

Menu 1411

Chapter 1411: Sudden! (part 2)

Although the 'Iron Arhat' still appeared uninjured on the surface, his internal organs had been shattered in the recent explosion, as he was almost at the center of it.

Jie Ling'r frowned deeply.

She was both grieving over her colleague 'Iron Arhat's' death and worrying about Feng Feiyu.

Clearly, the 'Heavenly Monster' outside the door was just one part of it.

Someone else had infiltrated 'The Six Fan School'.

The infiltrator didn't need any disguise, just had to have a build similar to Feng Feiyu's, imitate his voice a bit, and cover their face.

In fact, Jie Ling'r could guarantee.

'Iron Arhat' saw the infiltrator because it was intentional.

The purpose was to draw 'Iron Arhat' to the explosion site and then have 'Feng Feiyu's name mentioned through 'Iron Arhat'.

A very simple plan.

Yet, effective enough.

Look at the eyes of the secret agents and constables around.

They were filled with uncertainty.

And also a subtle vigilance.

Plus the words of the fake 'Mu Bai' at the door earlier.

Feng Feiyu was bound to be suspected.

Jie Ling'r understood this well.

But there was one thing she was very puzzled about.

"Why is it Xiao Feng?"

As she thought this, Jie Ling'r continued clearing the flames as a breakthrough point.

When she once again used her internal energy to cut open a burning room, her pupils contracted.

There was only one body in the room.

Clad in purple robes.

The body lay face down on the ground.

A palm print was on its back.

Splitting Palm!

Seeing the palm print on the body, Jie Ling'r instantly made a judgment.

Of course, more importantly, 'Splitting Palm' was Feng Feiyu's family's unique martial art.

"Chief Lin!"

The surrounding constables and secret agents rushed in.

Upon seeing the body on the ground, they all exclaimed in shock.

This exclamation was different from any before.

This time, it was filled with sorrow.

Lin Anning, the oldest of the eight chief constables in 'The Six Fan School'.

And also the kindest one.

Unlike the younger Feng Feiyu and others who hunted criminals, Chief Lin spent most of his time inside 'The Six Fan School', teaching new constables and arrest officers some skills.

This included mysterious techniques as well as martial arts.

Combined with his kind demeanor and lack of arrogance, even if an ordinary grey-clad constable asked for advice, he would patiently answer.

Arguably the most popular person in 'The Six Fan School'.

There was a proposal that Lin Anning could take the position of head of 'The Six Fan School'.

Everyone in 'The Six Fan School' agreed.

The imperial palace didn't disagree either.

However, Lin Anning himself declined, citing his old age and lack of energy.

He then continued teaching newcomers in 'The Six Fan School'.

The sincere-hearted Lin Anning immediately gained the affection of those wandering the martial world, the homeless, and even orphaned constables and arrest officers.

During every holiday, these constables and arrest officers would spontaneously gather with wine and meat at Lin Anning's small courtyard to celebrate.

Simply put, this childless and elderly Lin Anning was their family.

Similarly, Lin Anning viewed these constables and arrest officers as his children.

"Feng Feiyu!"

The blue-clad chief constables, black constables, and grey-clad constables began to gnash their teeth.

Jie Ling'r's frown never loosened.

She knew trouble was afoot.

And just at that moment—

"Chief Feng!"

Calls echoed from outside.

The constables and arrest officers gathered inside rushed out immediately.

Jie Ling'r followed closely.

Jason arrived first, and Feng Feiyu arrived shortly after.

"Director, are you alright?"

Dou Bao looked Jason up and down, then began to recount what had just happened without needing Jason to ask further, describing the explosion and the fire.

As Jason listened, he glanced at the ruined 'The Six Fan School', and more suspicions arose within him.

'Was the Wanshou Temple just a decoy? Was 'The Six Fan School' the real target?'

Jason thought as he couldn't help looking towards Feng Feiyu.

If the real target was indeed 'The Six Fan School', then Feng Feiyu, a chief constable hailing from 'The Six Fan School' and who had been to Wanshou Temple, would absolutely not be spared by the opposition.

At that moment, those constables and arrest officers rushed out.

"Feng Feiyu!"

The arrest officers and constables shouted angrily.

Feng Feiyu looked at these colleagues in confusion.

Although they were indignant, the arrest officers and constables from 'The Six Fan School' did not let their anger cloud their judgment.

Instead of shouting for blood, they had one person explain everything that happened within 'The Six Fan School'.

"What?!"

Feng Feiyu exclaimed in surprise.

Whether it was 'Iron Arhat' or Lin Anning, he had a great relationship with both of them.

The former was a rare friend and drinking companion who often shared drinks after missions.

The latter's place was where he visited most frequently.

During holidays, he even stayed there rather than returning to the Feng Family.

According to Feng Feiyu, the Feng Family was "too quiet", not as lively as here.

But now, both were dead.

And it was by his own hand.

Suddenly, Feng Feiyu was in turmoil, completely at a loss for words.

Tap, tap, tap!

The crisp sound of hooves echoed at this moment.

Several fast horses approached from afar.

A delicate-looking man in a blue robe sat at the forefront on horseback.

Unlike the blue-robed arrest officers of 'The Six Fan School', this man's blue robe was more intricate, topped with a skillful crown, with slender eyes occasionally flickering with a cold glint, his face deathly pale, as if painted with powder.

"Silence!"

The delicately-featured man approached, immediately raising a gold token above his head and shouted.

The gold token had a dragon carved on it, and under the residual light of the flames, the words 'Imperial Internal' could be clearly seen.

Immediately, the surrounding arrest officers and constables quieted down and bowed in respect.

Feng Feiyu was no exception.

Jason was pulled aside by Dou Bao, along with Cui Long, Hong Xiu girl, young Zhao, Xu Dashan, and others, keeping a distance.

People from Jianghu did not want to relate to people from 'The Six Fan School'.

Facing 'Imperial Internal'?

They avoided it even more.

After all, these Imperial Internal experts directly reported to 'The Emperor'.

Facing the one acknowledged as the strongest among the 'Nine Great Experts Under Heaven', everyone knew what to do.

"Tell us, what happened?"

The delicately-featured man first scanned the surroundings, his eyes lighting up upon seeing Jason, but he quickly averted his gaze, turning to Feng Feiyu and the others.

As the highest-ranking Purple-clad Chief Arrest Officer, Feng Feiyu should have spoken.

However, after listening to the account from the arrest officers and constables, Feng Feiyu knew he couldn't speak at this moment.

Thus, he took a step back.

The person from 'Imperial Internal' then looked towards the Blue-clad arrest officer and the Grey-black clad constables.

Immediately, they began to report.

No clamor.

No exaggeration.

Just simple and objective narration.

As arrest officers and constables, they managed to do that.

"Oh."

The delicately-featured man elongated the tone, then looked at Feng Feiyu with a half-smile, raising his hand slightly.

"Take them away."

Upon hearing the order from the delicately-featured man, the followers rushed forward.

"Wait!"

Jie Ling'r stopped them.

"Chief Arrest Officer Jie, do you have something to say?"

The delicately-featured man asked leisurely.

"Lord Li, even if 'Imperial Internal' jointly administers 'The Six Fan School' at this moment, Feng Feiyu is still the Purple-clad Chief Arrest Officer of 'The Six Fan School'. Even if the Chief Steward comes, they would only be on par with Feng Feiyu; it is neither reasonable nor logical for you to just apprehend him like that."

Jie Ling'r replied calmly and unhurriedly.

"Are you teaching me how to do my job?"

Lord Li sneered coldly, his gaze sharp.

"No, just a kindly reminder."

