

Doctor 651

Chapter 651: It's Easy to Invite the Gods but Difficult to Send Them Away

Seeing Fang Bai's prowess in gambling, Robertson developed an interest in recruiting him. His plan was that if Fang Bai accepted his overtures, the incident where the Dragon Maiden injured Hattori Shin'yu would be completely written off.

However, if Fang Bai refused his recruitment and was also unwilling to return the money he had won, then they would make sure he left horizontally after having walked in vertically.

It wasn't until Fang Bai and his group stood before him that he realized he had done something foolish.

Robertson had never imagined that the strength of Fang Bai and his companions would be so formidable, able to ignore his own oppressive presence, indicating that their power was at least on par with his own.

Such opponents, he wouldn't fear if it were one or two, but the thought of more than ten chilled him to the bone.

A dozen Earth Level Martial Artists—not only were they too much for Robertson's forces to handle, but even a global meta-human organization like the "Statue of Liberty" would have to exert all their effort to contend with them, right?

Watching Fang Bai and the others, their faces smirking, Robertson felt bitter inside, as if he had tried to steal a chicken only to lose his rice instead.

That damn Hattori Shin'yu, what kind of trouble has he brought upon me?

Recalling the recent news from the "Statue of Liberty," that the once-in-five-years "World Meta-Human Organizations Grand Prix" was about to be held in the coming days, Robertson's heart skipped a beat. He pondered a terrifying possibility.

Could these dozen or so people from Huaxia, each with their incredible strength, be members of Huaxia's mysterious "Dragon Guard"?

If that were the case, then he had made a huge blunder!

Summoning a god is easy, but sending one away is hard.

To many, the "Dragon Guard" was tantamount to a deity. Provoking this deity would be unimaginable, leading to a global manhunt by its members.

Although Robertson had his own forces, he knew he didn't have the capacity to contend with a global meta-human organization like "Dragon Guard."

With these thoughts, Robertson felt a bitter taste in his mouth, and a cold sweat broke out over his body.

As Robertson's mind raced with thoughts, Long Da, Long Er, and the others casually surveyed the palatial luxury of the hall, adorned in many places with gold and jade, breathtakingly valuable. They couldn't help but click their tongues in admiration.

"To our friends from Huaxia, it is a pleasure to meet you... Sit! Please, take a seat!"

With a beaming smile on his face, Robertson stood up and warmly invited Fang Bai and his companions to sit down, his expression and demeanor drastically different from when they first entered.

Except for Yang Xudong, no one expected him to speak Mandarin so fluently. If one only heard his voice and not saw the man, one might think he was an authentic Huaxian.

In Yang Xu's memory, Robertson was an arrogant and haughty figure, a ruthless person who could kill without blinking. Seeing his radiant smile now, Yang Xu couldn't help but be somewhat stunned, wondering if this was the so-called smiling face with a hidden dagger?

After the laughter, the knife would be revealed, right?

Long Da, Long Er, and the others did not sit because Instructor Fang was there, and it wasn't their place to sit without his permission.

Seeing the swift and drastic change in Robertson's attitude, filled with a mix of panic, fear, and humility, Fang Bai realized he might have guessed the identities of his group. He silently praised the man for being smart.

"Mr. Robertson, weren't you going to treat us to coffee? Why don't I see any coffee in front of me?"

Fang Bai settled comfortably on the sofa in front of Robertson and asked with a smile.

Robertson was taken aback, and then said, "Coffee... It will be here right away..."

As he said this, he stood up, seemingly about to personally make coffee.

"No need!"

Fang Bai waved his hand, saying, "Mr. Robertson, forget the coffee, I can't get used to that stuff. Let's discuss the matter at hand!"

"The matter at hand?"

Robertson was taken aback, then realized what was going on, and said earnestly, "That bastard Hattori Shin'yu, to actually dare to mess with you all, he really doesn't know a mountain when he sees one! I'll have him thrown into the desert to feed the eagles!"

Fang Bai said, "I don't care about the life and death of those Japanese, what I want to know is, why were we repeatedly refused accommodation at the hotel? And how do you plan to handle Brother Yang's matter? Also, who was it that injured Brother Yang in the first place?"

Robertson, being a clever man to have gotten to where he was today, instantly knew these people had come to seek justice for Yang Xudong.

Of course, having ordered all the major hotels not to accommodate them had also contributed to their displeasure.

Hearing Fang Bai refer to Yang Xudong as "Brother Yang," it was clear their relationship was close. Thinking back on what he had done to Yang Xudong, Robertson's cold sweat flowed even more profusely.

The injury to Yang Xudong hadn't been caused by his own people, but his fall to such a pitiful state wasn't unrelated to him.

"You can return to the hotel anytime now, the same one you stayed in before, and everything will be free of charge for the duration of your stay! Regarding Mr. Yang's matter, I was wrong... I will make a reasonable compensation to make up for my mistake!"

Robertson didn't deny any blame because he knew it would be futile, promptly admitting his mistake and writing a check for one hundred million US dollars on the spot. He placed it on the coffee table in front of him and slowly pushed it toward Fang Bai.

"One hundred million?"

Fang Bai picked up the check, glanced at it, and with a snort of disdain, flicked his wrist lightly, turning the check to shreds.

"This... You think it's too little?"

Robertson's mouth twitched, pulling out one hundred million US dollars as compensation had already been painful for him, yet the young man in front of him was still unsatisfied.

Fang Bai huffed, saying coldly, "Brother Yang was almost tortured to death by you, do you think his life is only worth one hundred million US dollars?"

Robertson gritted his teeth and wrote another check, this time increasing the amount to three hundred million US dollars. He thought this should be enough, it was the annual income of all his businesses.

Unexpectedly, Fang Bai took the check in his hand, looked at it, and once again shattered it.

"How much do you think is a fair compensation?"

Robertson asked somewhat irritably, yet forcing a smile.

Fang Bai said, "One billion US dollars, not a cent less!"

"One billion? That's impossible!"

Robertson gasped, nearly jumping off the sofa.

He had anticipated Fang Bai would make an exorbitant demand, but he hadn't expected it to be one billion US dollars.

One billion US dollars equaled several years of his total income. Giving it to Yang Xudong was the equivalent of working for Yang Xudong for those years, a proposition more painful for him than cutting a piece of flesh from his body.

"If you're not giving, fine... Whatever injury Brother Yang suffered, I'll make sure you taste the same!"

Fang Bai stared at Robertson's legs, smiling ominously.

To increase the intimidation of his words, Fang Bai lightly slapped the marble coffee table with his right palm. The strong and solid marble coffee table collapsed with a bang, turning into a pile of rubble.

Chapter 652: King's Boxing Ring

With a single palm strike shattering the marble tea table, Robertson believed he could do the same, but he absolutely couldn't do it as casually as Fang Bai, and given the uniform size of the shattered pieces, it showed that this young man's control over his strength had reached an almost pathological level. This was not something a Martial Artist of his level could achieve. Just a casual palm strike possessed such power; if this young man made a full effort, what would be the outcome?

The Martial Artists from Huaxia behind him, if they all possessed this kind of strength, wouldn't they be able to turn his "Caesar" casino upside down easily and take care of all his people, including himself, with ease?

What was the use of having weapons on his side? Could ordinary weapons shatter a thick marble tea table into dust? And if there really were a clash, it would be questionable if his armed bodyguards would even have the chance to react.

The more Robertson thought about it, the more frightened he became. Seeing Fang Bai's gaze fixed on his legs, he instinctively retracted them a little. He did not want to end up with broken legs like Yang Xudong, lying on a bed immobile.

Robertson still couldn't understand how Yang Xudong, who had been so severely injured and practically waiting for death on the bed, had been healed by someone.

Robertson was a "Huaxia expert" and knew that Huaxia had miraculous medical techniques passed down for thousands of years and many profound and mysterious Martial Arts. The Huaxia "Dragon Guard," being one of the seven great Meta-Human organizations in the world, surely had many powerful individuals. Maybe Yang Xudong's injuries were treated by a master from the "Dragon Guard."

Thinking of this, Robertson felt even more awe for the Huaxia "Dragon Guard."

