

Rebirth Of The Urban Immortal Cultivator

Chapter 11: Zhou Tianhao

“Fuck! I was out there taking a leak, and I saw this damn hot bitch.” The middle-aged man collapsed into the sofa and poured himself a glass of wine.

“I think to myself, “hey, what a piece of nice young meat,” so I went for it. I was just going to say hi and what not, but guess what? She slapped me in the face! And then her pretty boy came over and kicked me hard. That prick told me his name was Ding Junfei, never heard of him before.”

“Ding Junfei? Isn’t he with that group of youngsters in the Queen’s Hall?” Sister Rouge put in.

“Yea, that sounds right. He said he was in the Queen’s Hall. He is fucking full of himself, that one.” The fat man ranted.

Zhou Tianhao furrowed his brows and looked to Sister Rouge sitting next to him, “Do you know him?”

“I know of him. He used to be one of the regulars. His dad had a small factory, owns a few dozen million of assets.” Sister Rouge crossed her long legs and puffed a cloud of smoke.

Zhou Tianhao pondered a moment and then said with a half smile, “Bring him to me.”

When Yang Chao and his friends made it to the Emperor’s Hall, They were astonished by Zhou Tianhao’s impressive entourage. There was an imperious demeanor in this man that suggested that he was a force to be reckoned with. That being said, almost everyone with Yang Chao came from a powerful and wealthy family, so they were unfazed by the man’s overbearing stare.

“Mister, I have heard that you are looking for my brother Xiao Fei?” Yang Chao said with as much calm as he could muster..

“Yes, but who are you?” Zhou Tianhao was amused by the group of children playing adults.

“My name is Yang Chao. My dad is Yang Yifan of the Tiansheng Hotel. You have my sincere apologies if my friends offended you earlier.” Yang Chao said.

“Yang Yifan?” Zhou Tianhao snorted.

“Even your dad will have to bow to me if he were here. So why should I forgive you?”

“You are?” Yang Chao’s face paled.

“Why didn’t you ask who I am when your friend beat up my guest?” Zhou Tianhao sneered.

Yang Chao’s friends were playboys and valley girls who had never the grittiness of life. They were sons and daughters of the businessman who had to bow to Zhou Tianhao just to make a living.

Yang Chao swallowed hard and looked at his friends around him; to his dismay, he saw only fear in their eyes.

When he heard the man’s name: ‘Zhou Tianhao,’ he knew it wouldn’t end well for him if he didn’t tread carefully from here on. He had heard of the name before and what he had heard when that name was spoken frightened him right now. None of his friends stood up with him, so he had to carry on alone.

“Mister Zhou. I am sorry for what my brother had done to your guest. I sincerely apologize.”

“Fine, I have met your father a couple of times, so I will let the matter rest.” Zhou Tianhao said with a sly smile.

Before a smile broke over Yang Chao’s face, Zhou Tianhao said, “I can let you leave, but those two hotties will have to stay.”

Chapter 12: A Hot Mess

Jiang Churan’s face hardened, and she knew she had got herself into a hot mess.

However, she was not afraid.

Jiang Churan’s father, Jiang Haishan, was near the center of power at the Chu Zhou City. She doubted that Zhou Tianhao dared harm her. However, she wagered that he wouldn’t let her get away easily, either.

Even as Zhou Tianhao’s bodyguard was about to fetch the girls for his boss, someone put a hand in front of him, stopping him cold in the track.

Everyone was surprised by the turn of the event.

They watched as Chen Fan stood beside Jiang Churan and Xu Rongfei, one hand in the pocket and the other reached out, blocking the bodyguard. He turned his head over his shoulder and said to Zhou Tianhao, "Mister Zhou, they are both my friends. Give me some face, and let them go."

"Are you crazy?" Jiang Chuan poked Chen Fan's back and whispered.

It could have been a simple, although unpleasant matter. She would sit down with these disguising old men, have a few drinks with them and endure some uncouth banter and then they should be on their way home. However, Chen Fan's involvement would muddy the water beyond saving.

"Oh? Who are you? Why should I give you face?" Zhou Tianhao's asked coldly. His patience was wearing thin. First, one of his guests was beaten up by them, and now a kid dared to talk to him as if he was his equal. It was as if no one took him seriously any longer.

"Who am I?" Chen Fan pitched his head to a side and pondered for a while:

"I am someone you don't want to mess with."

The boys and girls could only stare at Chen Fan. Most of them were convinced that Chen Fan had one too many at the bar.

"For fuck sake! He is going to get us all killed!" Yang Chao was shocked by Chen Fan's folly. He knew he shouldn't have brought him with them to the KTV.

He was truly frightened by how quickly the situation had escalated. This whole mess wasn't that much of a big deal until Chen Fan rose up to challenge Zhou Tianhao.

Ding Junfei's legs started to tremble; he could not imagine what Zhou Tianhao would do to them next.

"Ha ha ha ha!" Zhou Tianhao laughed out loud. "I can't afford to mess with you?"

He smiled and pointed at Chen Fan; his words were laced with conceit.

"It's over." Knowing the situation was out of control, Jiang Churan shut her eyes as if she was too afraid to see what was going to happen next.

"That, idiot! Even Yang Chao couldn't confront Zhou Tianhao directly. Why would he intervene? It is not the time to play hero. He would only bring all of us more trouble."

Xu Rongfei's face had turned pale. She nudged Jiang Churan and urged: "What should we do? We need to save him!"

“How? Zhou Tianhao might not harm us because of my dad, but Chen Fan had no family in the city. Plus, he had openly spoken up against Zhou Tianhao. He wouldn’t let that slide easily.” Jiang Churan said. “We are so very fucked!”

The bodyguard named A-Biao shouted at Chen Fan, “Kid, you have asked for this!” Then he threw a punch at Chen Fan with an arm that was thicker than Chen Fan’s thighs. His fist wheezed across the air and aimed squarely at Chen Fan’s chest. If this punch stroke home, Chen Fan would break at least a few ribs

Faces behind Chen Fan turned paled, seeing the sudden attack. Many young teenagers stood back to get out of harm’s way.

Xu Rongfei screamed, “Get away!”

To her surprise, Chen Fan turned around and gave her a mischievous smile. “Don’t worry. He is just a piece of cake.”

He reached out one hand and stopped A-Biao’s punch cold in its tracks.

Chen Fan then landed a solid kick on A-Biao, sending the bodyguard flying back.

Under the watch of many incredulous eyes, A-Biao’s body flew back half a dozen meters and slammed to the ground right in front of Zhou Tianhao.

“A-Biao, Are you alright?.” Zhou Tianhao pulled a tout face.

A-Biao felt that he was hit by a motorcycle, and the impact had shifted his innards. Suddenly, a powerful wave of pain shot through his body as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

“He-he actually beat that guy up?” Zhang Yumeng’s eyes were wide open in disbelief as if she had just seen a ghost.

During her brief encounter with Chen Fan, not only she could find nothing extraordinary about this boy, but she was also convinced that he would be forever living at the bottom of the society for the rest of his life. However, it had appeared that she was wrong.

It was such a dramatic turn of event that it was as if a TV show was playing out in front of her.

Yang Chao was also at a loss. The thought of Chen Fan retaliating against him for his previous humiliation gave him the jitters.

Chen Fan closed in onto Zhou Tianhao slowly and then sat right in front of him.

“I hope that was convincing enough for you?”

The room suddenly became pin-drop quiet.

Zhou Tianhao looked at the boy as anger and fear roiled inside him.

He was a shrewd businessman, and therefore he didn't let his feelings show on his face, "Yes, I agree that you are quite a fighter. But you might want to ask around what had happened last time when a martial artist got on my nerves. He is still in jail. We are living in a civilized society now; you can't scare people with muscles. One phone call to my lawyer will put you behind bars for the rest of your life!" A smug smile surfaced on his face as he rolled back into the sofa.

"What did you say?" Chen Fan grunted as he furrowed his brows again. His patience was wearing thin.

"Let them leave, and I will stay here; we have lots to talk about." Chen Fan said thinly.

Chen Fan planned to get Jiang Churan and others out of here first before he solved the problem the old fashion way.

Zhou Tianhao studied Chen Fan's face for a second and then glanced over his shoulder at the group of teenagers.

"Sure, why not. Rouge, let them get the fuck out of my face. While you... like you said, we have LOTS to talk about."

Yang Chao heaved a sigh of relief and got out of the room as quickly as they could.

The situation was beyond their control; the best they could hope for was not to suffer any collateral damage.

Xu Rongfei did not want to go, but she was dragged away by Zhang Yumeng.

Jiang Churan was the last to leave the room. She graced Chen Fan with a concerned glance before she disappeared behind the door. She reckoned that the boy was not at all who she thought he was.

"No wonder he looked so relaxed. But I hope he realized that Zhou Tianhao wouldn't so easily succumb to brute forces alone."

Nonetheless, she reckoned that she could only be a hindrance rather than help to Chen Fan if she stayed. Despite her concern and guilt, she followed her friends out of the room.

It wasn't until Chen Fan saw that everyone had left the room he finally heaved a sigh of relief. He didn't want Jiang Churan and Xu Rongzhen to get involved in this; one was

Auntie Tang's daughter who he had promised to protect, and the other was a lover of his past life.

Chen Fan plastered a smile on his face and was about to use a spell to scare Zhou Tianhao, when his cell phone rang.

Chapter 13: Wei Family Of The North Bank

Chen Fan's brows drew together as he took the phone out of his pocket.

"Xiao Qi?"

The name reminded Chen Fan that he had agreed to meet with Mr. Wei to treat his injury. Having distracted by the incident between Yang Chao and Zhou Tianhao, he nearly forgot about the appointment.

Only with the slightest hesitation, Chen Fan answered the phone.

"Hello, is that Mr. Chen? I am Xiao Qi. I am right by your house, are you ready to go?"

Chen Fan heard Xiao Qi's respectful voice drifted out of the cell phone.