Jie Ling'r replied softly but unwaveringly.

"How dare you! <subtex>.</subtex>

Seize the co-conspirator Jie Ling'r as well!"

Lord Li paused slightly, then suddenly shouted shrilly.

Suddenly, his followers charged towards Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r.

But someone was faster!

A figure descended from the sky, striking with a palm—

Roar!

With a dragon's roar, the delicately-featured man and his followers were directly swallowed by a Water Dragon.

The dragon's roar echoed.

Those engulfed were rendered silent.

Moreover, shattered into pieces.

Chapter 1412: Truly Deserved

Rumble!

The water flowed endlessly, fiercely.

The Water Dragon seemed like an ancient, fierce beast emerging from the past, completely swallowing the group led by the delicate-featured man, then relentlessly surged toward the street by 'The Six Fan School.'

Just like a sandcastle on the beach.

The pitch-black district by 'The Six Fan School' was directly washed away.

After this obstruction, the momentum of the giant wave finally slowed. <subtex>.</subtex>

After rushing forward hundreds of meters, it finally turned into small streams, gradually dissipating into the street.

Everyone was stunned by this display of power.

The people of 'The Six Fan School' were simply shocked by the power of this strike.

But Cui Long, the red-sleeved girl, and Xu Dashan were even more focused on that figure, shocked, confused.

They certainly recognized who that figure was.

'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang.

Even with a bamboo hat, that figure was too familiar.

It only took a glance to recognize him.

Cui Long instinctively wanted to call out, but Xu Dashan, quick-eyed and quick-handed, covered Cui Long's mouth.

This seasoned veteran's face was solemn, shaking his head as he stared at that figure in the field.

It was indeed their Gang Leader.

But, he absolutely couldn't speak at this moment.

Once he spoke, they would inevitably be caught up in big trouble.

One must know, just now 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang had struck against people from 'The Imperial Court.'

This was no longer a simple fight.

But a direct confrontation with the entire Empire!

What was the Gang Leader planning to do?

Xu Dashan was confused inside.

Jason was also puzzled, watching Xu Dashan surrounded by Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r, frowning all the while.

'Is this the opportunity you've been waiting for?

To kill someone from 'The Imperial Court'?

To finally draw out that 'The Emperor'?

Jason pondered, his frown growing deeper.

He felt he was missing a crucial part.

However, Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r weren't concerned with such things.

They led the remaining arrest officers and constables of 'The Six Fan School' to surround 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang.

Feng Feiyu took a deep breath and stepped forward.

Although 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang had already demonstrated extraordinary strength.

Even though the people from 'The Imperial Court' had already troubled him.

But at this moment, he had to step forward.

Because he was the highest position, the Purple Tunic Chief Arrest Officer of 'The Six Fan School.'

And because, the people from 'The Imperial Court'... had died.

These were not ordinary people.

They were subordinates directly under that person.

If thousands of others died, that person might remain unmoved.

But if one of their subordinates died, that person might know.

Moreover, people from 'The Six Fan School' were present.

As a capture and secret investigation institution.

Feng Feiyu had to express something.

Otherwise, not only himself, but 'The Six Fan School' might also be implicated.

Feng Feiyu understood this reasoning.

Jie Ling'r naturally understood as well.

Usually appearing unreliable, Jie Ling'r stood seriously next to Feng Feiyu, and the two Purple Tunic Chief Arrest Officers stood shoulder to shoulder, while the formerly suspicious arrest officers and constables collectively aligned against their common foe, staring at 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang.

Perhaps they still didn't know the identity of 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang.

But that strike was enough to tell them, this was an unprecedented formidable enemy.

"Sir, why did you kill?"

The Empire has laws, killing on the street demands execution."

Feng Feiyu cupped his hands, asking neither servilely nor overbearingly.

"The Empire's laws?"

The 'Dalongtou' Cui Longwang, his face covered with a black veil under the hat, mocked as he spoke.

At the same time, he struck with a palm.

Boom!

The water flow that had just receded gathered once more, with the unique roar of waves, a giant wave about thirty meters high arose spontaneously on the ground, as if this was not the ground but the ocean.

Feng Feiyu, Jie Ling'r at this moment felt this illusion.

As if they were amidst the ocean waves.

And moreover...

Plunged alone into the sea.

Without a boat.

No life jackets either.

All they had were their limbs.

Desperately paddling, yet it was futile.

That sense of helplessness quickly turned Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r's faces pale.

While the surrounding arrest officers and constables were at a loss.

Compared to Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r, it was their first time confronting such a power of nature, completely clueless about what to do.

Rumble!

The giant wave advanced, the pale-faced Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r together took a step forward.

Then, struck together.

Bang!

Feng Feiyu struck a palm, creating a small wave on the giant wave, which was utterly insignificant compared to the thirty-meter high giant wave, such a strike really wasn't even a drop in the ocean.

However, Feng Feiyu did not give up.

Bang bang bang!

Palm after palm.

Palm following palm.

The technique infused the splitting palm forces into unique paths, crashing towards the giant wave.

Rumble!

The sound of waves continued.

The palm's wind was completely suppressed.

It nearly shattered upon contact.

At this moment, Jie Ling'r's formless energy arrived.

The dense energy was compressed by Jie Ling'r into a fine, sword-like qi, slashing directly toward the giant wave.

Extreme compression made the formless energy tangible.

The 'sword' became visible and invisible.

Reaching ten meters in length.

Compared to the giant wave, it still seemed insufficient, but visually it was much closer than Feng Feiyu's attempt, and a glimmer of hope appeared in the hearts of the surrounding arrest officers and constables.

Chapter 1413: Truly Deserved

Perhaps, Chief Arrest Officer Jie really can stop this giant wave?

The hope in their hearts made the arrest officers and constables look expectant.

But immediately, this expectation was replaced with horror.

The 'sword' formed by the inner strength touched the giant wave.

Then, it shattered on contact.

Jie Ling'r's invisible inner strength was no different from Feng Feiyu's Splitting Palm force.

Even though the former seemed to have a bit more momentum.

But that was just the appearance.

The real quality was still far, far apart.

The arrest officers and constables despaired.

They looked up at the towering giant wave, covering the night sky, imagining the weight of tens of thousands of tons of waves about to come crashing down, each of them trembling.

Death!

Forever ensnared by fear.

Even the most fearless warrior, when facing death, would hesitate.

Perhaps the courage in their hearts could make them fearless.

But afterward, they would still fear.

The former is a belief they must act upon.

The latter is the inevitable human nature.

Seeing the giant wave about to crash down, Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r acted again.

Still the Splitting Palm force and the invisible inner strength.

The two had already exerted all their strength.

But,

It was useless.

The wave swept towards them with disdain.

What the two Purple Robe Chief Arrest Officers did was truly like a drop in the ocean.

"Get out of the way!"

"Everyone get out of the way!"

Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r shouted almost simultaneously.

The surrounding arrest officers and constables dodged repeatedly, but most of it was futile.

They were long since enveloped by the giant wave.

Having just experienced a surprising 'Six Fan School', are they going to face a catastrophe again?

Feng Feiyu couldn't help but think.

Under this giant wave, he didn't think he could escape.

Jie Ling'r likely felt the same.

'Iron Arhat' was dead, Lin Anning was dead, he was dead, and Jie Ling'r was also dead; of the eight Purple Robe Chief Arrest Officers, four were gone, plus the many deceased arrest officers and constables, after this night, 'Six Fan School' would probably be severely weakened.

Even, nominally extinct.

Feng Feiyu believed that the 'Inner Palace', having lost its own people, wouldn't miss this chance to strike.

They would definitely find every way to carve a piece out of the 'Six Fan School'.

