

Doctor 671

Chapter 671: The First Battle

This time, the draw not only determined the opponents for each combatant but also the order in which they would fight.

The first battle of the day would take place between the host, "Statue of Liberty," and the "Pharaoh" from North Africa.

The "Statue of Liberty" from America and "Pharaoh" from North Africa both belong to the world's seven great Meta-Human organizations. Their confrontation is undoubtedly a clash of titans—predicting the victor is difficult.

In previous records, "Statue of Liberty" always had the upper hand. However, this year, the old leader of "Statue of Liberty" passed away, and a teenage girl took over. Even though it was rumored that this young new leader was no less powerful than her predecessor, many believed this to be an exaggeration and thus few favored "Statue of Liberty" to win.

On the other hand, all ten members of the "Pharaoh's" team were experienced veterans with formidable strength. Their leader Dear had participated in six consecutive competitions, making him the oldest leader among the leaders of the seven Meta-Human organizations.

Before the battle began, each leader called out five members to fight. Once the five-member lineup was determined, it could not be changed.

The Statue of Liberty's five included Huo Niao and Isabella herself, making it the strongest lineup the "Statue of Liberty" could muster.

The "Pharaoh" naturally sent out their strongest combatants as well.

Clearly, neither side wanted to be eliminated in this first round.

The first encounter had the "Statue of Liberty's" Huo Niao leading the charge against a venerable man named Cecil from the "Pharaoh's" side.

Cecil was short and emaciated, with sunken eyes, looking as if a gust of wind could blow him away.

However, his eyes were sharp and piercing, like a razor-sharp sword that intimidated anyone he looked at.

In Cecil's left hand was a white staff adorned with seven earthy-yellow, oval-shaped, translucent stones.

To the average person, these stones might appear to be gems, but to Fang Bai, they were seven low-grade Earth Element Stones.

These seven Earth Element Stones, embedded at the top of the staff, formed a mysterious pattern which Fang Bai recognized instantly as a Mini Gathering Array capable of condensing Earth Element Qi.

Last night, Fang Bai moved like a ghost, changing his appearance to engage each leader of the other five Meta-Human organizations in a battle, exactly as he had done in his previous fight with Isabella.

During the fight with "Pharaoh's" leader Dear, Fang Bai had already witnessed Dear employ a staff like Cecil's with an identical Mini Gathering Array mounted on it. At that time, Fang Bai had not anticipated that Dear could use the staff to focus Earth Element Qi for close-range attacks and almost suffered a setback.

Cecil's strength was evidently weaker than Dear's, and though there would be an intense fight between him and Huo Niao, Fang Bai believed Huo Niao would ultimately prevail.

When facing his adversaries, Huo Niao always took the offensive. After exchanging a few modest words with Cecil, flames flickered in his eyes, and fire Primordial Qi began to gather around him, his fists turning fiery red and hot.

Roar—

With a muffled shout, Huo Niao, surrounded by a blaze of fire, lunged forward, throwing a straight punch without any frills.

Huo Niao's punch was incredibly powerful, unstoppable. Seeing this, Long Da, Long Er, and others changed their expressions, knowing that facing Huo Niao meant certain defeat. Within the "Dragon Guard," probably only Leader Long Jingtian and Instructor Fang could withstand such a punch from Huo Niao.

Cecil was equally matched with Huo Niao, and having fought each other before with wins and losses on both sides, he remained unflustered in the face of Huo Niao's fierce assault.

As Huo Niao charged towards him, Cecil pointed his staff from afar and quickly uttered an ancient and mystical incantation.

After he recited the incantation, the seven Earth Element Stones embedded in the tip of his staff shimmered faintly. Immediately after, Earth Element Qi from all directions rapidly gathered, forming a skull the size of a soccer ball.

The skull trembled, as if it contained a kind of magical power.

Cecil's eyes glinted fiercely, and he issued a low shout before swinging his staff vigorously. The soccer ball-sized skull shot out like a cannonball towards Huo Niao, who had already charged to within ten feet.

Bang—

The skull, formed from concentrated Earth Element Qi, collided with Huo Niao's fiery red fist in midair, creating a loud noise and stirring up a large cloud of dust.

The skull was shattered, scattering with the wind, and Huo Niao's body was also unsteady, stepping back three consecutive steps.

"Haha, it's been five years, and Elder Cecil's strength has improved quite a bit, eh?"

Huo Niao said, laughing.

Although he had just suffered a minor setback, there was no hint of dejection or unease on his face; instead, his fighting spirit was even more elevated.

"Hehe... Huo Niao, you've also made great progress in these five years! This battle, it seems we won't be able to finish it any time soon!"

Cecil's mouth twitched into a smile, "Hehe," he chuckled a few times.

His gaunt appearance was like that of a skeleton; this smile did not give off a warm feeling but rather sent a chill from the soles of the feet.

Huo Niao slapped his chest vigorously, "Why end it so quickly? If we're going to fight, let's have an enjoyable one! Come on, let's continue the battle!"

He advanced again, launching another punch, and Cecil responded with the same counter as before.

However, this time Huo Niao didn't meet force with force but dodged, attacking Cecil from another direction.

Huo Niao adopted a flexible fighting style, no longer charging straightforwardly but instead circling around Cecil, launching attacks from various angles.

His punches and kicks were incredibly quick, and his attack speed grew faster and faster, leaving the less powerful spectators only able to see a fiery shadow darting in and out around Cecil, suddenly advancing and retreating like a ghost.

If Huo Niao was always on the move, then Cecil always remained stationary, standing there solemnly, maintaining high vigilance. Only when Huo Niao attacked would he defend or counterattack.

Huo Niao moved fast, and Cecil's movement technique was equally swift. Cecil neutralized every one of Huo Niao's attacks, then struck back forcefully, forcing Huo Niao to defend with all his might.

One was still, and one was in motion; one attacked with all his power, while the other focused on defense; one wanted to close the distance for melee combat to leverage his advantage, and the other exerted all his strength to keep the distance, to play to his own strengths.

Since the two were evenly matched, neither could gain the upper hand for a time, and the battle reached a stalemate.

Meanwhile, the spectators around the venue watched with dazzled eyes, even forgetting to applaud and cheer.

Members from other Meta-Human organizations watched not for the excitement but for the tactics; they silently analyzed every move and counter of Huo Niao and Cecil, pondering how they would handle these formidable opponents and defeat them should they face them in battle.

Chapter 672: Risking it All

The battle between Huo Niao and Cecil was explosive and intense, dazzling the onlookers.

Members of all the major Meta-Human organizations watching the fight couldn't help but marvel, thinking that both fighters truly deserved to be the second strongest in their respective organizations. Their strength was formidable, enough to make one's heart race, with few rivals.

Their fists and staffs collided frequently, with Fire Primordial Qi and Earth Element Qi bursting forth incessantly, creating shockwaves that spread in all directions, accompanied by the thunderous rumble of muffled explosions.

Fortunately, the floor of the venue was made from an extremely hard special material, otherwise it would have been pockmarked by now under their fierce and powerful attacks.

Evenly matched opponents also have their moments of victory and defeat.

Although Cecil's strength was extraordinary, he was, after all, getting on in years, and both his stamina and blood Qi were declining. Short, intense combat was not a problem for him, but a war of attrition would put him at a disadvantage.

At his prime, Huo Niao, in his middle age, was at the peak of his vitality and essence. The longer the fight went on, the more advantageous it would be for him.

After a hundred moves of tumbling and wrestling, Cecil clearly began to show signs of fatigue, his movement technique and the speed of his attacks both slowed down noticeably.

Noticing this, Huo Niao was secretly delighted. He stopped exhausting a lot of his energy on the offensive and began to employ delaying tactics to wear Cecil down.

It seemed that Cecil also understood his situation, so he became somewhat anxious and began to initiate his attacks.

Huo Niao didn't want to clash head-on, so he gave up defending and took the offensive instead, forcing Huo Niao to act. This way, there might still be a chance to turn things around, otherwise, if the stalemate continued, his defeat was certain.

