

Rebirth Of The Urban Immortal Cultivator

Chapter 111: The Young Master

Yu Wenjin's house, outside of Si Shui county...

A black Audi pulled over quietly in front of the house, and a young and refined-looking man emerged from the car.

This young man looked like he was in his twenties. He was wearing gold-rimmed glasses, and his pale smooth skin suggested that he never worked one day in the field. Although he looked polite and well-mannered, he carried a repulsive eeriness about him.

"Young Master, Zhang Ben had just sent us a message. He said that Master Chen kidnaped him and Granny Snake to here." A ghostly looking old man said in a husky voice.

"Humph! Master Chen?" displeasure flickered in the young man's eyes. "He is just a country hill billy from Jing Bei. He stood no chance against the Ghost Witch Sect. I will let him taste the pain of ten thousand ghosts gnawing at his heart."

"Such an arrogant fool. He would never imagine your power, my lord."

The ghostly old man replied as fear flashed across his face.

He had seen the art of Gnawing of Ten Thousand Ghosts in action, and it was more terrifying than watching the cruelest punishment on earth.

Although the old man had never met Master Chen before, the promise of seeing the sadistic art again filled the old man's heart with regret and pity for Master Chen.

"Tong Shan, Let's go."

The young man waved at someone inside the car, and a brawny brut emerged out from the back seats. Even the extra large size suit the man was wearing didn't seem to be able to encase his enormous muscles fully. The fabric of the suit was stretched out so much that it was going to rip open at the seem. The man was about two meters tall, and his arm was one size bigger than the average human's thigh. His hulking frame made him stand out like an iron pagoda.

The suit he was wearing was blotched with stains from blood; some were still fresh.

The brute's face was expressionless and eyes lifeless. He grunted a reply and trailed behind the Young Master.

The three walked slowly toward the house. When they were only five meters away, the young master suddenly announced.

"Master Chen, Lord Bai, we are here. Come out and meet us."

Yu Wenjin's house was located outside of the town and was surrounded by only farmlands and bushes. Therefore, there were no onlookers that the crowd had to worry about. They watched as the red gate of the house cracked open, and Zhang Ben emerged from the other side. As soon as he saw the young man, he lowered his head submissively and said: "Young Master, they are all inside waiting for you."

"Humph. Conceited fools! " The Young Master grunted.

Although he looked like he was in his twenties, he is actually in his forties. However, he had never been looked down upon once in his entire life, except for today.

As fire sprouted out inside of his heart, the Young Master walked past the gate and arrived at a large courtyard. He was greeted by Granny Snake, Yu Wenjin, Bai Wuji and the two disciples of Master Cui.

The crowd surrounded a table and two chairs. Chen Fan was sitting in one of the chairs while sipping on a cup of tea.

The Young Master closed in, and the first thing he did was examine Yu Wenjin from head to toe. Satisfied with what he saw, he sat down in the other armchair. He cracked a smile and then said:

"I wager you are the Master Chen of Jiang Bei? What a strapping young lad!

"I believe there is a misunderstanding between us. I have no quarrel with anyone in the Jing Bei region. If you hand over the girl and the white-haired one, I will offer my alliance. I have heard that Master Chen is a smart man, and you must know which one is more important to you: a useless girl or a powerful ally?"

Yu Wenjin's tightened her body at first sight of the Young Master. Hearing his cold-hearted bargain, she felt fear shoot through her mind. She held onto Chen Fan's sleeve and squeezed it to overcome her terror. Bai Wuji furrowed his brows and looked concernedly at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan said, really: "Who told you to sit down?"

"Excuse me?" The Young Master's smile was frozen on his face.

"I might spare your family's life if you kneel before me and accept your punishment." Chen Fan said lightly as he rubbed a finger playfully along the surface of the clay teacup.

"You are courting death!" Before the Young Master could say a word, the ghostly old man shouted.

"Master Chen!"

The Young Master pulled a taut face and then said coldly.

"I respected you, and I was hoping you would do the same. Who do you think you are? You are not even worthy of sitting at the same table with me!"

"You are just a country hillbilly from Jiang Bei. Do you think you are so tough with that Martial Arts skill? I have lost count of how many martial artists I have killed."

"Well, if you say so. I will have to do away with you." Chen Fan shook his head and lamented.

"Humph!"

The Young Master could no longer hold back his anger. He slammed the table and shouted: "Tong Shan!"