By then, what would be left of the 'Six Fan School'?

Feng Feiyu was unwilling.

He was unwilling for the 'Six Fan School' to decline just like this.

Even more unwilling to be scapegoated so unjustly.

Bang bang bang!

Feng Feiyu's Splitting Palm force became even more urgent.

Jie Ling'r was the same.

Moreover, at this moment, both had used the 'Blood Burning Secret Technique'.

Immediately, the palm wind and inner strength surged.

The pressing giant wave indeed paused.

But then, 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long laughed coldly.

"Ignorant."

After a cold laugh, the thirty-meter-high giant wave rose another ten meters.

Immediately, Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r spat blood and fell to the ground, unable to rise.

The surrounding arrest officers and constables were also enveloped by this imposing force, each barely holding on.

It's over!

'Six Fan School' is over.

Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r's faces were ashen.

And just when everyone's attention was drawn to the giant wave that rose once more, 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long discreetly made a gesture towards Jason.

If Jason hadn't been watching this 'Great Dragon Head' all along, he wouldn't have seen this.

It was a secret gesture noted in one of the miscellaneous books in the 'Si Hai Bang's 'Archive'.

The message was: Help the opposite side.

Recalling that 'new' book compared to others, Jason understood at once.

'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long had long been prepared.

Only...

What did the other side want to do?

With confusion in his heart, Jason appeared in front of Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r with a flicker.

"Brother Mu!"

Seeing Jason suddenly appear and stand in front of them, Feng Feiyu exclaimed, with disbelief in his eyes and deep emotion on his face.

This Purple Robe Chief Arrest Officer clearly misunderstood.

As for the other Purple Robe Chief Arrest Officer?

A face full of infatuation, with peach blossoms in her eyes.

Jason, however, paid no attention to these. He looked at the giant wave very close at hand, sensed a power within him that had been unlocked just seconds ago, and slowly raised his right hand.

He made a drawing sword gesture.

Clearly, there was no sword in his hand.

Clearly, he had no sword.

Yet, he did just that.

Seeing his serious demeanor, the surrounding arrest officers and constables couldn't help but widen their eyes, thinking they were hallucinating.

"No sword in hand, but a sword in heart?"

Feng Feiyu, with his deep family background, couldn't help but mutter.

And as if to prove Feng Feiyu's words.

In the next moment—

Clang!

A Light Sword, forty meters long, slashed out from Jason's hand.

The light was tenacious, gentle.

The long sword was sharp, icy.

The seemingly unstoppable giant wave halted.

Not only did it halt, but it also split in two.

The surging tide turned into heavy rain, pattering down.

An oiled paper umbrella appeared above Jason's head.

Dou Bao's eyes curved into a beautiful smile.

She laughed elegantly.

Jason glanced at the place where the 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Longwang had vanished, nodded at Feng Feiyu, then met Dou Bao's gaze, and the two of them stepped forward.

He had too many things to think about.

It was impossible to continue staying here.

The 'Six Fan School', now in ruins, was not suitable to stay here.

The overwhelming waves scattered into rain.

Heavy rain poured down.

The paper umbrella was turning yellow.

The two figures, one tall and one short, walked farther and farther away.

Just as the two figures were about to disappear, suddenly, an arrest officer standing aside murmured as if waking up from a dream—

“‘Heavenly Sword’!”

This murmur brought everyone in the rain back to their senses.

Involuntarily, they looked towards the two figures in the misty rain.

Some old arrest officers seemed to fall into memories, as if they had seen similar figures under similar circumstances sometime before.

But try as they might, they couldn't remember anything.

Eventually, they could only sigh softly.

Cui Longnu, the Red-sleeved Girl, and Xu Dashan were not seeing such a scene for the first time.

Faster to react than the people of the 'Six Fan School'.

As Jason and Dou Bao were about to disappear, they chased after them.

An unexpected battle ended in an unexpected way.

At least, on the surface.

Only the 'Six Fan School' remained in ruins.

However, when the explosion sounded from the 'Six Fan School', the eyes of all sizes of forces in the Northern Capital were already fixed here.

When the flames rose, dark messages had already begun to circulate.

So, they saw a palm descending from the sky.

They saw the palm strike.

They heard the dragon's roar.

They also witnessed the overwhelming waves, and...

The astounding sword that cut through the waves.

‘Heavenly Sword’!

It wasn’t just that arrest officer murmuring this name.

In the concealed places around, more people were doing the same.

They stared at the ‘Six Fan School’ there.

But their pupils had no focus.

All they had was the constant replaying of that sword in their minds.

All they had was the incessant murmuring.

‘Heavenly Sword’!

However, these matters had nothing to do with Jason anymore.

Jason sat in the backyard of the ‘Ji Shi Hall’, while Dou Bao was busy—Jason wanted to have wontons for breakfast, so she needed to wrap wontons. Fortunately, she had been worried that her hall master might want to eat but have no ingredients, so she had seized the opportunity to purchase some in the afternoon.

Meat was the majority.

Therefore, there was no need to worry about wrapping wontons.

Listening to the sound of Dou Bao chopping the meat filling, Jason lightly tapped his fingers on the table.

The kitchen knife chopped once.

The fingers tapped once.

Though separated by a wall, Jason and Dou Bao seemed almost in sync.

‘Indeed,’ ‘Big Dragon Head’ had a corresponding plan long ago!

It definitely wasn’t a spur-of-the-moment decision!

It’s just...

What exactly does this ‘Big Dragon Head’ want to do?’

After seeing that gesture, some of Jason’s guesses were finally confirmed.

But even more perplexity emerged.

Jason furrowed his brow, suddenly, a strange sound came from above his head.

Jason’s figure flickered and disappeared from the room.

When Jason appeared again, he was already standing on the rooftop.

And on the rooftop, someone had long been waiting there.

It was...

‘Big Dragon Head’ Cui Longwang.

Chapter 1414: The Crucial Point!

A few moments later, 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long departed.

He didn't enter the room, nor did he even move a step.

He only said a few words and made some gestures.

Then, with a leap, he vanished into the slightly lit morning of the Northern Capital City.

Watching the departing figure of 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long, Jason took a slight breath.

In the cool morning breeze, Jason squinted.

He finally understood what 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long wanted to do!

To kill the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult: the Carefree King!

Exactly!

The Carefree King, one of the nine great experts in the world, is the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult.

At the same time, he also presides over the Heart Devouring Sect.

The intrigues and underhanded dealings in the shadows of the entire Empire for nearly twenty years are probably closely related to this 'Carefree King,' though it's difficult to explain.

But specifically, Jason doesn't know.

'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long also had no way to explain in detail.

After all, gestures have limited expressiveness.

More words could not be spoken openly.

When 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long appeared, Jason could feel a gaze constantly watching them.

Therefore, the two spoke very cautiously.

They even exchanged only a few words during their conversation. <subtex>.</subtex>

But there was one thing Jason was very clear about.

The next step is crucial.

He must prepare well.

Time is like the filling in a dumpling, it seems like a lot, but it's actually very little.

Even though Dou Bao felt sorry for the Guild Master and added more meat filling, it was still little for Jason.

He had too many things to be busy with.

Three days seemed to fly by in an instant.

A lot happened in Northern Capital over those three days.

However, to sum it up, it came down to two main points.

First was the destruction and rebuilding of The Six Fan School.

Second was the spreading fame of the Heavenly Sword within Northern Capital.

And between the two, the matter of 'Feng Feiyu being removed from the position of chief catcher' seemed less noticeable.

In the afternoon, the warm sun shone down.

Jason and Dou Bao walked shoulder to shoulder on the streets of Northern Capital.