Facing the stormy onslaught of Cecil's attacks, Huo Niao still fought calmly and patiently, silently waiting for the perfect opportunity to defeat his opponent and win the first victory for the "Statue of Liberty."

"Huo Niao, if you're a man, fight me head-on. What's the use of dodging and weaving all the time?"

Cecil's eyes bulged with fury as he bellowed and swung his staff more fiercely.

Huo Niao knew this was Cecil's "final glow," that he wouldn't last long before his energy was exhausted, which was why he was eager to fight. Huo Niao couldn't help but laugh loudly, "Cecil, it doesn't matter how you fight, as long as you win!"

Seeing that Huo Niao was unmoved by his provocation, Cecil felt both anger and urgency. He roared loudly and quickly chanted a spell, then spat a mouthful of essence blood onto the Mini Gathering Array at the tip of his staff.

In an instant, a large amount of Earth Element Qi gathered at the end of Cecil's staff, instantly solidifying into a one-meter tall Skeleton Being.

The Skeleton Being held a knife in its left hand and a sword in its right, slashing and thrusting as it lunged toward Huo Niao, and one could faintly hear a ghastly wail, as though a vengeful ghost were crying.

This ancient secret technique from the Pharaoh organization involved using spells in combination with a Gathering Essence Array to form various skeleton shapes for attack. It was extremely powerful, and Cecil had defeated many opponents with it.

The essence blood Cecil had just spat out formed the Skeleton Being wielding a knife and sword for the attack. This move was his trump card and a means of preserving his life, which he would not use lightly unless it was absolutely necessary.

Although this attack could endow him with a powerful burst of attacking force in an instant, it came with severe side effects. After using it, Cecil would be weakened to the point where even an ordinary person could defeat him.

That Cecil resorted to this secret technique showed that he was truly cornered by Huo Niao, taking a desperate risk.

The "Dragon Guard" members present, many of whom were participating in the "World Meta-Humans Elite Competition" for the first time, had already learned about members from various meta-human organizations before coming to America, knowing what kind of superpowers they possessed. However, seeing them in person still secretly startled them.

They had serious expressions and solemn faces, each of them wondering if they were to encounter Cecil next, facing his kind of attack, they would probably be at a loss and struggle to cope.

Huo Niao and Cecil had clashed more than once, both of them very familiar with each other's abilities and moves. Seeing Cecil aiding his strongest attack with Essence Energy, Huo Niao knew this was his last stand.

Huo Niao was mentally prepared for this and had been quietly accumulating power in the shadows, all to counter this final blow.

Seeing the Sword Skeleton rushing towards him with a howl, flames flickered in Huo Niao's eyes, and his aura surged vehemently, the temperature skyrocketing within several yards around him, with the air starting to twist from the intense heat.

His skin rapidly turned from white to red, as if cast from molten lava, and white smoke emerged from his clothes, looking like they were about to catch fire.

His already fiery-red fists radiated even more intensely, faint flames dancing at the tips, containing a terrifying power within the blaze.

"Come on!"

As the Skeleton Being, formed from the Earth Element Qi, attacked at close range, Huo Niao let out a roar and lunged forward, swinging his fist at the Skeleton Being to meet its charge.

Those with weaker strength could no longer clearly see Huo Niao's figure, only a trace of a long fiery line fleeting past like the glimpse of a startled swan.

Boom—

A fierce collision sound erupted, Huo Niao's fist, carrying flames, struck the Skeleton Being's body, piercing through it. Dust flew, yellow smoke billowed, and the Skeleton Being crumbled away in an instant.

Although he had resolved Cecil's strongest strike, Huo Niao did not gain much advantage either, as a powerful recoil force sent him sliding backward several yards, his complexion turning pale, and the fiery red on his body rapidly fading away.

Withstanding Cecil's attack, Huo Niao didn't get hurt, but his ability to gather Fire Primordial Qi was nearly half depleted, reducing his combat power by forty percent.

However, Cecil was obviously worse off than Huo Niao. After that strike, his body seemed to have been emptied, with a pale face he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. Staggering a few times, using his staff to support himself on the ground, he barely managed to stand steady.

At this moment, he felt an unprecedented weakness, knowing that if Fang Bai just gave him a slight push, he would fall flat on his back.

Huo Niao, looking at Cecil who was persistently not giving in, revealed a victor's slight smile on his face. He stepped closer to Cecil, saying as he walked, "Cecil, this battle has drained you physically and mentally. If you don't step down to recuperate timely, you probably won't be able to continue representing 'Pharaoh' in tomorrow's match... Are you still not admitting your defeat?"

Watching Huo Niao draw closer, Cecil's gaze flickered uncertainly. Only when Huo Niao was five meters away did he let out a melancholic sigh and said with a bitter face, "I... lost..."

In the first battle of the top ten competition, Huo Niao won, Cecil lost.

"Statue of Liberty" momentarily took the lead over "Pharaoh".

The leader of "Pharaoh," Dear, had a grave expression, while the leader of "Statue of Liberty," Isabella, showed no hint of a smile on her face. They both seemed heavily preoccupied with their thoughts, leaving others puzzled.

Chapter 673: The Top Five

The battles were conducted under a best-of-five format, wherein a side would be eliminated after losing three matches, thus missing out on the championship title of this grand tournament.

Therefore, for the major meta-human organizations, every battle was of critical importance.

In the subsequent four battles between "Statue of Liberty" and "Pharaoh," the competitors from both sides fought even more fiercely, to the point where it could be described as brutal. Both winners and losers were covered with wounds, and nobody was willing to concede defeat until the very last moment.

The overall strength of "Pharaoh" was slightly inferior to that of "Statue of Liberty." Following their defeat in the first match, "Pharaoh" also lost their second battle to a member of "Statue of Liberty."

For "Pharaoh," who had lost two matches in a row, the importance of the third match was self-evident.

If they lost the third match, they would have to pack up and leave early; if they won, they would still have a chance to turn the tide and secure victory.

However, everyone knew that this chance was extremely slim because as soon as "Statue of Liberty" won one more match, they would secure their ticket to the next stage and kick "Pharaoh" out of the top ten.

Moreover, the leader of "Statue of Liberty," Isabella, hadn't made a move yet. As long as she made the wise decision to avoid "Pharaoh's" leader, Dear, she would have the winning hand.

Even if Dear participated in battle, he could only represent "Pharaoh" in one match. Even if he managed to win a match for "Pharaoh," there would still be two matches left. As long as Isabella stepped in, barring any accidents, she was sure to win.

After all, Isabella was the leader of "Statue of Liberty," and even if her strength wasn't up to par with Dear's, she couldn't possibly be so weak that she couldn't even beat the subordinates of Dear.

However, knowing that "Pharaoh" was on the brink of elimination, Dear still entered the battle, aiming to salvage some dignity for "Pharaoh."

As Dear wished, as soon as he entered the arena, he defeated his opponent with a single move and left the stage with grace.

But soon after, in the following battle, the leader of "Statue of Liberty," Isabella, also defeated a member of "Pharaoh" with a single move, responding to Dear's performance.

In the end, "Statue of Liberty" advanced to the next round with a score of three to one.

And "Pharaoh" tragically became the first meta-human organization to be eliminated from the top ten.

The audience at the scene couldn't help but feel a sense of regret at not being able to witness the much-anticipated battle between Isabella and Dear.

Following "Pharaoh" and "Statue of Liberty," it was "Dragon Guard's" turn to face off against a meta-human organization from Japan called "Kyokushinkai."

The members of "Kyokushinkai," mainly ninjas, were proficient in Ninjutsu, swordsmanship, and martial arts, and had a certain reputation worldwide. Their entry into the top ten this time showcased their remarkable strength.

However, in comparison with Huaxia's "Dragon Guard," the overall strength of "Kyokushinkai" was more than just a notch below. Fang Bai didn't even need to lift a finger; he simply sent members like Long Da and Long Er to compete, who swept through the battle with overwhelming momentum, securing a ticket to the top five.