"Alright, ten billion... ten billion..."

In light of the immense strength of the "Dragon Guard," Robertson immediately lost his courage to confront Fang Bai and the others. Gritting his teeth, he tremblingly wrote out a check for ten billion US Dollars and handed it to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai did not immediately pass the check to Yang Xudong, but instead kept it for himself.

An innocent man incurs guilt by possessing a treasured jade.

Yang Xudong was too weak. If people knew he carried a check for ten billion US Dollars in this foreign land, it could very well lead to disaster,

Fang Bai decided to wait until he got back to Huaxia before handing the check to Yang Xudong and letting him decide whether to accept it or not.

"Considering your sincere admission of guilt and active compensation, I will not pursue Brother Yang's matter further. Let's put this behind us. Now, tell me, who was it that injured Brother Yang?"

Fang Bai received the check with a smile, but his expression immediately turned solemn as he asked earnestly.

Dragon Maiden had already decided to recruit Xiao Yu into the "Dragon Guard." Thus, the affair of Yang Xudong and his daughter was now a matter for the "Dragon Guard." Plus, considering the sibling relationship Yang Xudong had with Baili Zhan, Fang Bai decided to seek justice on Yang's behalf for the injury that led to his disability.

Fang Bai was undoubtedly a smart man. He had already seen through some of the subtleties of the current situation.

They had been ousted from the hotel before, and with the power of the Statue of Liberty, it was not possible for them to be unaware, yet they chose to turn a deaf ear, not intervening to resolve the situation, even seemingly deliberately indulging Robertson's behavior.

Fang Bai knew that the Statue of Liberty did this with a strategy in mind, to hit two birds with one stone: firstly, to gauge the strength of this "Dragon Guard" team through Robertson's power; secondly, to intimidate him and his people, to ensure everyone knew they were not to be trifled with as the local authority, the Statue of Liberty.

So Fang Bai simply decided to bring his "Dragon Guard" members and strut around blatantly, to give a powerful response to the "Statue of Liberty" who secretly wished to ridicule them, letting them know that the Dragon Guard were not to be trifled with.

"The man who injured Mr. Yang is David's subordinate, and that has nothing to do with me!"

Upon hearing Fang Bai's inquiry about who had attacked Yang Xudong, Robertson hurriedly explained, "David is the owner of 'King's Boxing Ring' ... Oh, the 'King's Boxing Ring' is the biggest underground fighting ring in Las Vegas. David is not only ruthless but also incredibly strong, known as the 'Human Tank.' He's really tough to deal with!"

Fang Bai nodded and glanced at Yang Xudong before asking, "Brother Yang should know where 'King's Boxing Ring' is located, right?"

Yang Xudong said, "I know. But Divine Doctor Fang, I think we should let this matter go. David is a madman who fights to the death with anyone who provokes him. He's indeed tough to handle..."

"In front of absolute power, all demons and monsters are mere trash! If he's a madman, then let's turn him into a fool!"

As Fang Bai spoke, he stood up, and his aura suddenly burst forth, enveloping the entire golden hall in an instant, dimming even the light.

Robertson, who possessed the strength of an early-stage Earth Level Martial Artist, couldn't withstand the pressure of Fang Bai's aura and collapsed on the sofa, unable to move.

It wasn't until Fang Bai and his group had left that Robertson came back to his senses, only to find his clothes soaked with cold sweat.

"That Huaxia young man is terrifying... Not even Isabella, the boss of the 'Statue of Liberty,' has ever given me this feeling of being on the brink of death! My God, could he be even stronger than that woman Isabella?"

Robertson sat stupefied on the sofa for a moment, then suddenly thought of something, wiped the sweat from his forehead, stood up, and issued a stern command to all his subordinates. He ordered that no one was to provoke Fang Bai and his group, and if they were to visit the casino, they were to be treated with the utmost respect, or face execution without mercy.

After arranging all this, Robertson finally breathed a sigh of relief and lit up a cigar to smoke.

He and David, owner of the King's Boxing Ring, were both big shots in the underground world of Las Vegas. Now that Fang Bai had gone to trouble David, rather than feeling sorrow for another's misfortune, he was actually somewhat glad about it.

As the saying goes, two tigers cannot share one mountain.

Both Robertson and David had many businesses in Las Vegas and were in fierce competition with one another. Although under the monitoring of the "Statue of Liberty," they hadn't openly torn faces and publicized their disputes and conflicts, their covert struggles against each other were frequent, and it could be said that they were arch-enemies.

If Fang Bai were to seek justice at David's "King's Boxing Ring" this time and uproot David's influence, then he could take advantage of the situation and absorb all of David's wealth and power in one fell swoop.

If things went smoothly, the one billion US Dollars he had just compensated Yang Xudong could almost be recouped from David's assets.

Thinking this, Robertson's mood went from gloomy and depressed to excited and exhilarated.

He summoned several trusted subordinates and secretly made some arrangements. Once they had left with their respective orders, he poured himself a glass of fine red wine, played some soothing music, and began to celebrate on his own.

Chapter 653: Going Wild with You!

King's Boxing Ring is the largest underground fight arena in Las Vegas, located inside the King's Grand Hotel, and capable of accommodating thousands of spectators at once.

Underground fighting has always been filled with violence and gore; almost every day, a boxer would meet their demise on the black boxing stage, afterwards being dragged away and disposed of.

Underground fighting has never been a legal enterprise, but David, the owner of King's Boxing Ring, pays the local police a generous sum of money each year as a tribute, so the police turn a blind eye and allow its operation.

Those who come to watch the underground boxing matches are either materially wealthy but spiritually empty individuals looking for an alternative thrill, or gamblers hoping to strike it rich in the ring.

Over at the casino, because of the limits on betting amounts, the size of wins and losses isn't too outrageous. But in the underground fight arena, these limits are far looser, with many wealthy individuals betting tens of millions of U.S. dollars, or even hundreds of millions, on boxers they favor.

Therefore, to make a fortune or suffer a huge loss is much easier here than in the regular casinos.

For the boxers who fight in the underground ring, there is a great allure - if they fight and win a single match, they can usually take home several hundred thousand, or even millions, of US dollars.

But the consequences of losing are tragic, either death or crippling injury, with no exceptions.

Thereby, the boxers who participate take great risks, and they have to sign a life-and-death contract before stepping onto the stage.

Despite the risks, under the drive of massive profits, there are still boxers from all over the world who volunteer to sign up.

Fang Bai and the others learned a lot about the underground fight arena on the way to the King's Hotel, from what Yang Xudong shared with them.

Yang Xudong mentioned that in King's Boxing Ring, there were quite a few martial artists from the Ancient Martial World of Huaxia participating, some of whom were descendants from Ancient Martial Sects or Prominent Clans, but Individual Cultivation Martial Artists were even more common.

Yang Xudong had fought in the arena before and was thus a regular, so under his guidance, Fang Bai and the others easily bought tickets and entered the boxing ring.

In the center of the boxing ring, a black boxer and a white boxer were engaged in a match.

For visual excitement, the boxers on stage usually didn't wear any gloves, so the fight was quite bloody, with spectators getting even more frenzied.

"If you want to wager on a few matches, you can place your bets before each boxing match starts... We're a bit late, so we can't bet on this one; we'll have to wait for the next," Yang Xudong whispered after they had settled into their seats in the spectator area.

Long Da, Long Er, and the others had won quite a bit of money previously at Caesar Casino and were eager to bet now that they heard it was possible here.

The skill level of the two boxers currently fighting on the stage only amounted to a mid Yellow Level for martial artists, which naturally didn't attract much interest from Fang Bai and the others. However, the surrounding spectators were very passionate, occasionally letting out sighs of disappointment or shouts of excitement.

Soon, the black boxer was struck in the abdomen by the white boxer's knee, bloodied from mouth and nose, collapsed on the floor, curling up like a shrimp, obviously in excruciating pain.

A referee stepped onto the stage and declared the winner and loser; the black boxer was carried off on a stretcher, while the white boxer circled the ring with his arms raised high, excitedly making cries like a hungry wolf.

Those who had bet on the white boxer erupted into hysterical cheers.