Xiao Qi had been enthralled by Chen Fan's power ever since he witnessed the boy turned the willow leaf into a deadly weapon. He was a professional bodyguard and respected strength and power the most among other things.

"Ah- Sorry! I am not at the Lakeside Community at this moment." Chen Fan was a little embarrassed for having the young man drive all the way to his house for nothing.

"Oh- where are you then? Is there anything I can help with?" Xiao Qi asked haltingly, feeling uncomfortable for poking his nose into the boy's business.

"I am at the New District. I ran into a little... trouble." Chen Fan sat calmly and didn't pay any attention to Zhou Tianhao.

"You are in trouble? Is there anything I can do?" Xiao Qi asked eagerly.

Xiao Qi paused a second to make sure that his words didn't come out wrong. Then he explained: "I just don't want you to be late for the old man's treatment. Although I am just a bodyguard, I am more resourceful than you think."

"Ok, appreciate it! It's nothing serious. I was here at the KTV, and I ran into this businessman named Zhou Tianhao." Chen Fan told Xiao Qi about the incident. Since

Xiao Qi was just a bodyguard, Chen Fan didn't expect him to be able to help him with the situation.

As soon as Chen Fan mentioned the name Zhou Tianhao, he heard Xiao Qi gasped on the other end of the line.

"Do you know him?" Chen Fan asked curiously

"Yes, I will be there in ten minutes." Xiao Qi hurried a reply, "Tell Zhou Tianhao to keep his pants on; I will be there right away."

Chen Fan hung up the phone and was confused by the Xiao Qi's last few words.

It sounded as if Xiao Qi was not only an acquaintance of Zhou Tianhao, but the two also seemed to have a special connection.

Since Xiao Qi knew Zhou Tianhao, it made Chen Fan hesitate to do away with his problem there and then; therefore, he decided to wait until Xiao Qi was here.

Zhou Tianhao watched as Chen Fan finished the phone call. He didn't interrupt the boy thinking there was no need to do so. Seeing that the boy had hung up his mobile phone, he finally spoke with a smug smile on his face, "Well, did you find any helper? "

"Go on; I will not interrupt you. Why don't you call everyone you know and see who would come to your rescue?"

"Well, this friend of mine said that he would be here in ten minutes. He told you to keep—to wait for him" Chen Fan was going to repeat Xiao Chen's words, but then thought better of it.

It was all for the better if Xiao Qi could solve this problem since Chen Fan was not ready to reveal his real power yet.

"Let me wait?" Zhou Tianhao said incredulously. He nodded with his jaw tightened, and then he said, "Ok, I will wait for ten minutes.

"I want to find out who dare cross me in the Chu Zhou City."

And then they waited; no one spoke a word, dragging out the silence.

Chen Fan felt that the quietness in the room was similar to the stifled air before a violent summer downpour. Anger mounted inside of Zhou Tianhao by the second.

In less than ten minutes, they heard a loud commotion coming from outside of the door.

Everyone turned toward the entrance, and they saw a fit young man stormed into the room.

He cast around the Imperial Hall with a placid expression. Afterward, he walked to Chen Fan and greeted him respectfully

“Mr. Chen, are you okay? Did they hurt you?”

“In their dreams.” Chen Fan cracked a smile and then shook his head.

“That’s what I thought. I apologize Mr. Chen. I didn’t mean to undermine your strength.” The young man cracked a smile awkwardly and said. He wrenched his head toward the group of people sitting on the sofa and shouted, “Zhou Tianhao! Are you out of your mind?”

Zhou Tinghao’s face paled as soon as he realized who the young man was. Hearing Xiao Qi’s hot castigation, he jumped out of the sofa and fumbled a reply:” Brother-Qi, how-how, are you doing?”

Zhou Tianhao reckoned that this young man was the bodyguard of the old Don: Mr.Wei.

Xiao Qi sneer at Zhou Tianhao and then answered sarcastically, “I could be better if you didn’t threaten the Old Man’s friend! ”

“Fri-friend? You mean, this boy is Don’s friend?” Zhou Tianhao looked incredulously at Chen Fan and then back at Xiao Qi.

The old Don was almost eighty years old. How could he be friends with a sixteen-years-old kid?

“The Old Man asked me to bring him to the banquet we have prepared for him. I have my car parked downstairs.” Xiao Qiyin said, “Are you questioning me?”

“No-no, not at all!” Zhou Tianhao was already drenched in cold sweat. He knew that the old Audi A6 belonged to the Old Man. It was the first thing he bought after he earned the first pot of gold many years ago. Since it holds a special meaning to the Old Man, he only used it on special occasions. Also, the Old Man rarely asked his personal bodyguard to give anyone a ride unless the guest was of significance to him.

Finally, realization dawned upon Zhou Tianhao: he was messing with the wrong guy. He looked at Chen Fan sheepishly and then said with a pleading voice.

“I didn’t know you are the Old Man’s guest. Stupid me! I sincerely apologize.”

The other guests in the room were stunned by the turn of the event. It was such a surreal scene: the big boss of the city apologized to a 16-year-old no account boy.

They wagered that the boy had to come from an extremely powerful family. Otherwise, Zhou Tianhao would not be so afraid of him.

Seeing the combat suit that Xiao Qi was wearing, everyone kept their silence and dared not to speak a word out loud.

Sister Rouge felt her heart swell in the chest as her body was almost paralyzed by fear.

She had been thinking about calling Zhou Tianhao's boss if the situation got out of control, but never had she expected Zhou Tianhao's employer to show up unasked-for.

"What a mess! Who would have thought that this kid knew the Old Man Wei?"

Hearing Zhou Tianhao's apology, Chen Fan frowned his brows. It occurred to him that he had underestimated the authority of the Old Man.

What a mysterious old gentleman!

"Mr. Chen, what do you want me to do with this guy?" Xiao Qi asked circumspectly.

Xiao Qi didn't want this matter to escalate further, and therefore he had chastised Zhou Tianhao in order to placate Chen Fan. If he really wanted Zhou Tianhao dead, he could have done it swiftly and quietly. However, since Zhou Tianhao also worked for the Old Man and therefore Xiao Qi tried to protect him without siding with him.

Xiao Qi's intention didn't escape Chen Fan. He thought for a second and then said:" Since we all know each other, let's just let the matter rest."

After all, Zhou Tianhao did not harm him. Instead, It was he who had wounded one of his men.

Chen Fan turned to Zhou Tianhao and said, "This is a misunderstanding, let's just call it off. But I don't want you to harass those girls. If I have hurt your feelings, we can sort it out between you and me."

"Yes, yes. I will never touch those girls. I promise!" Zhou Tianhao apologized as sweat ran down from his forehead.

After Chen Fan had left with Xiao Qi, Zhou Tianhao finally heaved a sigh of relief and was able to straighten up his back.

The fat man who was the instigator of this ordeal finally braved a question, "Zhou Tianhao, what just happened?"

Zhou Tianhao shook his head with a wry smile."Boss Zhang, I am sorry, but I really can't help you this time."

The fat man's shiny forehead puckered as he asked, "Who is that kid? Why are you so afraid of him?"

Zhou Tianhao did not speak; he looked around him and then glanced at Sister Rouge.

Sister Rouge picked up the cue, and she ordered everyone else to leave the room until only four were left in the room: the fat man, Zhou Tianhao, Sister Rouge and another girl in a white dress.

Zhou Tianhao sat on the sofa and sipped a cup of red wine poured by the Sister Rouge. It took him a while to gather himself and then he said slowly, "I don't know who that kid is. But I know the person who came for him. He works for my boss's boss."

"Oh? May I ask which family did he came from" The fat man asked curiously.

Zhou Tianhao paused a few cautious moments and then said, "Wei family."

"Wei Family?" The fat man murmured to himself, and then suddenly he seemed to remember something:

"The Wei Family of the North Bank? The mighty martial family?"

"That's right." Zhou Tianhao nodded and smiled wryly. "That young man who I called 'Brother Qi ' was the Old Man's personal bodyguard. I have only met him twice."

As reality set in, the fat man felt that his hair stood on its ends.

The Wei Family of the North Bank was a powerful family that hailed from the Hu Dong Province. Their money was old, and so was their family history. He was just an overnight-rich from a small coal-mining village in Shanxi Province. Even the thought of meeting a member of the powerful family gave him the chills.

The fat man had never been so scared while he was out and about in another province. He could always run back to his hometown. However, the Wei Family's power extended all the way to his home province. There was nowhere he could run.

"Shit!" The fat man cursed.

Chapter 14: Secret Art of the Wei

Meanwhile, Chen Fan was already on his way to the Wei residence.

Xiao Qi did not drive the Range Rover this time, but an old Audi A6 which was much cheaper than the Rover.

However, from the old but carefully dusted license plate to the original interior decorations that were still in pristine condition, Chen Fan could tell that this car was much closer to Mr. Wei's heart than the Range Rover.

Xiao Qi pulled down the rearview mirror to look at Chen Fan and then said:

"I assume you have already guessed who my boss is?"

Chen Fan nodded.

He had finally remembered who the elderly man was.

"Wei Fu!"

He was one of the most famous people in the Chu Zhou City who had later become a household name across China. No wonder that Chen Fan felt the name sounded so familiar when he first heard it.

Chu Zhou City was located in the northern part of Hudong Province. The economy was mediocre at best. Wei Fu was the only famous person that came from this city in the recent century.

Rumor had it that he was from a mysterious family that no one knew a lot about. When he was young, he started a business from scratch and had become the richest man in the city in the late seventies.

In the 1980s, his business really started to take off, and before long, he had accumulated so much wealth that no one knew how rich he was.

No wonder Zhou Tianhao was scared shitless when he saw Brother Qiao. On the other hand, the incident also seemed to suggest that Zhou Tianhao had a very special connection with House Wei as well.