Every day at this time, it was Dou Bao's happiest moment.

Not just because of walking around the streets.

But also because the Guild Master was accompanying her.

"Guild Master, where are we going today?"

Yesterday we already had pork hock, pig's trotters, and roasted mutton.

What shall we eat today?"

Dou Bao asked.

"Let's head to Su Niang's place and see Feng Feiyu."

Jason replied.

Walking around naturally makes you tired.

So, before returning to 'Jishi Hall,' having a little snack isn't too much, right?

That's what Jason did.

He spent three afternoons indulging himself in the delicacies of Northern Capital, nearly satisfying his cravings.

Unfortunately, booking at some of the famous private dining places was too difficult.

Jason deeply regretted it inside.

Perhaps the dishes at those private restaurants weren't even as delicious as those made by Dou Bao.

But he always wanted to try them.

Not being able to do so was naturally disappointing.

Today is the agreed time with 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long.

After today?

I'm afraid he won't be able to stay in Northern Capital anymore.

Jason glanced at the main mission.

[Reputation: 2021/3000]

...

Since that night, after using the [Chen Xi Sword] to cut down the Water Dragon of 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long, his reputation had once again skyrocketed.

Although one could say they were performing, others didn't know that.

In the hearts of everyone in Northern Capital at this moment, he is regarded as a supreme expert of 'Martial Arts Divinity.'

Though, from certain aspects, it's not wrong.

But, Jason knows very well that he and the supreme experts in this replica world of 'Martial Arts Divinity' belong to entirely different systems.

Not to mention other things, even the 'Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm' has only just loosened slightly.

And that was with his constant, reckless efforts.

According to the normal system of this replica world, achieving this step is nearly impossible.

Because, even if you are a supreme expert of 'Martial Arts Divinity,' you still only have one 'life.'

Even if it appears that the Carefree King, fused with the Heart Devouring Secret Technique and the Heavenly Monster, has multiple lives, they are all illusory and not in the true sense of the original body, which is a secret technique that explores different paths.

And for a 'True Skill' at the level of the 'Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm,' if it's not practiced by the original body, it's like using a cup of water to put out a burning cartload of fuel.

In this life, you shouldn't expect to make any achievements.

"It would be good to have another ten days or so."

Jason silently calculated and then sighed.

How could things go as one wishes?

It applies to others.

And he's no exception.

However, just thinking about the simmered stew at Su Niang's place lifted Jason's spirits again.

It's undeniable that despite eating a lot of delicious snacks over the three days, the stew at Su Niang's still left a deep impression on Jason.

Especially the mashed garlic and boiled pork.

Truly a perfect match.

"Sister Su Niang has already taught me the secret recipe. Even if we leave Northern Capital, we can still enjoy it."

Dou Bao knew Jason too well.

Normally, she wouldn't know what Jason was thinking.

But when it came to matters of eating, Dou Bao had an absolute intuition.

Upon hearing Dou Bao's words, Jason smiled.

Why did he like to bring Dou Bao along?

Not only because of Dou Bao's culinary skills but also because of her ability to understand others.

The two of them strolled through the small streets, casually bought two sticks of candied hawthorn skewers on grass stems.

Each carrying a stick, as they finished eating, they would casually take down another candied hawthorn skewer.

Of course, Jason did most of the eating.

Dou Bao had two and stopped.

But even just watching Jason eat made her very happy.

A good fifty sticks of candied hawthorns were stuck on the grass stems, shimmering in the warm afternoon sun, with the hawthorns a bright red, looking very appealing.

Chapter 1415: The Crucial Point! (2)

Many children followed behind the two, watching eagerly, biting their fingers and swallowing their saliva.

Dou Bao glanced at Jason, and after seeing Jason nod slightly, she immediately took a few skewers of ice sugar gourds from the straw target she was carrying and handed them to the children.

"That's it, no more."

After handing out the skewers to a few kids, Dou Bao shooed them away.

The children who got the sugar gourds ran off happily, laughing and skipping.

However, as the children left,

An adult did not leave.

Or rather, the adult didn't move, lying in the sunny spot at the alley entrance, and upon hearing the children's laughter, stretched lazily and sat up.

This adult had white hair and beard, his worn-out clothes covered in pudding, cloth shoes barely hanging on his feet, with a toe peeking out from the left shoe; twigs he picked at random were stuck in his hair, his face was filthy, eyes filled with yellowish eye discharge as he watched Jason and Dou Bao.

Or to be accurate, he was looking at the ice sugar gourds they carried.

However, the elderly man did not ask for any.

Even though he was drooling with desire, he just watched.

Dou Bao had a sugar gourd in her hand.

This one was hers.

Without hesitation, Dou Bao handed it to the man.

What she gave to those children was with Jason's permission.

Giving to the old man in front of her was really not suitable.

She was well aware of her patron's appetite and attitude towards food.

It was just her just now.

If it were someone else, they would have been tossed to the ground by her patron.

However, she would not use her favor for leverage.

What belonged to her patron, she could not give.

But the one that's hers, she can.

"Here you go."

Dou Bao said, and without waiting for the old man to thank her, she continued on with Jason towards the small tavern run by Su Niang.

The old man grinned, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth, holding the sugar gourd.

He didn't get up but leaned against the wall, lying in the sunlight, eating the sugar gourd.

Happy?

Truly happy.

It seemed as if nothing else under the sky could be more delightful than this. <subtex>.</subtex>

But as he ate, the old man suddenly burst into loud cries.

He muttered incessantly.

"It was mine."

"I came first."

"Damn it."

Cursing.

Not hiding it at all.

Dou Bao, who had already reached the small tavern's front, couldn't help but look back.

"Sister Dou Bao, don't be so kind-hearted, he's just a crazy old man.

Our boss saw him pitiful and wanted to let him work in the tavern, give him a place to stay.

But this old man not only showed no gratitude but also cursed our boss.

If we weren't worried about his age and mental state, we would have dealt with him long ago."

The waiter whispered to Dou Bao.

Dou Bao nodded, but her eyes still watched the old man.

She felt he looked somewhat familiar.

As if she had seen him when she was young.

But wasn't confident enough to confirm.

Finally, shaking her head, she walked into the small tavern.

At this time, the tavern was empty and deserted; those who had lunched were either at work or home, leaving only the people inside the tavern.

Feng Feiyu?

He surely wasn't an outsider.

Having taken off the purple robe of 'The Six Fan School's' chief arrest officer and donned plain clothes, Feng Feiyu was far from as dispirited as one might expect, rather smiling as he wiped down tables.

Especially when he saw Jason, he couldn't help but laugh.

"Sit wherever you like, I'll join you after I finish tidying up."

Feng Feiyu called out.

Jason nodded and sat with Dou Bao in the corner of the tavern.

Su Niang came over with a pot of tea and a plate of sunflower seeds.

"What would you like to eat? There's still a pot of stew and a jug of rice wine in the backyard."

Su Niang asked straightforwardly.

"Forget the rice wine, just bring the stew, and cut me thirty pounds of roasted buns."

Jason replied.

Even though Su Niang was prepared, she still clicked her tongue at the mention of thirty pounds of roasted buns.

"Martial artists eat this much?"

Feng Sanlang too; he eats for three people alone.

But you, you eat for thirty."

Su Niang said as she signaled the staff to head to the backyard.

"Su Niang, rice wine! Rice wine!"

Feng Feiyu reminded Su Niang.

Only to receive an eye roll from Su Niang.

"Eating for three and always leaving debts, are you planning to mooch off me for life?"

Su Niang asked angrily.

"How could I?"

Feng Feiyu smiled awkwardly.