Those who had bet on the black boxer swore frustratedly, utterly disheartened.

A moment later, two new boxers climbed onto the stage, and after the host had introduced their identities and previous records, he began to encourage the audience to move towards the betting station to place their wagers.

Two boxers, both around the age of thirty-five, one is a short Japanese man in samurai attire, and the other is a white man wearing only red shorts.

The white man was at least a head taller than the Japanese man and his body was muscled, making him look very strong. A blood-colored wolf head was tattooed on his chest, which looked somewhat horrifying, and he exuded a fierce aura all over.

On the other hand, not only was the Japanese man short, but he also looked quite weak, as if he was malnourished. He stood there expressionlessly, his gaze cold, occasionally glancing at his opponent who was warming up with punches and kicks, a trace of disdain flashing in his eyes.

In the eyes of ordinary people, the white man's height and imposing manner evidently gave him the advantage, and he seemed more likely to win.

However, to martial artists like Fang Bai, Long Da, and Long Er, the Japanese man seemed slightly superior, holding the winning ticket.

After Long Da, Long Er, and others asked Yang Xudong about the betting rules, they couldn't hold back and got up one after another to go to the betting counter.

Here, the minimum betting standard is ten thousand US dollars, and the maximum is ten million US dollars. You can bet in multiples, but no more than ten times.

In addition, spectators can also bet against each other, and the amount of such bets is not limited. The casino will take a certain percentage of commission from the boxing match results.

For example, if Fang Bai and Dragon Maiden bet against each other, they each choose the boxer they think will win, and then bet one hundred million US dollars each. If Fang Bai wins, Dragon Maiden's hundred million US dollars will belong to Fang Bai, and the casino will take a million US dollars as a commission from this hundred million.

Most of the people making bets on-site at the boxing match are billionaires, and the bets are often above tens of millions of US dollars.

Seeing Long Da and the others go to bet, Dragon Maiden also got interested and said to Fang Bai, "Lend me some money; I want to try my luck too."

"How much?"

Fang Bai asked with a smile.

Dragon Maiden said, "One million US dollars! I see Long Da and the others betting that much!"

Fang Bai replied, "If you're going to gamble, go big! Ten million US dollars, tenfold bet!"

Dragon Maiden was startled and shook her head, "A tenfold bet? Then... if I lose, it's a hundred million US dollars! Grandpa would kill me if he knew. No way, a small bet is a pleasure, a big bet is harmful. Just one million is good!"

Fang Bai insisted, "If you lose, it's on me, if you win, we split it. How about that? I'm not scared, what are you afraid of? That's not your style!"

Dragon Maiden gritted her teeth and said, "You said it! Fine, I'll go crazy with you just this once!"

Fang Bai took out a bank card that could be used at all major banks worldwide and handed it to Dragon Maiden, then took Xiao Yu from her arms and asked, "Who do you plan to bet on to win?"

Dragon Maiden pointed towards the boxing ring and said, "I'll follow Long Da and the others; I'm betting on the Japanese warrior to win!"

"Good! That's what I was thinking too!"

Fang Bai nodded with a smile.

Both boxers on the ring were equivalent to the high rank of Yellow Level, and although Dragon Maiden's cultivation level was not as high as Long Da and the others, being in the mid-rank of Profound Level, she could also see who was stronger and who weaker.

As for Fang Bai, his Divine Sense had infinite uses, even more impressive than that of Meta-Humans with the ability to see through things. The abilities of martial artists were laid bare under the sweep of his Divine Sense, so it was clear to him who would win and who would lose.

Chapter 654: Xiao Yu Is Somewhat Afraid

Ever since Yang Xudong encountered Fang Bai and the others, his life took a series of astonishing turns. First, Fang Bai miraculously healed his serious injuries, then Hattori Shin'yu got heavily injured by the Dragon Maiden, and Robertson, under Fang Bai's intimidation, was forced to apologize and offer compensation... These were all events beyond Yang Xudong's imagination, shocking him time and again.

The more he interacted with Fang Bai and his group, the more Yang Xudong felt their aura of mystery. They even made Robertson, backed by the "Statue of Liberty," admit his mistakes and pay compensation. How could ordinary people achieve that?

Although Yang Xudong still hadn't figured out the true background of Fang Bai and his companions, it gave him comfort to know they were friends, not foes. Moreover, the core figure among them, Fang Bai, was a close friend of Senior Brother Baili. With this connection, he wouldn't have to worry about his sect's pursuit once he returned to Huaxia.

"Brother Yang now has twenty or thirty million US Dollars in hand, why not take some out for a bet?"

Fang Bai saw Yang Xudong sitting motionlessly and asked with a smile.

Yang Xudong shook his head, resolutely stating, "No, I have sworn never to gamble again!"

Fang Bai responded, "That's good!"

A moment later, the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, Long Er, and other Dragon Guard members returned from the betting station, beaming with smiles. They had each bet one million US Dollars on the Japanese boxer to win.

Not long after they took their seats, the betting channel closed, and the boxing match officially began.

As the referee beneath the ring struck the gong, the Caucasian boxer let out a roar like an enraged lion and hurled himself toward his Japanese opponent with a fierce momentum.

The Caucasian boxer, tall and long-limbed, launched a flurry of punch and kick combos upon reaching his Japanese opponent, and the thudding sounds of his strikes could be heard by the audience seated afar.

The Japanese boxer seemed bewildered by his opponent's rapid assault, parrying left and right, continuously retreating as if he were a small boat amid towering waves, bobbing violently and at risk of capsizing at any moment, appearing quite beleaguered.

Soon, the Japanese boxer was cornered at the edge of the ring, seemingly moments away from being driven off and losing the match.

The majority of the audience, having bet on the Caucasian boxer, erupted in cheers, jumping with joy to see their pick dominating the fight.

A disappointed minority who had bet on the Japanese boxer shook their heads, regretting their choice, as it seemed that he was about to be defeated without mounting a single decent counterattack.

Even Yang Xudong felt that the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and others had made the wrong bet, considering the situation in the ring. The Japanese boxer seemed to have no chance of winning.

Yet the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, Long Er, and the others smiled confidently, radiating an air of certainty.

"Down you go!"

The Caucasian man, seeing his opponent unable to mount a defense and sensing victory at hand, looked down on him. Abandoning his best boxing techniques, he opted for a beautifully executed flying side kick, intending to knock his opponent out of the ring.

"This boxing match is about to end..."

Fang Bai murmured to himself.

He knew the Japanese boxer had been waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike back, and the Caucasian boxer's flying side kick had just presented him with that chance.

Once he launched his counterattack, it would surely be more swift and ferocious than the Caucasian boxer's previous barrage. The Caucasian boxer wouldn't last long before being overwhelmed and defeated.

"Xiao Yu, are you scared?"

The Dragon Maiden had been holding Xiao Yu on her lap throughout, not minding her watching the violent bout in the ring.

The Dragon Maiden had already decided that once they returned to Yanjing, she would recruit Xiao Yu into the Dragon Guard. Once part of the Guard, Xiao Yu would have to undergo various rigorous trainings, one of which was to overcome the fear in her heart.

When the Dragon Maiden was Xiao Yu's age, she too was timid. Later, Long Jingtian took her to watch the Dragon Guard members spar. Over time, as she became accustomed to the sight of combat and even bloodshed, she gradually overcame her fear of fighting.

Later, Dragon Maiden, following the Dragon Guard members on a mission, witnessed many bloody and violent scenes. At first, she felt very discomforted, but over time she became numb and was no longer afraid.

Now Xiao Yu was just like how Dragon Maiden used to be, so Dragon Maiden decided to start mentoring her right away, which was why she brought her to the underground boxing ring to watch.

In response, Yang Xudong did not offer any objections. He could see Dragon Maiden's affection and indulgence towards her daughter, and he knew Dragon Maiden had her reasons for bringing the child here. As long as his daughter was not harmed, Yang Xudong remained uninvolved.

"Xiao Yu... is a bit scared..."

Xiao Yu sometimes covered her eyes with her hands, reluctant to watch the two men on the stage yelling and fighting furiously; other times, hearing the loud cheers from the audience around, curiosity got the better of her, and she peeked through the gaps between her fingers.