Mr. Wei was a household name, if not a local hero. How come he would meddle with thugs such as Zhou Tianhao? Chen Fan furrowed his brows. Xiao Qi noticed Chen Fan's concern, so he explained:

"Old man has three sons and two daughters. The eldest son turned out to be successful, and the second son is not so bad either.

"But the third son is a tool, lazy and spoiled. He had opened his own company that deals with the most unsavory characters in the city. So far, he had been doing well thanks to his familial connections. Zhou Tianhao works for that prick."

Even an outsider such as Xiao Qi could not stand Wei Lao's third son. It was evident that the youngest son was not at all like by his father.

Chen Fan nodded to acknowledge that he had caught Xiao Qi's drift.

Once the car hit the highway that surrounded the lake, it headed deep into the misty mountain. After a while, Xiao Qi pulled the car over in front of a large brick building with green metal roof tiles.

"Mr. Wei has many health complications. Therefore he mostly stayed inside of this wellness treatment center." Xiao Qi parked the car and led Chen Fan into the building.

The path that led to the entrance of the main hall was quiet, and Chen Fan saw many old men and women accompanied by nurses in white scrubs. Most of the seniors he saw were well into their seventies or eighties and had chosen this peaceful place to spend the rest of their lives.

"The environment here is superb! Perfect for recovery." Chen Fan exclaimed as he marveled at the grand vision and artistic style of the designer of this facility.

When he finally saw Mr. Wei, he found out that the elderly man was practicing calligraphy. Zi Qing stood beside her grandpa and was producing ink by gently grinding the ink stick on the ink box

Chen Fan studied Mr. Wei's calligraphy work and was amazed by its fine quality. It was evident that Mr. Wei had been practicing the art for at least a few decades.

"Mr. Chen seems to be well versed in the art of calligraphy as well?" Mr. Wei set his brush aside and asked with a welcoming smile.

The elderly man wore a set of loose shirt and pants that were often worn by seniors who practice Tai Chi. The flowy suit had made Mr. Wei look much more relaxed than when he was in the transitional suit. Chen Fan wagered that there was no harm in loosening up a bit when he was home.

"I'm not really good at it."

Chen Fan said, and he was telling the truth. Let it be calligraphy, painting, or music; he had no talent nor interest in any of them in his past life.

"I thought you are supposed to treat my grandpa today, where are your instruments such as acupuncture needles and what not?" Wei Ziqing put in abruptly. Something about Chen Fan was getting on her nerves, but she couldn't put the finger on it.

Chen Fan found out that she was wearing a set of casual-looking outfit. She was in a white slim-fit t-shirt with and wore a pair of hot pants that revealed two long and slender thighs. Compared to her morning exercise outfit; this drastically different style had brought a gorgeous woman out of her.

"My healing method does not require acupuncture nor massage." Chen Fan shook his head.

"Here, look." Chen Fan handed Mr. Wei a booklet. On the cover, it read, "Secret Art of the Wei."

This secret art was an internal force technique that Chen Fan had created by improving Wei Fu's existing technique. Chen Fan had given it a name that he thought was the most appropriate.

"What is this?" Wei Fu accepted the booklet perplexedly. However, as soon as he started reading it, the confused expression on his face changed into disbelief.

"What's wrong, grandpa?" Ziqing asked.

After Wei Fu was done reading the last page, he closed the booklet as well as his eyes and fell into deep thoughts. After a while, he finally heaved a sigh and opened his eyes.

He turned to Chen Fan and bowed deeply to him, "Thank you, Mr. Chen. I will never forget what you have done for me."

"It's nothing. Fate had brought you and me together, and so I can't sit around and watch you suffer." Chen Fan accepted the elderly man's bow and replied.

"Grandpa, why did you bow to him? What has he done for you?"

Ziqiong quickly helped Wei Fu straighten his back from the deep bow. She managed to shoot Chen Fan a hot glance, blaming him for shamelessly, letting an old man bow to him.

Chen Fan cracked a smile as he lamented the girl's hardheadedness. Not long ago, when she was pleading with Chen Fan to save her grandfather, her face was all smiles; but as soon as she found out that things were not what she expected, the smile on her face evaporated in a blink.

"Mr. Chen, why don't you explain it to Ziqing for me." Mr. Wei said with a smile.

Chen Fan said slowly, "Your grandfather's injury is mainly caused by two things. One is the injury he had sustained when he was young. Since he had let the injury slide when it first happened, the condition of his lungs had deteriorated beyond help.

"The second factor was his technique in drawing internal forces. Every time he channeled his internal force out of his system, he risked, damaging his lung by a small degree. Over time, he had caused great harm to his already weakened lungs."

"If that's the case, are my lungs damaged as well?" Wei Ziqing asked.

"In theory, yes. But I don't think you are powerful enough to cause any real harm to your lungs yet." Chen Fan shrugged.

Wei Ziqing rolled her eyes at Chen Fan as she was told that her incompetence was a blessing in disguise.

Mr. Wei nodded. "My parents had warned me of the danger in following the family art of channeling internal force. But I had no choice, it was either use it or die. It was also because of that reason that I had never taught any of my children the family technique. If Ziqing weren't so insistent, I was ready to take the family art with me to my grave." The elderly man said.

"What is that booklet?" Wei Ziqing asked curiously.

"This booklet contained the revised version of your family's art. It should be harmless now." Chen Fan said.

"Not only was it harmless, but it was also much more powerful than our original version. I truly admire your impressive knowledge of martial arts!" Wei Fu said emotionally.

The Wei family had been refining the art for over hundreds of years, yet they had failed even to make it safe for practice. However, this boy had spent only a few days and had completely overhauled the art, making it better, safer, and stronger than it ever was.

"I don't remember you ever tell him anything about our art? How did he change anything without even knowing it?" Wei Ziqing was very confused.

"That's what the difference is between you and a grandmaster." Wei Fu shook his head and said admiringly. "Only a grand master was able to understand one art by simply looking at it once. They are martial arts geniuses who were able to establish their own schools and create new arts."

Chen Fan waved a reply, "As I said, I am just a monk, not a master."

"If you can do what a master could, then what difference does a title make?" Wei Fu laughed.

"I didn't expect you to be so powerful." Having been convinced by her grandpa, Wei Ziqing, who thought she had never liked Chen Fan finally felt a measure of respect for the boy.

Chen Fan smiled and said, "Ah, by the way, this is the less Essence Enhancing Pill, there are ten of them." Chen Fan fished out a glass bottle from his pocket and handed it to Wei Ziqing. "Make sure you take this pill once every couple days. With the help of the new art, you should recover very quickly."

“If I have more money, I would be able to create a more powerful version of the Essence Enhancing Pill. Those pills are so powerful that they could bring the dead back to life, much less curing your ailment.”

“Really?” Wei Ziqing held on to the glass bottle like the greatest treasure in the world. However, she still managed to fire back at Chen Fan: “Are you selling us snake oil?”

“Whatever.” Chen Fan gave her a shrug while Wei Ziqing pouted in reply.

“This little prick is so annoying.” Wei Ziqing cursed in her mind. “Why does he always have to be right? Did he know anything about how to talk to a lady?”

“I don’t think this is snake oil. Why don’t you tell us what kind of ingredients is required to make those pills, perhaps we could help each other” Mr. Wei put in.

“Sure, I can give you the recipe. But, except for me, no one on this planet knows how to make these pills.” Chen Fan said readily.

He then grabbed a piece of paper and wrote down the list of ingredients.

Creating the Essence Enhancing Pill required special Dharmic arts known only to high-level cultivators; without it, the expensive ingredients would be wasted.

Mr. Wei scanned the recipe and found out that the pill not only required some of the rarest herbs, but these herbs also needed to be over a few hundred years old. He reckoned that it would take even the Wei Family a while to gather these herbs, much less a poor teenage boy. Mr. Wei nodded and then handed the list to Xiao Qi. He ordered Xiao Qi to start working on acquiring those herbs.

“I have done my part; now I have some questions for you about the world of martial arts and how it works.” Chen Fan said.

Wei Lao nodded and said, “I knew you would ask me this.”

Chapter 15: Martial Arts Transcendent Master

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Chen Fan left the wellness center satisfied.

Mr. Wei had told him everything he wanted to know. He had learned that Martial Arts had a long history. It was likely an offshoot branch of some secret cultivation sect thousands of years ago. The cultivation techniques were generalized and simplified by the martial artists, so much so that they had come up with a system of their own.

The last heyday of the martial arts was during the chaotic time of the early 20th century, right after the collapse of the mighty Qin dynasty.

There had been many grandmasters during that time. However, the ensuing war with Japan had halted the development of martial arts ever since. By then, there was only a handful of martial arts grandmasters left in China.

The power of martial artists was divided into three levels.

External Strength, Internal Force, Transcendent State.

Majority of the martial artists in the world were of the first level: the External Strength. Let it be the Eagle Claw, Hong's Fists or Tan's kicks, all of those famous martial arts focused on the power and resilience of human flesh.

Only a very few schools of martial arts advanced into the second level: internal force — schools such as the Neijia, and other secret family arts.

The Internal Force level was also divided into four sub-levels: Entry, Initial Success, Phenomenal Success, and Perfected. Chen Fan wagered that Mr. Wei was of the Phenomenal Success level.

The cultivation of the Internal Force was difficult. Wei Ziqin, for example, had started practicing under her grandpa ever since she was a child, and she didn't reach the Entry Level until she was twenty, still being far away from achieving Initial Success.

There were only a very few martial artists left in China who still possessed the Internal Force; the number was even smaller in the Hu Dong Province.

Besides the grandpa-granddaughter pair, the only other person who claimed to have learned the art of Internal Force in the Chu Zhou City was the owner of the Wei Sheng Martial Arts Club. However, Mr. Wei never considered the owner of the club an Internal Force Cultivator due to his meager power.

Even after one had achieved the Perfected state, a martial artist with internal force could not dodge a bullet. Since decades of martial arts training could be easily undermined by the use of guns, the martial arts had become obsolete, and fewer and fewer people practiced it.