Instantly, a hint of gloom passed through Su Niang's eyes.

Feng Feiyu noticed it and quickly added.

"Next life, the one after, every life, I'll stick with you."

Feng Feiyu teased.

"You never act properly."

Su Niang raised her hand and poked Feng Feiyu, then headed to the backyard, her face flushed, obviously a bit embarrassed.

Dou Bao looked at the departing Su Niang, then at Feng Feiyu scratching his head, suddenly understanding.

"Are you and Su Niang getting married?"

Dou Bao asked quietly.

"Yes, decided the day before yesterday. We're not planning anything big, just inviting some friends for a meal.

Make sure you and Brother Mu come."

Feng Feiyu said with a beaming smile.

"Definitely."

Dou Bao nodded in assurance.

Jason's gaze at this time fell on Feng Feiyu.

"I know we have unfinished business.

But it doesn't stop me from getting married, right?

I previously cared about the Feng Family, but now I've been disowned, which suits me just fine.

After handling this matter, I'll get married.

Just perfect."

Chapter 1416: Key Point! (part 3)

Feng Feiyu's smile did not diminish at all.

He was genuinely happy, evidently.

But such words always made Jason feel uneasy.

Even ominous.

Especially now, Feng Feiyu was more like an old general on stage.

Instantly, Jason frowned.

"Dou Bao, go to the backyard and get two willow branches from Su Niang. Oh, and bring a brazier as well."

"Alright."

Dou Bao got up immediately.

Feng Feiyu, on the other hand, looked utterly bewildered.

When Jason picked up the willow branches, dipped them in water, and proceeded to whip him, making him stand outside the door and cross over the brazier, the former Purple-clothed arrest officer could only let out a bitter laugh.

"What's this all about?"

I didn't do anything.

No need to make such a big fuss, right?"

Feng Feiyu said, but he still complied.

He believed Jason wouldn't harm him.

Even though the scene looked a lot like expelling bad fortune.

After all was done, Su Niang had already instructed the staff to place a pot of stewed meat with a charcoal stove next to Jason. Thirty pounds of buns were placed on the table, allowing Jason to do as he wished.

Yellow wine was also brought in.

But only a small pot.

There was also a dish of dried tofu and a dish of peanuts.

Feng Feiyu was extremely satisfied with this.

Having wine was enough for him.

Especially with dried tofu and peanuts on the side.

Jason ate the stewed meat buns.

Feng Feiyu drank wine, ate dried tofu, and peanuts.

The two chatted.

Most of the time, Feng Feiyu spoke, and Jason indicated he was listening with a nod or an 'hmm'.

There wasn't much more than that.

Dou Bao was whispering with Su Niang by the counter.

Seemingly sensitive, Dou Bao suddenly looked up towards the door.

The old madman they had seen at the alley entrance was grinning at her, but soon shifted his gaze to Feng Feiyu who was drinking.

"Sister Su Niang, could you sell me a pot of wine?"

Dou Bao asked Su Niang with a smile.

"Don't talk about selling or not. You're a kind-hearted girl, I'll get it for you."

Su Niang pretended to be annoyed and lightly slapped Dou Bao.

She turned around and handed over a pot of yellow wine, along with dried tofu and peanuts.

The same as Feng Feiyu's. <subtex>.</subtex>

All were one pot, two liang.

The dried tofu and peanuts were almost the same.

With these in hand, Dou Bao walked to the door and placed the wine pot, dried tofu, and peanuts in front of the old man.

"Uncle, have I seen you before?"

Dou Bao was no longer a little girl who showed kindness for no reason.

Months of famine escape had long taught her what could and couldn't be done.

Doing good deeds within reach was fine.

But never force something beyond one's capability.

The old man before her looked pitiful, but if it weren't for the familiarity, Dou Bao wouldn't intervene a second time.

"Seen! Seen!

When you were little, we met.

Little girl, what's your name?"

The old man's words were incoherent.

At least to Su Niang, it seemed that way; how could he remember seeing her as a child but not know her name?

"Dou Bao, Tang Dou Bao."

Dou Bao responded.

Whether this counted as a formal occasion, she didn't know, but naturally, when asked for a name, it was better to give the full name.

"Tang?"

The Tang surname is good!

Tang is the best!"

The old man was increasingly happy upon hearing the surname.

He lifted the pot of wine and drank it all in one go, without eating the peanuts or dried tofu, and then snuggled in the corner of the small tavern's entrance to sleep soundly.

Dou Bao called out twice, but the old man did not respond.

Helplessly, she took the empty wine pot, peanuts, and dried tofu back into the tavern.

Afterward, in the tavern, the staff returned to their rooms to rest in the afternoon.

Dou Bao whispered with Su Niang.

Jason was eating stew.

The more he ate, the faster he got.

The large pot of stew quickly reached the bottom.

Feng Feiyu drank yellow wine.

The slower he drank, the deeper he indulged.

Time ticked away.

About a quarter of an hour later, a figure appeared outside the little tavern.

A straw-hatted 'Dragon Head' sat before Jason and Feng Feiyu, and said directly—

"Are you ready?"

Chapter 1417: The Final Reveal

Cui Long's voice was disguised.

But that deep and rich tone remained, only a bit huskier.

"Are you ready?"

Hearing this question, Jason instinctively wanted to reply, 'Yes, Captain.'

Then, unconsciously he almost hummed a line—

Who lives in a pineapple under the sea~

Luckily, he held back.

He wiped his mouth, placed the empty iron pot aside, then stood up and nodded to Dou Bao.

Then, he left the tavern with 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long.

Feng Feiyu watched them leave, picked up the long bench, and walked outside the tavern.

He didn't go far.

Just in front of the tavern.

He placed the long bench horizontally and sat on it.

"Su Niang, take Dou Bao to rest in the backyard, I'll catch some sun."

Saying these lighthearted words, Feng Feiyu still rolled up his sleeves and trousers.

'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long, Feng Feiyu had never met.

Nor did he know why he was looking for Jason.

But he knew why Jason came to him.

Jason wanted him to protect Dou Bao.

He wouldn't refuse.

Because Jason was one of his few friends.

A friend who would stand in front of him at the moment of life and death.

Such a friend's trust.

Was like entrusting a wife and child.

He, Feng Feiyu, would risk his life today.

Su Niang said no more, pulling Dou Bao towards the backyard.

Dou Bao frowned.

Obviously, Feng Feiyu and Su Niang misunderstood.

Her tavern owner came here not to let them protect her, but rather she came to protect Feng Feiyu.

Although the owner didn't say it clearly, she could guess.

One of the key points of the whole thing was Feng Feiyu himself.

She knew.

She didn't say.

Because the owner let her come here, she only needed to take care.

Su Niang brought Dou Bao to her room in the backyard, gave a few words of advice, then stood up and left.

She went to the backyard kitchen and took out a pot of wine.

Heating it over the charcoal fire.

She also sliced a piece of pork knuckle.

With the warmed wine and a plate full of pork knuckle, Su Niang went to the door, without setting a table, just placing it on one side of the long bench, she lowered her head to look at the man in front of her, the most beloved of her life, couldn't help but straighten his hair a little, then dusted off the dirt on his shoulder, all from work.

"Do you regret it?"

Su Niang asked.

"Regret what? These past few days have been the happiest days of my life."

Feng Feiyu laughed heartily, directly lifting the wine pot, drinking in big gulps.

Seeing this, Su Niang instinctively patted Feng Feiyu's back.

"Drink slowly.

Only this pot.

We still have to sell wine in the evening."

Su Niang nagged slightly.

"I know, I know, I definitely won't cause trouble."