She was struggling with whether to watch or not, feeling very conflicted inside.

"Xiao Yu is not as brave as your big sister when she was younger!"

Knowing that children have a desire to win, Dragon Maiden spoke provocatively, "When big sister was young, watching people fight, she wouldn't even blink! Even if someone was bleeding, big sister wasn't scared! Can Xiao Yu do it?"

"Xiao Yu... Xiao Yu..."

Xiao Yu hesitated, for if she said "I can't," she would not be a brave girl and would let her big sister down; but if she said she could, then she'd have to watch the two men fighting in the ring with her eyes wide open...

After much internal struggle, Xiao Yu clenched her little fists, pink and tender, and declared, "Xiao Yu can do it! Xiao Yu is afraid of nothing!"

With that said, her big eyes stared roundly as she gazed straight at the stage.

"Xiao Yu is so brave! Big sister will watch with you!"

Dragon Maiden patted Xiao Yu's head and a smile of satisfaction appeared on her lips.

As Fang Bai had predicted, there was a sudden change in the ring.

The Caucasian boxer's beautiful flying sidekick was launched, which he thought would end the match, but it missed as the Japanese boxer's figure suddenly disappeared from in front of him.

At the same time, a ghostly, eerie laugh came from behind him.

"No good!"

Hearing the laugh, the Caucasian boxer's face fell, and as he quickly turned around, his right arm swept through the air, attempting a backhand strike.

His swipe missed once again, and immediately his waist tightened as he was locked in by the two arms of the Japanese boxer.

"Get off me!"

The Caucasian boxer shouted, his right arm bent, elbow aiming to smash the Japanese boxer's head,

His reaction and movements were fast, but the Japanese boxer was faster. Before the elbow could land, the Japanese boxer deftly maneuvered behind him, locking his legs with his arms, then forcefully pulled back while thrusting his head forward.

"Down you go!"

This time it was the Japanese boxer's turn to shout loudly.

Amidst the shout, the Caucasian boxer's towering frame crumbled like a mountain, and with a "bang," fell heavily onto the ring's floor.

Fortunately, he reacted in time, using his arms to brace against the ground; otherwise, he would have landed on his face, which would have certainly resulted in disfigurement.

Chapter 655: Win Every Bet

The Japanese boxer, relentless in his advantage, raised his left fist and struck the white boxer's lower back area viciously, snapping his lumbar spine.

Before the white boxer could even scream in agony, the Japanese boxer's eyes flashed with ferocity, his figure following the momentum upward, his right arm hooked around the white boxer's neck, forcefully pulling and twisting.

Crack— —

A crisp sound of bone breaking echoed, and the white boxer's cervical spine was twisted apart. His eyes rolled back, and he instantly stopped breathing.

Seeing this scene, the venue fell silent.

The silence was not due to the death of the white boxer, but because most people had not expected the Japanese boxer to mount such a counterattack and win so decisively and cleanly.

The small portion of the audience that had bet on the Japanese boxer went through a rollercoaster of emotions from disappointment to surprise, and were now excitedly shouting and cheering.

Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and the others were not too excited, as this was the outcome they had expected. However, they were still very pleased to have made a sum of money in the blink of an eye.

"That Japanese boxer, he just used jujitsu, right?"

After Fang Bai's rebirth, he had studied the martial arts legacies of various countries in this world and had some understanding of them.

The martial arts displayed by the Japanese boxer just now, with a movement technique that was flexible and varied, and a body as supple as a snake, was very similar to the jujitsu Fang Bai was familiar with. A few simple moves exemplified the formidable aspect of jujitsu very well, illustrating the concept of "using softness to overcome hardness."

The white boxer's brute force met the Japanese boxer's jujitsu and was completely outclassed, taken down in a few moves, and met an untimely death.

Dragon Maiden nodded and said, "Indeed it was jujitsu, blended with a few other martial arts... This Japanese boxer is no simple foe! His strikes are ruthlessly efficient."

This boxing match ended, and Long Da and the others had made a good deal of money, which was transferred directly into their respective accounts.

Dragon Maiden was even more delighted as she had bet Fang Bai's ten million US dollars for a tenfold return, which resulted in a hundred million US dollars credited to her account. Even after splitting with Fang Bai, that was fifty million, which was much more than her salary at Dragon Guard.

Fang Bai and the others had come to King's Boxing Ring to seek justice for Yang Xudong, but they weren't in a hurry to find the boxing ring's boss, David; instead, they planned to watch some matches and win some money.

As with their previous experience at the Caesar casino, Fang Bai believed that if they won enough money, it would catch the attention of the boxing ring management. Perhaps then, the boxing ring's boss David might, like Caesar's casino owner Robertson, invite them out for "coffee."

Fang Bai was already calculating how much compensation would be reasonable to demand from David when they met him later.

Of course, given that Yang Xudong had nearly lost his life here, merely having David pay compensation was insufficient; he would also need to hand over the boxer who had injured Yang Xudong.

The subsequent boxing matches held little interest for Fang Bai and his companions, without anything noteworthy. However, they bet on every match, and with every bet, the stakes grew larger.

Most crucially, they won every bet they placed. After a few matches, everyone's accounts had increased by at least tens of millions of US dollars.

Fang Bai and Dragon Maiden reaped the most, placing tenfold bets of ten million each time, and each of them had already raked in hundreds of millions of US dollars, essentially acting as money harvesting machines.

Since "King's Boxing Ring" was established, no one had ever made money as quickly as Fang Bai and his group, so they soon attracted the attention of the boxing ring's management and became the subject of intensive surveillance. David, the boss behind the scenes of the boxing ring, also received reports from his subordinates.

"Isn't that man Yang Xudong, the one who was crippled by Monk Wuneng?"

In a luxurious room outside the "King's Boxing Ring," the owner David had just finished a bath and was sitting on the sofa in a loose bathrobe, each arm around a beautiful blonde, with a cigar in his mouth, squinting at a large screen in the room.

On the big screen, the real-time surveillance footage of Fang Bai and the others was crystal clear.

When the camera switched to Yang Xudong, David's eyes bulged with disbelief.

"Yes, boss, we've just checked, and that man is Yang Xudong,"

remarked a white man with respectful deference.

"I remember Monk Wuneng saying he used the Great Strength Vajra Palm of Huaxia martial arts to shatter the meridians in Yang Xudong's body, and that Yang Xudong would die soon after his life force

faded. But here Yang Xudong is, still very much alive... Bizarre! Never mind, I'm not concerned with Yang Yangdong's fate, I only care about how much money they've won by now!"

The white man reported, "Boss, the eleven of them are betting and winning each bet. So far, they have earned around five hundred million US dollars."

"Winning each bet... It seems these people are not simple. Where did Yang Yangdong meet these friends? William, go check the identities and backgrounds of those people and report to me at any time!"

David coldly instructed the white man named William.

In America's fighting world, David was known as the "Human Tank," his strength was equivalent to that of an Earth Level initial stage martial artist from the Ancient Martial World of Huaxia, very formidable. Even his archrival, "Caesar" casino owner Robertson, feared him somewhat.

However, David wasn't like the "madman" desperate to fight as the outside world described. When faced with certain situations, he acted more shrewdly than many others.

David knew that anyone who could accurately discern the strengths and weaknesses of boxers and win each bet was no ordinary person, so he didn't act hastily. Instead, he had his men investigate the identities and backgrounds of Yang Xudong's friends.

If the other party had a strong background and the strength to defy him, he would personally show up and make friends with them; otherwise, if they didn't have much of a background, he wouldn't let them leave with hundreds of millions of dollars easily.

William was very efficient in his work and quickly found some information about Fang Bai and the others, but just like the "Caesar" casino, all he found were superficial details, not knowing the true backgrounds of Fang Bai and the others.

If they had known that Fang Bai and his group were from the "Dragon Guard" of Huaxia, representing the "Dragon Guard" to attend the "World Meta-Human Organization Elite Grand Prix" in America, David definitely wouldn't dare to provoke them.