However, Mr. Wei believed that a martial artist would be practically invincible once he or she reached the transcendent state.

The transcendent master was protected by the Qi of Righteousness from any physical harms.

That being said, Mr. Wei conceded that it had become very rare to find a transcendent master during this day and age. Chen Fan was the first transcendent master he had seen in the eighty years of his life.

“Mr. Wei also mentioned that there was another level of martial arts beyond even the Transcendent State, and it was called the Immortal State, in which the martial artist could wield unimaginable power. However, Mr. Wei seemed to believe that this was just a legend since no one had ever seen a martial artist in such a level before.” Chen Fan reminded himself.

If the Internal Force corresponded to Foundation Establishment and Transcendent State corresponded to the ethereal enlightenment, then the Immortal State’s cultivation counterpart should be the Ethereal Enlightenment.

Once a martial artist reached the Divine Sea level, he could perform various miracles even without having learned any Dharmic formulation.

However, since the martial artist in the transcendent state were considered rare, Chen Fan doubted that he would find someone who was in the immortal state.

Chen Fan shook his head and decided to let the matter rest for now. There were too many unknowns in history and even more in the future, and therefore, it was impossible for Chen Fan to be sure if there was an immortal level martial artist.

Chen Fan left the wellness center not only with the answers he had been seeking but also a personal gift from Mr. Wei.

It was a key to a mansion in the Yunwu mountain.

Mr. Wei told him that this mansion was a gift from his delinquent youngest son. Since he was already too old to stay in a mansion by himself, he decided to regift the mansion to Chen Fan. It also served as an apology for the trouble that Zhou Tianhao had caused for him.

Chen Fan didn’t refuse the expensive gift as a normal person would. Instead, he accepted the gift as if it was just a pat on the shoulder. As a former Celestial Lord, the mansion was not a big deal.

Chen Fan knew that what he had done for the old man was worth much more than a mansion. He not only helped Mr. Wei with his deteriorating symptom but also found and corrected the root-cause in his family art. The new art was not only much safer than its previous version but was also much more powerful. With the new art, Mr. Wei could finally have a chance in ascending to the Transcendent State.

Plus, Chen Fan was certain that it was not the last time he would have to help Mr. Wei.

With the brimming confidence of a Celestial Lord, Chen Fan accepted the gift.

Wei Ziqing and her grandpa sat inside of a pavilion and watched as Chen Fan left the wellness center. Wei Ziqing furrowed her brows and complained, “Grandpa, don’t you think that the last gift was a little over-the-top? It was the best mansion on the entire mountain, and it was worth over thirty million yuan. It was a gift from the developer to uncle, and then he had given it to you. You knew that Ziping and Auntie wanted it for themselves, so why didn’t you give it to members of our family but a stranger?”

“Even if he had cured your lungs, a mansion was still too much for what he had done, don’t you think? A few million yuan would be more than enough, in my honest opinion.” Ziqin asked; she was at a loss by her grandfather’s extravagant gift.

“Just the booklet he had given me alone was worth more than ten of those mansions.” Mr. Wei narrowed his eyes and replied. The shrewd expression on his face was typical of him when he had made a great business deal.

“The revised art would allow our family clan to prosper for another hundred years at least.

“You still have no idea what a Transcendent Master means.” Mr. Wei said in a respectful tone.

“Transcendent Master?” Wei Ziqing murmured. “Haven’t you just told us what it was? You said that although the Transcendent Master was able to withstand physical harm using the Qi of Righteousness, they were incredibly rare. I mean, even if he was a Transcendent Master, so what?”

“I have investigated into the boy’s background, and he seemed to be from a very ordinary family. Grandpa, do you want to be friends with him only because he was a Transcendent Master?”

Using the Wei family’s resources, Ziqing had to find out everything about Chen Fan’s dad’s side of the family. However, the Wang family was too powerful for Ziqin to poke her nose into.

“It’s not as easy as you think.” Mr. Wei shook his head and then turned to face his lovely granddaughter.

Of all the youngest generations of his household, Ziqin was the only one who remained by his side. While her cousins were busy making money and enjoying their lives, she stayed beside grandpa and studied martial arts.

Touched by her granddaughter’s devotion to the family art, Mr. Wei decided to reveal more to her.

“Do you remember Ye Nantian?” Mr. Wei asked.

“Ye Nantian from the Yanjin City?” Wei Ziqin asked curiously.

“Yes. You might not be aware that he was also a grandmaster of martial arts.” Mr. Wei nodded and said

“How-how, is that possible?” Ziqin’s mouth was wide open in sheer surprise.

Although Ziqin was not a full-time martial artist, she had trained under her grandfather ever since she was a child, and therefore she had heard a lot about Ye Nantian from her grandfather.

To Ziqin, Ye Nantian was a legend, and she practically grew up listening to stories about him.

In all of those stories, Ye Nantian was invincible.

Some stories said that he had made it out of the jungle in Southeast Asia with only one small dagger.

Another story claimed that he went deep into a desolate borderland area and had survived over six months without any provision.

He was the paragon of strength and mettle; a reincarnation of the War God, just like Lu Bu or Zhang Fei during the ancient time.

“So the stories about Ye Nantian are real?” Wei Ziqin asked her grandfather, incredulously.

She was convinced that those stories were nothing but high tales, if not nationalist propaganda. However, Wi Fu nodded with a hard face and then said: “Not only were those stories real, but there were many more that I haven’t told you yet.

“Otherwise, why would everyone call him the War God?”

The thought of Ye Nantian made Wui Fu release a poignant sigh.

“Is a Transcendent Master really that powerful?” Wei Ziqing still found it hard to believe. However, since her grandpa was already convinced of its power, she conceded that she didn’t have much choice.

It was her curiosity that had led her to follow her grandfather’s footsteps; but later, it was the sense of fulfillment that had kept her going. Never had she thought that practicing martial arts could make her an invincible warrior.

“A Transcendent Master alone was not the most deadly power in the world, a fully armored one was.” Wei Fu murmured.

Hearing her grandfather’s words, an image came to We Ziqing’s mind: a Transcendent Master wearing bulletproof vests and was wielding powerful guns in both hands. The image had sent a chill down her spine.

If what her grandfather said about the power of the Transcendent Masters were true, then so should be the stories about Ye Nantian.

It was hard for her to imagine what would happen when such a mighty warrior fought in a real war,

“Ye Nantian was not the only one. Do you remember Uncle Wu from your brother Xiao’s family?” Mr. Wei added

“Yes.” We Ziqin nodded, face blushing.

“He is also a transcendent master.” Mr. Wei Said quietly.

The redness on the girl’s face suddenly disappeared after the shocking revelation.

Chapter 16: First Day School

When her grandfather was young and first started his company, Xiao’s grandfather and Xiaoqin’s grandfather were partners.

By then, not only had Mr. Wei become a powerful business magnate, but all of his old friends had also become powerful and influential individuals. Even though most of them were already retired, their influences were still huge.

The Xiao Family was also a powerful household in the city of Yanjin.

Brother Xiao was one of the elites among the second and the third generations of all the prominent families in Yanjin.

When Wei Ziqin was just a little girl, she had met Brother Xiao when she followed her grandfather to visit his old friends. From then on, Brother Xiao had left a deep impression on the girl’s mind.

However, even though Brother Xiao was the direct offspring of the family, he would have to bow respectfully to the reticent middle-aged man who accompanied his grandfather and call him “Uncle Wu.” It was evident to even a young girl that Mr. Wu held a respectable status in the Xiao Family.

“Grandpa, are you hoping to rope in that boy close to you like the Xiao family did to uncle Wu?” Wei Ziqin asked curiously.

“Haha, you think too little of your grandmaster.” Wei Fu smiled and then shook his head. “My old buddy had saved Mr. Wu’s family once, and therefore, Mr. Wu was willing to serve House Xiao. Otherwise, however powerful the Xiao Family was, they would not be able to have the servitude of a Transcendent Master.”

“I have given him the mansion as a token of goodwill. We are the first great family he had ever met, and we shouldn’t pass up this opportunity to befriend him.” Wei Fu lolled in a rocking chair and fanned his long beard with a Chinese hand fan. He looked like an astute strategist who had everything under his control.

Wei Ziqin nodded. Although her grandfather’s real intention still escaped her, she at least had gained a much better understanding of Chen Fan and his abilities.

She would never have thought that this annoying boy was as powerful as the person who impressed her father, grandfather and even Brother Xiao.

“Plus, he is so young. Even if he were not as powerful as Ye Nantian or Mr. Wu, he would surpass their ability one day.” Mr. Wei heaved a sigh as he marveled at the infinite potential of this young man.

“You mean, he can achieve the Immortal State?” Wei Ziqin asked incredulously as disbelief flickered in her eyes.

It was hard for her to imagine the power of the Immortal State after knowing the incredible power of a Transcendent Master.

“Unbelievable! Will he be able to fly in the sky and tunnel through the earth?”

“Immortal State?” The old man let out a quiet laugh. “We don’t even know if such a thing exists or not. I always believed that that was nothing but high tales.”

Suddenly, as if something had caught the elderly man’s attention. He looked over his shoulder into the distance as a strange emotion flashed across his face.

The next day, Chen Fan received a phone call. To his surprise, it was from Jiang Churan.

Jiang Churan called to check on him and see if he was alright after last night’s ordeal. She also invited him over to join her and two friends for lunch.

Chen Fan declined the invitation as politely as he could.

Although he didn't appreciate the way those girls had treated him last night, as a Celestial Lord, he would not care about those frivolous matters. He didn't want to join them for lunch because he didn't want to be bored again.

Jiang Churan hung up the phone disappointedly as she resented the boy in her mind. "Ok, so he is strong, so what?. How dare he reject my invitation. I was even going to apologize for last night because I took pity on him. But I guess I was just thinking too much!"

