

# THE SUPREME MARTIAL KING SHOCKING ALL REALMS

## Chapter 11 - 9: Jade Person Syndrome\_1

"Yang Chen?"

"Yang Chen from the Yang family?"

When the group of young admirers following the gorgeous young lady heard Yang Chen's words, they all started laughing uproariously, as if they were listening to a hilarious joke.

"Who's Yang Chen?"

"You don't know? There's a good-for-nothing in the Yang family. He's terrible at alchemy and martial arts. This year at the Adult Assembly, he's going to be ousted from the Yang family. If this guy calls himself Yang Chen, then it must be him, because no one would ever pretend to be Yang Chen." A handsome young man amongst them sneered.

Gu Ming Yue, who had been following Yang Chen closely, originally had no idea what was happening, but when she heard each person's mocking words, her face turned red with anger: "You're the good-for-nothings! My Young Master is an upright and strong man!"

Upon hearing the voice of the lady behind Yang Chen, these young men of unknown family backgrounds turned their gaze to her, their eyes shining, internally exclaiming about her beauty.

"Humph, your master has a foul reputation which has even reached our ears, and you still call him a strong man? Your master lost a gambling match with the people from the Wang Family and even lost his trousers. Don't you, a little

maid, know this? Oh, I remember, brother Wang, you're one of the Wang family members, you know about this, right?"

The young master surnamed Wang chuckled: "Yes, I remember it clearly. Our elder brothers Wang Ren and Wang De gambled with this Yang Chen. But this Yang Chen was pathetically weak. He couldn't even refine a single Returning Bone Pill from three furnaces worth of ingredients. Oh, is your family heirloom, the Purple Furnace, still with our Wang family, Brother Yang Chen?"

Hearing this, the young men burst into laughter again.

Yang Chen would be lying if he said he wasn't angry. This 'Yang Chen' seemed to be infamous far and wide. It seemed that improving his current reputation was something he had to do. Otherwise, being looked down upon whenever he went out would not be pleasant.

Just as Yang Chen was about to speak, the young woman surrounded by those young masters finally spoke: "Little brother, I am Feng Xuewu from the Feng family. This Fire-red Fruit is very important to me, so I hope you can let me have it!"

Given Yang Chen's current age, being called a 'little brother' by Feng Xuewu didn't seem strange.

"Young Master, the Feng Family...the Feng Family is one of the twelve great families among the Hundred Tribes in the Great Wilderness. Miss Feng Xuewu, renowned as one of the 'Three Great Women' and on par with Miss Caidie, is the Young Mistress of the Feng family. Even though I have never seen her before, I have heard of her. When I found out that this woman is the famous Feng Xuewu, I felt like retreating." Notified Gu Mingyue, quite panicked.

Yang Chen also stroked his chin, feeling somewhat surprised.

Among the many clans, there were strong ones and weak ones. The Yang family was a medium-level family, neither strong nor weak. Above the medium-level clans, there were the twelve most powerful clans, and the Feng family was one of them.

But it was impossible for him to back down like this. He didn't feel any resentment towards Feng Xuewu. At least, her words weren't as harsh as those of the others. However, he could not disregard the mockery from the people behind Feng Xuewu. If he were to keep backing down, how would he be any different from the previous Yang Chen?

He had to let them know he didn't have such a good temper.

Yang Chen snorted coldly: "Miss Feng, are you saying that this Fire Dragon Fruit is important to you but not to me?"

"Yang Chen, as the manager here, I have to tell you. The Yang family is a mid-level family, and the Feng family is one of the great clans among the Hundred Tribes. When you compare the two...haha, you should know who is more important." At this moment, the manager of the Li Family Commerce Association unexpectedly stood out.

He continually mocked Yang Chen and adulated Feng Xuewu. He had clearly chosen his side.

Unexpectedly, it appeared that the manager was siding with Feng Xuewu.

Yang Chen glanced at the manager, a middle-aged man around forty or fifty years old, with a mole on his face. He had greeted those young masters as soon as he saw them, completely ignoring Yang Chen.

The implications of his manner were more than clear.

This made Yang Chen speak with a deep voice: "So, Mr. Manager, are you saying that the Yang family is easy to bother?"

"Haha, Yang Chen, since you say this. As the manager, I was originally planning to save you some face. But since you don't want to save your own face, there's no need for me to do so anymore. The Yang family... I as a small manager, naturally can't afford to provoke. But do you really think that you, Yang Chen, a discard who the Yang family could throw away at any time, can represent the Yang family?" The manager laughed derisively.

While talking, the manager sycophantically said: "Miss Feng, as long as you want this Fire-red Fruit, it is naturally yours."

"The Fire-red Fruit was first spotted by our Young Master." Gu Mingyue, huffily, stamped her foot: "Don't you have any rules about first come, first served?"

The manager did not even look at Gu Mingyue: "I am the head here, and naturally, my word is final." Seeing that the shopkeeper gave her the fire-red fruit, Feng Xuewu felt somewhat relieved. However, witnessing the shopkeeper and her pursuers oppressing the young man before her, she couldn't bear and sighed, "Yang Chen, although I don't know what you need the fire-red fruit for, I need it to save my mother's life. She is ill and desperately needs the fire-red fruit. I hope you can understand. "

Yang Chen was quite discouraged by today's unsuccessful acquisition of the fire-red fruit, but there was nothing he could do. The shopkeeper's intention was clear—to favor Feng Xuewu was his game; what could Yang Chen do about it?