In the subsequent matches, Europa's "Holy Temple," the Russian Federation's "Blizzard," and India's "Brahma" each defeated their opponents and successfully made it into the top five.

By now, "Statue of Liberty," "Dragon Guard," "Holy Temple," "Blizzard," and "Brahma," the world's five great meta-human organizations, had become the final top five, and would determine the champion of this tournament in tomorrow's competition.

When Isabella announced the end of today's event, hundreds of members from various meta-human organizations left the venue, each with different emotions, some joyful and some worried.

The "Dragon Guard" had won today's match with ease and comfort, so the mood among its members was relaxed. After leaving the venue, to celebrate the victory, Fang Bai treated everyone, taking Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and others to the best hotel in Chinatown for a meal and drinks.

The battle for the championship among the top five tomorrow was destined to be fiercely intense. The "Dragon Guard" faced no weak opponents, so Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and the others did not go out

that evening. Instead, they honestly stayed in their hotel rooms, meditated, and regulated their breath, striving to adjust their spirit to the optimal condition to prepare for tomorrow's great battle.

Fang Bai seemed unconcerned, already having a plan in mind for tomorrow's event and confident in securing the championship.

While Dragon Maiden and the others meditated in their rooms, Fang Bai wasn't idle. Just like the night before, he practiced moving blood and changing bones, disguised himself, and first snuck into the white castle deep in the desert to find that beautiful girl, Isabella, and had a big fight with her. Then he located the leaders of the other four finalists and fought with each of them as well.

Fang Bai sought them out to exchange blows mainly because their strengths were not far apart, which gave him the opportunity to refine his own skills and even utilize their special abilities to assist his cultivation.

On the other hand, Fang Bai intentionally caused trouble.

Fang Bai's mysterious identity and formidable strength were enough to distress leaders such as Isabella, prompting them to be on high alert. This inevitably led to their mental tension. Moreover, Fang Bai's battles with them tonight, fighting until they were exhausted, would surely affect their performance tomorrow, which would benefit the "Dragon Guard."

After battling Fang Bai, the leaders of the four great meta-human organizations both resented and dreaded this enigmatic young man from Huaxia.

They resented that after tonight's battle with Fang Bai, they had expended a great deal of energy and would only be able to perform at sixty to seventy percent of their full strength in tomorrow's event.

They dreaded that Fang Bai's strength was too formidable, and they were uncertain of his motives for repeatedly provoking them.

Moreover, Fang Bai was elusive, with a "Divine Dragon" that showed its head but not its tail, making tracking him an impossibility. Therefore, the vexed leaders of the four meta-human organizations could

only gnash their teeth in secret and swear to use all their connections to find out who the mysterious Huaxian was.

That night, in the hotel across from where Fang Bai and the others were staying, a bewitchingly beautiful woman in black moved in.

The woman in black was about 1.7 meters tall, in her twenties, with almond eyes and cherry lips, skin white as snow, and long, explosive hair. There was a natural charm in the corners of her brows and eyes, so mesmerizing that it would take one's breath away, truly a peerless beauty among women.

Not only was the woman in black extremely beautiful, but her voice also carried a charm that could make many men's hearts flutter and minds wander as soon as she spoke.

On the night of her arrival, the woman in black set up a high-powered telescope by the window of her room to spy on Fang Bai's presidential suite across the street.

On the thumb of the woman's left hand was a Jade Thumb Ring engraved with many intricate patterns and runes. If Fang Bai saw it, he would recognize it as a Spiritual Artifact of no low grade.

This Jade Thumb Ring had the effect of concealing a Martial Artist's aura, and had a method similar to Fang Bai's Cultivation Technique for hiding his own strength. Therefore, even though the woman in black was staying in the hotel just across the street from Fang Bai, he was unable to sense any fluctuations in her Martial Artist Aura.

Chapter 674: Past Life Hongyan

"Fang Bai, oh Fang Bai, we're going to meet again! All my previous actions against you ended in failure, but this time, let's see if your luck is still as good! Some people say you're our 'Wrathful Beauties' nemesis and have told me to give up on this deal, but I won't believe it!"

The black-clothed woman's enchanting eyes flashed with a trace of evil Qi as she bent forward in an extremely alluring and tempting posture, her eyes glued to the high-powered binoculars, observing the situation in the room where Fang Bai was staying at the hotel opposite.

The curtains in Fang Bai's room were drawn, not even a sliver of a gap visible, completely obscuring the view inside, but the black-clothed woman was patient. She pulled up a chair to sit down, watching through the binoculars continuously.

As dawn was about to break, the black-clothed woman perked up, finally noticing the lights in Fang Bai's room turn on, with the vague silhouette of a tall and upright man becoming visible.

"You've finally appeared..."

The black-clothed woman's seductive eyes narrowed slightly as she observed Fang Bai's room for a moment, then straightened up and stretched languorously, revealing a section of her snow-white and delicate waist.

"Can't let your trip to America be too comfortable. Today, I will create some minor troubles for you and see how you handle it..."

A playful smile appeared on the black-clothed woman's lips as she murmured to herself, watching the man's silhouette in the hotel room across.

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Having returned from a battle with the leaders of the four major Meta-Humans, Fang Bai, for some reason, always felt somewhat restless, as if something was about to happen to him or near him.

Fang Bai always trusted his instincts. After experiencing this feeling, he tensed and immediately diffused his Divine Sense in all directions, searching for anything suspicious within a kilometer's radius.

Soon, Fang Bai caught sight of a black-clothed woman using high-powered binoculars to spy on him from a hotel across. However, what puzzled Fang Bai was that while the woman seemed like a Martial Artist, he could not detect any fluctuations of a Martial Artist's aura from her.

As Fang Bai's Divine Sense swept over the black-clothed woman's body, he noticed a jade thumb ring on her left thumb and also the array runes inscribed on it.

The jade thumb ring emitted a lustrous glow; at a quick glance, it seemed no different from a common jade thumb ring, but in Fang Bai's eyes, it was a treasure.

"A mid-grade Spiritual Artifact... Such an object not only serves as a storage space but also conceals the fluctuations of a Martial Artist's aura... Where did this woman get such a treasure?"

Fang Bai's eyes lit up when he saw the jade thumb ring on the black-clothed woman's hand.

Since being reborn in this world, Fang Bai had seen a few Spiritual Artifacts, including a Space Ring he had helped Wu De re-refine. The other artifacts he possessed included the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, a Space Ring, and the Five Elements Needles.

Among them, the grades of the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and the Five Elements Needles were still beyond Fang Bai's current ability to discern, and he was unable to unleash their full power, but it was clear that the grades of these three artifacts were extremely high.

The Space Ring that Fang Bai currently had was already stuffed full with Essence Stones, Spiritual Medicine, and other items, with a considerable amount of Essence Stones that he even had to temporarily hide in a secret place, unable to carry them on his person.

Therefore, Fang Bai was in urgent need of a storage Spiritual Artifact with a larger space area. Although he possessed the skill for Artifact Refining, due to his insufficient Cultivation Level, he still couldn't refine and create storage Spiritual Artifacts like the Space Ring for the time being.

The jade thumb ring worn on the finger of the woman in black had a spatial area many times greater than the space ring on Fang Bai's hand. If Fang Bai could get it, he would be able to store all his items inside and carry them on his person.

Fang Bai was indeed somewhat tempted.

In Fang Bai's previous life in the Cultivation World and even the Immortal Realm, many cultivators liked to rob others along the way, claiming others' treasures as their own—this was a common occurrence.

Robbery was something Fang Bai had done plenty of times in his previous life, but his targets were always people who were enemies or wicked by nature. He would not touch other people's belongings, as this was one of his principles in life.

However, the way the woman in black stealthily spied on him, she was certainly no friend but an enemy. So, even if Fang Bai did take action to snatch her jade thumb ring, he would feel no psychological burden.

The woman in black spied towards Fang Bai for a moment and then slowly raised her head. The moment Fang Bai's divine sense swept over her face and he saw her features, his heart jolted, and he almost cried out.