Despite her resentful sentiment, the thought of Chen Fan's heroic rescue last night made her heart skip a beat.

After Chen Fan hung up the phone, he felt his life was once again returned to normal.

Fast-forward the time to September 1st, the first day back to school...

By then, Chen Fan had almost finished the entry-stage of the Foundation Establishment, and he was only one step away from the mid-stage of the first level.

After his morning cultivation, Chen Fan walked along the Yangui Lake highway to his high school.

Ivy League High School was a private high school and was a well known upper-class academy. It ranked number one at Chu Zhou City both in terms of hardware facilities as well as the skills of teachers. There were only two kinds of people who could be admitted into this school: the geniuses and the rich kids.

On his way to school, Chen Fan saw many luxury vehicles whizzing pass him towards Ivy League High. Some kids were given a ride by their parents, and some were by their private chauffeurs.

"Was I in class group number nine in my past life?" Chen Fan felt like he was taking a trip down memory lane when he entered school. The Oxford style school uniforms and the familiar gardens by the entrance made him felt that he was in a *deja vu*.

When he arrived in his class, he found out that the classroom was only half full.

Everyone in the class was in school uniforms and were of above average looks. All of the boys were tall and handsome, and all the girls were pretty and innocent. Above all, they all shared a common trait: they all looked rich.

"What a shame that I had never paid much attention to the girls in my class during my past life. Some of them are drop-dead divas."

Chen Fan noticed that no one seemed to have paid attention to him when he walked in. They were too busy chatting with each other, talking about their vacations aboard during the summer break.

“Are you looking for someone?” A girl had finally noticed him.

“I am new.” Chen Fan shrugged, He spotted the seat that he had used to sit in his past life and sat down.

Some girls managed to grace him with a glance in between their chattering but seeing his pedestrian-look and ordinary outfit, their interest in the new boy evaporated as quickly as they ditched their last boyfriend.

“Balls! I thought we are going to have a pretty new girl. What a bummer!” Chen Fan heard a loud sigh next to him.

The boy sitting next to him had well-defined features, but his overall appearance suffered from a pale complexion and dark circles around his eyes.

Chen Fan cracked a smile and kept his silence.

After some time, the head teacher Xue Hanzhi arrived.

She was wearing a black dress and had a cold cast to her stone-chiseled face. Xue Hanzhi was a graduate of the Ivy League High. By now, she was the assistant to the school principal. Being the head teacher of class number nine was only a transitional job for her.

She nodded at Chen Fan, willing him to stand up and introduce himself.

Unimpressed by what Chen Fan had to say, most students kept on chattering quietly.

Even after Chen Fan had finished his self-introduction, he was rewarded with only some sporadic and halting claps.

“Your name is Chen Fan? Your self-introduction is lame, man. You have to be cool on your first day. The first impression is the most important to girls.” Jiang Tanqiu shot the new boy a sidelong glance as he spoke.

“Whatever, it’s not important any longer. My name is Jiang Tanqiu; they call me the “club prince.” ”

Chen Fan nearly rolled his eyes at him. ” *Of course I know who you are!*”

“We had been sitting next to each other for a whole year, and at the end, we were practically joined at the hip! You remained my friend even when I was down on my luck.

“Later, you got yourself into some deep shit in the club over a girl, and even your father couldn’t get you out of jail. When I lost everything and came back to Chu Zhou City, I found you in no better shape than me. We have spent so many intoxicated nights together, hating the world and resenting everyone around us.

“You always told me that if you were given another life, you would never do anything for that girl who ruined your life. Well, my friend, I will see to it that you do that this time.”

Despite the roiling emotions inside of him, Chen Fan didn’t say a thing.

He wagered that this cocky boy might not even see him as a friend yet.

After a few moments of silence, Jiang Tanqiu started to lose his interest in the new student.

“Fine, fine. I will have to show you the ropes; let me fill you in!”

“Most of the girls in our class are pretty, but the prettiest of all, the crown jewel, the cream of the crop, is our class leader: Chang Wen. Look, she is right there.”

So saying, he pointed at a beautiful girl sitting upright in her seat.

“Chang Wen is not only the class leader but also the host of the school evening party. She is the leader of all the girls in our class. In our entire grade, only two other girls were considered more popular than her: Xu Rongfei and Jiang Churan.

“Of course, I suggest you stay away from them. One of them had already landed a role in a TV show. The money she makes every year was enough to buy a BMW. ” The thought of Xu Rongfei made Jiang Tanqiu’s eyes glint.

Chen Fan cracked a smile. He wanted to tell him that Xu Rongfei had almost become his girl, but he thought better of it.

The thought of his past made him feel depressed, much less talking about it.

Jiang Tanqiu continued, “Another word of caution. Do Not Piss Off The Girls! They know every girl on the school, so if they don’t like you, then you have no chance of getting any girl’s attention on campus.”

“Thank you for the heads up.” Chen Fan nodded.

He gave Chang Wen another few cautious glances, and he had to agree with Jiang Tanxiu that she was one of the best-looking girls in school.

“Um-um... not her either. Chang Wen is also way out of your league. She wouldn't even be interested in me, much less you.” Jiang Taniu said after he noticed Chan Fen's interest in Cheng Wen.

Chen Fan cracked a smile. Jiang Tanxiu didn't change at all; he still had a pair of sharp eyes and an even sharper tongue.

“Chang Wen had his eyes set on Si Yinxia.” Jiang Taniu lamented. “But that jerk thinks he is too good to be with anyone.”

Right after Jiang Tanxiu had spoken, he pointed his lips toward the entrance and said, “There he is.”

Chapter 17: Hero To The Rescue

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Chen Fan looked toward the entrance, and he saw a slender boy carrying a shoulder bag standing on the threshold. His long hair band fell loosely over his forehead, covering one of his eyes. However, the hair was not able to conceal his elegant and well-defined face.

“Come on in.”

Xue Hanzhi said with a smile; a rare sight on her hard face.

The boy was the best student and had earned many prizes during the national math competition. He was already guaranteed to be admitted to the Qing Hua University. Therefore, although he was late for class, Xue Hanzhi did not mind the minor faux pas at all.

The handsome teenager walked across the classroom, soaking in the adoring gazes from girls.

The sight of the boy also heightened the spirit of the class leader, Chang Wen. She glued her eyes on the beautiful boy, and infatuation was written all over her face.

“This guy is not only handsome but was also extremely smart! He achieved the best score in every single exam. What's even more infuriating was that he never studies! Like, NEVER! He could spend the night before the exam in the web-cafe playing Dota and still get an A+ on the exam.” Jiang Tanxiu said bitterly.

“He also plays the vanguard on the school basketball team. Most of the girl who joined the cheerleaders did so because of him and Yang Chao.”

After he had finished his rant, Jiang Tanqiu heaved a sigh and then said, “Fortunately, he likes Miss Xu, and all the girls knew it. Otherwise, we would never get a chance at any of the girls.”

Chen Fan’s lips curled into a smile.

Seeing that Chen Fan didn’t take his words seriously, Jiang Tanqiu shot him a hot glance and asked: “You don’t seem to care that much about Si Yinxia, don’t you?”

Chen Fan said faintly: “Why should I?”

In Chen Fan’s past life, Si Ying Xia was the most popular boy in the entire twelfth grade. Just like Jiang Tanqiu, Chen Fan had also envied him greatly. However, he was a different person now, and in his eyes, Si Yingxia was no different than anyone else. His old friend Jiang Tanqiu, on the other hand, was much closer to his heart than Si Yinxia.

“Buzz off. Are you always so pretentious and cocky?” Jiang Tanqiu complained. “I don’t like him either, but at least I admit that he is talented in his own right.”

Chen Fan cracked a smile and did not respond.

Jiang Tanqiu furrowed his brow as he felt this new boy was arrogant. However, he kept his opinion to himself.

Therefore, Chen Fan’s high school life had finally begun.

Since he was a transfer student and was very quiet, most of his classmates didn’t pay much attention to him. Chang Wen had taken the new boy’s reticence as shyness and thought that he was a push-over; therefore she had assigned Chen Fan cleaning duties that no one wanted to take on, such as sweeping the floor and so on.

Unlike the twelfth grade in the public schools, The Ivy League High School let the students off school very early. Academic achievement was not the only method for success for these privileged teenagers from rich families. Many had already decided to study abroad as soon as the high school was over. They had many more options and much less pressure compared to normal high school students.

On one evening—like many evenings before it—Chen Fan walked along the lakeside path toward home after he had finished the cleaning duty. Suddenly, he heard a faint cry for help.

Chen Fan furrowed his brows and dashed toward the patch of cattails where the distress cry came from.

When he was close enough, he saw a man in his thirties, wearing a patched camouflage coat and he had pressed a woman under his chest. One of his hands

covered the woman's mouth, trying to suppress her cries. The woman's clothes were in tatters; she waved two naked arms helplessly in the air, struggling to break free from the man's hold.

"Stop!" Chen Fan shouted.

The man was startled. With only the slightest hesitation, he let go of the woman and ran away.

Chen Fan snorted; Using his toes, he flicked a piece of stone off the ground and kicked it. The stone shot toward the man like a bullet and landed squarely on his back.

"OUCH!" The man screamed and fell to the ground. With great pain and difficulty, he managed to get back on his feet and ran away.

Chen Fan let him escape and didn't chase after him.

The kick he had delivered was packed with True Essence. The man had already sustained major internal trauma. His life was at stake if he didn't go to the hospital right away.

"Are you alright?" Chen Fan asked the woman on the ground.

Upon closer look, he found out that the woman was around twenty-seven or so and was extraordinarily beautiful. She was wearing dark and heavy makeup and a flaming red short skirt. She made Chen Fan think of the girls who work at nightclubs.

"Why would she dress up like this and walk by herself in the middle of nowhere?" Chen Fan lamented.