However, one piece of news forced David to start taking Fang Bai and his group more seriously.

An informant David had planted near Robertson reported that not long ago, Fang Bai and his group had won a considerable sum at Robertson's casino and were inevitably invited by Robertson for a "coffee." It was expected that Fang Bai and his group would meet with misfortune, yet they left the casino unharmed and with their heads held high.

This news was worth pondering for David.

Chapter 656: You Will Remember My Name

As a long-standing rival, Boss David was very familiar with Robertson's character and personality. That guy was not only strong and ruthless, but also not one to suffer losses lightly. The only possibility for Fang Bai and the others to have left unharmed was that Robertson could not afford to offend them.

Boss David's power and the strength of his followers were about the same as Robertson's. If Robertson couldn't afford to offend someone, then Boss David couldn't afford to either.

"William, go and invite Yang Xudong and his people... no, no, no, I'll go invite them myself! I think it's necessary for me to have a chat with them... Also, call Monk Wuneng over to me..."

David thought for a moment, then said to William.

Yang Xudong had previously been seriously injured in David's boxing ring, and the one who had injured him was none other than David's boxer, Monk Wuneng. Consequently, David felt somewhat guilty, worried that Yang Xudong had come with his people for revenge, so David prepared to take the initiative to make amends. That would be much better than waiting for Yang Xudong to come knocking on his door for a fight.

After the next boxing match was over, the referee jumped onto the ring and suddenly announced that today's boxing matches would be suspended for the time being.

The audience, unaware of what was happening, booed and clamored, unwilling to leave until a large number of formidable bodyguards came out to clear the area. Only then did they disperse, grumbling with dissatisfaction.

Strangely, Fang Bai and his group remained seated, and the bodyguards who came out to clear the place didn't dare to come over and drive them away. Even their glances toward Fang Bai and his group carried a hint of respect.

Soon, the huge boxing ring, capable of accommodating a thousand people, was left with only Fang Bai and his group, as well as some of the boxing arena's bodyguards.

Although he had a vague idea of the identities of Fang Bai and his companions, Yang Xudong was still a bit nervous, fearing that David had secretly rallied all his forces in Las Vegas to deal with them.

If that were the case, even though Fang Bai and his companions were from "Dragon Guard" and possessed great strength, a fierce battle would still be inevitable before a winner could be determined.

Yang Xudong had heard many stories about David and knew him to be a notorious "madman," one who would fight desperately regardless of the cost once provoked.

Yang Xudong was concerned that David would not even fear the "Dragon Guard" of Huaxia and that coming to him for trouble might enrage him enough to fight back crazily.

In reality, Yang Xudong overestimated David.

David was indeed a "madman," but his frenzy was contingent on his opponent being weaker than him and certain of victory; that's when he would dare to "go mad," otherwise he would wisely choose to preserve himself.

This time, David couldn't gauge the depth of Fang Bai and his companions, felt wary, and didn't dare to act recklessly. He was even prepared to surrender Monk Wuneng for self-preservation if necessary.

David thought that Fang Bai and his companions were brought by Yang Xudong for revenge. As soon as he realized that his own people could not handle them, he would immediately hand Monk Wuneng over to Yang Xudong to pacify his anger.

When they saw a Caucasian man appear before them with a group of people and introduce himself humbly as the owner of the boxing ring, Fang Bai, Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and the others exchanged glances and smiled knowingly.

"Boss David, is it? Are you planning to invite us for 'coffee'? Before coming here, Mr. Robertson of 'Caesar' Casino had already treated us to a drink. Moreover, he very kindly gave us a billion US dollars!"

Fang Bai said indifferently.

After listening to the translation from Dragon Maiden, David was taken aback. Then he fixed his eyes on Fang Bai, as if pondering the truthfulness of Fang Bai's words.

David knew that to get a miser like Robertson to part with a billion US dollars, Fang Bai and his people must possess a level of strength capable of sweeping through the 'Caesar' Casino, otherwise it would be hard to get Robertson to give up even a penny.

Robertson himself was very strong and possessed a bunch of fierce followers; he was not easy to deal with. If what this young man said was true, how powerful must their group be!

"Haha, this gentleman sure has a sense of humor, but I like it! Come on, let's shake hands and get acquainted... May I have the honor of your name, sir?"

David had already figured out that the group brought by Yang Xudong was led by Fang Bai, so he wanted to test Fang Bai's strength, and then he could determine whether what Fang Bai said was true or false.

Seeing David actively offer his hand to Instructor Fang, a mocking smile appeared on the corners of the mouths of the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and others.

They knew that David had no good intentions shaking hands with Instructor Fang and thought this guy didn't realize how fearsome Instructor Fang was, daring to provoke him, as if Fang was someone easy to mess with.

"My name is Fang Bai. I believe from this moment on, Boss David will definitely remember my name, so firmly that he will never forget it!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, slowly extending his right hand and clasping it with David's.

Standing behind David, William saw Fang Bai's "delicate hand" grasping his boss's palm-sized giant hand and had a premonition of "a lamb entering the tiger's den," feeling a sense of mourning for Fang Bai.

William knew that if nothing unexpected happened, in the next moment, Boss David's right hand would exert force, and then the Huaxia kid would let out a shrill scream, his right hand ruined.

Their boss, known as a "madman" in Las Vegas's underworld and also nicknamed the "Human Tank" for his astonishing strength and powerful impact, had once been seen by William crushing a duck egg-sized hard rock in his hand.

And this Huaxia kid looked soft-skinned and tender, his body far from strong; there was no way he could withstand the sudden explosive grip of the boss.

"Mr. Fang, you will remember my name too!"

David responded without showing weakness, then his eyes bulged, radiating fierceness, his presence intensifying.

Seeing his boss like this, William knew David had exerted his strength. His gaze involuntarily fell on Fang Bai's face, wanting to see the kind of pain that would show and the wailing that would follow.

Smack—

Ah—

A soft sound was followed by a piercing scream.

William knew the soft sound was the noise of bones breaking, but the scream... wait, why didn't the Huaxia kid show any signs of pain? His mouth did not move; wasn't he the one screaming?

Instinctively, William's glance shifted to his boss, and then he stood there, eyes wide and speechless.

His boss looked in agonizing pain, his facial features twisted with suffering, almost squeezing together, his body trembling lightly, with snot and tears running down his face.

With his mouth wide open, the tonsils in his throat were clearly visible, and that scream came from the boss's mouth, a sound so mournful it made William think of the scene of a fat pig being slaughtered.

What on earth was going on?

This scene should have been happening to that Huaxia kid, right?

William's mind went blank, feeling that the world had become somewhat chaotic.

Chapter 657: Your Hand, Is Only Worth This Much Money?

"Boss David, I think by now, you must have firmly remembered my name, right?"

In the midst of David's screams, Fang Bai said with a smile, all the while pulling his hand back.

His voice didn't sound loud to others, but to David, it was like a thunderclap on a clear day, exploding in his ears and buzzing in his head.

David's body trembled, and his screams came to an abrupt halt.

Bearing the intense pain that came from his palm, David looked up at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai's face carried a harmless smile, as if he wasn't the one who had just broken David's hand bones.

To David, that smile instilled a deep fear from his very bones, making him feel that this young man from Huaxia was not human, but a demon.

Then, David looked down at his right hand.

His right hand, once as hard as iron and capable of smashing stone steles, was now broken and rendered useless.

For a martial artist like David, losing the function of one hand meant losing at least thirty percent of his combat strength. In future confrontations with his arch-enemy Robertson, he would be at a complete disadvantage and might even be killed by Robertson.

Robertson was a ruthless and merciless man when it came to enemies. If David was weakened and defeated by him, becoming his captive, he would certainly be tortured to a fate worse than death.

Thinking about this, David shuddered.

David began to regret, regretting that he should not have tested Fang Bai's strength, but should have humbly learned from Robertson and paid this young man compensation. Perhaps then his hand would not have been ruined.

But now, it was too late for regrets.

In front of David stood a young man from Huaxia, whose small body contained immense power. If he could easily crush the bones in David's palm, he could certainly break David's neck...

At this moment, David's heart held no resentment, only a profound fear of Fang Bai.

