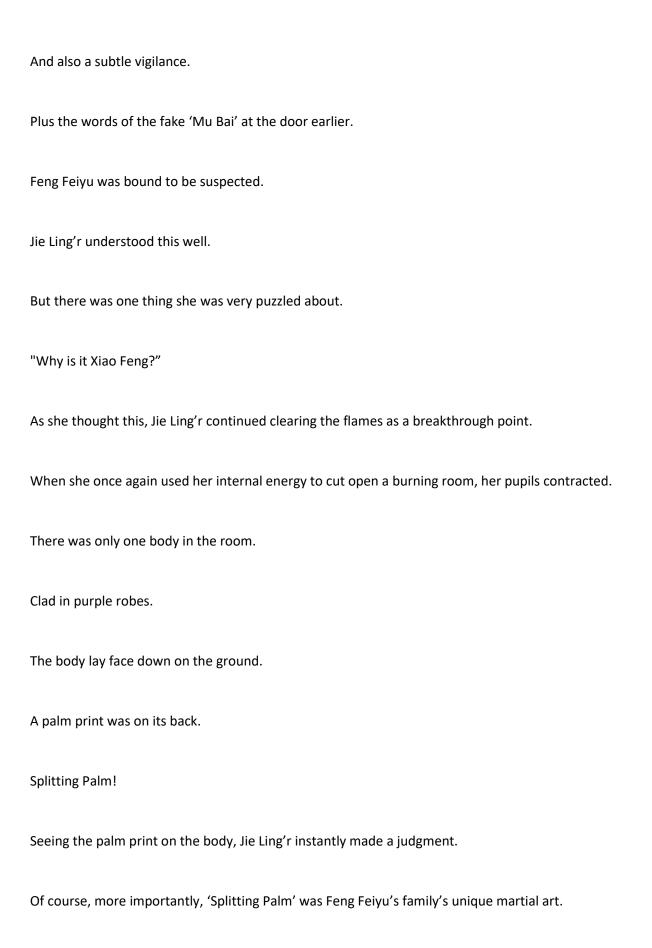
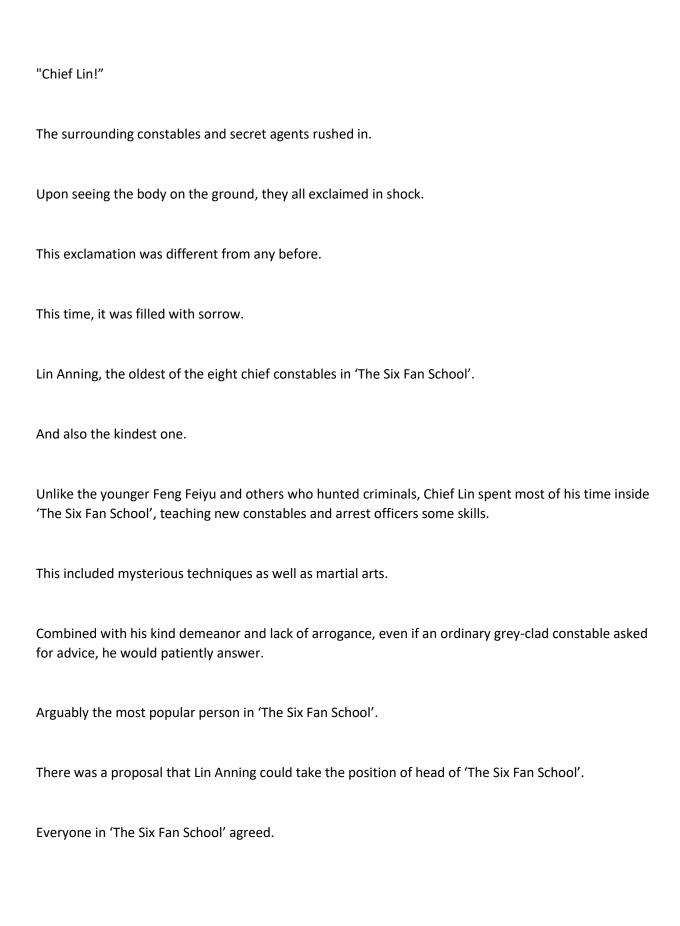
Menu 1411







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!
The crisp sound of hooves echoed at this moment.

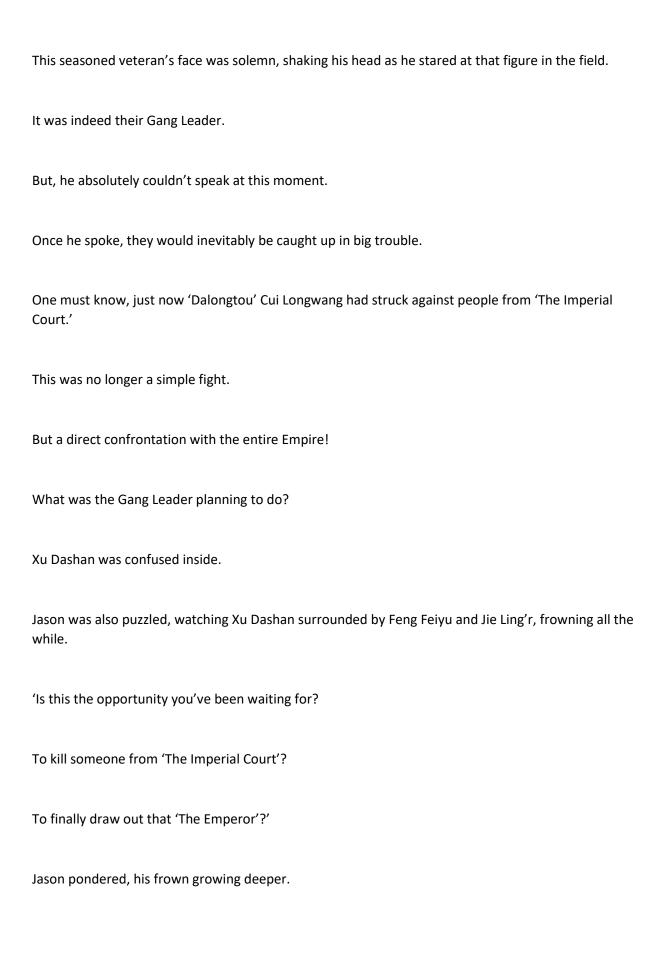
Several fast horses approached from afar.
A delicate-looking man in a blue robe sat at the forefront on horseback.
Unlike the blue-robed arrest officers of 'The Six Fan School', this man's blue robe was more intricate, topped with a skillful crown, with slender eyes occasionally flickering with a cold 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'.

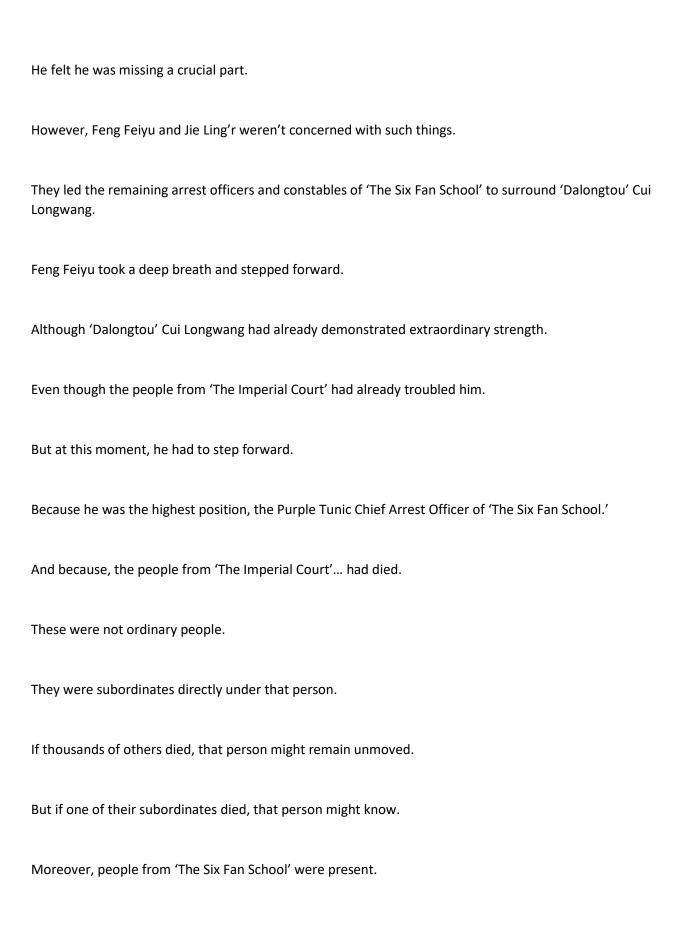
Facing the one acknowledged as the strongest among the 'Nine Great Experts Under Heaven', everyone knew what to do.
"Tell us, what happened?"
The delicately-featured man first scanned the surroundings, his eyes lighting up upon seeing Jason, but he quickly averted his gaze, turning to Feng Feiyu and 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."