Having realized that she was saved, the woman finally was able to gather herself. It wasn't until Chen Fan had helped her to her feet that the woman noticed that her savior was a high school student. She said gratefully: "Thank you so much! If not for you, I would have been..."

Tears pour out from her eyes, and she couldn't even finish her words.

"It's okay now. You are unharmed." Chen Fan said.

The two then started talking as the woman slowly recover from the trauma.

Through the conversation, Chen Fan learned that this woman's name was Chen Ying, and she was the owner of a night club. She usually drove home after work, but tonight she had been drinking with friends. Since her bar was not very far from her home, she decided to brave the walking path.

Chen Ying seemed calm, but her voice was still trembling.

If not for the boy from the Ivy League High School, she would have been raped or even worse. Although she owned a bar, she was not as promiscuous as some of her customers.

The more she talked to Chen Fan, the more appreciative she became for his rescue. She was slightly surprised when she heard that he, too, lived in the Lakeside Community.

"I live here too; what are the odds!" Chen Ying batted her lashes as she was convinced that it was fate that had brought the two of them here.

The two walked along the highway together toward the lakeside community. Having finally recovered from the traumatic experience, Chen Ying's sharp sense in people came back to her.

"Xiao Fan said he was an Ivy League student, but which one of those spoiled brats would choose to walk home? Judging by the clothes he wore, he is not rich by any stretch of the imagination."

When she saw Chen Fan, not only did she see a boy trying to fit in, but also her former-self when she left her hometown in the countryside to work in the city alone. She suddenly felt sorry for the boy.

When they reached the community gate and was about to bid farewell, Chen Ying said: "Xiao Fan, have you ever thought about working part-time?"

"Working part-time?" Chen Fan was caught off guard by the question.

"Yes, you can work for me. I own a bar called Coco near the university-town. It's very close to your school so you can walk to work every day. I can offer you the normal monthly salary of the waiter plus 3000-yuan commission." Chen Ying said carefully. She didn't want to hurt the fragile self-esteem of a millennial.

"Um..." Chen Fan was amused by the offer: A Celestial Lord working in a bar as a waiter.

Nonetheless, Chen Ying's intentions were good. The money she offered was generous considering it was 2007.

Seeing the boy hesitated, Chen Ying added: "You can rest assured that there is no funny business in my bar. My customers are mostly students. Plus, I am still scared after what had happened. I need your protection."

Seeing the sincerity in Chen Ying's eyes, Chen Fan nodded and said: "Okay, thank you, Sister Ying."

"Remember to come to work tomorrow. The bar is called Coco. Ask for me when you get there." Chen Ying said with a broad smile on her face.

Chapter 18: Long Time No See

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The next day, Chen Fan headed towards Coco bar, right after dinner around seven.

University-town was a suburban area surrounded by several colleges and universities.

There were the Chu Zhou University, Chu Zhou City Teacher's University, Chu Zhou Engineering College, Chu Zhou City College, and the Chu Zhou City Health Science School. In fact, the Ivy League High School was technically within the jurisdiction of the University-town. Unlike the Ivy League High School which was located at the edge of the University-town, Coco bar was right at the center of it.

"Coco bar is not small by any stretch of the imagination. It is probably the third largest bar within a few blocks stretch. It's only seven pm, and the bar is already packed." Chen Fan thought to himself.

When he walked into the bar, he found out that Sister Ying had told him the truth. There was no ear-deafening bass nor scantily clad girls in the bar.

This was a bar for relaxing and meeting up with friends, not for picking up random girls. Like Sister Ying had told Chen Fan, many customers were university students.

Chen Fan nodded approvingly, and then he stopped a waitress that walked past him: "Excuse me; I am the cousin of Sister Ying. She told me to come here to look for her."

He told the girl exactly what Chen Ying had told him to say. The waitress was a beautiful girl in her early twenties. Chen Fan wagered that she was a student from the college working part-time at the bar. Surprise flashed across her face, and she said: "You are Sister Ying's cousin? Hmm... high school uniform... Are you still in high school?"

"Everyone calls me Ziqi, but you can call me Sister Ziqi. I will take you to your cousin."

"Ziqi, What's going on?" A young man with a pale face and a pair of sunken eyes came over to the girl and asked hotly.

“Ah? Boss Yang!” Ziqi was startled by the young man, and she hurried a reply, “This is the Sister Ying’s cousin. He is here for her.”

“Well, take him to her then, don’t dawdle! The customers are waiting.” Boss Yang refuted annoyedly.

“Yes.” Ziqi lowered her head and replied.

After Boss Yang was gone, she spat out her tongue and said to Chen Fan mischievously: “Boss Yang is the vice manager of our bar. We heard that he knows some important people in the city and he owns a significant portion of the bar’s share. Don’t let him scare you; he just likes to bark at people.”

Chen Fan smiled and didn’t speak. He reckoned that the girl had to be a very easy going person to stomach a douchebag boss.

When Chen Fan arrived at the general manager’s office on the second floor, a broad smile broke over Sister-Ying’s face. Greetings over, she asked Ziqi to take Chen Fan downstairs and introduce him to everyone.

Later, Chen Fan learned that he was going to be the Fruit Boy, and his job was simple: holding the platter of fruits when the customers ordered their food.

“There are three people in our bar who you don’t want to mess with. Sister Ying was one, and the other one was Boss Yang.” Ziqi told Chen Fan:” Rumor had it that Brother Dong was backing Boss Yang. He is very influential around here, and even Sister Ying had to watc what she said when Brother Dong is around. ”

“The last one is the ‘residence-girl’ of our bar, ‘Sister Ding-Ding.’ To make her come work for us, Sister Ying had nearly begged her. She ranked 20th in last year’s pageant show in the Jiangnan District. She attracts many customers and is good for business. But Ding-Ding has a very short temper and blames us for minor mistakes. You need to be very careful around her.”

Chen Fan nodded.

The business of the bar was dictated by the student’s schedule, and therefore, people started to fill up the bar right around seven in the evening. That was when Chen Fan started to get busy.

Just as Sister Ziqi had warned him, Boss Yang was very rude to his subordinates, including Chen Fan. Chen Fan was scolded many times for being slightly slow on his first day of work. Chen Fan also found out that Boss Yang harassed the girls working with him, pinching or groping the girls whenever he wished.

“How can Sister Ying allow this kind of scumbag to work in her bar?” Chen Fan furrowed his brows, but he had kept his complaints unspoken. After all, he barely knew Chen Ying.

In the few days that followed, Chen Fan went to school during the day and worked at the bar in the evening. It wasn’t long before he started to gather a group of new friends around him.

Most of the workers at the bar were students living in the University-town. All of them were from poor families outside of the city. Driven by financial stress, they had come to the bar to work. Chen Fan preferred spending time with his friends at the bar much more than his spoiled rich classmates. At least no one looked down on him while he was with his new friends.

Since Chen Fan was the youngest worker at the bar and he was also Sister Ying’s cousin, other employees looked after him like they would to their own brother. But Boss Yang didn’t like that.

“Hurry up, Xiao Chen! Didn’t you see that the customer at table seven is getting impatient?” Seeing Chen Fan and a waitress was chatting with each other, Boss Yang frowned and then chided.

“Okay.” Chen Fan replied thinly.

In this bar, Boss Yang was no doubt the most hated and annoying person.

The waitress gave Chen Fan a placating look. Chen Fan got up reluctantly and walked to table seven with a pint of dark beer.

Suddenly, he heard a surprised voice calling out to him: “Chen Fan?”

Chen Fan turned around and saw a group of young boys and girls sitting in a booth, one of them was Jiang Churan who he hasn’t seen for a while.

“Why are you here?” Jiang Churan gazed at Chen Fan as she got up from her seat and came up to him.

“Who is this, Ran-ran? A friend of yours?” A man with silver-rimmed glasses asked. He looked much more mature than the rest of the crowd, and his voice was warm and charming.

A light flashed in Jiang Churan’s eyes as she wrenched her gaze away from Chen Fan’s face. She replied, “He is the child of my mother’s best friend, and we study at the same high school.”

The man nodded and said, "My name is Li Yichen. Since you are friends with Ran-ran, why don't you come join us here?"

"There is no need." Chen Fan refused; his voice was stinging cold.

He had recognized this person at first glance.

He was Li Yichen, the greatest rival of Chen Fan. He was from a prominent family and was the president of the student council. He had been and was going to be Jiang Churan's future boyfriend at university.

If Chen Fan's memory served him right, Li Yichen was also a friend of Shen Junwen.

To Chen Fan, the sight of Jiang Churan hanging out with Li Yichen had rubbed salt into the old wounds.

"I am working; you guys have fun." Chen Fan nodded slightly to Jiang Churan, and then he turned around and started off the stairs.

"Hey, wait for a second!"

Jiang Churan paused for a second, letting the hesitation hang in the air. But eventually, she came up to Chen Fan.

"Brother Yichen seems like there is more than what meets the eyes between the two." A burly young man standing right next to Li Yichen said in a deep voice.

His name is Mo Hill, and he is the leader of the Sports Interest Group at the Student's Council. Like most other people who sat in the booth, Mo Hill was a student leader. They were here for a group party. Jiang Churan didn't want to come at first, but she couldn't resist the insistent request of her fellow student leaders. However, she never thought that she would meet Chen Fan here.

"He is just a worker at the bar; there is no way Ran-Ran would fall for him." A beautiful girl with heavy makeup next to Mo Hill said with a contemptuous smirk.

"Why would she know someone of his kind? Could it be that they met at the nightclub?"

The same girl said as she glanced at Li Yichen.

She was the leader of the arts interest group, and her name is Lou Xiaoxiao. She had always liked Li Yichen and considered Jiang Churan as her biggest rival. She wouldn't pass up the opportunity of smear her opponent's reputation.

Li Yichen's face remained placid, but doubt and jealousy flickered in his eyes.

Jiang Churan caught up with Chen Fan at the bottom of the stairs, and she grabbed his arm. "Why are you working in a bar? Does my mom know about it? What about your school?"