"I... I remember... Your name is Fang Bai!"

Fang Bai's voice thundered in David's ears, and David nodded mechanically, bearing the excruciating pain in his palm and answering with a tremble in his voice.

David didn't know if Fang Bai would next crush his neck to avenge Yang Xudong. He stood rigid, daring not to move an inch, as large beads of sweat rolled down his forehead.

"Actually, I don't really like fighting and killing. As long as Boss David is willing to hand over the person who injured my Brother Yang and pay some compensation, we can still be friends! Also, I can heal your injured hand," Fang Bai said once more.

His voice rang in David's ears again.

His last sentence sounded like heavenly music to David, who asked with a tremor, "Really... can it really be healed?"

Fang Bai replied, "If I say it can be healed, it can be healed! Our Huaxia's medical skills are broad and profound, simply miraculous, there is no injury or illness that can't be healed!"

As he spoke, he pointed to Yang Xudong and added, "Do you consider Brother Yang's injuries to be serious? I can heal injuries as grave as his, so what's your little injury compared to that?"

David glanced at Yang Xudong, who stood behind Fang Bai, standing upright. He didn't look like someone who had recently received a life-threatening injury.

David was both shocked and elated, as if he had grasped a lifesaving straw, nodding continuously, "Okay, I'll write you a check right now! Robertson that bastard took a billion US dollars, so I'll take a billion too, right? William, take a few people and bring Monk Wuneng over... This bastard has caused me so much suffering!"

William, who was stunned, finally came to his senses, glanced fearfully at Fang Bai, then hurriedly left.

David, struggling with the pain in his right hand, used his left to write out a check for a billion US dollars to Fang Bai, then put on a strained smile and said, "Mr. Fang, Monk Wuneng who injured Mr. Yang will be brought to you shortly, at your disposal!"

Fang Bai nodded, raised his palm, and patted David's shoulder, saying, "Very good, Boss David is a wise man! If you had done this earlier, things wouldn't have turned out this way!"

Feeling honored by Fang Bai's pat on the shoulder, David forced a smile and said, "It's all because I failed to recognize a great man... Mr. Fang, my hand..."

Fang Bai took out a bottle of "Bone Healing and Muscle Regeneration Ointment," fiddling with it in his hand, and sighed, "This is my carefully formulated bone healing ointment. Just apply it to the palm, and within ten to fifteen days, your broken bones will heal completely. However, this ointment is extremely difficult to formulate, and I have only this one bottle left..."

After listening to Dragon Maiden's translation, David looked at the ointment in Fang Bai's hands, and thinking about how Yang Xudong's broken leg bones had fully recovered, he believed it to some extent.

David also understood the implied message in Fang Bai's last statement, which was nothing but a hint for him to buy the ointment. So, with a grit of his teeth, he said, "One million US dollars, how about that..."

Fang Bai didn't even glance at him, continuing to toy with the bottle.

"Five million!"

Fang Bai ignored him.

"Ten million!"

Fang Bai gave him a glance, sighed, and said, "Boss David, is your hand only worth this much to you?"

David wiped the sweat from his forehead, made a pained expression, and said, "One hundred million! I'll pay one hundred million! Mr. Fang, I've already given you a billion just now, I really don't have much money left, please have mercy and sell me the ointment!"

Fang Bai's face showed reluctance, "Alright, a hundred million it is! I'm taking a huge loss here!"

David, feeling like he wanted to vomit blood, tremblingly wrote another check for a hundred million US dollars to Fang Bai.

Yang Xudong watched as Fang Bai received one check after another; he was initially shocked, but soon became somewhat numb, only sighing in his heart that power was indeed a great thing, able to obtain wealth that ordinary people couldn't even imagine in a lifetime, just with a strong hand.

In the span of one day, Yang Xudong had roughly calculated that Fang Bai had already racked up several billion US dollars, a pace faster than robbing a bank.

Fang Bai collected the checks with a clear conscience and sat quietly, waiting for David's people to bring over Monk Wuneng, who had injured Yang Xudong.

It wasn't long before a middle-aged man in a suit, sporting a shaved head that looked quite out of place, hurried towards them, escorted by several white men.

The scars on the head of the shaved man revealed his past identity as a Monk, while his attire indicated that he had secularized.

Seeing the shaved man, Yang Xudong's expression changed, his eyes flaring with rage, and his fists clenched tightly, making a snapping sound at the joints.

Seeing Yang Xudong's reaction, Fang Bai knew that this shaved man was the Monk Wuneng who had injured him.

According to Yang Xudong, Monk Wuneng was formerly a Shaolin Monk who, after violating the precepts, was expelled from the monastery, becoming a renegade of Shaolin. Unable to mix well in the

Ancient Martial World of Huaxia, he had crossed the ocean to America to make a living and had joined David's ranks to fight in boxing matches.

Upon arriving at the scene, Monk Wuneng looked up at David and the others; when he saw Yang Xudong, whom he had previously left gravely injured, he paused in shock, then quickly seemed to realize something, his expression flickering with panic.

Chapter 658: Settling Grudges on the Arena

"Boss David, I don't have any boxing matches these last two days, why did William ask me to come here?"

Wuneng tried to appear calm as he approached David and asked.

What David wanted to do most right now was break Wuneng's neck, to vent the rage in his heart.

It was because this guy had been too ruthless, seriously injuring Yang Xudong, that he had lost a huge sum of money, with no idea when he might earn it back.

"Wuneng, from now on, you're fired. You're no longer a boxer for 'King's Boxing Ring'!"

David said, furious.

"Why?"

Wuneng was stunned, then shouted loudly.

He had fought many matches for David and, due to his ruthlessness, always caused his opponents to end up dead or injured, making many enemies. Without David's protection, it would be difficult for him to continue to get by in Las Vegas.

"Why?"

David sneered, "Don't ask why, I don't want to explain! When you injured Mr. Yang, now Mr. Yang has come for revenge. This is a grudge between you two, you sort it out yourselves!"

Wuneng was shocked and angry, panicked and anxious. He glanced at Yang Xudong and the people like Fang Bai around him, realizing he couldn't sense any aura from them, clearly indicating that they were much stronger than himself.

Wuneng felt a sudden chill in his heart, understanding that David had encountered trouble and had betrayed him.

"Boss David, you can't do this; if word gets out, your reputation will be ruined. Who would dare to come work as a boxer for you after that?"

Wuneng made a last-ditch struggle, trying to persuade David to take back what he'd just said.

David laughed, "Reputation be damned! My life is more important! Besides, this matter is very secret; how could it possibly get out? Who would dare to gossip?"

Seeing a cold gleam flash in David's eyes, Wuneng shuddered, knowing that David had murderous intentions toward him. With David's strength and means, it would be very difficult for him to leave here alive today.

"I'll give you a chance!"

Just as Wuneng was in despair, Fang Bai suddenly spoke up, "You and Yang Xudong fight on the ring again right now! If you win, I guarantee you'll leave safely!"

Wuneng saw Fang Bai standing at the forefront of people like Yang Xudong, with David seeming somewhat apprehensive in his presence, and since he couldn't sense any aura of a martial artist from him, he knew this young man was not only powerful but also had an important background, making him see a glimmer of hope.

"Do your words carry weight?"

Wuneng asked.

"Of course they do!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, "Boss David shouldn't have any objections to my words... right, Boss David?"

David responded with a wry smile, "No objections... no objections..."

He had experienced Fang Bai's ferocity and was afraid his neck would be snapped if he objected.

Fang Bai turned, patted Yang Xudong on the shoulder, and smiled, "Brother Yang, go to the ring and take revenge yourself! Whatever he did to injure you before, do the same back to him!"

Yang Xudong had previously been no match for Wuneng, and now, having just recovered from severe injuries, his strength was not what it once was; the thought of fighting Wuneng on the ring made him uneasy.

However, as soon as Fang Bai patted him on the shoulder, he felt a stream of energy flow into his meridians, making him feel suddenly as if he was filled with strength.

Yang Xudong looked at Fang Bai in surprise, and seeing the encouraging look in his eyes, the unease in his heart immediately vanished. Puffing up his chest, he declared loudly, "Good! Wuneng, let's settle our grudge on the stage!"