However, upon hearing Feng Xuewu's words, he felt more kindly towards her and asked curiously, "Well, saving a life is of prime importance. If Miss Feng had mentioned this earlier, I wouldn't have competed for the fire-red fruit. May I ask, what illness is your mother suffering from?"

All Feng Xuewu wanted now was the fire-red fruit to save her mother's life. Being questioned by Yang Chen, she blurted out, "I can't really explain my mother's illness. All I know is when she gets sick, her body trembles severely, and she feels extremely cold, breaking into a sweat now and then, but the sweat is unusually hot. It's very strange."

"Oh?" Yang Chen queried with curiosity, "While she's ill, her face turns extremely red while her hands and body feel ice-cold, is it not?"

"How do you know that?" Feng Xuewu widened her eyes in surprise.

Upon hearing this, Yang Chen chuckled, "Miss Feng, your mother is suffering from 'Jade-like Person Syndrome.' When the symptoms flare up, she has difficulty breathing. It feels like she could die at any moment. I don't know why you are using a fire-red fruit to treat her, but I can assure you it won't help with her illness. On the contrary, long-term consumption can damage her health even more."

In his past life, he was an expert in alchemy, so he was very experienced in medical treatment. Jade-like Person Syndrome is indeed a baffling illness, but for him, it was not an insurmountable difficulty.

On the other hand, after listening to Yang Chen, Feng Xuewu's eyes widened in surprise. Her little mouth was open, revealing a lovely and mischief look.

That's because, what Yang Chen said was exactly like her mother's symptoms without the slightest misalignment.

"Are you saying that a fire-red fruit will only make my mother's condition worse?" Feng Xuewu was initially skeptical of Yang Chen's words, considering she had been hearing all the disparaging comments about him from her admirers. However, Yang Chen being of tender age, she didn't wish to oppress him in the same manner.

But after listening to Yang Chen's realistic descriptions of her mother's symptoms, she had started believing in him.

"Xue Wu, don't listen to his nonsense. Everyone here knows how useless this boy is," scoffed one of Feng Xuewu's admirers.

Zhao Xiaowen, the shopkeeper of the Lee Family Commerce Association, echoed, "Young Master Sun is right. Miss Xue Wu, never heed the ravings of Yang Chen. This little guy lost badly to the Wang family in an alchemy challenge, lost not only the challenge but also his face. His alchemy skills are incredibly poor. And now he is pretending to be an alchemy maker? In the Great Wilderness we live in, with a hundred tribes inhabiting it; we don't even have a single alchemy maker!"

An alchemy maker is a branch of alchemy, and it is a highly respected profession on the continent.

Unlike regular alchemists, alchemy makers primarily use their skills to cure diseases. Regular alchemists concocted various kinds of elixirs with all kinds of effects. Compared to them, being an alchemy maker is more difficult and requires a heart passionate to heal and save lives.

In his previous life, Yang Chen was not only an alchemist but also a well-known alchemy maker.

Alchemy makers are indeed rare, and it's not surprising to not have one in the Great Wilderness. In fact, there are probably only a few throughout the entire North Mountain County.

Upon hearing Zhao Xiaowen's words, Yang Chen didn't bother to argue. He lazily replied, "Whether you believe me or not doesn't affect me. As for the fire-red fruit, it's up to your commerce association to decide who gets it. I couldn't care less. Mingyue, let's go!"

With that, Yang Chen made no attempt to stay any longer and turned to leave.

However, seeing Yang Chen leave, Feng Xuewu hesitated and eventually called out, "Please wait, Brother Yang Chen!"

"Does Miss Feng have anything else to say?" Yang Chen asked in confusion.

Feng Xuewu bit her lip lightly, and her wavering expression was heartbreaking. After some hesitation, she finally spoke, "Brother Yang Chen, you just said that giving my mother fire-red fruit is indeed harmful instead of helpful, is it true?"

Yang Chen responded with a rhetorical question instead of a direct answer, "Wouldn't Miss Feng know the answer if she thinks about it? I believe this is not the first time you have used fire-red fruit for your mother. But has it shown any improvement?"

Upon hearing Yang Chen's words, Feng Xuewu's body slightly trembled. Her mother's illness was always a source of pain for her. Currently, she was desperate and said hurriedly, "Since Brother Yang Chen understands my mother's symptoms so well, do you, by any chance, have a solution to her problem?"

Yang Chen didn't intend to reveal much about his skills as an alchemy maker. After all, his medical knowledge at just thirteen years old could draw much unwelcome attention. He only helped Feng Xuewu understand that her mother's illness doesn't need fire-red fruit as Feng Xuewu was not disdainful or mocking towards him.

This was more than enough for the current him, which is why he didn't mind saying a little more. However, he hadn't considered treating Feng Xuewu's mother.

But seeing Feng Xuewu's desperate filial piety, Yang Chen pondered for a moment and then said, "I can't guarantee a cure for your mother's illness. But if I could see her, perhaps I could figure out something. No matter the result,

Miss Feng, please believe that the Jade-like Person Syndrome is a chronic disease acquired later in life, and it cannot be cured by a mere fire-red fruit."