Chen Fan looked at her with a half smile. "You knew my grades. Do you think that I could get into a first-tier university even if I tried?"

Jiang Churan was suddenly out of words.

Chen Fan had told her and her dad that his grades were in the top 500 at the Si Shui County. That translates to being at the bottom of the Ivy League High's ranking. Even if Chen Fan started to study 24/7, he would at best get into a second-tier University.

"Plus, I am only here for two hours a night. If I can't get into a good university, I need to prepare myself for society." Chen Fan said.

Even as Chen Fan was talking to her, Jiang Churan heard her friends calling out her name.

Chen Fan pulled her hand away and said: "Your friends are looking for you. I have to work."

Chen Fan turned around and started away, leaving Jiang Churan at a loss. She was not sure what to make of this discovery.

Her friend's voice finally caught her attention. As she looked back, she saw Li Yichen was also standing on the landing, looking at her. She turned around and hurried upstairs.

Right before she reached the landing on the second floor, she felt something was missing inside of her, as if part of her soul had suddenly been taken away.

Chen Fan, the boy who could subdue a big brawny man with one punch had to put away his dignity and labor inside of a bar. Reality had taught her a good lesson today.

When Jiang Churan reached the second floor, she looked up at everyone and found that no one was smiling. Even Li Yichen's face was cold and disapproving. She managed a smile and then said, "Well, let's forget about him, and party!"

"Yeah, why should we let a random dude stop our fun?" Mo Hill slapped the table and said, "Come here hot stuff. Let's have a toast in the name of Brother Yichen! No one other than Yichen could have landed our council that one hundred thousand yuan sponsorship fund. "

“Very well. Thank you, Yichen!” Jiang Churan grabbed the glass and poured its contents down her throat. However, even as the hot wine burnt all the way to her belly, she heaved a deep sigh in her mind.

‘Perhaps, we truly live in two different worlds.’

Chapter 19: Mid-Stage Of Foundation Establishment

After their brief meeting in the bar, Jiang Churan had never talked to Chen Fan again. Even when they passed each other at school, they simply nodded at each other without exchanging any words.

Despite the gradual increase of distance with Jiang Churan, Chen Fan had started to hit it off with Jiang Tanqiu. Although he wasn’t too proud of having Chen Fan as his desk-mate, he at least was willing to converse with the new guy and sometimes even hang out with him. In the eyes of their classmates, Jiang Taniu was the closest person to being a friend to Chen Fan in the class.

One day, the class leader Chang Wen came up to the two and said: “The school basketball team will be training at noon. I want you two to help out with the water bottles.”

Before the two boys had a chance to utter a word, Chang Wen had turned around and started off.

Jiang Tanqiu complained under his breath, “Whatever, she treats Si Yinxia like a god and treats us like dogs!”

He turned around and saw Chen Fan had kept his silence which Jiang Tanqiu took for acquiescence.

“You are too nice to her. One day you will regret it!”

Chen Fan pretended he didn’t hear his friend’s complaint and had remained silent.

After the two had lunch, they arrived at the basketball court. They found out that most seats were already taken by girls. They scanned the court expectantly while whispering to each other from time to time. The substitute players were the first to enter the court, but no one had paid any attention to them. However, once Si Yinxia showed up, the entire stadium was filled with cheers and screams.

“Why the hype?”

Even though Chen Fan knew that Si Yinxia was the girl's idol, he was taken aback by the girl's feverish enthusiasm.

"There goes the hotshot." Jiang Tanqiu sighed. "I have already seen more than four of his admirers who were at least as pretty as our class leader. But he is not interested in any one of them."

Chen Fan shook his head and then sighed.

He didn't sigh out of envy for Si Yinxia's popularity; In the past five hundred years, he had traveled many galaxies, and had his fair share of outright drop dead gorgeous goddess. These girls in their earthly bodies failed to live up to even a fraction of those goddess' sublime beauty.

What he was lamenting about was the sight of Yang Chao.

Surrounded by girls, it was evident that both Yang Chao and Si Yinxia were both popular studs among the girls.

"Do you see that tall one? He is Yang Chao, captain of the school team. He is quite a character, that one."

Jiang Tanqiu pointed to Yang Chao and said: "His dad is the CEO of Tiansheng Hotel. It was said that even the cheapest meal at the hotel would cost at least three thousand yuan. Someone had ticked him off once, and he ended up dropping out of school with a broken leg. And guess what happened to our Captain Yang? Nothing."

Jiang Tanqiu said with a mixture of envy and loathing in his voice: "When will I be like him? That would be awesome."

So saying, he shot Chen Fan a sidelong glance and then heaved a sigh of resignation: "Forget it, What am I thinking? Us and Yang Chao live in two different worlds."

Chen Fan smiled and didn't say anything.

Jiang Tanqiu's family was well-off, but it was a far cry compared to the Yang family's hundreds of millions of assets.

The training quickly turned into Si Yinxia's solo performance. Every time he had control of the ball, he easily zig-zagged his way through the opponent's defense and scored. Every time that happened, the gym was filled with girls' screams.

The training session ended with an overwhelming victory of 82 to 22. Si Yinxia alone had earned 30 points out of that 82.

Seeing the game had ended, Chang Wen hurried to Si Yinxia and handed him a bottle of iced-water. And then she took out a soft, warm towel and went on to dry Si Yinxia's sweaty forehead.

Meanwhile, Si Yinxia remained aloof and didn't speak a word to the girl.

"Jiang Tanqiu, Chen Fan, what are you two staring at? The other players need water!" Chang Wen gave the two boys on the sideline a stern look and then said hotly.

"Let's go." Chen Fan patted Jiang Tanqiu's shoulder and lifted the cooler by his feet.

"Thank you." Yang Chao took the drink before he got a chance to look at who had handed the drink to him. When he did, he was surprised to see that it was Chen Fan. A hundred different emotions ranging from shock to embarrassment roiled and mixed inside of the team captain, and each appeared on his face for only a fraction of a second.

"What's going on?" The player next to Yang Chao nudged him.

"Ah-nothing." Yang Chao smiled awkwardly.

"Long time no see." Chen Fan nodded to him.

"Yeah, no kidding." Yang Chao did not want to chat with Chen Fan as he was still grappling with the chaotic emotions inside of him.

Chen Fan wasted no time on him either. After he had given out the drinks, he quickly left with Jiang Tanqiu.

It wasn't until Chen Fan had disappeared from the court, Yang Chao heaved a deep sigh of relief as fear flickered in his eyes.

"Isn't that the new transfer student?" Si Yingxia asked Yang Chao while sipping on his drink.

"Do you know him?" Yang Chao asked curiously.

"His name is Chen Fan, a new student in our class. I really have nothing to say about him. I asked him to come to help out with the water." Chang Wen said lightly.

In her eyes, Chen Fan was not nearly as attractive as Si Yinxia and Yang Chao. If she were not the class leader, which made her obligated to know every classmate, she would never waste a single breath on him.

Yang Chao scowled and was about to say something, but he thought better of it. After all, what had happened at the KTV was an embarrassment. He didn't want to be a laughingstock.

Unbeknown to all of them, Chen Fan was able to hear their conversation, and he was not very impressed by Chang Wen's ungracious remarks.

Time flew by, and before Chen Fan knew it, two weeks had already gone by.

This evening, like many evenings before it, Chen Fan sat cross-legged on the rooftop of his house and started to cultivate. He had met a bottleneck ever since September started. However, today, he felt something was different in him: the hurdle in his cultivation was about to be overcome.

"Hopefully, I will enter the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment after tonight."

He sat still, and let the Void Mortal Refinement art do its work. The Spirit Qi hidden in the air around him turned into countless wisps of energy, and they burrowed themselves into Chen Fan's body through every hole and crevice on his body.

As he gathered energy to break through the bottleneck, the art of Void Mortal Refinement also picked up speed, spurring his body to hungrily absorb as much energy as possible.

The moon in the sky also seemed to have answered the art's beckoning call as it sent a ray of creamy light down on Chen Fan. Looking from afar, Chen Fan's body was suffused with a milky white glow.

No cultivators were able to absorb the energy of celestial bodies such as the sun and moon without the help of the Void Mortal Refinement art. This powerful art was able to turn a celestial entity into energy that could be absorbed by the cultivator.

As the True Essence in Chen Fan's system gathered strength, he felt he was almost ready to breach the bottleneck.

Almost, but not quite just yet. Even the combined strength of the Spirit Qi and the moon energy was not enough to overcome the resistance.

"Fortunately, I stashed some pills that I made for Wei Fu."

He fished out three Essence Enhancing Pills and swallowed them. As soon as the pills reached his belly, Chen Fan felt a heat wave rush through his system as a blissful euphoria seized his mind.

Finally, with a soft popping sound, he had breached the barrier and reached the next stage of cultivation.

The countless cells that made up his body seemed to have joined together in a cheerful choir, singing out their welcome to the brand new level of True Essence that flowed freely in his system.

Not only the True Essence in his body was improved, but Chen Fan's physical body was also strengthened significantly.

Thus it was, many cultivators had viewed their practice as a form of evolution. Only through cultivation could humans elevate themselves from their mortal body to become one with the universe, and eventually, immortality: the end goal of evolution.

Although Chen Fan had reached the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment, he looked just like he was before. However, inside of Chen Fan, he might as well be a brand new man.

Chen Fan heaved a sigh and then stood up slowly.

After a month of hard training, he had finally entered the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment.

"If not for the Essence of Enhancing Pills, I would still have to struggle for at least half a month. It seems that I will have to focus on making more money from now on so that I can buy more herbs."

Chen Fan thought to himself.

The next day, Chen Fan received a call, and to his surprise, it was from Zhou Tianhao.

Zhou Tianhao invited him over to the Mingdu Restaurant at noon, saying that he wanted to apologize to him in person.

After giving the invitation some thought, Chen Fan agreed to go.