The hulking frame that had been standing lifelessly behind him all the while suddenly moved with nearly mechanical efficiency. He opened up his arms and then closed it around Chen Fan's head like an iron clamp. His hands were the size of a basketball, and if his strike landed on Chen Fan's head, it would smash through Chen Fan's brain like through a watermelon.

"How dare you!"

Bai Wuji shouted.

He murmured a spell as a flame burst into life on his palm. The flame quickly turned into a long whip as it flew at the brute. Bai Wuji's strike had hit home, and the falling whip set the brute on fire, turning him into a giant human torch.

The black suit that wrapped around Tong Shan's body was quickly burned away, and the fire started to eat the man's flesh. However, Tong Shan didn't seem to mind the pain. He formed a fist and punched at Bai Wuji.

Despite his ponderous weight, Tong Shan's attack had the same efficiency as that of a grandmaster. His fists sprung into action like a loaded spring being released. Bai Wuji gasped and bent backward to roll away from the danger.

“What is going on?”

Yu Wenjin exclaimed.

The brawny man was still engulfed by flame. Fire ate away his shirt and hair; however, when it met the man’s bronze colored flesh, it quickly died out due to lack of fuel. It was as if the brutish man’s skin was made out of implantable metal.

When Tong Shan reemerged from the fire, he looked more like a lifeless killing machine than human.

“This is the Young Master’s secret cadaver-refining art: Bronze Armored Cadaver. It was one of the three deadliest Cadaver-Refining art in China, along with the Iron Cadaver and the Blood Cadaver.”

Bai Wuji managed to pick himself up and said heavily.

“Bingo.”

The young master stood up and said: “Tong Shan used to be a powerful martial artist in southeast Asia. Years ago, he offended me, and in return, I have made him into a Bronze Armored Cadaver using my secret art.”

“Do you see his muscles? It’s not flesh under the skin, its pure bronze. I gave him immeasurable strength and nearly indestructible body. He knows no pain nor exhaustion and can fight for me forever. No ordinary martial artist can stand a chance against him. He would be a headache even for a Transcendent Master.”

So saying, he linked his hand behind his back and looked to Chen Fan.”What do you think now, Master Chen?”

Everyone’s heart sank after hearing the power of the giant freak.

He had poured melted bronze into a body and turned the cadaver into a walking killing machine.

This was the most morbid and terrible thing the crowd had ever heard.

Even Granny Snake started to doubt her decision of handing Xiao Jin over to such a sadistic man. Yu Wenjin leaned against Chen Fan to support herself as her legs trembled uncontrollably.

“What do you think, Master Chen?”

Bai Wuji was getting anxious. The fire bending skills were all that’s under his disposal. Since it was useless against the metal freak, he suddenly was not sure what to do next.

“It’s just a worthless cadaver-refining art. You are so full of yourself.”

Chen Fan snorted and then shook his head disdainfully.

He gently lifted his left arm, and suddenly a giant bone whip appeared out of thin air. Every section of the whip was made out of white jade. The bones wheezed in the air as the whip-lash rolled over and withered like a python toward the Young Master.

In the blurred shadow of the sweeping whip, people could vaguely see a giant snake snarling at the sky.

“Dharma Artifact!”

The Young Master’s face paled.

He tapped the ground with the tip of his toe and flipped backward to get out of harm’s way. The ghostly old man was not so lucky before he knew what was going on, the whip had caught and sliced through his waist.

Tong Shan didn’t evade the attack either. He growled like a beast and crossed his arms to cushion the frontal blow.

“Kaboom!”

Tong Shan’s giant body flew into the air like baseball during a home run. It rammed into and through the wall, leaving a giant hole behind.

Everyone was stunned by the development.

Half of the courtyard was turned into rubble by Chen Fan’s one sweeping attack.

After the dust settled, everyone saw a large crack on the ground extending from under Chen Fan’s feet to the outside of the courtyard wall, where the Bronze Armored Cadaver was laying on the ground. Both arms of the Bronze Armored Cadaver were broken off from its body, and a large wound cut deeply into his metallic flesh from head to toe. However, the spell that bound the sorry soul to the bronze armored husk spurred the monster to get up but failing at each trial.

“This. This..”

Bai Wuji was rendered speechless.

Wasn’t Master Chen just an Internal Force user? How on earth could he have gotten such a powerful Dharma Artifact?