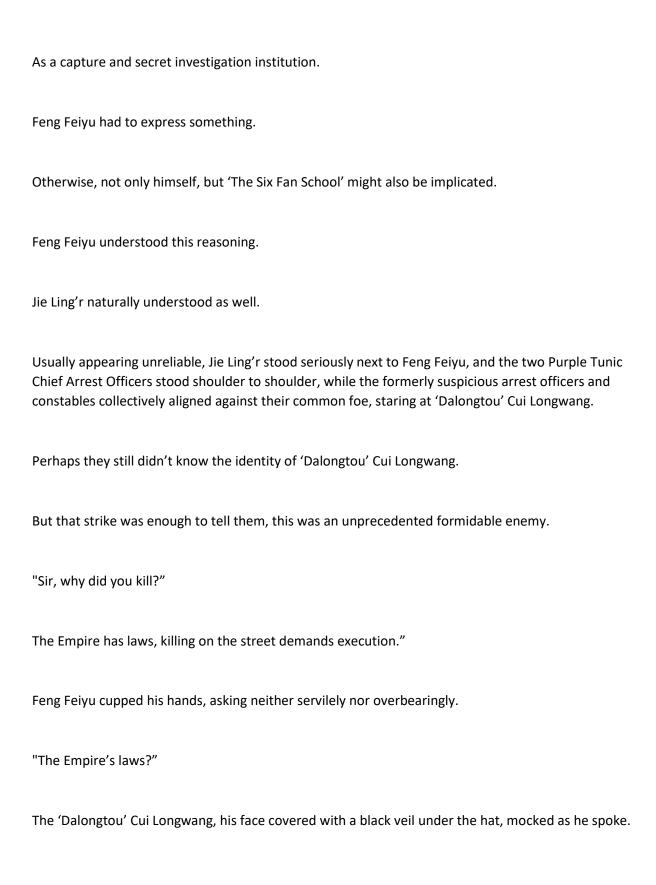
The delicately-featured man elongated the tone, then looked at Feng Feiyu with a half-smile, raising his hand slightly.
"Take them away."
Upon hearing the order from the delicately-featured man, the followers rushed forward.
"Wait!"
Jie Ling'r stopped them.
"Chief Arrest Officer Jie, do you have something 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.

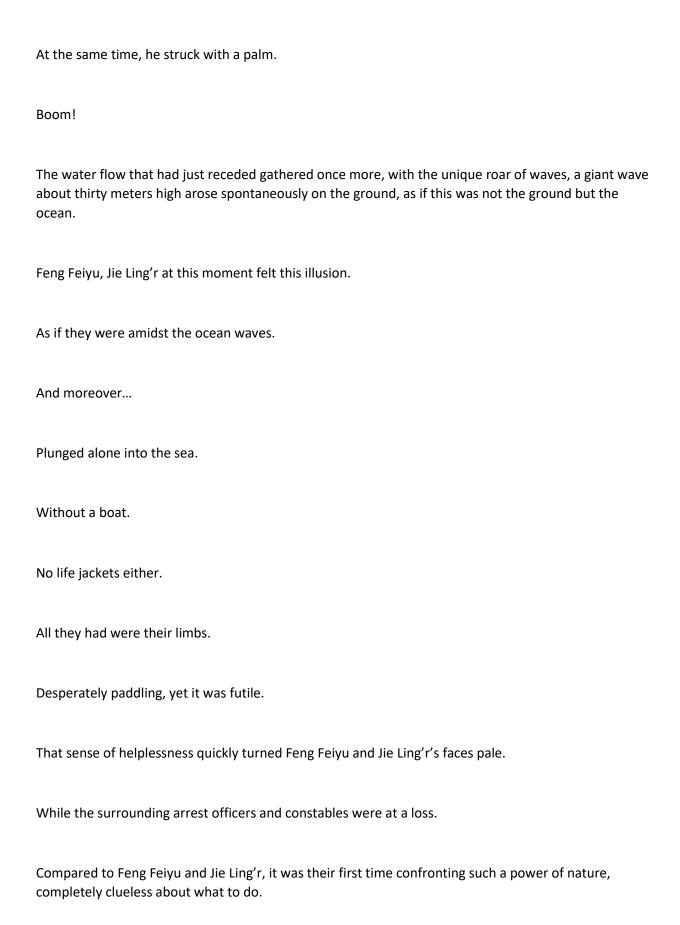


The Water Dragon seemed like an ancient, fierce beast emerging from the past, completely swallowing the group led by the delicate-featured man, then relentlessly surged toward the street by 'The Six Fan School.'
Just like a sandcastle on the beach.
The pitch-black district by 'The Six Fan School' was 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.





