

Supreme MK 65

Chapter 65: There Are Plenty of Ways

“Hahaha, good!”

Feng Changkong stood up cheerfully: “Yang Chen, now I trust you even more, come with me, I’ll take you to meet my father, who is currently the clan leader of our Feng family.”

“What?” Yang Chen was shocked.

The clan leader of the Feng family?

It seems that today’s visit to the Feng family was meant to treat a truly important figure.

He did not dare to be vague and hurriedly joined Feng Xuewu, closely following Feng Changkong.

Feng Changkong led Yang Chen through several turns in the mansion, and soon arrived at a secluded courtyard.

“Creak! ”

Feng Changkong pushed open the door.

Suddenly, a chilly breeze blew out from the room, cold to the bone, making people feel a chilling and eerie sensation.

“Father.” Arriving at the entrance, Feng Changkong respectfully said, “I’ve brought Yang Chen.”

Yang Chen did not dare to be vague: “Greetings, senior.”

“Hehe, it seems clear to me. With a Body Refining Realm Tier 6 martial arts cultivation, the Yang family has really produced a promising seedling this time. Alright, come in, all of you,” the old man said calmly.

Only then did Feng Changkong dare to lead Yang Chen and Feng Xuewu into the house together.

When Yang Chen entered the house, he could see the appearance of the elderly man speaking clearly. He was a skinny old man. His ancient hands looked like chicken claws, and on closer inspection, it was like looking at a lonely ghost, making people shudder in fear.

However, Yang Chen had seen a lot of people and was only slightly surprised at first but quickly recovered and regained his composure.

“Grandfather, has your injury gotten any better lately?” Feng Xuewu asked worriedly.

The old man laughed: “Girl, I’m afraid it’s not that easy for your grandfather’s injury to heal. During the battle with that old thief, I was seriously wounded. It’s not easy to recover, but my old bones are not important. What I’m afraid of is that when the old thief returns, our Feng family would have no one to fight him, which is truly worrisome. Changkong, your martial arts cultivation still falls short.”

“Father, I know, that’s why I brought Yang Chen along,” said Feng Changkong.

The old man looked deeply at Yang Chen and then said solemnly, “I’m well aware of the severity of my injury; an alchemy maker is indeed rare. However, what can you do with just a little boy, even if he is an alchemy maker? My young friend, Yang Chen, it’s not that I look down upon you, but it’s just that I’ve already lost hope...”

Yang Chen furrowed his brows, as he could see that the old man’s injury was indeed very serious, and it was already difficult for him to maintain himself without dying.

In consideration of this, Yang Chen respectfully said, “Senior, whether I can solve your problem or not, you still can’t make that call, only I can. If I say it’s impossible, then it’s truly impossible.”

This made the old man laugh: “You’re an interesting kid.”

Yang Chen did not hesitate and directly asked: "Senior, what happened to your injury?"

"What happened, huh..." The old man looked out of the window, gazing into the distance, "You're aware of the Red-clothed Bandit Gang."

"Yes, I am," Yang Chen replied.

"When the Red-clothed Bandit Gang first set foot in the Great Wilderness, they oppressed the Hundred Tribes of the Great Wilderness. The Twelve Great Tribes eventually took us, Murong family, and Zhang family as the representatives and waged a great battle against the Red-clothed Bandit Gang. During the conflict, I, along with the leaders of the three great tribes, personally engaged the First Leader of the Bandit Gang."

The old man sighed: "The First Leader is indeed formidable, with unmatched strength. The three of us fought with him but only managed a stalemate. As the main attacker, I was hit by his Yin-Yang Decree, and that's when my injury began. I originally thought that I would recover quickly from this injury, but it turns out that the old thief's cultivation method is incredibly strange. In all these years, I've been consulting doctors and seeking treatments, but my condition has only worsened instead of improving."

Yang Chen knit his brows: "Was the First Leader that powerful?"

"How could he not be? However, even though I was injured, that old thief should not have it easy either. Without a decade or so for recovery, he won't be able to heal either. My Feng family's 'Quadrante Nether Formula' is not to be trifled with," the old man snorted coldly.

This made Yang Chen change his attitude towards the old man instantly.

At least if it hadn't been for the old man's intervention and the fierce battle with the First Leader back then, the situation of the Hundred Tribes of the Great Wilderness would not have been as peaceful as it is now. The Bandit Gang would have been even more rampant.

"Kid, that Yin-Yang Decree is an extremely powerful technique. It is even more profound and unfathomable than our Feng family's 'Quadrante Nether Formula' and extremely difficult to cure. Even if

you rashly try to touch it, you may end up being counterattacked by the power of the Yin-Yang Decree, and with your martial arts cultivation, you would die on the spot. Do you still think you can cure me?" the old man said coldly.

Yang Chen couldn't help but chuckle, not expecting this old man to be so stubborn.

However, since he had promised, he had always been true to his word: "Senior, believe it or not, I might actually have a solution to your injury."

"What!" The old man widened his eyes. "Are you serious? If you're trying to deceive me, don't think I won't get angry. Even if I don't kill you, I might still punish you a bit, and your Yang family wouldn't dare to say anything. Of course, if you can really cure me, hehe, I won't let you down."

He couldn't see any hope for himself, but that didn't mean he didn't want to recover from his injury.

"Father, Yang Chen is just trying to help. What are you doing..." Feng Changkong coughed a couple of times.

"Stupid boy, get lost! When this old man speaks, do you have a say?" the old man grumbled.

Feng Xuewu, seeing this, pouted: "Grandfather, what do you mean by that? Yang Chen is a good friend of mine. If you keep on like this, I'll never come to visit you again. Who treats people like this? Apologize to Yang Chen right now!"

"Uh..." The old man was taken aback by Feng Xuewu's words and rubbed his eyebrows: "Good granddaughter, what kind of relationship do you have with this Yang Chen? It's my first time seeing you make me apologize to someone. Alright, I'm afraid of you, little girl. It's my fault, my fault. I take back what I said earlier. My young friend, do you really have a solution?"

Yang Chen couldn't help but smile at the old man's childlike temperament, and then said solemnly: "Senior, I'm going to start checking your pulse now."

“Kid, I’ve been affected by that old thief’s ‘Yin-Yang Decree’ and my whole body is filled with deadly poison. Do you dare check my pulse? I’ve already reminded you once and won’t do it a third time. If you don’t value your life, then go ahead and check my pulse,” the old man chuckled slyly.

Yang Chen also laughed: “Rest assured, senior. I have plenty of ways to check your pulse without being affected by the poison!”

Forcefully updating five chapters, asking for votes and rewards..