Wuneng also went all out. Hearing Yang Xudong's words, he stopped speaking, turned around, and walked briskly to the edge of the stage before leaping onto it.

Yang Xudong followed closely behind, also jumping onto the stage.

His movement technique was ingenious, and he landed silently. Where was there any sign of his recent serious injury?

Wuneng's expression was grave. This battle was a matter of life and death for him. Even though he knew Yang Xudong was somewhat weaker than him, he dared not take him lightly.

"Please!"

"Please!"

After both had leaped onto the stage, they wasted no time on idle talk, gave each other a respectful fist salute, and then exploded with shouts, rushing forward and fiercely colliding in the center of the stage.

Xiao Yu down below widened her eyes as she saw her father fighting a bald monk. Her little face was tense with nervousness as she tilted her head up to look at Dragon Maiden and asked, "Big sister, can Daddy beat that bald uncle?"

"He definitely can!"

Dragon Maiden pointed towards Wuneng on the stage and whispered, "Watch closely, Xiao Yu. That bald monk is the one who injured your dad before!"

Xiao Yu's large eyes rounded in anger as she exclaimed indignantly, "He hurt Xiao Yu's daddy, so he's a bad guy! Xiao Yu won't call him uncle anymore! Humph, stinky monk!"

Dragon Maiden laughed and said, "Then Xiao Yu has to cheer for Daddy, okay?"

"Mm-hmm!"

Xiao Yu nodded vigorously and then shouted in her childish voice, "Daddy Xiao Yu, you can do it! Beat the stinky monk!"

While she was shouting, Yang Xudong and Wuneng had already exchanged more than a dozen moves in an instant on the stage.

Yang Xudong was feeling indescribably good. As he moved, it seemed as if his strength, movement technique, reflexes, and even the True Yuan inside his Qi Sea had increased several times more than before, so he completely dominated Wuneng.

Yang Xudong, a disciple of Ghost Doctor Valley, had learned Martial Arts Techniques that were known for being light and erratic, but now, as he moved, his punches and kicks appeared strong and domineering, making it difficult for Wuneng, who had cultivated the Shaolin Great Strength Vajra Palm, to fend off and internally complaining bitterly.

Yang Xudong was aware that his punches had vastly improved because of the True Yuan Fang Bai had transferred into his body.

From that True Yuan, Yang Xudong sensed an extremely powerful attack capability and destructiveness. Due to his recent recovery from serious injury, he could only unleash three or four tenths of its full power, but this was already far beyond his usual strength.

In terms of strength, Wutong was slightly better than Yang Xudong in the past. However, now Yang Xudong, having received secret assistance from Fang Bai, was several times stronger than before.

Therefore, at this moment, Wuneng was no match for Yang Xudong at all. Under Yang Xudong's onslaught of punches and kicks, Wuneng had no strength to fight back, and could only parry from side to side, continuously retreating.

"Down you go!"

Yang Xudong concentrated the wild and domineering True Yuan in his body onto his fist and blasted it towards Wuneng, who he had forced to the edge of the stage.

His punch was strong and imperious, sealing off all of Wuneng's avenues of retreat. Other than taking the blow head-on, Wuneng had no other option.

"All in!"

Wuneng, knowing that victory and defeat hung in the balance, gritted his teeth and gathered all the True Yuan from his Qi Sea into his fist, meeting the challenge with all his might.

Whether it was David's party, who was rooting for one side, or Fang Bai's group, focused on the other, everyone was intently watching the two fighters on the stage to see who would come out on top in this final strike.

Chapter 659: Mysterious Castle

Boom—

Their fists clashed, True Essence Force bursting from their clenched ends simultaneously, creating a sound as dull and thunderous as thunder.

At that moment, Monk Wuneng felt like a small boat, while the palm force unleashed by Yang Xudong was like a giant wave. As the wave crashed down, his small boat was instantly submerged.

Monk Wuneng let out a muffled groan, his body flying backward off the platform and descending toward the ground. In mid-air, blood began to seep from his seven facial orifices.

The overpowering True Essence Force not only injured Monk Wuneng's internal organs but also penetrated his limbs and bones, breaking all the meridians and blood vessels in his body.

After Monk Wuneng hit the ground, he struggled to his feet, only to discover that his Qi Sea was destroyed, his True Yuan dissipated, his cultivation level gone—all that was left was a disabled man.

"Impossible... I won't lose... I can't lose..."

Monk Wuneng, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, mumbled to himself as if insane.

With that strike, Yang Xudong had unleashed all the True Yuan that Fang Bai had injected into his body, which then caused a slight feeling of exhaustion. Yang Xudong knew this was a side effect of utilizing the True Yuan received from Fang Bai, and a brief period of regulated breathing would restore him.

Having stabilized himself, Yang Xudong saw that Monk Wuneng was bleeding from the seven orifices, swaying as if he might collapse at any moment. Monk Wuneng was clearly in a far worse state than himself. Moreover, Yang Xudong could no longer feel any Martial Artist Aura emitting from Monk Wuneng, knowing now that in their recent exchange, Monk Wuneng had met the same fate as his own past—his meridians were shattered, turning him from a Martial Artist into a cripple.

Yang Xudong was aware that once the meridians and blood vessels in the human body were broken, it was like a tree hollowed out inside; it would slowly wither and die, unless one encountered a Divine Doctor like Fang Bai who was willing to provide treatment; otherwise, death was the only outcome.

Thinking of this, Yang Xudong silently rejoiced that he not only had met Divine Doctor Fang but also had received his healing thanks to the connection with Senior Brother Baili and his family; otherwise, he would have met the same end.

Yang Xudong was not cruel-hearted, and seeing that Monk Wuneng was already so severely injured, with death almost certain, he couldn't bear to strike again. He sighed and said to Monk Wuneng, "When you destroyed my meridians and broke my bones, did you ever think this day would come?"

"The victor is king, the vanquished is the enemy. I've lost and must bear the consequences... Come then, kill if you must, at your discretion!"

Monk Wuneng, foreseeing his inevitable death, grimly smiled as he spoke.

Yang Xudong waved his hand and said, "I will not kill you. Go! From now on, whether you live or die, it's up to fate."

Monk Wuneng was startled, then burst into maniacal laughter and said, "I don't need your pity or sympathy, just kill me now! If you don't kill me, others surely will not let me off! Perhaps the moment I leave this boxing ring will be the moment I get taken out!"

Yang Xudong knew Monk Wuneng was referring to Boss David, the owner of the King's Boxing Ring, who would likely kill him to silence him. Frowning, Yang Xudong turned to Boss David and said, "Boss David, I hope you won't kill him... At least within Las Vegas, please don't lay a hand on him. Is that okay?"

David let out a dry laugh and said, "Of course not... How could I possibly take advantage of someone's misfortune? Monk Wuneng, you may leave. I guarantee that within Las Vegas, I won't touch a hair on your head; otherwise, may lightning strike me down!"

Only with David's promise did Monk Wuneng feel somewhat relieved. He turned around and staggered out of the boxing ring.

As soon as Monk Wuneng had left, David gave William a meaningful glance, a glint of murderous intent and ruthlessness flashing in his eyes.

William had been following the boss for many years and from a single look in his boss's eyes, he could discern his intent. He glanced in the direction Monk Wuneng had left with a faint sinister smile on his lips and, like a ghost, retreated from the scene.

Monk Wuneng, of course, was not foolish enough to fully trust Boss David's promise not to lay hands on him within Las Vegas. So, after leaving King's Boxing Ring, he gritted his teeth and dragged his gravely injured body, seeking to leave Las Vegas as quickly as possible and then find a hidden place to recover in seclusion.

What he never expected was that as soon as he left, William followed with his men, cold gazes watching him like wolves from behind.

As soon as he left Las Vegas, his death would be upon him.

David and William's subtle maneuvers might deceive Yang Xudong, but not Fang Bai, Long Da, and the rest. However, whether Monk Wuneng lived or died, they simply couldn't care less.