Tong Shan weighed over a few hundred kilos, and he was blown away by Chen Fan's attack as a baseball would by a baseball bat. He estimated that the amount of force in Chen Fan's attack should be enough to cut a big bus in half.

Zhang Ben eyes rounded and gaped at Chen Fan in disbelief. He watched as the Young Master who he had revered so much got his ass kicked. Granny Snake started to wonder if she had placed her loyalty in the wrong place.

After a while, the Young Master finally gathered himself and seeing how badly his fighter was beaten, he threw his head back and shouted at the top of his lungs: "I will CRUSH you!"

Then he produced a bone flute and started blowing it.

"Shit, stop him. right now!"

Bai Wuji's face paled. He wanted to throw himself at the Young Master, but it was already too late. A long and archaic note came out from the flute, evoking a wave of howlings from countless phantoms in its wake.

Suddenly, dark clouds blotted the sun, and the courtyard was quickly engulfed by the Ghost Realm.

There they were: the March of a hundred Phantoms and the Gnawings of Ten Thousand Ghosts on full display.

Chapter 112: Primordial Ghost Flute

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"This is—"Life drained away from Granny Snake's face as she recalled the horror that she had tried to buried under her old memories.

"This is it; it is the power of the Young Master's Primordial Ghost Flute. It has the ability to blot the sun and unleash the Ghost Realm into this world." Bai Wuji put on a hopeless smile and said: "No wonder the combined force of the five families failed to slow him down. I had forgotten about his artifact."

Granny Snake's body started to tremble uncontrollably after hearing Bai Wuji's words.

"Is this Primordial Ghost Flute really that powerful?" Chen Fan sat calmly in his chair and didn't seem to be disturbed by the danger around him.

Chen Fan's assuredness calmed many people's minds, helping them to get ready to fight.

Bai Wuji had no time to reply to Chen Fan; the ghostly phantoms were already coming after him. He hurried to produce a handful of paper talisman and spread them around himself. As soon as the yellow paper talisman were out of his hand, they froze in mid-air and didn't continue to fall to the ground. All the while, the red inscriptions on the paper started to glow brighter by the second.

"Eight Gate Immortal Fire Array!"

Bai Wuji stomped the ground as he charged up his Dharmic powers. When his power reached the peak, he snarled at his enemy.

"BOM! Kaboom!"

The eight paper talisman caught on fire and burned into ashes in the blink of an eye. In their place, stood eight columns made out of two-meter long flame that formed a protective octagon firewall. As the vengeful ghosts slammed themselves onto the firewall, they were burned to crips and were quickly reduced to ashes.

"Hew!"

After Bai Wuji had completed the spell, he collapsed to the ground in exhaustion. Two of Master Cui's disciples hurried to help him to his feet.

"Bai Wuji, What an impressive array! You are really worthy of being called the top caster among the six major families."

Young Master's voice came to everyone inside the protective shield in fits and starts, at the behest of the hot air.

Sometimes the voice came to them from all directions, and other times it came from only one direction. The sun had completely gone out, and through the burning fire, they could only see elusive phantoms whizzing through the air, but could not discern the location of the Young Master.

"What a shame that your Eight Gate Immortal Fire Array was supported by only the paper talisman, but not the powers of the Heaven and the Earth that belong to a real cultivator. How long do you think that your array can last? Three minutes, or five minutes? Haha! As soon as your array is spent, you will have to face your own demise."

The Young Master laughed out loud with a contemptuous expression on his face.

Surrounded by flying ghosts and darkness, fear slowly found its way into everyone's mind as the octagon shaped firewall shrunk in size by the second.

Yu Wenjin held tightly onto the only thing that could offer some comfort at such a distressing moment: Chen Fan's shoulder. Without its solid support and warm touch, Yu Wenjin might have already fainted.

Bai Wuji wiped the sweat off his forehead and managed to get on his feet again.

"Master Chen, he is right. My array won't last long. We have to think of ways to break out of this Ghost Realm. Once we are out, his power will be greatly diminished."

"Oh?" Chen Fan didn't seem to care about their safety at all. His interest was piqued by something else: "What is that Primordial Ghost Flute all about?"

Everyone was shocked by how nonchalant he sounded.

This was not the time to care about anything but getting the hell out of here.