Feng Feiyu smiled apologetically.

The slightly sad atmosphere from a moment ago between the two disappeared instantly.

The two exchanged smiles.

Su Niang turned back into the tavern, neither heading to the backyard, just sitting in the booth, looking up at the back of her man sitting on the bench by the door, with the sunlight shining down, that back broad and solid.

While in the corner, it seemed the sleeping mad old man opened his eyes.

His gaze clear.

Full of envy.

He thought of a long time ago.

If he had been braver, letting go of everything, he wouldn't be like this now, right?

Maybe things would have been worse.

After all, her temper wasn't as gentle as that girl's just now.

But,

I simply can't forget her.

Thinking of her makes me happy.

Thinking of her makes me sad.

Thinking of her makes me want to cry.

"No dust in the bamboo hut, clear water by the railing, longing spans cities..."

The mad old man chanted softly.

It seemed he returned to twenty years ago, to the pavilion by the bamboo grove after the rain, standing beside the woman in the pavilion, her smile charming, mischievous, yet smart beyond measure.

She sang a Shu Capital tune.

Teasing a little black and white beast.

He was smitten at first sight.

But,

He ultimately didn't cross the threshold of the mundane, as he had a family.

He couldn't let go.

The longer time passed, the more he couldn't let go.

His heart, the more it hurt.

Hurt, hurt, hurt!

Cry, cry, cry!

The mad old man curled up in the corner, crying.

Feng Feiyu heard it, turned to glance, not paying much attention.

He had seen the mad old man too many times these past two days.

He was wary at first.

But after trying a few times, he confirmed the other was truly mad.

Not faking it.

It was pitiful, really.

He asked the neighbors around, but no one knew which family the mad old man belonged to, nor if he had children or not, or whether his family was worried.

Thinking of this, Feng Feiyu took a plate of pork knuckle and yellow wine and handed it to the mad old man.

"Meeting is fate.

Eat more, once you're done, leave for today.

Come back tomorrow.

Something will happen here soon."

Feng Feiyu finished, turned and returned to the long bench.

Not because he didn't want to say more.

But because at the alleyway entrance, a group of people came walking.

At least a hundred people.

Appearing densely at the alleyway entrance.

No one spoke. <subtex>.</subtex>

Just stared at Feng Feiyu.

Feng Feiyu smiled.

"You all arrived really early, the shop isn't open yet, come back a bit later."

The former purple-clad chief arrest officer, at this time, really seemed like a shop attendant greeting people.

He just sat still on the long bench.

And raised his hand, striking forward with a palm.

Bang!

A handprint one centimeter deep appeared on the compacted yellow soil ground ten meters away.

Traces of blood seeped from the handprint.

Chapter 1418: The Plot Revealed! (part 2)

In no time, the entire palm print overflowed.

Making this palm print a blood handprint.

"After all these years, still the same trick?"

Feng Feiyu asked with a smile.

Meanwhile, over a hundred black-clad warriors drew the long blades from their waists—

"Kill!"

With a synchronized low shout, the cold light from the blades flickered in their hands.

Over a hundred warriors charged forward.

Feng Feiyu's smile faded from his face.

What remained was only coldness.

His hands moved incessantly, striking out.

One Splitting Palm force after another was unleashed through the air.

Bang bang bang!

The sound of muffled impacts.

The sound of bones breaking.

The sound of cries of pain.

In an instant, explosions erupted in this small alleyway, Su Niang's face behind the counter turned slightly pale, and her hands trembled a bit, yet she forcefully maintained calm and continued calculating on the abacus, keeping accounts.

Even, she spoke aloud.

"Dear, don't break the furniture."

Her voice carried a tremor.

But, it was still fairly clear.

Su Niang supported Feng Feiyu in her own way.

And Feng Feiyu?

"Got it."

Responding, the Splitting Palm force became even more concentrated.

One could say it was impenetrable.

From among the hundred warriors, not a single person could get within ten meters of the tavern entrance.

Like grass being mowed down.

They flew back in unison, crashing to the ground.

Even more synchronized than their previous shout.

Hoo.

Feng Feiyu exhaled a breath of impure air.

His breathing became slightly rapid.

The Feng Family's 'Splitting Palm,' silent in its wind, but its power is profound, using special techniques to stimulate the Qi-Blood, it can injure people invisibly three zhang away.

However, it consumes a great deal.

Ordinary Feng Family disciples, even those who have concentrated their 'Qi-Blood,' can at most execute three palms before exhausting themselves, and the palm wind won't extend beyond one zhang.

But Feng Feiyu, is exceptionally gifted, naturally with substantial Qi-Blood far exceeding the average, not to mention his remarkable recovery ability.

Others, when overextending their bodies, suffer mild illness or irreversible damage.

But Feng Feiyu is different.

He only needs to lie down and sleep it off.

Moreover, as his skills grow stronger, his Qi-Blood becomes more substantial, and his recovery ability becomes ever more remarkable.

Even if exhausted, he only needs to rest for a short time to recover.

Just like the recent hundred Splitting Palm forces.

Even the current Feng Family Head cannot achieve that.

Although the opponent is also a master of 'reforming' bone marrow, at most after fifty palms he'd be exhausted, and a single palm could never strike three zhang away.

"Feng, the chief arrest officer, is truly the first of the 'Feng Family'!"

Sighs of admiration erupted.

A young monk appeared at the entrance of the alley.

His gaze was like bright stars, lips red and teeth white, his appearance as radiant as a maiden, his demeanor graceful and elegant, yet beyond any woman in the world, especially with that moon-white monk robe, making him look spotless, as if descended from the clouds above the heavens.

Beyond a mere mortal.

Especially when meeting his gaze, the warmth within it could melt all worldly conflicts.

It could also melt the coldest hearts.

And if it were a woman's heart, it might only succumb.

Succumb to it, unable to pull away.

It's temptation.

And also willing surrender.

Yet, Feng Feiyu is no woman.

He is a man.

Moreover, still a arrest officer.

Though he is no longer, his former identity remains unchanged.

Thus, upon seeing this monk, Feng Feiyu immediately attacked.

He recognized the opponent.

Woo!

Splitting Palm force, roaring forth.

No longer silent.

Seemingly lacking technique.

But the power multiplied.

Feng Feiyu attacked with full force.

Yet such extraordinarily powerful Splitting Palm force, the monk remained stationary.

He simply stood there.

Taking it head-on.

Boom!

The monk's moon-white robe gently fluttered.

Then, returned to stillness.

In the martial world, few can withstand Feng Feiyu's Splitting Palm force.

Counting them all, less than thirty.

And those who can withstand a full-force Splitting Palm from Feng Feiyu, even fewer.

Only less than twenty.

Yet those who can take a full-force Splitting Palm head-on, on the entire martial stage, summed up, only nine.

That nine, are recognized as the top nine masters in the world.

Fittingly, among them, there is a monk.

‘Huanxi Buddha’.

A name that makes the people of the Jianghu frown, spit, and fear—a monk.

Also, a pure and transcendent monk.

In fact, when this monk appears, no one would believe that this monk is the ‘Happy Buddha’.

In fact, many people think there is a mistake.

This monk was misunderstood.

But, facts are facts.

This monk is indeed the ‘Happy Buddha’.

The same one who steals yin to replenish yang, defiled the chastity of over a thousand women, slaughtered all their relatives, enjoys watching beautiful women cry, watches others beg for mercy, and yet is cold-blooded and ruthless—the 'Happy Buddha'.

Unlike the usual flower thieves.

'Happy Buddha' directly visits their homes.

He doesn't care where he is.

He just wants what he desires.

He might even do it deliberately.