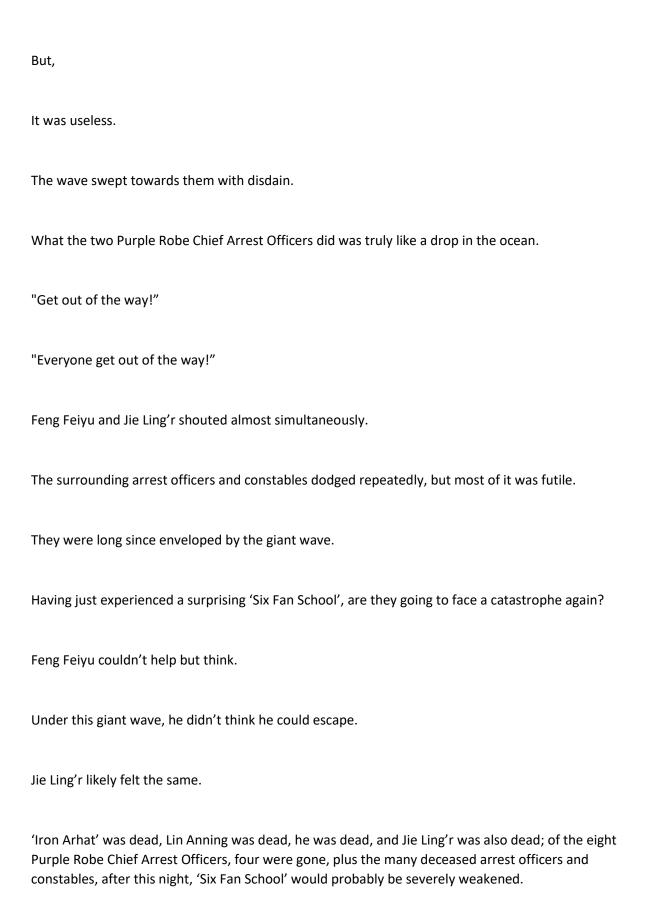


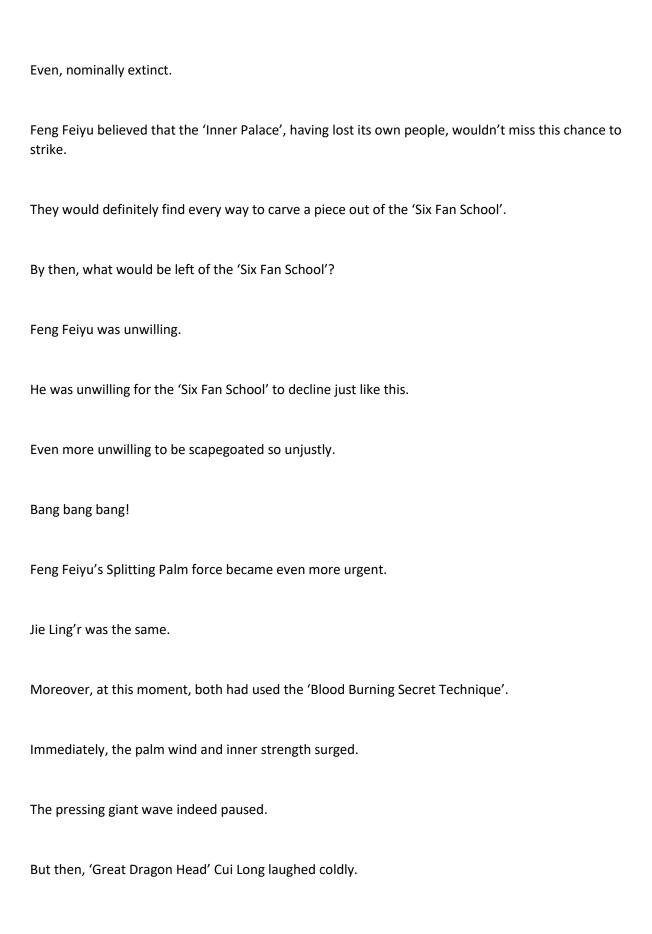


Rumble!
The giant wave advanced, the pale-faced Feng Feiyu and Jie Ling'r together took a step forward.
Then, struck together.
Bang!
Feng Feiyu struck a palm, creating a small wave on the giant wave, which was utterly insignificant compared to the thirty-meter high giant wave, such a strike really wasn't 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.

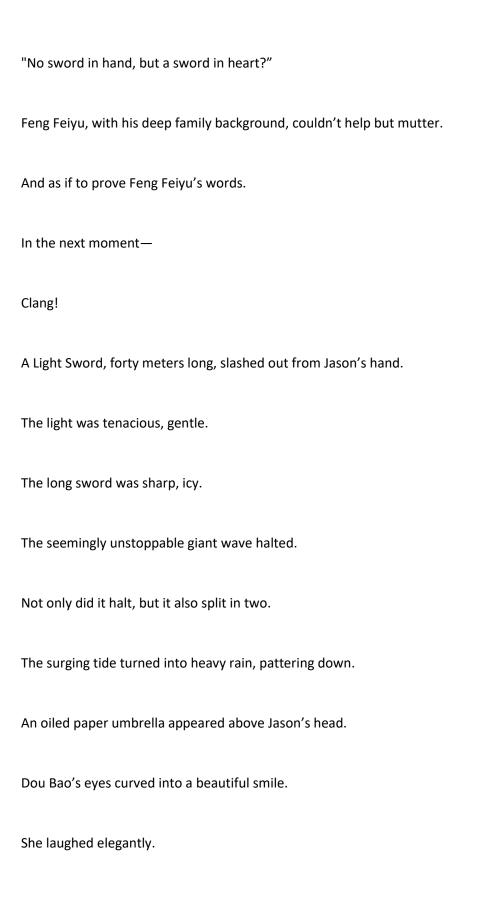
But that was just the appearance.
The real quality was still far, far apart.
The arrest officers and constables despaired.
They looked up at the towering giant wave, covering the night sky, imagining the weight of tens of thousands of tons of waves about to come crashing down, each of them trembling.
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.