The facial features, figure, and temperament of the woman in black were very much like those of a beloved friend in Fang Bai's past life. Even the enchanting charm in her eyes was strikingly similar.

"It's so alike... too alike... for a moment I thought the 'Peach Fairyland Empress' had descended into this world..."

After a while, the enamored Fang Bai sighed lightly. The images of those friends from his past life flickered through his mind like fleeting rays of light.

Having almost been destroyed in body and soul after being besieged by nine Supreme Immortal Emperors from the nine great domains of the Immortal Realm, only his residual soul seizing another body allowed him to be reborn in this world. Were those beloved from the nine Immortal Domains still safe?

Knowing those friends, some with resolute characters, would immediately seek justice from the nine Supreme Immortal Emperors upon his fall, the result was unpredictable.

Whereas those with more patient temperaments would silently accumulate strength, waiting for an opportunity to avenge him.

Divine sense diffusion is very draining on the mind, so after a while, Fang Bai retracted his divine sense from the woman in black.

Fang Bai initially wanted to take the spatial ring from the woman in black, but now he had lost that desire. The woman in black was too reminiscent of his past life's beloved friends, and, whether she was enemy or friend, Fang Bai felt a reluctance to lay a hand on her.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door behind him. Fang Bai knew it was Dragon Maiden calling him out for breakfast, so he went to open the door.

"Instructor Fang, are you preoccupied?"

Women are always sensitive. After Fang Bai opened the door and Dragon Maiden saw his somewhat distant expression, she couldn't help but ask.

Fang Bai said with a smile, "Yes! I was thinking, if we don't get first place today, will your grandfather scold us when we return to Yanjing? Especially me, the instructor. I boasted with a slap on my chest before coming, and if we don't get first place, I'd be too ashamed to face anyone!"

Dragon Maiden chuckled and shook her head, saying, "No. Actually, even before coming to America, Grandpa had predicted that it wouldn't be easy for us to get first place. It's okay if we don't get first. This trip to America turned out to be quite profitable. Grandpa would only be happy to know about it!"

Pausing for a moment, she continued, "The members sent by various meta-human organizations this time are stronger than in previous years. Long Da and Long Er both said it exceeded their expectations. They've talked privately and are not holding out much hope for first place anymore. Aiming to enter the top three would fulfill the goals of this trip!"

Chapter 675: Good Luck

Fang Bai shook his head and said with a serious tone, "Securing first place brings many benefits to the 'Dragon Guard,' so we must still strive to obtain it! During breakfast, speak to Long Da, Long Er, and the others. Tell them to perk up, as today, I have a way to enhance their cultivation level by a minor realm in a short period of time!"

"Okay!"

Knowing the myriad of miraculous methods Fang Bai possessed, the Dragon Maiden nodded excitedly upon hearing his words.

Later at breakfast, the Dragon Maiden quietly relayed Fang Bai's message to Long Da, Long Er, and the rest.

Long Da, Long Er, and the others revered Instructor Fang like a deity and believed without a doubt. Upon hearing that Instructor Fang could enhance their cultivation level by a minor realm, albeit temporarily, they were thrilled beyond measure.

For someone like Long Da, an Earth Level middle-rank Martial Artist, advancing a minor realm meant reaching the Earth Level high rank, equating to an increase in strength by several folds. Even if he were to confront the Statue of Liberty's Huo Niao, he'd have a chance at victory.

Aside from their leader Isabella, Huo Niao was the strongest member of the "Statue of Liberty" team. If Long Da could defeat Huo Niao, the "Dragon Guard" would have a much greater chance of victory when facing the "Statue of Liberty."

As for the most formidable of them all, Isabella from the "Statue of Liberty," the members of the "Dragon Guard" firmly believed that Instructor Fang, who they regarded as divine, would surely defeat her.

If Long Da could defeat Huo Niao and Instructor Fang could defeat Isabella, then the "Dragon Guard" would be able to overcome the "Statue of Liberty," and might even ultimately clinch the championship.

Around eight in the morning, the "Statue of Liberty" team's bus arrived on time, carrying Fang Bai and the others to the "Light of Freedom" venue.

After the bus had traveled some distance, a black sports car began tailing it, casually following behind.

The driver of the black sports car was none other than the black-clad woman who had been spying on Fang Bai.

The black-clad woman's eyes were fixed intently on the bus ahead, and a murderous intent flickered through her naturally enchanting, watery, and wide eyes.

However, the Martial Artist Aura and the intense murderous intent emanating from her were concealed by the Jade Thumb Ring she wore on her finger, and except for Fang Bai, who knew they were being tracked, no one else on the bus was aware.

Only after the bus stopped outside the "Light of Freedom" venue and Fang Bai and the others had entered did the black-clad woman's sports car stop at a distance.

"Fang Bai, the 'gift' I've sent you will be arriving soon..."

The black-clad woman stepped out of the car, removed her sunglasses to reveal a face of stunning beauty.

A man hurried past her, and when he turned his head for a glance at the black-clad woman with a seductive smile playing on her lips, his gaze could not be moved away, as if his soul had been hooked. It was only after his body crashed into a car parked on the side of the road, eliciting painful exclamations, that he snapped back to reality.

The woman in black gave the man a glance and couldn't help but let out a "giggle" of laughter.

She laughed so hard she was bending forward and backward, causing onlookers to turn their heads in attention. Her beauty astounded everyone, men and women alike, compelling them to take several more glances, which resulted in a series of accidents.

Inside the "Light of Freedom" venue, members from the five Meta-Human organizations gathered, all rubbing their hands together and looking excited, ready to fight for the championship of this grand tournament.

In contrast to the excitement of their subordinates, the leaders of the five major Meta-Human organizations, except for Fang Bai, all had solemn expressions and serious demeanors.

The Battle of the Top Five today also adopted a lottery system to determine the opponents; one team would have a bye and would not need to fight, advancing directly to the top three.

Clearly, the team that drew the bye was undoubtedly fortunate, and it all hinged on the luck of the drawer.

For Fang Bai, who possessed Divine Sense, his "luck" was without question the best.

What others could not see, Fang Bai could detect with just a sweep of his Divine Sense. Thus, the position of "bye" during the lottery fell into his hands, much to the envy of the other four top contestants, who inwardly lamented that the "Dragon Guard" really hit the jackpot this time, managing to break into the top three with just one fight.

Of course, those happiest with this result were the Dragon Maidens, Long Da, and other "Dragon Guard" members, as their set goal had been the top three, and now it was achieved. Every victory from now on was a bonus.

"There's no helping it, I'm just lucky!"

After drawing the "bye," Fang Bai, facing the envious glances of the other four leaders, clasped their fists and said with a smile, "After the event is over, I plan to go to a nearby casino to gamble a few hands. I might win a big sum of money, by then I'll treat all the leaders to a meal... Haha..."

The other four leaders, looking at Fang Bai's smiling face, itched with the urge to slap him as a way of venting their irritation.

But that was all they did, think about it. First, no one wanted to provoke the formidable enemy that is the Huaxia "Dragon Guard" without good reason, and second, Fang Bai's mysterious aura gave them no confidence that they would win against him.

The intensity of today's Battle of the Top Five was beyond imagination, with the four contenders going all out to secure one of the advancement spots, resulting in almost every battle leaving someone injured.

After a morning of fierce combat, America's "Statue of Liberty" and Europa's "Holy Temple" each defeated their opponents and advanced to the top three.

Although they achieved their goal of making it into the top three, both the "Statue of Liberty" and "Holy Temple" could only be considered as having won by the skin of their teeth. Even though they defeated their opponents, they too sustained considerable injuries, with all five members of their teams injured to varying degrees.

Fortunately, each squad had brought ten members, so the five injured members, who weakened the fighting power, could be replaced by the other five in the next battle.

After four hours of rest at noon, the battle for the top three resumed around three in the afternoon.

The rest during this interval allowed for the near full recovery of the spent energy, spirit, and vitality, aiming for fairness.