Chapter 20: Internal Force Expert

Chapter 20: Internal Force Expert

When Chen Fan arrived at the restaurant, he was surprised to find out that Zhou Tianhao's bodyguard, A-Biao had injured his arm.

A-Biao's arm wrapped in bandages was secured in a sling. Chen Fan wagered that someone must have broken it.

"Who did it?" Chen Fan asked curiously.

He knew A-Biao's strength first hand. Whatever damage he had done to A-Biao from the kick that night should have long-since recovered, so why was his arm broken?

With many questions in his mind, Chen Fan came up to Zhou Tianhao.

"Boss Zhou, I don't think you wanted me to come here just to hear your apology, so what is it? "

"I knew I wouldn't be able to fool you!" Zhou Tianhao was not embarrassed at all by his poor excuse to coax Chen Fan to here. "I need a hand, a small favor from you if you will."

"I'm all ears." Chen Fan nodded slightly.

Zhou Tianhao lowered his head and shot Sister Rouge a knowing glance, tell the other people to leave the room. Once everyone else was gone, a wry smile broke over Zhou Tianhao's face, and he said:

"Since Brother Chen knew Mr. Wei, that puts us on the same side. Let me fill you in on the details.

"One of my competitors who went overseas in the early years is now back on my turf. Since then, he had been racketeering my business; I went to talk some sense with him. Bah! You see what he did to A-Biao, that SOB! " Zhou Tianhao cursed loudly.

"What does it have to do with me?" Chen Fan's lips thinned into a smile. He didn't give a damn about the infighting between criminal scumbags.

"I knew you didn't care about my problem, but what if I tell you that this guy was really something else—" Zhou Tianhao paused and then heaved a sigh, "he had returned to China all by himself. I am not sure how he did it, but his martial arts skills had increased by leaps and bounds compared to the last time I saw him. He seeks to stir up trouble but is not interested in money. I was all my fault; I really shouldn't have offended him when we were both young. I have tried to bring as many as a dozen bodyguards with me, but they still got their asses handed over to them."

"Oh?" Chen Fan's interest was piqued. He gave A-Biao a look and asked, "How does his strength compare to mine?"

"He is too much for me to handle, that's for sure. I can't even withstand a single punch from him. In my opinion, he is more powerful than you." A-Biao smiled bitterly. "I have been practicing martial arts for more than ten years, and I have never seen such a bad-ass."

Chen Fan nodded.

He wagered that the martial artist must be an expert of the Internal Forces. As for A-Biao's comment that seemed to have undermined his power, Chen Fan did not care.

After all, He had only used 30% of his force when he landed that kick on A-Biao; otherwise, he might as well be dead. With his recent advancements in his cultivation, he figured that his attacks should be even more powerful than it was three months ago.

"That prick had asked me to meet him on the island in the middle of Yangui Lake tonight. I would appreciate it if Brother Chen could accompany me." Zhou Tianhao said in a pleading voice.

Chen Fan knitted his brows; something told him that there was more to this than what meets the eye. However, since he needed money, he conceded that there would be no harm in getting paid for meeting up with another martial artist who used the Internal Force.

Although Zhou Tianhao knew that he was the old man's friend, he remained skeptical of Chen Fan's ability. He had invited Chen Fan to accompany merely as a security measure.

"Sure, I will go with you." Chen Fan nodded.

"Great!" Zhou Tianhao was elated by Chen Fan's decision. "Before you leave, I wish to introduce you to another powerful martial artist."

Chen Fan was right; this "other" martial artist was who Zhou Tianhao is really counting on tonight. He himself was just a contingency measure.

After Sister Rouge had taken a slow sip of her red tea, a group of people started to file into the room.

Zhou Tianhao pushed himself out of the chair and went to the leader of the group with a warm smile.

"Master Guo! You are finally here! Come on in, please!"

The leader of the group was a middle-aged man in a black gym suite. His eyes glinted as he walked into the room with steady and swift steps, trailing behind him a group of young disciples.

Zhou Tianhao introduced the group to Chen Fan, "Brother Chen, this is the master I was talking about. He was master Guo Wei from Wei Shen martial arts school!"

Guo Wei gave Chen Fan a cold look and said: "A kid? Did you find us a cheerleader? Haha!"

An awkward silence fell into the room. After a while, Zhou Tianhao finally broke the spell: "No, no. This is Brother Chen, don't let his young age fool you; he is quite a fighter. Just ask A-Biao!"

"It seems that you still have no idea who you are dealing with." Guo Wei shook his head and said dismissively: "Your bodyguard is just a piece of cake for who you are messing with. He is above the pay grade of any bodyguards."

"How so?" Zhou Tianhao asked. So far, he hadn't given any thought about the exact power of his rival.

Chen Fan smiled and kept his thoughts to himself. So far, he had been enjoying the performance of this Master Guo.

He remembered that Mr. Wei told him that in addition to the Wei family, there was also a Wei Shen martial arts school who also used the internal force. Mr. Wei must be talking about this Master Guo and his students. However, it was evident to Chen Fan that the power of Master Guo was pathetic, and no wonder Mr. Wei didn't seem to take him seriously.

Master Guo regarded Chen Fan with a contemptuous look, and then he asked:

"Boss-Zhou, have you ever heard of something called internal force?"

"Internal Force?" Zhou Tianhao frowned and then murmured: "It sounds very familiar."

However, the bodyguard A-Biao was stirred by the question. His hulking frame trembled slightly, and then he asked: "Do you mean that person used Internal Force?"

Guo Wei nodded and then gave the bodyguard a look. "If he didn't use Internal Force, how on earth could he injure your arm so badly with just one punch? The power in the internal force was beyond the limitations of human flesh."

"A-Biao, did you know anything about it?" Zhou Tianhao asked his bodyguard.

A-Biao managed a smile and then said: "I had heard about it when I was studying under my master. He told me that once a martial artist's power had reached a certain point, he would be able to emanate his inner energy outward and form the so-called 'Internal force.'"

"I had always thought my teacher was pulling my leg, so I have never paid much attention to it. I also remembered that my teacher told me that it was really difficult for a martial artist to utilize the Internal Force. He had admitted that he had never seen one in his life."

“Your teacher is right. There are only a handful of people who could use the Internal Force in today’s world. However, those who had the force at their disposal were extremely deadly. Their incredible speed could even render modern weapons such as guns useless.” Guo Wei said. “Of course, being able to use the force did not mean that there was no more room for improvement. One could go even further until they reach the Transcendent State. At that stage, the martial artist was practical a demi-god. ”

Zhou Tianhao’s eyes were filled with disbelief. “Is that true? Why have I never heard of it?”

“Hehe.” Guo Wei simply laughed.

He held out a hand and pressed it gently on the table, palm facing down. When he jerked his hand back, the room had fallen into a pin-drop-silence.

Master Guo’s hand had left a shallow but noticeable impression on the table top.

“Is-is this the Internal Force?” Zhou Tianhao’s eyes were wide with disbelief.

A-Biao felt sweat rolling down his forehead as he wondered what would happen to him if that palm was pressed on his flesh.

Chen Fan watched the development quietly and then shook his head.

What Guo Wei did was nothing compared to what he had done to the willow tree trunk. Not only the table was made out of plastic, but the Internal Force had never left the master’s palm.

Nonetheless, Zhou Tianhao was extremely impressed by what he saw. “So Master Guo also knows how to use the Internal Force! I am relieved. Finally, we can fight against my opponent on even ground.”

With the new found confidence, Zhou Tianhao finally revealed the details about his feud with his enemy. “The guy’s name is Linbao. We had been business competitors when I first started my company. After a few other competitors and I weighed in on him, his company eventually went belly up, and he ran away to overseas. Who would have thought that he would be back as a martial artist? I thank the gods for your help, Master Guo. I haven’t been able to fall asleep for many weeks because of the mess.”

After that, Zhou Tianhao took out a briefcase and pushed it into Guo Wei’s arms.

“Master Guo, here is the first half: five million. After we have settled the score with my old friend, I will wire you the other five million to your account. I will also introduce you to my boss, Wei ‘San-ye’. I am sure San-ye could use your talent too. ”

Hearing Zhou Tianhao’s words, Guo Wei smiled satisfyingly.

Although the money was good, he didn't offer his help to Zhou Tianhao just for the money; he did it to be connected with Zhou Tianhao's powerful boss.

Chen Fan watched and didn't say a thing.

He wagered that neither Zhou Tianhao nor Master Guo knew that Mr. Wei was also a powerful martial artist. As a matter of fact, even Wei San-ye's niece was a more powerful Internal Force expert than Guo Wei was.

At the dining table, Guo Wei had quickly become the center of everyone's attention. Everyone fawned over him for the protection he had promised to provide.

They were truly shocked by Guo Wei's display of strength; his usage of the Internal Forces had been an eye-opener for them.

Chen Fan left the dining table and made a phone call to Sister Ying and the head teacher to ask for the afternoon off.

After the lunch, Guo Wei took upon himself to come up with a list of people that he would bring with him. They were Zhou Tianhao, A-Biao, two gunmen, and one of his apprentices who had also practiced Internal Force. Together, the six of them will meet with Linao on the island.

Seeing that Chen Fan was not included in the list, Zhou Tianhao said:

"Guo Master, I have also invited Brother Chen to join me. Why don't you bring him with you as well? "

"I have told you why. It's not a fight for just anybody. He won't stand one punch from Linbao." Guo Wei complained.

Zhou Tianhao grimaced as he looked at Chen Fan and then back at Master Guo.

Chen Fan said faintly:" Since you have already invited me, I must protect you.

"Plus, I don't believe in high tales about Internal Forces and immortals and what not."

"You are too young too simple, sometimes naive!" Guo Wei sneered.

Despite his hesitation, Zhou Tianhao eventually decided to let Chen Fan tag along. After all, this boy was a friend of the elderly man.

Guo Wei snorted and let the matter rest unwillingly.