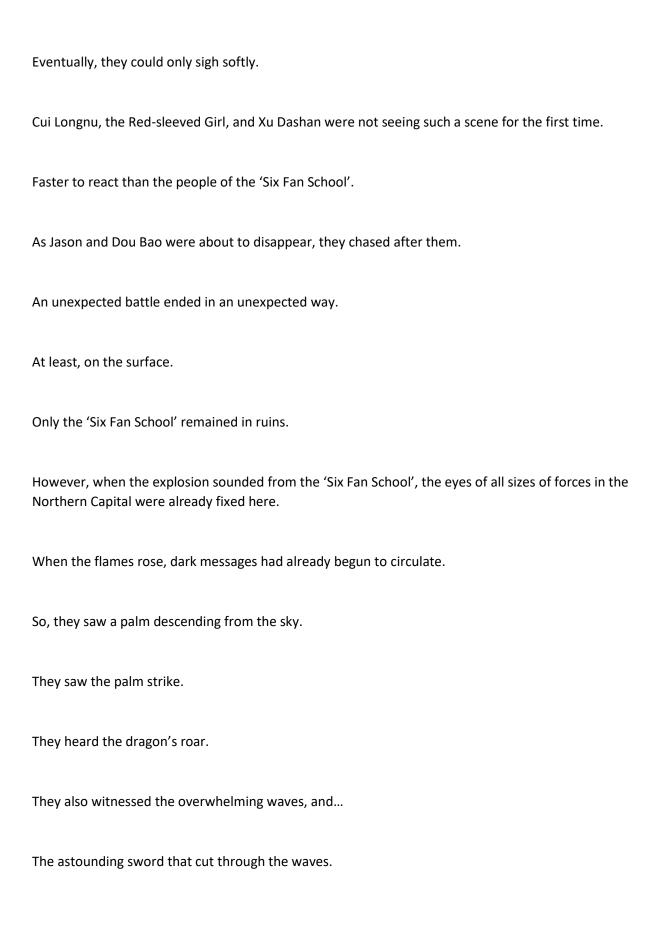


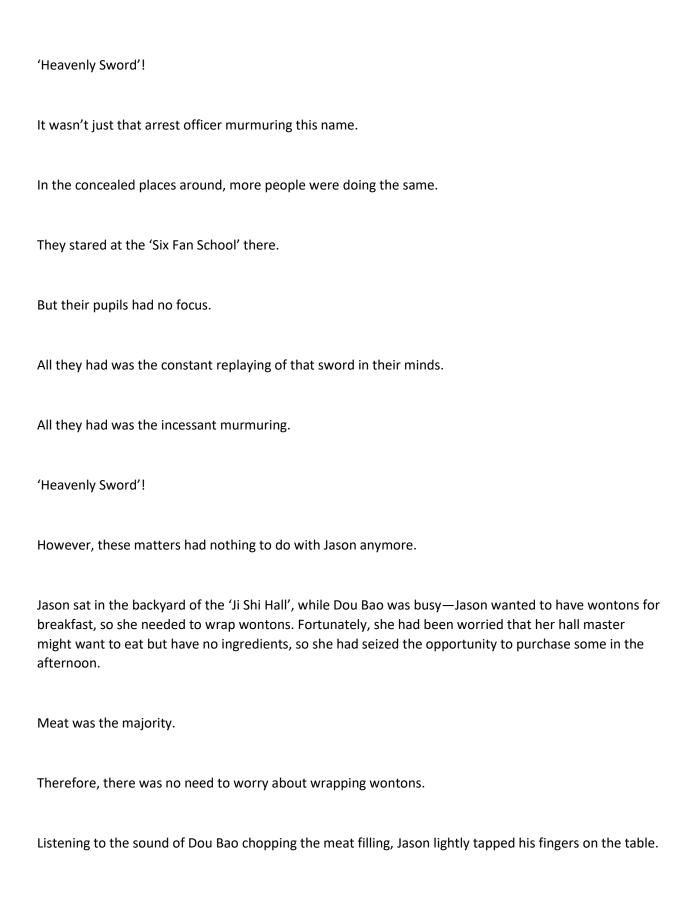


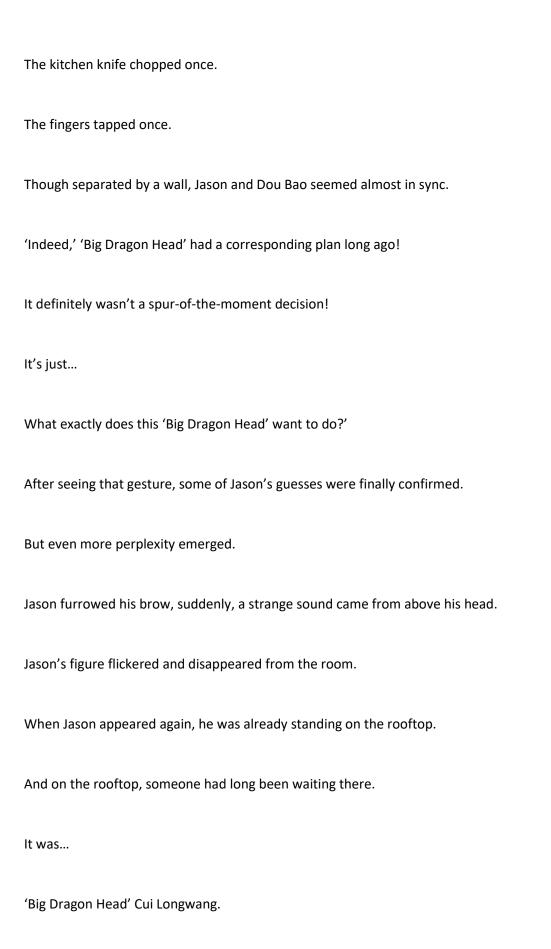






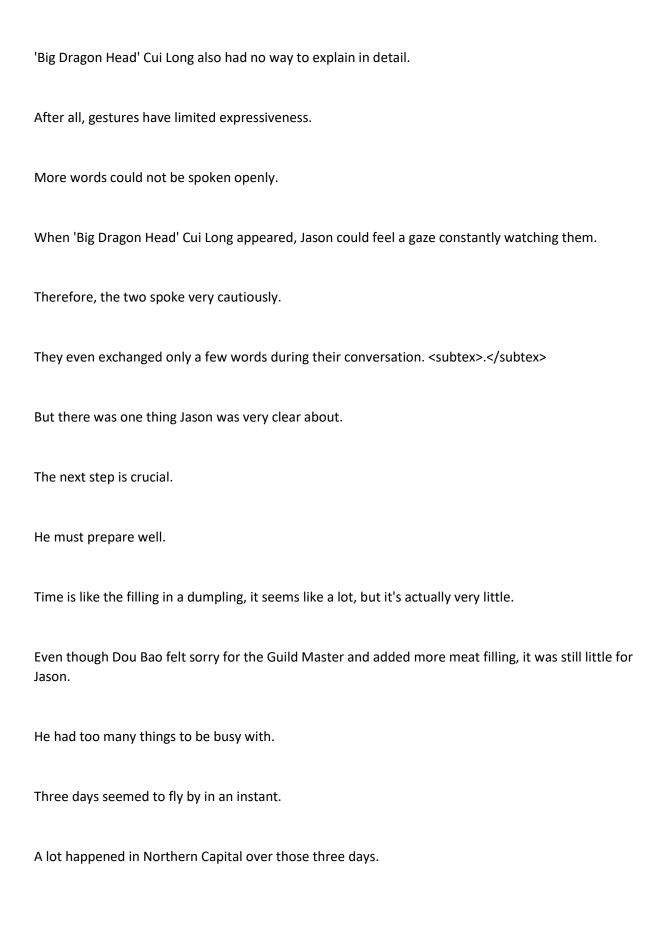






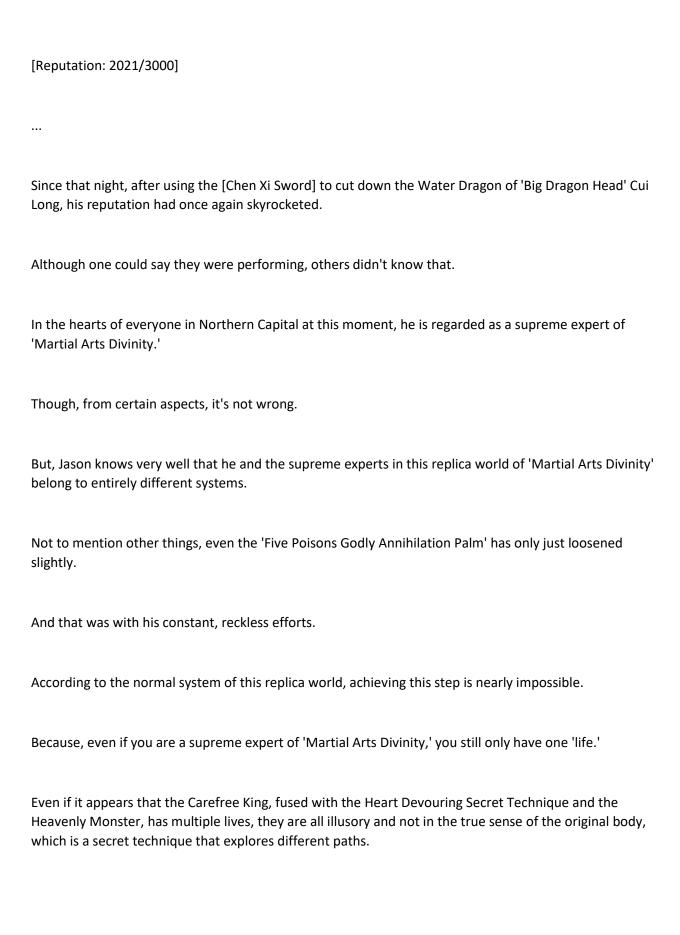
Chapter 1414: The Crucial Point!
A few moments later, 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long departed.
He didn't enter the room, nor did he even move a step.
He only said a few words and made some gestures.
Then, with a leap, he vanished into the slightly lit morning of the Northern Capital City.
Watching the departing figure of 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long, Jason took a slight breath.
In the cool morning breeze, Jason squinted.
in the cool morning breeze, Jason Squinted.
He finally understood what 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long wanted to do!
To kill the Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult: the Carefree King!
Exactly!
The Carefree King, one of the nine great experts in the world, is the Sect Hierarch 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.



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."





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.



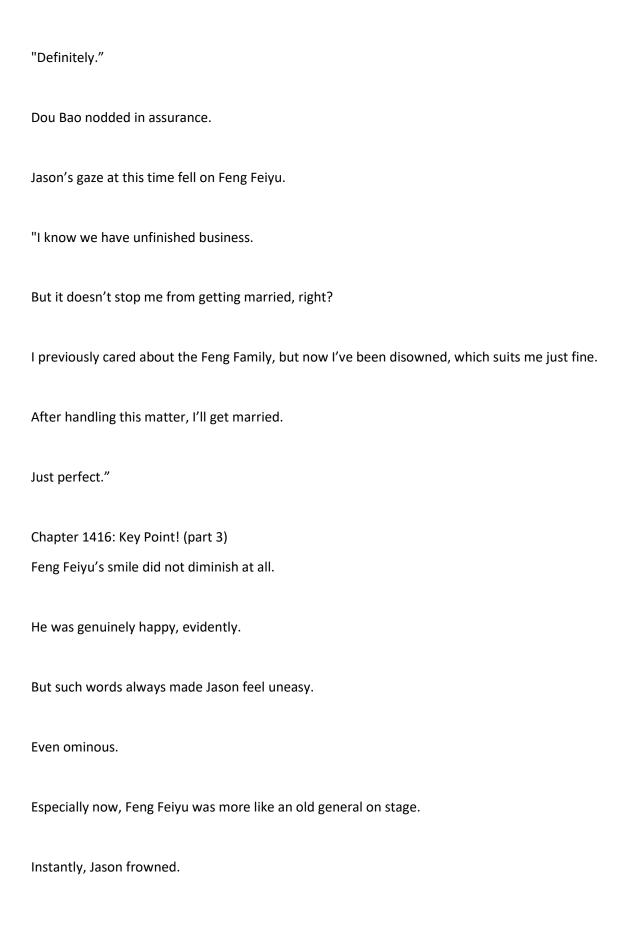
Giving to the old man in front of her was really not suitable.
She was well aware of her patron's appetite and attitude towards food.
It was just her just now.
If it were someone else, they would have been tossed to the ground by her patron.
However, she would not use her favor for leverage.
What belonged 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.
Нарру?
Truly happy.
It seemed as if nothing else under the sky could be more delightful than this. <subtex>.</subtex>