What provoked envy and resentment was that in this round of lot drawing, Fang Bai continued his previous good fortune and once again received a bye, essentially advancing to the finals while resting.

The "Dragon Guard" members were overjoyed and celebrated while the "Statue of Liberty" and "Holy Temple" teams lamented their poor luck, having to fight another tough battle.

The battle for the rights to the finals between the "Statue of Liberty" and the "Holy Temple" was considered the most exciting and intense confrontation since the start of the grand prize competition. All four members who fought at the forefront gave it their all, resulting in a tie with a score of two to two.

The decisive fifth round naturally featured the leaders of both sides, Isabella and Sardin.

In this battle, Isabella, the American beauty who had not been much favored before, was suppressed by Sardin, wielding his Holy Sword and executing the "Holy Light Cross Sword," for most of the time. Only in the final moments did she suddenly unleash her power, staging a comeback to win by a narrow margin.

Chapter 676: The Taste of Conspiracy

Isabella's victory made the members of the "Statue of Liberty" cheer and jump for joy, filled with excitement.

In their eyes, the Huaxia "Dragon Guard" who they were going to face in the final had been their underdogs in the last two tournaments, and now their new leader Isabella was even more powerful than the old leader. With the "Dragon Guard" leader not having brought the team, and given this rise and fall, what reason did they have not to win the championship?

Not only did the members of the "Statue of Liberty" think this way, but members of other major meta-human organizations also felt the same, believing that there was no suspense in this tournament's final.

The final was scheduled to take place at eight o'clock tonight, and taking advantage of the several hours in between, members of the various meta-human organizations left the "Light of Freedom" venue to eat and drink at nearby hotels and restaurants.

No one would have anticipated that, during the period when these meta-human organization members were eating and drinking, a series of overt and covert attacks against them took place.

Among the top ten meta-human organizations that made it to the finals, apart from the "Dragon Guard," members of other teams died from mysterious deadly poisons, were annihilated in strong explosions with no remains left, or fell victim to covert attacks by mysterious masters...

And at every murder scene, there were some clues left behind. Following these clues led to one conclusion—the murders all pointed to the Huaxia "Dragon Guard."

Despite the many doubts in these cases, the nine meta-human organizations that had suffered casualties and had nowhere to vent their anger soon returned to the "Light of Freedom" venue after the attacks, seeking Fang Bai and the other "Dragon Guard" members to demand an explanation.

When Fang Bai and the others were surrounded in the "Light of Freedom" venue, they were completely baffled.

They had gone to Chinatown for a meal before returning first to the venue to conserve their energy, preparing for the battle for the championship, and were unaware of the attacks.

Upon hearing the series of attack incidents recounted by the crowd around them, Fang Bai and his companions looked at each other, all thinking of the word "conspiracy."

This incident, from start to finish, reeked strongly of conspiracy, obviously a setup. Fang Bai did not believe that the leaders of the various meta-human organizations were not astute enough to see through it.

But who could be the mastermind behind the scenes, setting them up? What was the purpose of such actions?

The members of the meta-human organizations that were attacked and killed were all very powerful; to target them all at once, one or two individuals simply could not manage it—it must have been the doing of a large and powerful group.

Coincidentally, out of the ten major meta-human organizations, only the "Dragon Guard" had not suffered any attacks, which inevitably made them suspects.

"Mr. Fang, regarding this incident, I need you 'Dragon Guard' to provide a reasonable explanation! Otherwise, including the 'Statue of Liberty' and the friends from all major meta-human organizations, none will let this go!"

As the organizer of this tournament, with such a serious incident having occurred, Isabella had no choice but to step forward and ask Fang Bai on everyone's behalf.

Isabella's expression was very serious, and her tone was full of warnings and threats.

Long Da, Long Er, and the others were very angry. They even believed that this incident was a conspiracy concocted by the "Statue of Liberty" and other meta-human organizations against the "Dragon Guard," aiming to prevent them from winning the championship.

"We, the Huaxia 'Dragon Guard,' have always conducted ourselves in a fair and open manner; it wasn't us, we do not need to explain!"

Dragon Maiden spoke sharply, with Long Da, Long Er, and the others beside her clenching their fists, ready to fight at a word's disagreement.

Isabella did not pay attention to Dragon Maiden, but looked indifferently at Fang Bai and asked coldly, "Mr. Fang, do you share the same view?"

Fang Bai did not speak, his gaze sweeping over the members of the various meta-human organizations gathered around, aware that some of them had been blinded by rage. If his answer did not satisfy them, there was a real possibility that they would swarm forward and violence would ensue.

There were well over a hundred people encircling them, including nine leaders. If a battle were to break out, Fang Bai could escape without issue, but Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and the others would have no chance of escaping; they might all fall right here and now.

Therefore, Fang Bai's response was a matter of life and death for the "Dragon Guard" members present.

"Heh heh..."

After a moment of silence, Fang Bai suddenly cracked a smile, his gaze fixed on Isabella opposite him, and said lightly, "Miss Isabella, is our 'Dragon Guard' leader Long Jingtian a madman?"

Isabella was taken aback and then shook her head, "How could Mr. Long be a madman? I had the fortune to meet Mr. Long five years ago, and not only is he strong, but he is also a very kind and amiable elder..."

Fang Bai said, "All of us in the 'Dragon Guard' obey our leader, and if the leader isn't mad, how could he possibly instruct us to do such foolish things? Miss Isabella, if it were you, would you make enemies of strong individuals all over the world at the same time?"

"I wouldn't!"

Isabella shook her head emphatically, then frowned and said, "But... there are many signs pointing towards you 'Dragon Guard'..."

"That's even more ludicrous!"

Fang Bai interrupted Isabella and continued, "If it really were us, would we be so foolish as to leave evidence at the scene for you to investigate? Miss Isabella, please think carefully with your head and not be used as a pawn by others! If we get into a melee and both sides suffer, perhaps others will benefit from our misfortune!"

"Perhaps those traces left at the scene are what you left on purpose after your attack, intending to create an illusion of being wrongfully accused?"

Gaya Luo, the leader of the "Brahma" from India, said with a sardonic tone.

"Yes, apart from the 'Dragon Guard', I really can't think of any other force in this world that has the ability to attack us all at the same time!"

Europa's "Holy Temple" leader Sardin immediately followed up.

"The 'Dragon Guard' leader Long Jingtian did not lead the team this time, which in itself is suspicious! Perhaps this series of attacks was orchestrated and directed by Long Jingtian from behind the scenes?"

Hattori Jiro, the leader of Japan's "Kyokushinkai," maliciously speculated.

Upon hearing this, Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and the others were furious, wishing they could smack Hattori Jiro to death on the spot.

Fang Bai's brow furrowed as he said coldly to Hattori Jiro, "Before the facts are clear, it's best not to make such malicious attacks, or don't blame me for being impolite!"

Hattori Jiro met his gaze with a cold, mocking laugh, "What, did I hit a nerve, and now you're furious? Impolite? Haha, although I, Hattori Jiro, am slightly weaker than Long Jingtian, you think you, a young man, can threaten me..."

Smack—

Before Hattori Jiro could finish, he saw a figure flash in front of him, followed by a sharp, crisp sound next to his ear. At the same time, his entire left cheek instantly went numb, as he had been soundly slapped on the face.

Chapter 677: Please be calm

The one striking was naturally Fang Bai, his figure swift as lightning, appearing and disappearing in a flash—after slapping Hattori Jiro across the face, he returned to his original spot.

"Given my strength, it shouldn't be a problem to intimidate you, right?"

Fang Bai looked at Hattori Jiro, who stood there dumbfounded with his hand on his cheek, and said coldly.

Hattori Jiro's lips quivered, but he didn't dare make a sound, his eyes filled with deep fear.

Fang Bai's slap had not only swollen his face but also shattered his confidence. He knew that his strength was far inferior to Fang Bai's and that if he continued to be obstinate, he would only bring shame upon himself.

Every person standing there was an expert, but when Fang Bai had slapped Hattori Jiro, not even top-level fighters like Isabella could see how he did it.

