

# **I Can Grant Origin Powers To Anything**

*Chapter 27 - 27 I'm not here to break you, I'm here to join you*

The next day.

It was just dawn.

On the bustling Qinglong Street, workers and commuters had already begun their daily routines.

Meanwhile, in the major martial arts halls, the sounds of practice gradually began to resonate.

However, today was slightly different from usual.

"Hello, is this the Baoyan Martial Arts Hall?"

A boy, around sixteen or seventeen, still carrying a hint of innocence, arrived at the entrance of the martial arts hall with his parents and asked.

"What, you don't look at the sign when entering a martial arts hall?"

Standing at the entrance and sweeping, Lie Fengyun scratched his nose and asked.

The boy smiled good-naturedly and asked, "Of course I did, but I just wanted to confirm. Do you have a martial skill called the Flame Killing Fist here? It's said that mastering it can surpass the Extraordinary level and reach Legendary Level power?"

Upon hearing this, Lie Fengyun's pupils shrank, and his gaze turned sharp as he glanced at the boy's parents as well. He sneered, "What, can't learn and want a refund? Sorry, we at Baoyan Martial Arts Hall don't do refunds, and this would be a civil dispute. Go to the court first; I'll wait for your subpoena. But you might have to queue first."

"Refund? Why would I want a refund? I'm not here to cause trouble; I'm here to join your martial arts hall."

The boy cheered softly, turned to his parents, and said happily, "Dad, this is the martial arts hall! Our senior learned their martial skill; it's really powerful, I saw it myself."

"Alright, alright, as long as you like it."

The father smiled and asked, "Excuse me, what's the price for joining the hall?"

"This..."

Lie Fengyun blinked. Not here for a refund?

Here to... join us?

He habitually put on a smile and welcomed the family that clearly wasn't short on money inside.

Paid the fee, the most expensive package... The boy even exclaimed how cheap it was, amazed that such a small amount could let him learn such powerful martial skills.

It made Lie Fengyun feel a bit dizzy, wondering if his pricing was too decent?

The boy didn't leave for long.

A few minutes later.

A student wearing a Qingyang High School uniform stood nervously at the entrance and asked, "Excuse me, is this Baoyan Martial Arts Hall?"

Soon after.

Another group of four or five students arrived.

"Do you have the Flame Killing Fist here?"

Lie Fengyun quickly became overwhelmed, calling in two apprentices to help serve them, and couldn't help but wonder secretly—what's happening, did my brother make some deal with a teacher at Qingyang High School?

Otherwise, why would so many Qingyang High School students want to join us, almost as if they agreed before coming... They keep talking about Demon Beasts, how they beat them to tears, or killed them.

It left him dizzy and confused.

Embarrassed to ask... all he could do was accept these apprentices with confusion, along with their money.

At first, he was pleased, but as more came, he began to feel unnaturally anxious.

Something wasn't right.

After a whole morning of busyness.

On the now bustling street, the thundering sounds of drums resonated.

Two lion dancers led the way, followed by a marching band on both sides, and in the middle was a stern-looking middle-aged man holding a pennant with "Authentic Martial Arts Hall" inscribed on it.

"Excuse me, is this Baoyan Martial Arts Hall?"

He asked with a wide smile.

Lie Fengyun: "....."

.....

"Big brother, big brother, something's wrong!"

Deep inside the martial arts hall.

The enormous office reeked of alcohol.

On the sofa, a one-armed, burly-bearded man lay there in drunken stupor... until Lie Fengyun kicked open the door.

Lie Fengyun burst in, frantically shaking Lie Fenglei by the collar, shouting, "Something big's wrong!"

Lie Fenglei clutched his head in pain, the hangover headache making him uncomfortable.

He grumbled discontentedly, "What is it, yelling so early in the morning..."

Lie Fengyun said in panic, "Someone brought us a pennant!"

"Is it that 'teach nothing, first in taking money' pennant again? Sue them... use the law to defend our rights, make those poor folks shut up, isn't the law made to protect us?"

"No, this time they're praising us."

Lie Fengyun, looking flustered, exclaimed, "We're done for, the martial arts hall just opened for two hours today, and already over seventy people signed up for the high-level class."

Lie Finglei, clutching his head, said, "Just open another class, why not make money when it's there? Thirty million... we couldn't earn that much in two years before."

"But... but they came just for the Flame Killing Fist. The pennant too, according to them, a student from Qingyang High School was attacked by a Level 4 Demon Beast. Not only did he survive, but he also used the Flame Killing Fist we taught to beat the beast to death. It died horribly."

Lie Fengyun, flustered, said, "They describe it so vividly; if I didn't know the truth, I would have believed it. This isn't right; this really isn't right. Others might not know, but big brother, you know what our Flame Killing Fist truly is... Even Instructor Zhou said their principal plans to formally cooperate with our martial arts hall, intending to recommend their school's outstanding students to us for trial and learning. We're finished."

Lie Finglei, who was initially clutching his head in unbearable pain.

As he listened.

His expression also turned serious, and he looked at Lie Fengyun in shock, "Xiaoyun, tell me honestly, did you secretly teach the real Flame Killing Fist?"

"They say it was a Body Tempering Ninth Rank reserve martial artist who killed a Level 4 Bone Splitting Lizard Demon Beast."

Lie Fengyun seemed broken, grinning foolishly, "This isn't just about fighting across levels... How could I possibly mentor such a powerful disciple?"

Lie Fenglei: "....."

"What I'm most worried about now is... so many people signing up, and they're all the pride of their school. There's no shortage of those already at Body Tempering Ninth Rank who will surely get into the Martial Mansion in the future as reserve martial artists."

Lie Fengyun laughed despairingly, saying bleakly, "I seem to foresee a scene years later where over a hundred martial artists come to make trouble, hanging the two of us brothers on the city wall outside Qingzhou City to dry. Scamming so many people at once, with such a large amount... isn't that borderline financial fraud? Yet, we can't even refuse to accept it."

He added with a tearful voice, "They're crying and begging to sign up! I said the hall was full and couldn't take more, and they understood and slipped me red envelopes privately to let them in... I've collected over a million in red envelopes already. The money is good, but I'm still puzzled about where it all came from."

"Have someone investigate what happened yesterday."

Lie Fenglei was much calmer.

Covering his head, he pondered for a while...

Indeed, the amount was excessively large.

In the past, the martial arts hall mainly enrolled those who had failed to get into high school but hadn't given up on the path of Martial Tao.

Scamming them was bearable; after all, it somewhat helped them stay fit, right?

But with these reserve martial artists... if mishandled, someday, there's a real chance of them seeking trouble with us.

"What on earth happened?"

Lie Fenglei covered his aching head, perplexed, "Are today's students so easy to deceive? Coming up to us voluntarily wanting us to scam them?"