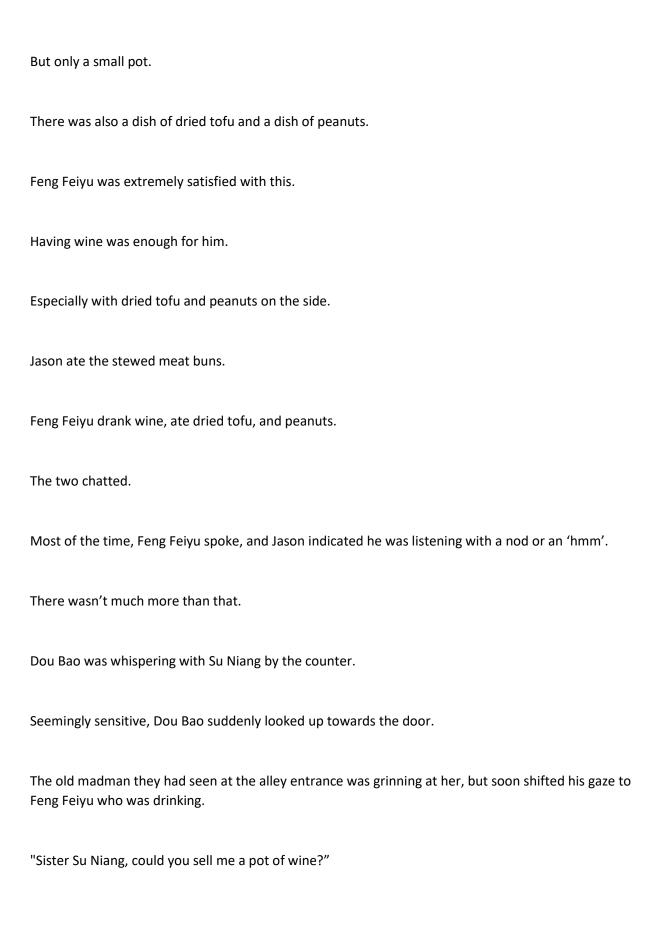
She felt he looked somewhat familiar.
As if she had seen him when she was young.
But wasn't confident enough to confirm.
Finally, shaking her head, she walked into the small tavern.
At this time, the tavern was empty and deserted; those who had lunched were either at work or home, leaving only the people 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.



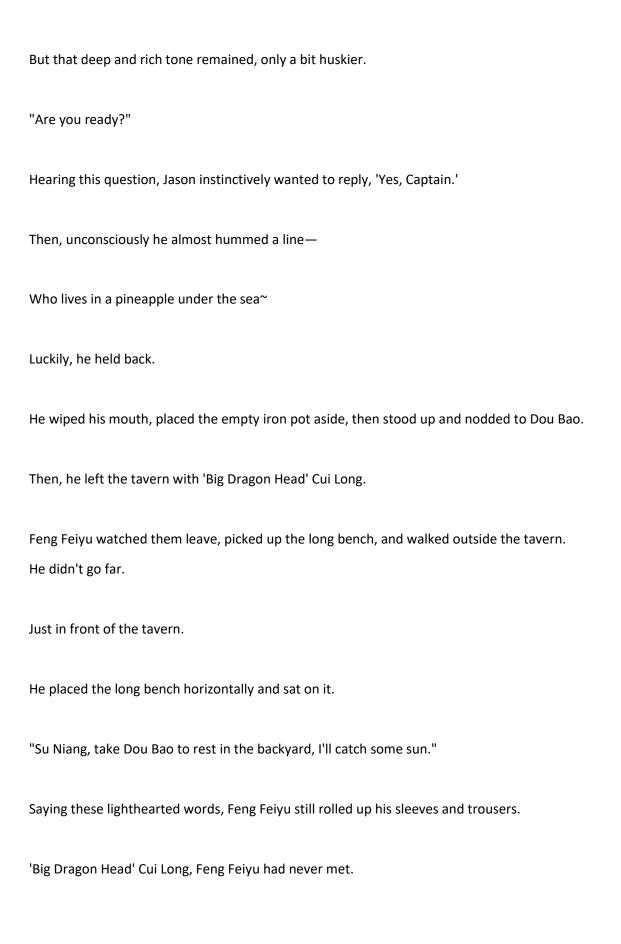
"Dou Bao, go to the backyard and get two willow branches from Su Niang. Oh, and bring a brazier as well."
"Alright."
Dou Bao got up immediately.
Feng Feiyu, on the other hand, looked utterly bewildered.
When Jason picked up the willow branches, dipped them in water, and proceeded to whip him, making 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.

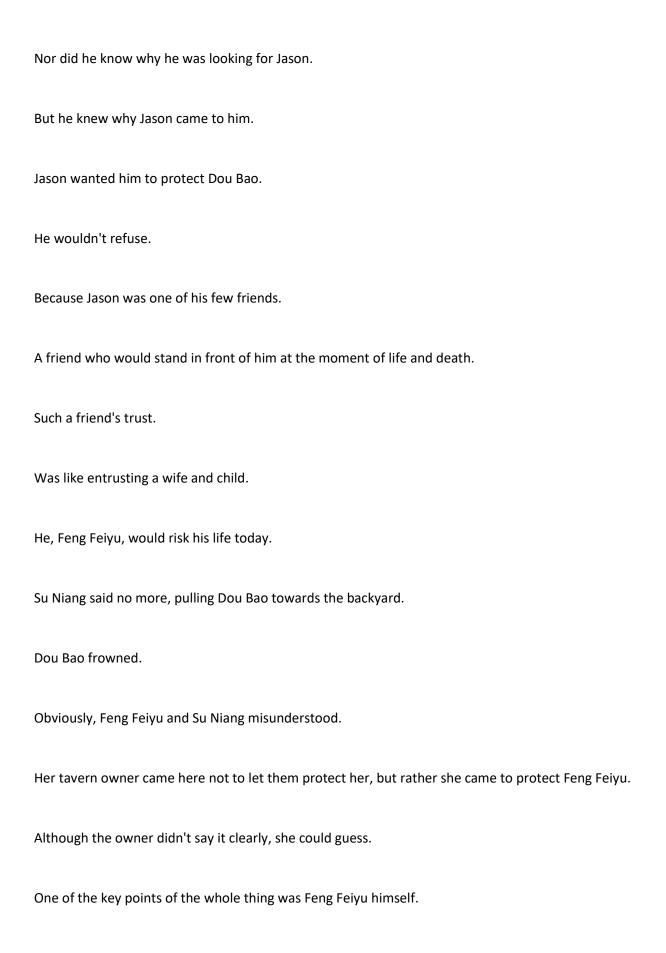


Dou Bao asked Su Niang with a smile.
"Don't talk about selling or not. You're a kind-hearted girl, I'll get it for you."
Su Niang pretended to be annoyed and lightly slapped Dou Bao.
She turned around and handed over a pot of yellow wine, along with dried tofu and peanuts.
The same as Feng Feiyu's. <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.



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.
cui Long 3 voice was disguised.