One can tell the whole picture by seeing part of it.

Although Fang Bai had merely slapped Hattori Jiro, this single slap made everyone on the scene startle inwardly, thinking that this young man from Huaxia was indeed not to be underestimated, and Long Jingtian's decision to have him lead the team did not signify that the "Dragon Guard" had given up on competing for the championship.

It should be noted that Hattori Jiro's ability was on par with an Earth Level Perfection Martial Artist from Huaxia's Ancient Martial World, and while he was not as strong as the leaders of the seven Meta-Human organizations, he was only slightly less capable.

The leaders of the meta-human organizations at the scene all understood that if Fang Bai could easily slap Hattori Jiro, it meant that his strength was such that he could hold his own against them.

Isabella's eyes widened, and she once again scrutinized Fang Bai seriously.

From Fang Bai's previous movement technique, she had a vague sense of déjà vu and made a connection between Fang Bai and the mysterious young man from Huaxia who had twice approached her castle and challenged her.

"Is this Fang Bai really the same mysterious Huaxia young man?"

Isabella deeply suspected but couldn't be certain, thinking to herself that if the one who had challenged her was Fang Bai, then he was likely to be the champion of this grand competition.

Thinking of how she had been exhausted in the two fights against the mysterious young man from Huaxia, unable to emerge victorious, while the opponent seemed to handle it with ease and left with laughter in the end, Isabella felt a deep sense of powerlessness—an inability to control what was happening.

Fang Bai's demonstration of power led to a moment of silence on the scene until the host Isabella was the first to speak. She frowned and said to Fang Bai, "Mr. Fang, I admit you are very strong! But even if this incident was not the work of your 'Dragon Guard,' you must still be involved somehow. Otherwise, why would the culprit frame you and not someone else?"

Fang Bai nodded and said, "There's some reason in that... Alright, give me some time. I will investigate this matter thoroughly, both as a consolation to the souls of the deceased and to clear the 'Dragon Guard's name!"

"How long do you need?" Isabella asked.

"Within three days!"

Fang Bai pondered and then said, "I think those who framed us haven't left Las Vegas yet. As long as they are still here within these three days, I will have a way to find out who they are!"

Seeing how resolute Fang Bai was, Isabella was curious about how he would identify the mastermind. With over a million residents and countless visitors, finding the culprit in Las Vegas would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

"It's very regrettable that such a thing has happened..."

Isabella sighed, her face serious as she said, "Mr. Fang, I hope you can find the murderer as soon as possible. Otherwise, it will be difficult to quell everyone's anger. Also, it seems impossible to proceed with today's final match..."

"I don't think the finals need to be held at all!"

Europa's "Holy Temple" leader Sardin spoke up, "No matter what, the Dragon Guard cannot rid themselves of suspicion in this series of attacks. Even if they are lucky enough to win the grand prize, we won't follow their command and deployment! I believe that the Statue of Liberty is the true champion of this tournament, and they fully deserve it!"

The other Meta-Human organization leaders nodded in agreement with Sardin.

A hint of a smile appeared on Isabella's face. She also thought that Sardin's words made sense. Setting aside whether the Dragon Guard could beat her own team, the Statue of Liberty, for the championship, even if they could, who would follow them? It was already fortunate enough that everyone present hadn't ganged up on the Dragon Guard members.

Fang Bai waved his hand to stop the angry Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and others behind him. His gaze swept over the faces of the various Meta-Human organization leaders, and with a smile, he said, "According to what you all say, even if I expose the mastermind behind the curtain within three days, it will still have nothing to do with becoming the champions of this tournament?"

Isabella and the others remained silent.

And silence represented an attitude.

"Very well!"

Fang Bai nodded, his smile cooling as he said, "Since you've deprived the Dragon Guard of the right to fairly compete for the championship, then we, the Dragon Guard, have no need to accept the championship's command and deployment! In future 'World Meta-Human Organization Elite Tournaments,' we will no longer participate!"

The Dragon Guard was one of the most powerful Meta-Human organizations in the world. If they withdrew from the "World Meta-Human Organization Elite Tournament," the importance of the tournament would greatly diminish, and the prestige of being the tournament champion would fade significantly.

Furthermore, the tournament champion had command and deployment rights over the seven major Meta-Human organizations. Once they lost the cooperation and support of the Dragon Guard, many things would become impossible to accomplish.

The smile disappeared from Isabella's face as she looked at Fang Bai and asked faintly, "Is this the intention of your leader, Mr. Long?"

"This is my decision!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, "I think our leader will also agree with my actions after learning about the injustice we've faced!"

Isabella became a bit anxious, "Mr. Fang, please calm down. I think your approach is very irresponsible..."

"Miss Isabella, I don't think there is any need to continue this conversation! Within three days, I will prove the Dragon Guard's innocence in this series of attacks. Then, we will leave America and return to Huaxia!"

Having said this, Fang Bai also addressed the members of various Meta-Human organizations surrounding them, "During these three days, we will be staying in the hotel we checked into. If anyone has any matters, they can come to find me!"

With that, he reached out to part the crowd in front of him and walked toward the exit of the Light of Freedom venue.

Some members of the Meta-Human organizations wanted to block Fang Bai's path, but their leaders signaled for them to make way.

As Fang Bai walked away, the other Dragon Guard members quickly followed him and left.

"Miss Isabella, you're just letting them go like this?"

The leader of Japan's Kyokushinkai, Hattori Jiro, who had not dared to speak earlier, saw Fang Bai walking away and angrily blurted out.

Chapter 678: You Were A Beauty, How Did You Turn Into A Thief!

"Why shouldn't I let them go?"

Isabella glanced at Hattori Jiro and thought to herself, if you're so capable, then go stop the Dragon Guard members and prevent them from leaving!

Hattori Jiro stomped his foot and said, "They are murderers! Haven't the meta-human organizations here lost people in the recent series of attack incidents? What if they get away..."

Isabella interrupted Hattori Jiro, speaking indifferently, "Those attack incidents do have a lot of questionable points. Without concrete evidence that they are the perpetrators, it's not good for us to be too forceful. Besides, they're just going back to the hotel, not leaving America!"

Sardin and others were nodding, thinking to themselves that the hotel where the Dragon Guard members were staying was already under the watchful eyes of countless people. For those Dragon Guard members to sneak out of Las Vegas would simply be impossible.

And giving them three days' time to see if they can find out who's behind all this was fair. If they can't figure it out by then, the victims themselves would have a reason to seek retribution.

Only, after these incidents, the current "World Meta-Human Organizations Elite Championship" could no longer continue.

Among the meta-human organizations that made it into the top ten, except for Dragon Guard, the others acknowledged the Statue of Liberty as the champion of the current tournament.

On the surface, the Statue of Liberty won without fighting, reaping a great advantage, to continue commanding and dispatching tasks to various meta-human organizations for the next five years. However, due to Dragon Guard's withdrawal, this privilege would be greatly undermined, and their operational capacity on a global scale would also be vastly reduced.

.....

"Who exactly is trying to frame us? It's infuriating!"

"Obviously, this is deliberately targeted at us, the Dragon Guard. It must be one of our enemies!"

"The Dragon Guard has no shortage of enemies. It's going to be tough to figure out who's behind this!"

"They'd better hope we don't find out who's pulling the strings, otherwise we'll wipe them out!!"

"Could it be one of the participating meta-human organizations in the championship that concocted a ploy, not wanting us to win the championship?"

"That seems likely!"

...

After returning to the hotel, the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, Long Er, and others gathered in Fang Bai's presidential suite to discuss the recent incidents, each of them seething with anger.

"Dragon Maiden, contact the leader and tell him the details of this incident! Also, all of you are to stay in the hotel for the time being. Without my permission, none of you may go out!"

After giving a few instructions to the Dragon Maiden and the others, Fang Bai stood up, ready to leave.

"Instructor Fang, where are you going?"

The Dragon Maiden asked.

Fang Bai said, "To investigate the mastermind!"