A moment later, under the courteous farewell of Boss David himself, Fang Bai, Yang Xudong, and the rest left King's Boxing Ring and returned to the hotel they had first checked into.

This time, the hotel staff's attitude improved significantly, and both Fang Bai and Yang Xudong were assigned to presidential suites. From then on, everything they would want to enjoy at the hotel would be on the house.

Needless to say, all this was arranged by the owner of the "Caesar" casino, Robertson.

The reason for this was twofold: on one hand, Robertson wanted to appease Yang Xudong and his daughter, to gain their complete forgiveness; on the other hand, Robertson knew that Fang Bai was the "boss" of their group, and by taking good care of the "boss," all problems would be resolved, and he would not have to worry about Fang Bai and the others causing him trouble in the future.

...

In a city like Las Vegas, more than one murder happens every day. The locals are accustomed to this, and the police turn a blind eye.

For instance, today, a body was discovered in the nearby desert.

The deceased was a bald man with a scar on his head, and by his features, he appeared to be from Huaxia.

Some well-informed people, upon hearing the news, quickly discovered that the dead man was a monk, who used to be a boxer under Boss David of the King's Boxing Ring, named Monk Wuneng.

As for how Monk Wuneng died, no one knew, nor did they care to verify. After all, there are many underground boxing rings in Las Vegas, and it is not uncommon for boxers to die every day.

...

In the heart of the desert near Las Vegas, there is a small oasis that contains a castle predominantly white in color, like a patch of snow in the desert.

This castle has stood in the core area of the desert for over a hundred years. Rarely does anyone know who built it, nor do they know who resides within. The castle is shrouded in mystery.

Since the castle is built in the remotest depths of the desert, few know of its existence. However, in recent years, with the rapid advancement of science and technology, this enigmatic castle in the desert has been exposed more frequently, arousing the curiosity of some explorers. Teams of adventurers have been entering the deep desert in search of this mysterious castle, eager to venture inside and discover its secrets.

But without exception, these adventurous teams have disappeared without a trace shortly after entering the desert, never to be heard from again.

Chapter 660: Isabella

Some say that a demon from hell resides in that castle, one that revels in devouring human life.

At first, no one believed this claim, some even scoffed at it, but as expedition teams venturing into the desert began disappearing one after another, with hundreds going silent without a trace, people eventually developed a fear of that castle. They began to keep their distance, daring not to venture further within.

Hence, the castle earned the nickname "Desert Ghost Castle."

However, it was intriguing that every government of America made no comment on the incident. They simply continued to urge people not to venture into the heart of the desert and especially not to approach the castle, in order to avoid self-harm.

The castle, much like Huaxia's "Dragon Guard," was shrouded in mystery. Only a very small number of people in the entire world knew who lived inside and what it represented.

At this moment, in the vast hall at the very center of the castle, a man and a woman were in conversation.

The man was around forty years old, with fiery red hair and a tall and burly physique. He was dressed in a camo tank top and camo pants, with brown leather boots on his feet, and a tattoo of a phoenix reborn from the flames on his left arm.

As the red-haired man spoke, he knelt on one knee, his face wearing a look of reverent worship, and his gaze was fixed on the ground beneath him, never daring to look at the woman seated upon the high stone chair in front of the great hall, as if glancing at her would be a sacrilege.

In front of the red-haired man stood ninety-nine steps leading to a great stone chair where a woman was now seated.

To be precise, it was a young girl.

She appeared to be no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, dressed in a purple gossamer dress, her silver hair cascading down like a waterfall to her waist. Her large, clear eyes shimmered like a pair of sapphires, radiating a profound and sagacious light.

The girl's eyebrows were delicately arched, her nose was straight and exquisite, and her lips were as tender as flower petals. She possessed an aura of sanctity and nobility, akin to an angel gracing the mortal realm.

Sitting on the elevated stone chair at the front of the great hall, the girl looked down upon the red-haired man kneeling on one knee. Though she remained silent, her entire being exuded an air of disdain for the world below, resembling a queen who believed herself second to none.

If the owner of the "Caesar" casino, Robertson, and the owner of "King's Boxing Ring," David, were present, they would surely recognize this young girl.

This young girl was Isabella, the leader of one of the seven largest Meta-Human organizations in the world, America's most mysterious and powerful "Statue of Liberty."

Indeed, Isabella was just fourteen or fifteen. Despite her young age, she was born with great intelligence, meticulous and calm in thought, smarter than the vast majority of adults in the world.

Isabella joined the "Statue of Liberty" at the age of ten and, due to her innate ability to unleash electrical power, was discovered and specially groomed by the previous leader.

When Isabella was thirteen, the former leader unfortunately died during the cultivation of an ancient secret technique handed down from the era of Western mythology. Consequently, Isabella took over as the leader of the "Statue of Liberty" according to the last will.

Because Isabella was so young, many of the "Statue of Liberty" veterans initially refused to submit to her leadership. Later, Isabella, in her anger, took action and subdued those veterans one by one, thereby officially establishing her own authority.

The elders of the "Statue of Liberty" believed that Isabella was the youngest and most powerful leader in the organization's hundred-year history and were confident that under her leadership, the "Statue of Liberty" would move towards an even more glorious future.

The "World Meta-Human Organization Elite Competition" was to be hosted by the "Statue of Liberty", and leader Isabella would be personally entering the battle. She was prepared to declare to the world's major Meta-Human organizations that the era of Isabella had arrived and that all the powerful from countries around the world would bow at her feet.

This castle in the desert was the headquarters of the "Statue of Liberty".

A red-haired man kneeling on one knee was one of the elders of the "Statue of Liberty", named Huo Niao, a natural Meta-Human with the ability to unleash fire energy and formidable offensive power.

Huo Niao served as the intelligence officer of the "Statue of Liberty", responsible for collecting important events happening around the globe and, after analyzing them, reporting to Isabella.

At the moment, Huo Niao was reporting on the activities of Fang Bai and other "Dragon Guard" members in Las Vegas.

"...Miss Isabella, those people from Huaxia's 'Dragon Guard' have earned several billions of US Dollars in Las Vegas over the past couple of days through various means. The biggest losers were 'Caesar' casino owner Robertson and 'King's Boxing Ring' owner David.

The competition team sent by Huaxia's 'Dragon Guard' this time has greatly improved in strength compared to five years ago, and the team leader is no longer the 'Dragon Guard' leader Long Jingtian,

but a young man about twenty years old named Fang Bai. This young man is famous for his dual expertise in martial arts and medicine in Huaxia.

'Dragon Guard' did not have a character like Fang Bai before, so we speculate that Fang Bai must have joined the 'Dragon Guard' not long ago. Fang Bai's strength, we still can't figure out at the moment. However, since he is the leader of the 'Dragon Guard', his strength won't be weak. We guess that he is at least at the Earth Level Realm, as defined by the Ancient Martial World of Huaxia..."

The red-haired man reported respectfully to leader Isabella, finished speaking, and then silently waited for Isabella's reply.

"Alright, I've got it. Huo Niao, you've worked hard, you may leave now. The 'World Meta-Human Organization Elite Competition' will commence tomorrow. You must diligently gather intelligence from all sides to ensure our 'Statue of Liberty' competitors can know themselves and their rivals well; that way, we have a better chance of winning."

Isabella said so with an indifferent gaze at the kneeling Huo Niao below her.

She knew she was young and desperately tried to appear mature and stable, but she was ultimately only a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old girl, her voice sweet and crisp like a jingling wind chime, revealing her immaturity.

"Yes."

Huo Niao withdrew respectfully and slowly backed away to the entrance of the hall before turning around and striding out.

"'Dragon Guard' sent a young man of about twenty to lead their team. What are they thinking? Do they not wish to compete for the championship? Or do they know their chances are slim and just sent someone to make up the numbers? No matter what, this championship will belong to the 'Statue of Liberty'; whoever stands in my way, I will knock them down!"

Watching Huo Niao's departing figure, Isabella murmured to herself.

By the end of her words, a hint of purple flashed in her sapphire-like pupils, and as she slowly raised her hands, a soft "crackling" noise came from her fingertips. Faint purple lightning snakes could be seen coiling and darting between her fingers.