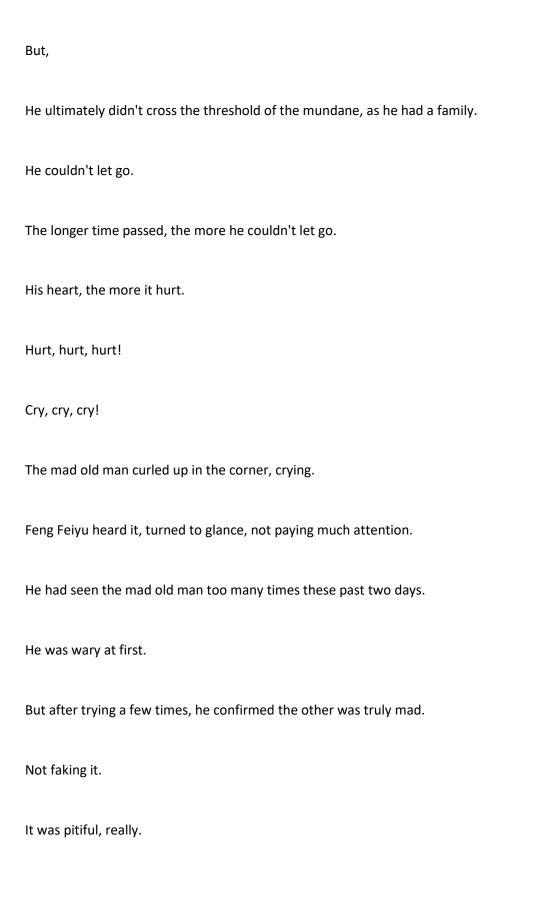




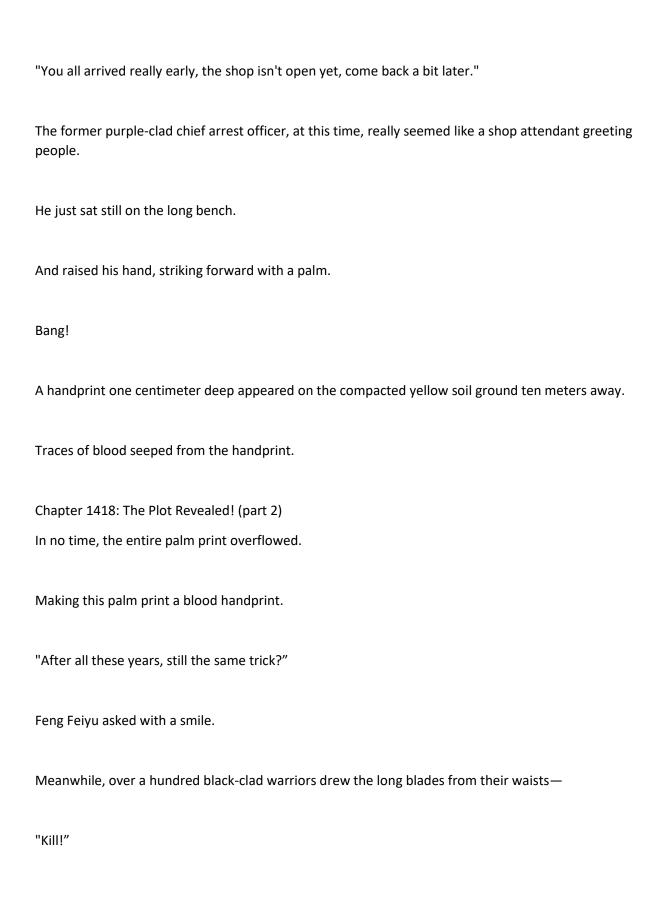
She knew.
She didn't say.
Because the owner let her come here, she only needed to take care.
Su Niang brought Dou Bao to her room in the backyard, gave a few words of advice, then stood up and left.
She went to the backyard kitchen and took out a pot of wine.
Heating it over the charcoal fire.
She also 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.



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.



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.

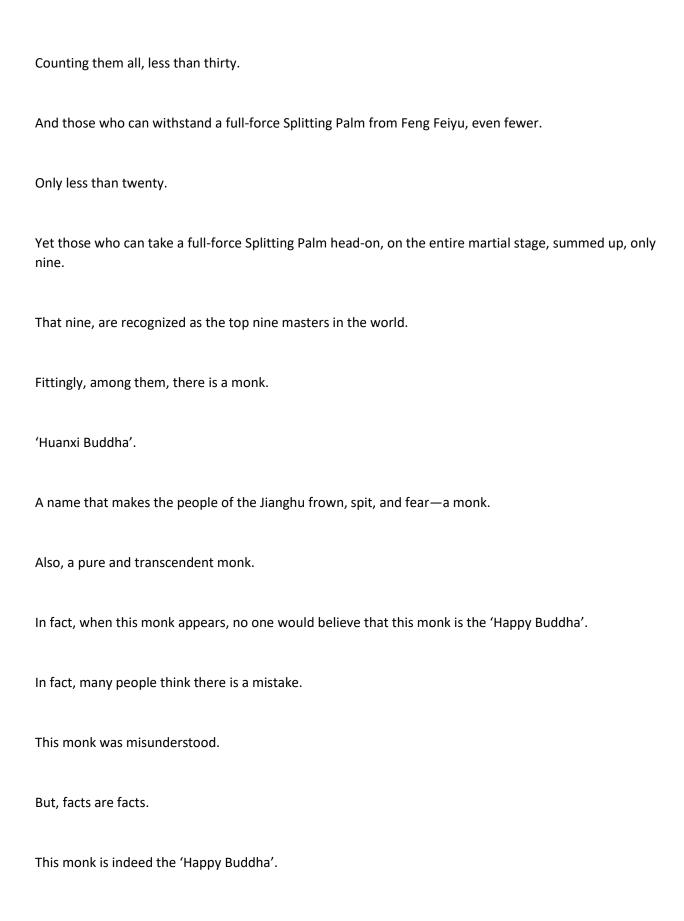
But, it was still fairly clear.
Su Niang supported Feng Feiyu in her own way.
And Feng Feiyu?
"Got it."
Responding, the Splitting Palm force became even more concentrated.
One could say it was impenetrable.
From among the hundred warriors, not a single person could get within ten meters of the tavern entrance.
Like grass being mowed down.
They flew back in unison, crashing to the ground.
Even more synchronized than their previous shout.
Ноо.
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.

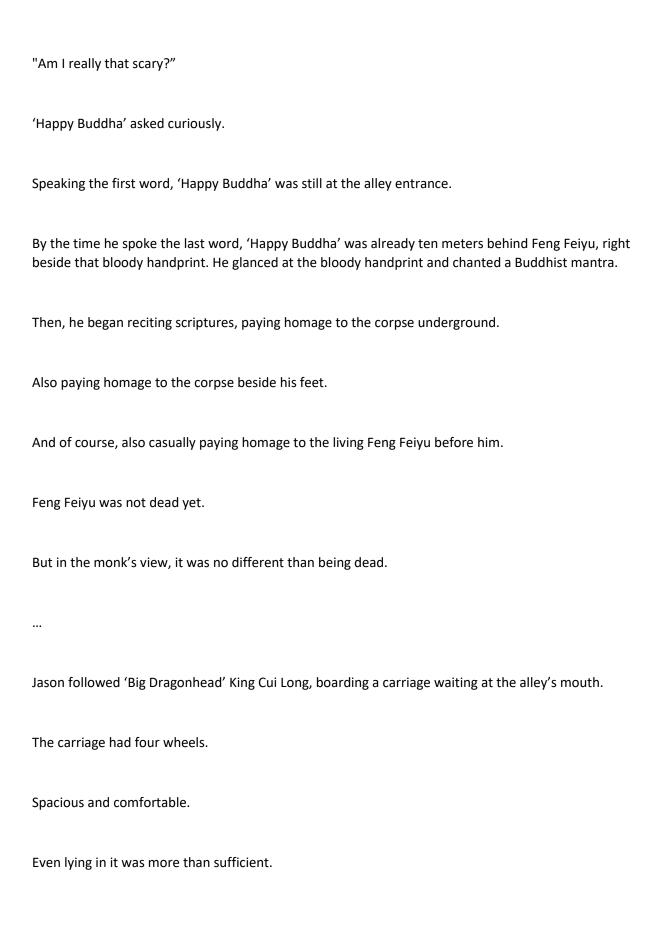
A young monk appeared at the entrance of the alley.
His gaze was like bright stars, lips red and teeth white, his appearance as radiant as a maiden, his demeanor graceful and elegant, yet beyond any woman in the world, especially with that moon-white monk robe, making him look spotless, as if descended 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.

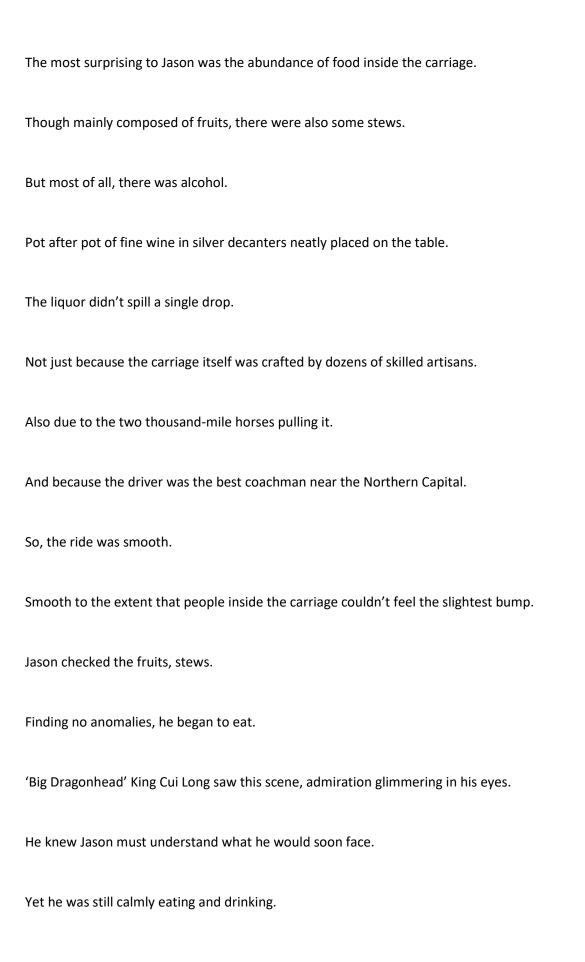
Thus, upon seeing this monk, Feng Feiyu immediately attacked.
He recognized the opponent.
Woo!
Splitting Palm force, roaring forth.
No longer silent.
Seemingly lacking technique.
But the power multiplied.
Feng Feiyu attacked with full force.
Yet such extraordinarily powerful Splitting Palm force, the 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.