The Dragon Maiden muttered, "You won't let us go out, yet you're going out yourself... If you want to investigate the mastermind, it would be better to take us with you - the more people, the stronger we are!"

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "If I'm not mistaken, the hidden adversary must be watching our every move in the shadows right now, so the more secretive this matter is, the better. The more people involved, the more likely we are to spoil things."

Long Da also said, "Instructor Fang is strong and capable. If even he can't find out who the hidden adversary is, then we are even less likely to succeed. We might end up holding Instructor Fang back. So, we should just honestly stay in the hotel. That way, we might even draw some of the hidden adversary's attention, allowing Instructor Fang to investigate more intently."

The Dragon Maiden knew that both Fang Bai and Long Da made sense. She sighed and said to Fang Bai with concern, "Our opponent is hiding in the shadows, and they must be extremely cunning and ferocious. You... You must be very careful!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Don't worry. In this world, the people who can hurt me are probably not even born yet!"

Though his words sounded arrogant and overbearing, the Dragon Maiden and the others fully agreed with him.

As the sky outside darkened and after the Dragon Maiden, Long Da, and others had each returned to their rooms, Fang Bai took a hot bath, changed into fresh clothes, and then sat cross-legged on the bed, extending his Divine Sense to monitor the movements around the hotel.

In a room across the street, the black-clad woman, who seemed like a Wrathful Beauty from Fang Bai's past, had disappeared, leaving Fang Bai feeling somewhat melancholic.

"You were once a beauty, how turned into a thief... If you weren't one of the 'Wrathful Beauties', maybe we could have been good friends..."

Fang Bai withdrew his Divine Sense, muttering to himself with an expression of regret.

Though the black-clad woman had a Spiritual Artifact to conceal her Martial Artist Aura, making even Fang Bai unable to sense her, her dress and the way she spied on Fang Bai reminded him of the "Wrathful Beauties" — that unscrupulous, malicious Killer Organization that wanted him dead.

The "Killer Organization" had repeatedly threatened him and those close to him, which had touched Fang Bai's sore spot, so he had sworn to eradicate this evil organization.

The "Wrathful Beauties" had tried and failed to assassinate Fang Bai multiple times, losing quite a few experts in the process, and thus, they considered Fang Bai a thorn in their side, a nail in their eye.

It could be said that the enmity between Fang Bai and the "Wrathful Beauties" was such that they could not coexist — it was a fight to the death.

Fang Bai suspected that the series of attacks were closely related to that black-clad woman who had been spying on him.

On the surface, these events seemed to target the Dragon Guard, but only Fang Bai understood that they were indeed targeting him. Perhaps the "Wrathful Beauties" had intended to use others to eliminate him, inciting conflicts between various meta-human organizations and himself.

The "Wrathful Beauties" organization was secretive, with members all over the world, and many experts, their overall strength not inferior to any other meta-human organization, causing headaches for countries around the world. They had the capability to carry out the series of attacks that had occurred.

Fang Bai did not know what status that black-clad woman held within the "Wrathful Beauties". Although the Jade Thumb Ring she wore hid her Martial Artist Aura, preventing Fang Bai from sensing her true strength, he speculated that she must at least be an Earth Level Martial Artist.

According to the "Wrathful Beauties" habit of dispatching assassins, after the two Earth Level Beginner assassins they had previously sent were taken down by him, they would surely send a more powerful assassin to deal with him.

From this, it could be inferred that if the black-clad woman was indeed an assassin from the "Wrathful Beauties", her strength must be at least that of an Earth Level Intermediate or even higher.

After focusing his breath for a moment in the room, Fang Bai got up and left the hotel.

The moment Fang Bai walked out of the hotel's entrance, at least a dozen pairs of eyes were fixed on him.

Fang Bai sneered inside, paying no attention to who those people might be, and continued on his way.

Fang Bai wandered aimlessly through the streets and alleys of Las Vegas with an irregular pace, sometimes speeding up, sometimes slowing down, and occasionally releasing his Divine Sense to sense the movements around him.

Chapter 679: Attack Resumes

Those who were tailing Fang Bai had no idea that he was using his Divine Sense to conduct a "dragnet-style" search throughout the city, looking for traces of the "Wrathful Beauties" assassin.

Fang Bai was certain that the series of attacks targeting members of various meta-human organizations must have been jointly planned and carried out by many assassins of the "Wrathful Beauties."

That is to say, in this city, there were definitely more than just the woman in black who was an assassin from "Wrathful Beauties."

Fang Bai believed that by using his Divine Sense to perform such a "dragnet-style" search, no matter where the "Wrathful Beauties" assassins hid, they would have nowhere to escape.

Unless the "Wrathful Beauties" assassins each had an artifact like the jade thumb ring worn by the woman in black, capable of hiding their presence and rendering Fang Bai unable to sense them.

But Spiritual Artifacts were extremely rare in this world, and without great fortune, they were very difficult to obtain.

Inside a large casino in a bustling district of Las Vegas, two members from the "Holy Temple" of Europa were indulging in high-stakes gambling.

Both members of the "Holy Temple" were in their early forties, tall and handsome, one with flowing long hair, the other with short hair, dressed in the "Holy Temple's" uniform, each with an ancient long sword hanging at their waist.

From the aura they exuded, it could be inferred that their strength was equivalent to that of an Earth Level early-stage Martial Artist from the Ancient Martial World of Huaxia.

The "World Meta-Human Organizations Elite Championship" had come to an end today, and the "Holy Temple" members would set off on their journey home tomorrow. The two "Holy Temple" members decided to try their luck in this casino before departing, hoping perhaps to win a fortune.

Midway through the gambling, the short-haired member of the "Holy Temple" got up to leave for the restroom.

Less than a minute after his departure, in front of a certain gambling table within the casino, a voluptuous and stunning woman's eyes flashed with murderous intent, and she immediately got up and followed him.

The short-haired "Holy Temple" member came out after relieving himself, and at the outer washbasins, he encountered a beautiful woman who had just come out of the ladies' room.

Upon seeing such a beauty, the short-haired "Holy Temple" member's eyes lit up.

And at that moment, the beautiful woman also looked towards him and then revealed a face filled with infatuation.

The self-assured short-haired "Holy Temple" member thought he had attracted her with his tall and handsome appearance, so he flashed a very gentlemanly smile and said, "Beautiful miss, my name is Roger. May I have the honor of knowing your name?"

"You can call me Lina..."

Lina's gaze swept over Roger and suddenly turned melancholic, sighing softly, "Handsome Mr. Roger, I've just had a breakup and feel very lonely and empty. Could you keep me company and chat for a while?"

Roger was overjoyed and pretended to be very indignant, "I think your ex-boyfriend must be blind. Otherwise, how could he give up on such a beautiful miss like you?"

Lina sighed, "Men are all the same; when they find a new love, they forget the old one..."

Roger quickly waved his hands and said, "No, no, I am not that kind of man!"

"Mmm, I can tell, Mr. Roger, you are a good man..."

All of a sudden, Lina stepped forward, wrapped her arms around Roger's waist, tilted her head up, gazed at him with a love-struck face, and whispered, "Mr. Roger, I believe in fate. I feel that our meeting is a kind of destiny... Now, please comfort a heartbroken woman with your lips..."

"Alright beautiful miss, as you wish..."

Faced with such a woman, Roger had no way of saying no. He lowered his head and moved to kiss Lina.

Roger was a vain and egotistical man, regarding Lina as a woman infatuated with his tall and handsome self, wanting to go beyond friendship with him.

Moreover, Roger, confident of his own strength, believed that he would surely detect any malicious intent the woman might have towards him beforehand.

What reassured Roger the most was that he couldn't sense any strong aura from this woman, firmly convincing himself she was a defenseless woman.

In the face of such a woman, what was there to fear?

However, Roger forgot something—if this woman was far stronger than him, then he wouldn't be able to sense any aura from her at all.

And this oversight could prove fatal.

Lina was very enthusiastic and involved, her hands ceaselessly roaming around Roger's back.