Because, the more curses, the more cries, the more pleads.

This monk gets happier.

And he becomes more merciless.

Having looked through the records, Feng Feiyu knew the habits of this monk all too well.

Therefore, after a strike, he stood up.

He used a long bench to block the tavern's door.

Even closing the door casually.

"Am I really that scary?"

‘Happy Buddha’ asked curiously.

Speaking the first word, ‘Happy Buddha’ was still at the alley entrance.

By the time he spoke the last word, ‘Happy Buddha’ was already ten meters behind Feng Feiyu, right beside that bloody handprint. He glanced at the bloody handprint and chanted a Buddhist mantra.

Then, he began reciting scriptures, paying homage to the corpse underground.

Also paying homage to the corpse beside his feet.

And of course, also casually paying homage to the living Feng Feiyu before him.

Feng Feiyu was not dead yet.

But in the monk’s view, it was no different than being dead.

...

Jason followed ‘Big Dragonhead’ King Cui Long, boarding a carriage waiting at the alley’s mouth.

The carriage had four wheels.

Spacious and comfortable.

Even lying in it was more than sufficient.

The most surprising to Jason was the abundance of food inside the carriage.

Though mainly composed of fruits, there were also some stews.

But most of all, there was alcohol.

Pot after pot of fine wine in silver decanters neatly placed on the table.

The liquor didn't spill a single drop.

Not just because the carriage itself was crafted by dozens of skilled artisans.

Also due to the two thousand-mile horses pulling it.

And because the driver was the best coachman near the Northern Capital.

So, the ride was smooth.

Smooth to the extent that people inside the carriage couldn't feel the slightest bump.

Jason checked the fruits, stews.

Finding no anomalies, he began to eat.

'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long saw this scene, admiration glimmering in his eyes.

He knew Jason must understand what he would soon face.

Yet he was still calmly eating and drinking.

Unless he was truly a glutton.

Otherwise, it wasn't possible.

Is Jason a glutton?

Not at all.

'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long was very sure.

Just like he was forced to wear this mask.

He believed Jason was also forced to wear such a mask.

And now?

Still merely maintaining the facade of wearing a mask.

But with such calmness, eyes filled with delight.

It's truly identical.

He completely merged into the character!

Just like me!

No!

Far better than me.

At least now, I've already begun recalling my former identity.

Recalling those moments.

As if within reach.

Yet dreamy, unreal.

Not 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long.

Even though he is 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long.

Even though he's posing as 'Heavenly Monster', disguised as 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long.

Even though in some sense, he indeed is 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long.

But before 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long.

He has another identity.

That's his true identity.

Involuntarily, he placed his hand inside a hidden compartment beside him.

The hidden compartment was small.

Rectangular shape.

Embedded in the carriage.

When 'Big Dragonhead' King Cui Long's hand approached, Jason sharply sensed a feeling of sharpness contained within.

It was—a

Knife!

Chapter 1419: Blade Drawn. Slash!

The knife and the sword are different.

Even through a grid, without seeing, Jason could distinguish it.

Very simple—

He has a natural talent for swordsmanship.

Though unwilling to admit it, when that sharp aura had a hint of familiarity, he knew that what lay hidden was a knife.

A sharp and famous knife in the martial world.

Because the one who wielded it was called the 'Knife Monarch.'

One of the top nine martial experts in the world, the 'Knife Monarch'!

Only the 'Knife Monarch' could let him feel such a piercing sharpness even through the hidden compartment.

Only the 'Knife Monarch' could explain everything.

For instance: 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long challenged the 'Knife Monarch' and left a life.

For instance: the cooperation between 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long and the 'Knife Monarch.'

For instance: for nearly twenty years, the 'Knife Monarch' has been hidden in the martial world, rarely showing up.

All of these, at this moment, had a real answer.

But,

A part of the mystery was solved.

More questions emerged.

'Could the 'Knife Monarch' actually be 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long?

The Si Hai Bang also happened to rise twenty years ago.

What exactly happened twenty years ago?'

Jason pondered.

But he didn't speak.

Because Jason knew that soon he would know the answers.

And indeed, it was as such.

The carriage traveled along the main street of the Northern Capital.

Soon it left the Northern Capital.

After passing the Shili Pavilion, the carriage turned around and headed towards the mountains on one side of the Northern Capital.

There, there was an estate.

It wasn't large, but it was meticulously built. The peasants had cultivated fields outside the estate, but at this time, no one was seen, not even the crowing of roosters or barking of dogs.

There were only deserted fields.

And an empty estate.

Jason followed 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long off the carriage.

The driver bowed and left with the carriage.

'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long stepped inside purposefully.

It was clear that 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long was very familiar with this place, not hesitating for a moment, walking through passages and rooms, leading Jason to a small building on one side of the estate.

This small building was on one side of the backyard.

By its design, it should be the boudoir of the daughter of the estate owner.

‘Big Dragon Head’ Cui Long stood in front of the boudoir, raised his head, and gazed at it with eyes full of memories.

After a long time, the ‘Big Dragon Head’ spoke.

"Brother Mu, do you know what the most painful thing in the world is?"

This ‘Big Dragon Head’ asked.

"Hunger."

Jason answered decisively.

‘Big Dragon Head’ Cui Long was taken aback.

Clearly, this answer was not what he had imagined.

However, the ‘Big Dragon Head’ did not remain stunned for long and immediately continued speaking.

"That might be true for you, Brother Mu, but for me, it's betrayal."

‘Big Dragon Head’ Cui Long spoke these words.

Jason couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

He knew well that the other possessed dual identities.

From a certain perspective, wasn't that also a betrayal?

Yet, Jason did not speak but watched the other.

'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long continued.

"Twenty years ago, feeling unable to progress any further, I challenged 'The Emperor,' but was defeated, gravely injured, and was about to be killed by 'The Emperor's' punch when my close friend intervened.

He was supposed to be a spectator, a witness.

But he broke the rules and saved my life.

He even settled me here.

He suffered unimaginable punishment, his injury had never healed, yet he was wounded again.

I was overwhelmed with guilt.

While recovering here, I was filled with self-blame, thinking I had no face to live on.

So, I decided to find 'The Emperor' again, let him finish me with a punch.

But 'The Emperor' had gone into seclusion; he left me a letter, a royal lady handled it to me.

The letter was a blank sheet, nothing was written on it.

When I inquired about the lady, I found out that she was mute.

I was confused, not knowing where to go.

The lady did not leave either, taking care of my daily needs here.

At that time, without my knife, I was lost, she was like a lamp illuminating my confusion.

About half a year later, I married her.

Then, we had a child.

Back then, I thought the 'Knife Monarch' was dead, so I let Rou Rou choose a name for me—she picked 'Cui,' who was once an unknown person that challenged me.

I took on this surname, then planned to return to 'Fragrance City' with Rou Rou.

I intended to start anew.

But Rou Rou died.

Stabbed through the heart with a dagger, the dagger was for her self-protection, held by herself, then there was a letter in her hand.

That letter was sent by that bastard to me.

It contained greetings, blessings, and... conditions!

As long as Rou Rou was willing to die, he would spare me!"

'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long clenched his teeth, making a grinding sound, his eyes bloodshot, filled with killing intent that could not be suppressed, causing the surrounding plants to sway violently.

After a full three seconds, this situation subsided.

"I picked up the knife again.

I want revenge!

I want to avenge Rou Rou!

I want to kill that bastard!

So, starting with the 'Cui' surname chosen by Rou Rou, I expanded the 'Si Hai Bang,' I wanted not only to kill him, but to destroy his so-called 'Empire.'

Time passed day by day.

Everything went as I planned.