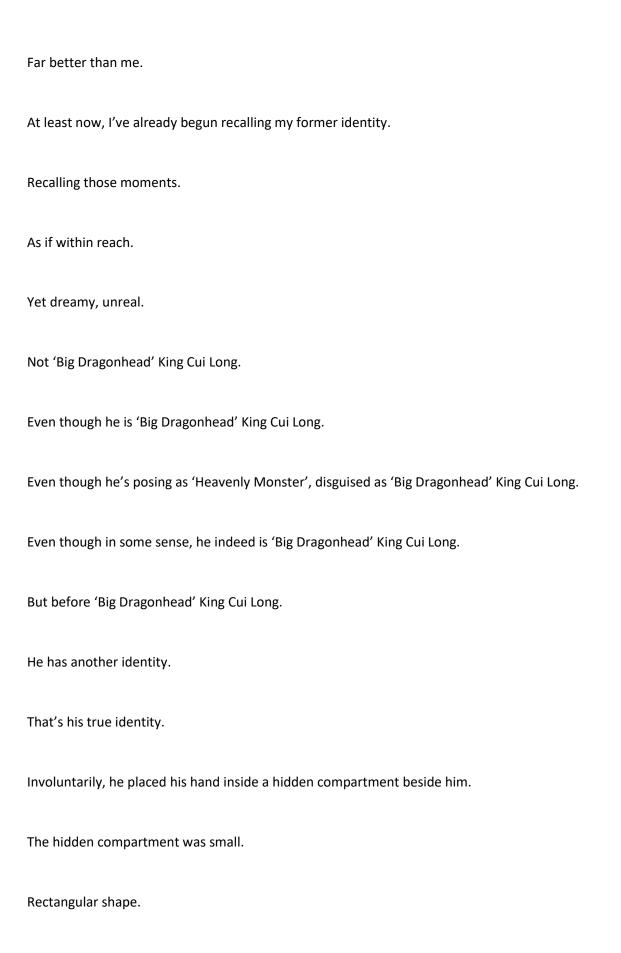
slaughtered all their relatives, enjoys watching beautiful women cry, watches others beg for mercy, and yet is cold-blooded and ruthless—the 'Happy Buddha'.
Unlike the usual flower thieves.
'Happy Buddha' directly visits their homes.
He doesn't care where he is.
He just wants what he desires.
He might 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.

The same one who steals yin to replenish yang, defiled the chastity of over a thousand women,





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!



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.

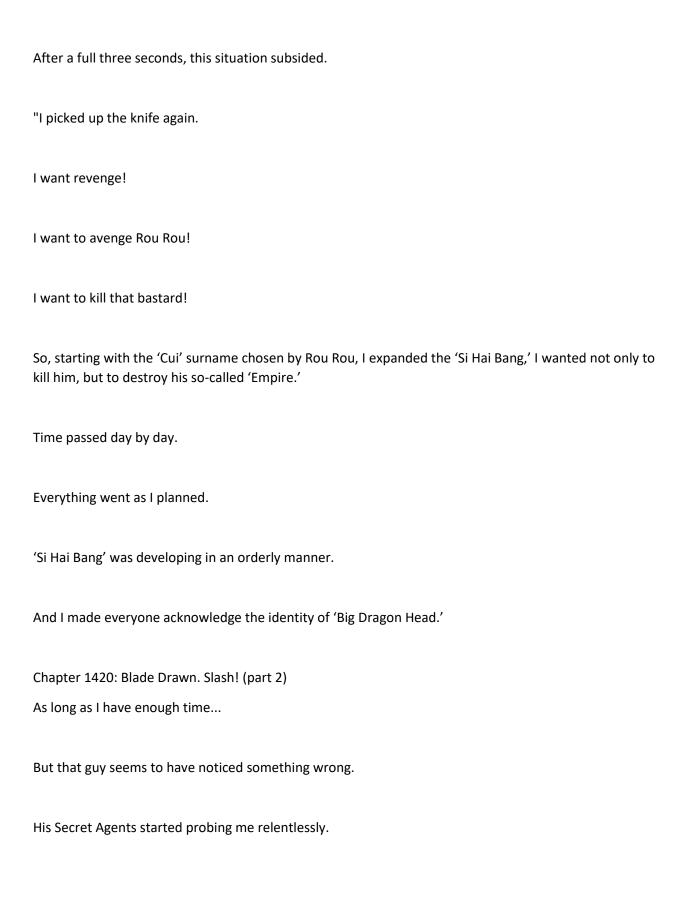
Only the 'Knife Monarch' could explain everything.
For instance: 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long challenged the 'Knife Monarch' and left a life.
For instance: the cooperation between 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long and the 'Knife Monarch.'
For instance: for nearly twenty years, the 'Knife Monarch' has been hidden in the martial world, rarely showing up.
All of these, at this moment, had a real answer.
But,
A want of the constant was solved
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?'
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.

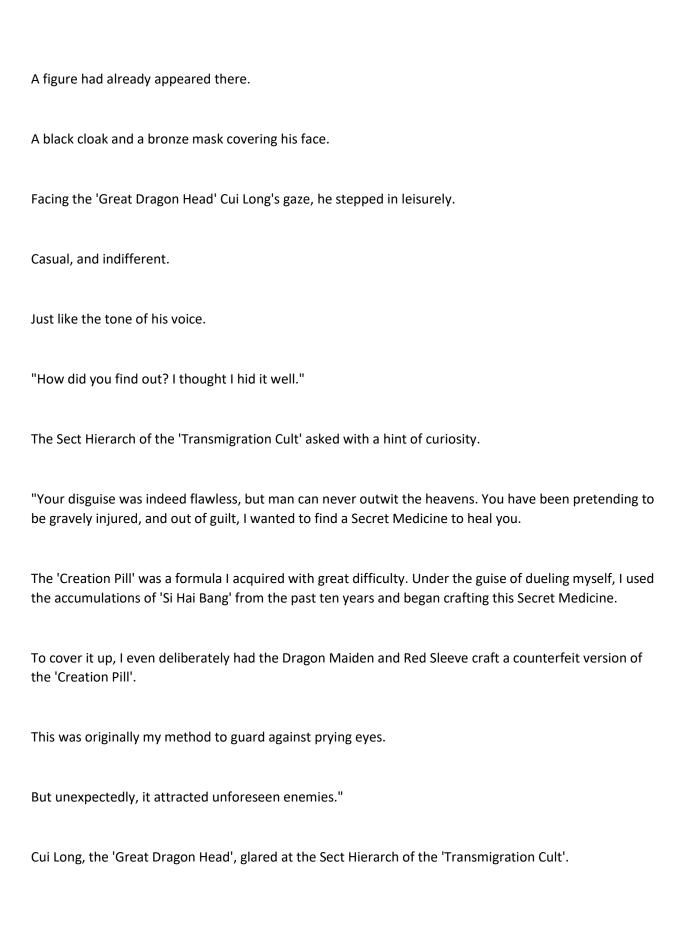
By its design, it should be the boudoir of the daughter of the estate owner.
'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long stood in front of the boudoir, raised his head, and gazed at it with eyes full of memories.
After a long time, the 'Big Dragon Head' spoke.
"Brother Mu, do you know what the most painful thing in the 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.

