in, the box office earnings would be at least one hundred million RMB! He was the most famous kung fu star in the industry with no one coming close to him! Not only that, he was also a true martial arts expert who had won first place in the National Youth Wushu Championships when he was just 16 years old. This was followed by many other martial arts awards as well, making him a big shot celebrity who actually knew real kung fu! In the A-list Celebrity Rankings, his position was also higher than Zhang Ye!

As a big shot of the big shots, he had actually stated something like that so publicly. This left many netizens in disbelief after they found out!

What did he mean by "fixing" whoever dares take the job?

Did that mean he would beat up whoever became Zhang Ye's agent?

Jiang Hanwei was known for being quite temperamental, not like how Zhang Ye was, instead more hot-tempered. Since he'd debuted, he had beaten up many, many people. He had beaten up reporters, assistant directors, fellow celebrities on set, and some troublemaking fans in his time. As a result,

everyone in the industry knew about Jiang Hanwei's temper and most people would not risk angering him. He was a big brother of the entertainment industry after all!

That was why the netizens were shocked!

"Holy fuck!"

"What happened?"

"Why did Jiang Hanwei suddenly pop out of nowhere?"

"What is wrong with Teacher Jiang?"

"W-Why is he picking a fight with Zhang Ye?"

"This should just be a rumor, right?"

"Yeah, I feel that way. Why would Teacher Jiang issue such a threatening statement?"

"Yeah, from what I know, he shouldn't have any animosity for Zhang Ye?"

"Who can tell me what's going on?"

"Jiang Hanwei is being too overbearing, isn't he? Fuck, what makes him think he can stop others from hiring an agent? What logic is that? Who does he think he is? The boss of the entertainment circle?"

"That's how he always behaves, handling everything like one would in a fight!"

"He's borne from a martial arts background after all. If he says he will 'fix' someone, then that person will most definitely be 'fixed'!"

"Fuck, do you think that Teacher Zhang is afraid of you?"

"Who the fuck are you!"

In an instant, the netizens were seething!

Perhaps even the person who started this did not expect it to blow up this much!

Although the veracity of this news was still unconfirmed, the fans treated it as if it were real. On Weibo, Zhang Ye's and Jiang Hanwei's fans immediately got into an argument!

Zhang Ye's fans: "Motherfuckers!"

Jiang Hanwei's fans: "You motherfuckers!"

Zhang Ye's fans: "Do you people think you own the entertainment industry?"

Jiang Hanwei's fans: "Teacher Jiang must surely have an issue with that Zhang fellow. Since Teacher Jiang has said something like that, there must be a good reason. Are you people unconvinced?"

Zhang Ye's fans: "You all think you're really awesome, don't you?"

Jiang Hanwei's fans: "We've always been this awesome! You got a problem with that?"

There were also many who came to mediate the situation!

"Calm down, everyone!"

"The news might not be true!"

"There's a lot of rumors flying around these days!"

...

At home.

Even Zhang Ye thought that the news wasn't true, so did not take it seriously.

But several phone calls later, he began to think otherwise!

Chen Guang was the first to call. "When did you offend Jiang Hanwei?"

Zhang Ye was slightly taken aback, but laughed. "You've been duped by the rumor too?"

"You didn't offend him?" Chen Guang said in surprise.

Zhang Ye replied, "I don't even know him, so how could I have offended him? At most, I've heard of his name and have seen several of his martial arts movies. That's all."

Chen Guang went silent for a moment, then warned, "Well, just be careful. He really walks the walk!"

"Ha?" Zhang Ye found this comical.

Next, Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong called!

The moment he answered the call, Fang Weihong asked, "Did you offend Old Jiang?"

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, "I haven't even met him before!"

Fang Weihong mused, "I'm still helping you find an agent, but you'd better not hold out much hope for now. I think it will be difficult to find one in the near future."

Zhang Ye was quite exasperated. "What do you mean, Sister Fang?"

"Old Jiang is considered a big brother in the industry, and even though he has offended some people before, he has helped out many celebrities. Therefore, everyone acknowledges his position in the industry, and he's also very popular with everyone. Now that he's issued a warning against you and made this threat, it's quite possible that you'll really be in some trouble. As long as it's someone in the industry, who would dare be your agent under such circumstances? You'd have to at least wait until this blows over. Do you really not know what happened?" Fang Weihong asked again.

Zhang Ye returned, "Oh, so you mean this isn't actually a rumor?"

"What rumor!" Fang Weihong related, "It's already spread throughout the entertainment industry! Those words were shouted by Old Jiang at a party! And his original words were not even that nice. He didn't say that he would 'fix' your agent, he just said that whoever dares to become your agent will get beaten up by him!"



Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes. "Is that so?"

Fang Weihong sighed. "In any case, just be careful. He's not someone to be trifled with. I still have some influence in the industry, so let me help you ask around first and see if this problem can be resolved amicably."

But when Zhang Ye heard that, he spoke up, "It's alright, Sister Fang. I'll settle this myself!"

Zhang Xia's call came in!

"Little Zhang, what's happening?"

"I don't know."

"Is it a rumor?"

"I think it's real."

Yao Jiancai also heard about it!

Dong Shanshan gave him a call as well!

Zhang Ye's friends were all quite surprised. They didn't know why Jiang Hanwei had suddenly picked a fight with Zhang Ye, so all of his friends called to show their concern for him! This was because the person who had picked a fight with Zhang Ye this time was not some unknown. It wasn't like those little-known athletes or crosstalk comedians like Tang Dazhang who did not have many fans. This was a genuinely recognized A-list martial arts action star who was even more popular than Zhang Ye! In the entertainment industry, such public disagreements between A-list celebrities were virtually unheard of. But when they occurred, the gravity of the situation would not be light!

Before long, Zhang Ye started receiving updates from those talent agents he had contacted earlier!

From the first person:

"Teacher Zhang."

"Hey, Ms. Xu."

"I've fallen sick recently and feel quite bad, so I'll be hospitalized for a while. Umm...let's take a rain check on our meeting. I'm terribly sorry."

"Oh, it's fine. Your health is more important. Do take care of yourself."

From the second person:

"Teacher Zhang."

"Yes?"

"I've considered for a while, but I think that I won't be able to qualify as your agent with my current skill set."

"That's fine."

"My apologies."

From the third person:

"Teacher Zhang, I think I won't be able to meet you in the afternoon."

"What's the matter?"

"Teacher Jiang Hanwei's position in the industry is too high, and I'm just a small-timer, so I..."

"Understood, no worries."

"I'm so sorry."

Everyone was rejecting his offer now!

None of them dared to take the job as Zhang Ye's agent!

Jiang Hanwei's threat was too ruthless. For many of these talent agents, getting beaten up would be considered getting off lightly and it wasn't as bad as it sounded. But realistically, it wasn't going to be as simple as just getting beaten up. They were more likely to get several beatings instead, or even not be able to make a living in the industry. Applying for the role of agent that they didn't even know if they would get was simply too risky. And it might even cut short their talent agent careers? No one was willing to take the risk! If it were for the role of Zhang Yuanqi's manager, then it wouldn't matter. With Sister Zhang's reputation in the entertainment industry, Jiang Hanwei would never dare to issue such threats. Even if he did, no one would care because Sister Zhang would most assuredly back them up! But it wasn't the same for Zhang Ye. This fellow's social ties were too poor, and he had few connections or friends to depend on. Compared to Jiang Hanwei, it was clear that Jiang Hanwei was the more oppressive figure! His words definitely held more weight!

His parents also found out about this!

His mother immediately flew into a rage. "Jiang Hanwei? I used to rather like his kung fu movies! That old bastard, based on what is he restricting my son from hiring an agent?"

His father, usually mild-mannered, was also enraged. "Isn't he taking it too far?"

His mother said, "Keep searching, just continue looking for an agent! I doubt that he really dares to beat anyone up!"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "The agents I shortlisted earlier have already rejected me for the interview."

"What?" When his mother heard that, she cursed even more harshly, "Has my son goddamn offended you or something?"

Zhang Ye was also thinking about this.

Jiang Hanwei?

A martial arts action star?

A martial artist?

Soon, he reached a plausible conclusion. Zhang Ye went online to research Jiang Hanwei's history. Everything was available online and was no secret at all!

Jiang Hanwei turned out to be a former disciple of the Huashan Sect, and was Fan Wen's sixth disciple. He had studied under Fan Wen for three years beginning at the age of eight, but then left the sect due to some unknown reason and went into the world to fulfill his own ambitions. He was no longer a disciple of the Huashan Sect, but after he became famous, he donated quite the sum to the Huashan Sect for repairs. It seemed like he intended to rejoin the Huashan Sect back then, but they did not accept him back. Perhaps it was because they just didn't want to take him back, or that something had happened all those years ago. Whatever the reason, it was unclear. But there were rumors that Jiang Hanwei's current martial arts skills were even better than Fan Wen's!

A former disciple of the Huashan Sect?

Zhang Ye sneered!

So this was the reason!

So this was the root cause?