Roger wasn't afraid of an attack from Lina from behind; even if she had a dagger to stab him, he was confident it wouldn't harm his robust body.

Unbeknownst to him, Lina's hands had already reached Roger's nape, and the infatuated Roger didn't notice it at all.

Lina's eyes, which had been half-closed, suddenly snapped open, the intoxication in them gone, replaced by a sharp and vicious gleam. She clamped her hands around Roger's neck and then, with an explosive burst of strength, gently twisted.

Craaack—

A crisp sound of breaking bones echoed as Roger's head weirdly rotated one hundred and eighty degrees, his handsome face now facing backward towards the mirror above the washbasin.

Roger didn't die immediately; staring at his own horrific reflection in the mirror with bulging eyes and an extended tongue, his eyes conveyed disbelief and unwillingness.

A warrior equivalent to an Earth Level early-stage Martial Artist was killed in an instant.

Lina extended a finger and gave Roger's body a light push; the now lifeless Roger slowly slumped to the ground.

Lina cast a disgusted glance at Roger's body, spat lightly, and left quickly as if nothing had happened.

This scene went unnoticed until ten or so minutes later, someone discovered Roger's cold corpse outside the restroom.

At the same time, similar scenes were unfolding in other entertainment venues across Las Vegas; strong individuals from various meta-human organizations continued to be attacked and killed, the circumstances mirroring those of the previous series of attacks.

The mastermind behind the attacks, unbeknownst to others, had laid numerous spies throughout the city of Las Vegas, and those spies were all ordinary people, making it impossible for Fang Bai to identify their precise locations by sensing their auras.

With those spies keeping watch, the mastermind behind the attacks knew Fang Bai's movements as if they were at their fingertips, seemingly toying with him; if Fang Bai went to the east of the city, trouble would break out in the west; if Fang Bai reached the south, the north would be in turmoil.

Chapter 680: Disaster Befalls

Facing the "mockery" of the mastermind behind the scenes, Fang Bai quickly came up with a countermeasure. He employed his movement technique, easily shaking off all the tails spying on him, then changed his clothes, altered his physique, and transformed his face in a hidden spot. When he reappeared on the street, no one could recognize him.

Having lost track of Fang Bai, the mastermind sensed trouble yet did not order his subordinates to pause the assault or wait to see how things unfolded; instead, he urged them to redouble their efforts, speeding up their plans until they had incited the wrath of the major meta-human organizations, pushing them to burn bridges with Fang Bai.

After disguising himself, Fang Bai casually strolled the streets and alleys of Las Vegas as if he were merely an ordinary tourist, drawing no one's attention.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense continued to search for any suspicious targets.

Passing a bar, Fang Bai's eyes lit up, and a hint of joy appeared at the corners of his mouth before he turned and entered the bar.

The lighting inside the bar was dim, exuding a luxurious atmosphere everywhere. Dozens of tipsy men and women, following the pulsating dance music, wildly gyrated their bodies in the dance floor.

At a table outside the dance floor, a Caucasian man flanked by two voluptuous beauties laughed and flirted, occasionally cracking jokes that drew the attention of many in the bar.

The Caucasian man was an important member of the Statue of Liberty, named Adams, with strength equivalent to an Earth Level beginner Martial Artist from Huaxia, skilled in hand-to-hand combat and possessing a body as solid as a rock.

That morning, Adams had represented the Statue of Liberty in a fight and defeated his opponent. Now that the "World Meta-Human Organizations Elite Tournament" had concluded, he had specifically come to this bar to unwind.

This was a bar Adams frequented to relax, and the two glamorous ladies beside him were "drinking buddies" he'd known for a while. Having already been to bed with him, Adams harbored no guard against them, treating them quite affectionately instead.

Today, the two glamorous ladies were particularly enthusiastic and attentive, coquettishly offering Adams drink after drink. Although Adams was a heavy drinker, he was already slightly intoxicated, beginning to smile wickedly as he started to make passes at the two beauties.

The glamorous ladies had playful smiles on their faces, accommodating Adams' roving hands. From time to time, their eyes would meet, and in those brief exchanges, they could see a fleeting murderous intent in each other's eyes.

"Mr. Adams, do you prefer heaven, or do you prefer hell?"

One of the glamorous ladies suddenly straddled Adams' lap, took a small sip of red wine, then passed it mouth to mouth into Adams', and asked with a giggle.

Adams wasn't afraid of poison in the wine since he was born with a special ability that made him immune to all toxins, rendering even the deadliest poisons harmless to him.

"I prefer hell! Because it is filled with evil, and that's where I truly belong! Haha..."

Adams drank the sip of red wine the glamorous lady had given him and then reached out, "Babe, why are you asking this? Come on, let's drink..."

"I'm asking because I want your opinion before you die!"

As the glamorous lady spoke, the smile disappeared from her eyes, and a sharp glint, full of murderous intent, emerged.

Adams was quick to respond. After his initial shock, he tried to punch the glamorous lady straddling him, wanting to send her flying away.

However, he was a step too late.

Just as the thought crossed his mind, he felt a chill in his chest, followed by a surge of intense pain spreading throughout his body from his heart.

Adams realized something was amiss, and as he looked down, he saw a dagger with no hilt driven into his heart.

The one who had plunged the dagger into Adams's heart was another glamorous woman.

With a mocking expression in her eyes and a smile on her face, she looked into Adams's incredulous gaze and said, "Mr. Adams, since you like hell so much, we will grant your wish and send you there!"

Adams's mouth opened and closed, trying to say something but failing to articulate it, making a 'he he' sound in his throat, his face contorting in agony.

"You must be dying to know why your body can stop bullets but not this tiny dagger, right?"

The glamorous woman chuckled as she explained, "Because this dagger is not forged from ordinary iron, it can shave hair and slice iron like mud! It doesn't matter if you're a born Meta-Human with a body as hard as rock, even if you were made of iron, I could still pierce your heart!"

Due to the intense pain, Adams's body convulsed and twisted uncontrollably. However, the glamorous woman was straddling his legs, pressing down on his shoulders with both hands, as if a great mountain, Dashan, weighed upon him, preventing any movement.

Adams's eyes had already lost focus, and his pupils were gradually dilating.

"Oh, I forgot to mention, Mr. Adams, that our sisters are much stronger than you. Even without this dagger, we could easily kill you... so, you did not die in vain," said the glamorous woman sitting on Adams's legs, her smile blooming beautifully.

It was just that Adams could no longer hear her; his head tilted to one side, breath no longer escaping his lips.

The bar was dimly lit, the dull thump of music was ceaseless, and the majority of patrons were dancing in the dance floor, hence no one noticed what had just transpired.

The two glamorous women who had killed Adams straightened their slightly disheveled clothes, and one of them quickly took out a mobile phone and sent the message "OK" to a certain number. The other woman took out a few pieces of cloth and stuffed one into Adams's hand while scattering several others at the scene.

Those pieces of cloth were identical to the fabric of the tangzhuang worn by members of Dragon Guard.

If members of Statue of Liberty arrived, seeing these pieces of cloth, they would surely think that Adams had torn them from Dragon Guard members in a fight, and so they would suspect Dragon Guard to be the murderers.

Although this method of framing others was full of flaws and dubious points, it was highly effective. When the members of Statue of Liberty saw the scene, they would undoubtedly become hot-headed, lose their reason and then confront Dragon Guard to demand accountability. Dragon Guard members would surely deny involvement, and the chances of a resulting conflict would substantially increase.

At the same time, in various entertainment venues across Las Vegas, members of major Meta-Human organizations were being killed or wounded, and the subtle traces left at the scenes also pointed to Dragon Guard.

"Let's go!"

Having completed their task of assassinating Adams, the two glamorous women exchanged a glance, ready to leave and carry out their next mission.

"You murder and then frame Dragon Guard, provoking conflict between Dragon Guard and the major Meta-Human organizations, reaping the benefits of the chaos... Heh, quite the strategy indeed!"

Just then, an unremarkable-looking man bypassed the dance floor and strode over, his gaze sharp as ice as he watched the two glamorous women.