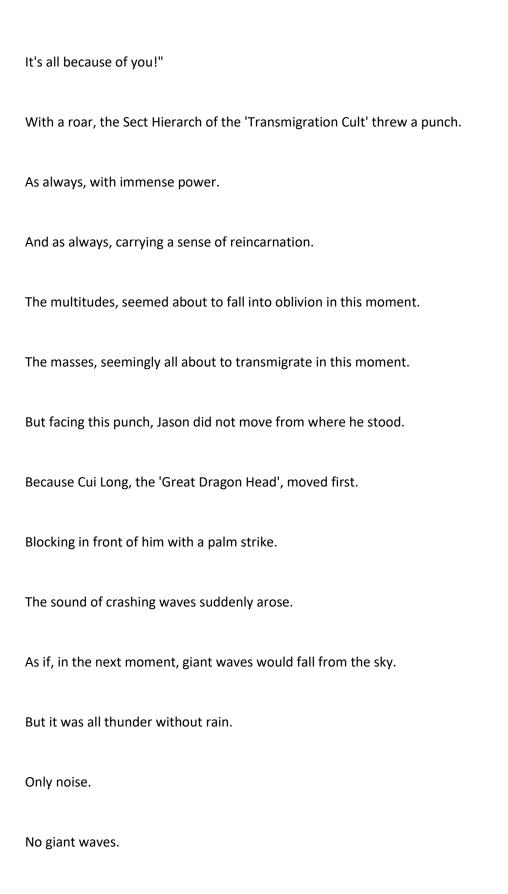
I was confused, not knowing where to go.
The lady did not leave either, taking care of my daily needs here.
At that time, without my knife, I was lost, she was like a lamp illuminating my confusion.
About half a year later, I married her.
Then, we had a child.
Back then, I thought the 'Knife Monarch' 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.







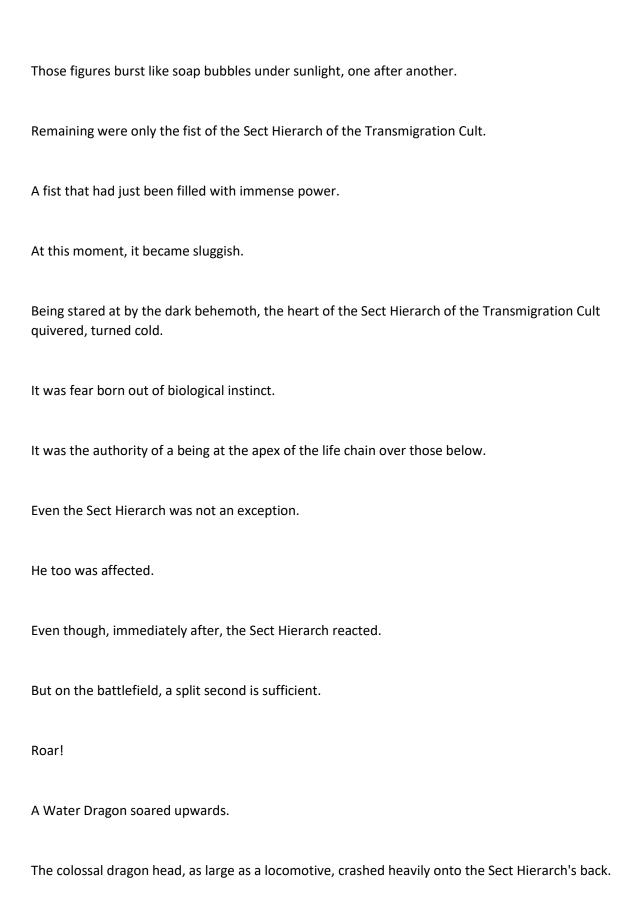
The latter pondered for a moment and sighed softly.
"To ease your mind for alchemy, I cooperatively mobilized the 'Transmigration Cult' forces to seize cities in the 'Frontier Province', hoping to attract your attention and put you at ease.
Initially, it went smoothly. Your first feigned death cleared 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 Hierarch 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!

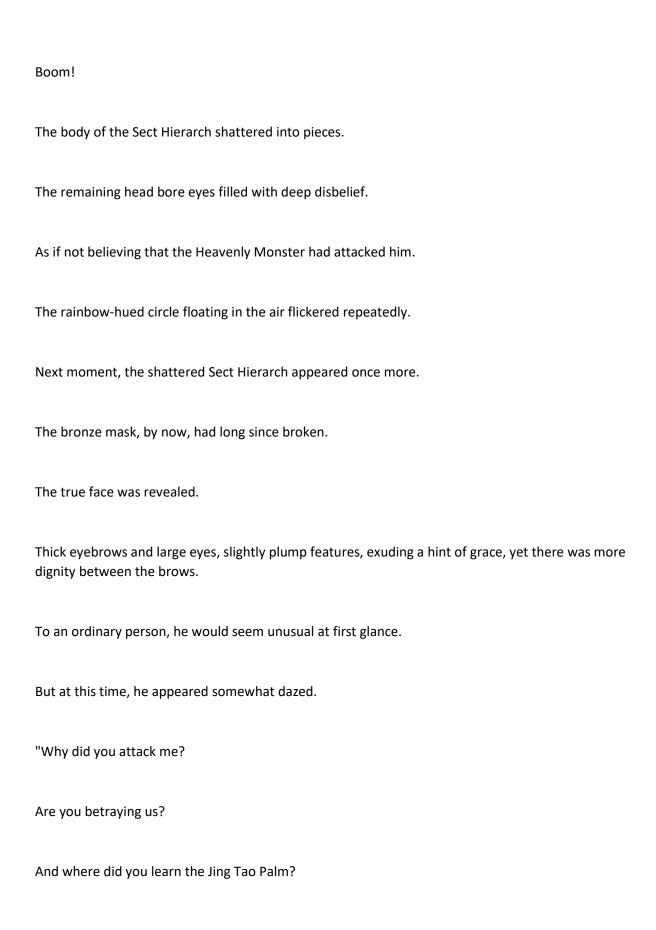


And the 'obstructed' Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' leaped over Cui Long, the 'Great Dragon Head', delivering a punch straight at Jason.
This punch from the Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' had no restraint.
He used all his power.
He had waited long for this moment.
This person 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!

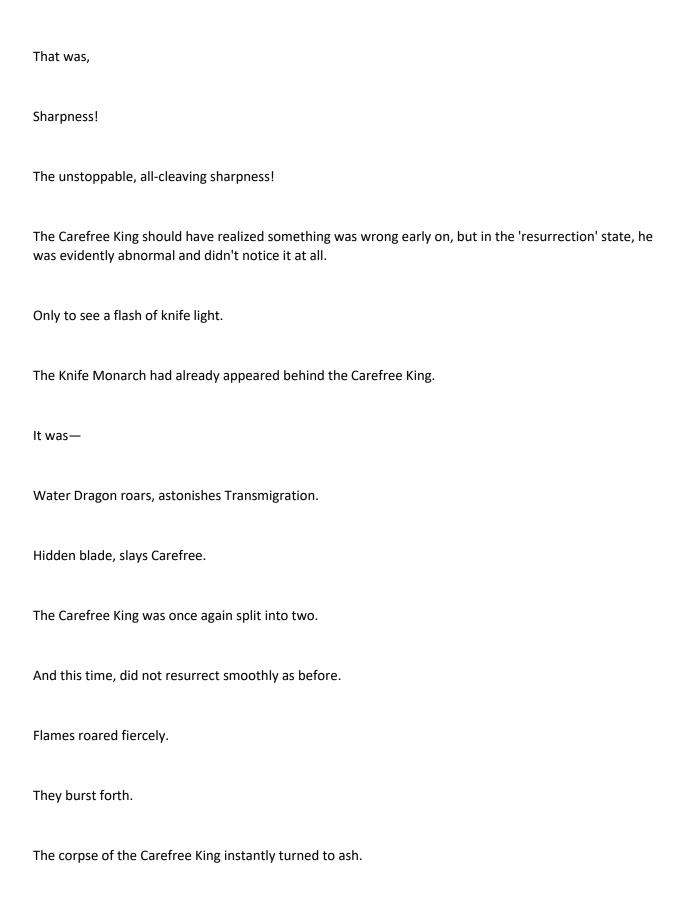
After a faint tremor in the air.
A seven-colored halo emerged behind the Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult'.
The rich scent of sandalwood instantly filled the entire manor.
As if there were layers of people bowing down.
These people looked at the Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult', their 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.









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!