'Si Hai Bang' was developing in an orderly manner.

And I made everyone acknowledge the identity of 'Big Dragon Head.'

Chapter 1420: Blade Drawn. Slash! (part 2)

As long as I have enough time...

But that guy seems to have noticed something wrong.

His Secret Agents started probing me relentlessly.

I had no choice but to make 'me' appear again, diverting their attention.

Moreover...

This time, I gained an unexpected achievement."

At this point, Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', who had just calmed down his killing intent, felt it surge violently once more.

He spoke almost word by word—

"I discovered that my long-time 'ally' was deceiving me.

Deceiving me for twenty years.

By the time I realized, I had already stepped into the Emperor's trap since I began challenging him.

A link leading to another.

Step by step.

Everything was part of his calculation.

Therefore, I moved my plan ahead.

I came to the 'Northern Capital'.

I will resolve everything my way."

After speaking, Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', turned to look at the entrance of the manor.

A figure had already appeared there.

A black cloak and a bronze mask covering his face.

Facing the 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long's gaze, he stepped in leisurely.

Casual, and indifferent.

Just like the tone of his voice.

"How did you find out? I thought I hid it well."

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' asked with a hint of curiosity.

"Your disguise was indeed flawless, but man can never outwit the heavens. You have been pretending to be gravely injured, and out of guilt, I wanted to find a Secret Medicine to heal you.

The 'Creation Pill' was a formula I acquired with great difficulty. Under the guise of dueling myself, I used the accumulations of 'Si Hai Bang' from the past ten years and began crafting this Secret Medicine.

To cover it up, I even deliberately had the Dragon Maiden and Red Sleeve craft a counterfeit version of the 'Creation Pill'.

This was originally my method to guard against prying eyes.

But unexpectedly, it attracted unforeseen enemies."

Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', glared at the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'.

The latter pondered for a moment and sighed softly.

"To ease your mind for alchemy, I cooperatively mobilized the 'Transmigration Cult' forces to seize cities in the 'Frontier Province', hoping to attract your attention and put you at ease.

Initially, it went smoothly. Your first feigned death cleared the 'Si Hai Bang' from within, readying you for alchemy.

But when I foolishly sent the 'Heavenly Monster's heir' near 'Si Hai Bang', you sensed something was off.

I rushed to remedy it.

But it was too late.

Because I never thought that the alchemist wasn't Dragon Maiden or Red Sleeve, but you! Who could have guessed that the illustrious 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long was the real Alchemist within 'Si Hai Bang'!

Of course,

There's also you!"

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' turned to look at Jason, his gaze filled with palpable hatred.

"If it weren't for you, this fool wouldn't have discovered any of it!

If it weren't for you, he would still be following my plan obediently!

Everything!

It's all because of you!"

With a roar, the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' threw a punch.

As always, with immense power.

And as always, carrying a sense of reincarnation.

The multitudes, seemed about to fall into oblivion in this moment.

The masses, seemingly all about to transmigrate in this moment.

But facing this punch, Jason did not move from where he stood.

Because Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', moved first.

Blocking in front of him with a palm strike.

The sound of crashing waves suddenly arose.

As if, in the next moment, giant waves would fall from the sky.

But it was all thunder without rain.

Only noise.

No giant waves.

And the 'obstructed' Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' leaped over Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', delivering a punch straight at Jason.

This punch from the Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' had no restraint.

He used all his power.

He had waited long for this moment.

This person who wrecked his plan.

This possible hidden pawn of that guy.

Now!

None of it mattered!

As long as the opponent died!

Everything could resume!

Moreover, killing him, that guy would surely feel pain, wouldn't he?

With this thought, an indescribable pleasure appeared in the eyes of the Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult'.

This punch became even more formidable.

Buzz!

After a faint tremor in the air.

A seven-colored halo emerged behind the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'.

The rich scent of sandalwood instantly filled the entire manor.

As if there were layers of people bowing down.

These people looked at the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult', their eyes filled with fervor.

Then, they looked at Jason.

Eyes full of confusion.

Then came the rebuke.

Kneel!

Kneel!

Kneel!

A voice followed by another, angrily shouting, seeming to almost tear Jason's heart apart.

Yet, Jason remained completely unaffected.

He heard the shouts.

But it was like a gentle breeze brushing his face.

After countless trials within their replicas, his mental fortitude had already become as strong as steel.

Such influence was practically negligible.

Moreover, compared to the hunger he constantly endured, what did this amount to?

Grrr!

Jason's stomach churned.

The hunger stemming from the depths of his soul made Jason's breath catch slightly.

Then—

Roar!

The roar of hunger echoed within his soul.

A dark behemoth with crimson eyes and a blood-curdling mouth appeared behind Jason.

Confronted by the rich aroma of sandalwood, it first took a deep breath in.

Immediately, the sandalwood fragrance permeating the entire estate vanished.

Then its scarlet eyes gazed upon those kneeling figures.

Before it could act.

Those figures burst like soap bubbles under sunlight, one after another.

Remaining were only the fist of the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult.

A fist that had just been filled with immense power.

At this moment, it became sluggish.

Being stared at by the dark behemoth, the heart of the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult quivered, turned cold.

It was fear born out of biological instinct.

It was the authority of a being at the apex of the life chain over those below.

Even the Sect Hierarchy was not an exception.

He too was affected.

Even though, immediately after, the Sect Hierarchy reacted.

But on the battlefield, a split second is sufficient.

Roar!

A Water Dragon soared upwards.

The colossal dragon head, as large as a locomotive, crashed heavily onto the Sect Hierarchy's back.

Boom!

The body of the Sect Hierarchy shattered into pieces.

The remaining head bore eyes filled with deep disbelief.

As if not believing that the Heavenly Monster had attacked him.

The rainbow-hued circle floating in the air flickered repeatedly.

Next moment, the shattered Sect Hierarchy appeared once more.

The bronze mask, by now, had long since broken.

The true face was revealed.

Thick eyebrows and large eyes, slightly plump features, exuding a hint of grace, yet there was more dignity between the brows.

To an ordinary person, he would seem unusual at first glance.

But at this time, he appeared somewhat dazed.

"Why did you attack me?"

Are you betraying us?

And where did you learn the Jing Tao Palm?

Is that fool Cui Long Wang still alive?"

The Sect Hierarchy, no, the Carefree King, questioned repeatedly.

And in response came another strike of Jing Tao Palm from Cui Long Wang.

But this mighty palm was merely a facade.

The true killing move was the knife.

Clang!

A gleam of the knife flew in from outside the manor, landing in Cui Long Wang's hand.

At this moment, Cui Long Wang's aura changed instantly. <subtex>.</subtex>

Dominant.

Steadfast.

Like a gentleman, yet fiercely domineering.

Two different auras appeared simultaneously.

Contradictory, complex.

And yet, this contradictory, complex aura inexplicably harmonized into one.

That was,

Sharpness!

The unstoppable, all-cleaving sharpness!

The Carefree King should have realized something was wrong early on, but in the 'resurrection' state, he was evidently abnormal and didn't notice it at all.

Only to see a flash of knife light.

The Knife Monarch had already appeared behind the Carefree King.

It was—

Water Dragon roars, astonishes Transmigration.

Hidden blade, slays Carefree.

The Carefree King was once again split into two.

And this time, did not resurrect smoothly as before.

Flames roared fiercely.

They burst forth.

The corpse of the Carefree King instantly turned to ash.

The rainbow circle still flickered, but no matter how it flickered, it couldn't keep up with the speed of those scorching flames.

Based on some mechanism.

The Carefree King hidden within the rainbow circle triggered a backup move.

That was...

The smell of medicine!