Bai Wuji was a leader of a household, and therefore he had more forbearance than most people. He reined in his anxiety and explained quickly:

"The Primordial Ghost Flute is Young Master's one of three Dharma Artifacts. Rumor had it that it was made out of the rib bone of a ghost-cultivator that died right before he was about to make the immortal ascension. This flute was further refined by generations of perfected cultivators until it was passed down to Young Master.

"The Ghost Flute contained the spirit of over a hundred vengeful ghosts. Playing one simple note on this flute would turn a swath of area into a Ghost Realm. Young Master used to trap Transcendent Masters in the ghost realm for over half an hour. According to the legend, if the flute was used by a powerful perfected cultivator around an ancient battleground, it would awaken ten thousand ghosts to fight for their master."

Bai Wuji breathed heavily and said: "I wager that the Young Master is not powerful enough to summon anything beyond what's already in the flute. Therefore, as long as we can break out of the Ghost Realm, we should be safe from the power of the flute."

"Hehe, Bai Wuji, you know me well. But do you really think that you and your band of misfits could break through my spell? Dream on!" The Young Master announced maliciously.

"Is that so?"

Chen Fan cracked a smile and then waved his right arm, summoning the Bone Whip of Malicious Yin once again.

The long whip made out of jade-like bones swept across the air. This time, the apparition of the Yin Snake was much more visible than last time. The Yin Snake had hidden under the pond for over hundreds of years and had long since reached the

Ethereal Enlightenment. It could swallow even the angriest ghost and tear apart the most malevolent phantom.

Lo, and behold, only after one loud cracking of the whip, the swarm of ghosts broke apart with countless ear-piercing shrieks. Those who reacted fast got away and those who were too slow or too stubborn were swallowed whole by the spirit of the Yin Snake.

In one fell swoop, Chen Fan had cracked open the dark sky and let a ray of sunlight into the otherworldly dimension they were trapped in. The sunlight improved the visibility of their surroundings significantly.

“Your Dharma Artifact can swallow spirits?”

The Young Master gasped, his eyes were brimming with disbelief.

Everyone looked around and thanks to the sunlight, they quickly found the Young Master hiding in a corner while holding a slightly curved bone flute.

It's appearance matched the description. Its curve and the color both suggested that it was made out of a human rib. It looks almost beautiful with its smooth surface and excellent craftsmanship. No one would have suspected that this flute would have contained over a hundred malevolent spirits.

“I told you that your spell is just a child's play for me. Without moving a finger, I can easily crush you.”

Chen Fan put away the bone whip and remained seated calmly.

“I will give you one more chance. If you come to me and accept your own death, I will not harm your family; otherwise, I will make sure that your bloodline will end with you.”

The Young Master shut his eyes in anger and surprise. Blood rushed into his head and eyes.

He had never endured such humiliation. Rage spurred him to attack with abandon. He pointed the pointy end of the flute at himself and plugged it through his chest.

The bone flute was as sharp as a dagger, and it pierced his flesh with ease.

Suddenly, the bone flute was covered with blood. To everyone's surprise, the flute sucked in the blood, and its color of mutton-fat-jade started to gain a crimson hue.

“Overcharging his weapon with blood?”

Chen Fan cracked a light smile.

He had seen such an inefficient primitive technique on some planets he had visited during his space travel. This technique was a huge waste of the user's vitality and therefore had long since gone out of love with the cultivators.

"You are right; I will do away with you today! I must!"

The Young Master let out a burst of wry laughter. His lifeless face was turning greyer by the second.

Even if he could kill Chen Fan using this sacrifice technique, his cultivation should take a toll and set him back at least ten years. There would be no winner at the end of this fight.

Bai Wuji was frightened by the development. He had never thought that the Young Master would go all out. Granny Snake shouted at Chen Fan. "Master Chen, leave with Xiao Jin and protect her. We will hold him back for you."

Bai Wuji was not entirely happy with being voluntold to stay back. However, he plastered on a smile and said: "Master Chen, he is going to attack with abandon. Let's pull back for now."

"Too late!"

The Young Master laughed deliriously.

After absorbing Young Master's blood, the ghosts increased their size drastically. Every one of those a hundred or so ghosts were as powerful as Master Wu's "Seasoned Spirits" that he so preciousely held in the Ghost Growing Urns.

Chen Fan was able to destroy the Ghost Growing Urns with a blow of lightning strike. However, there were over a hundred malevolent ghosts around here, could he unleash over a hundred lightning strikes at once?

Young Master's blood had increased the power of the spirits, and they were no longer afraid of the fire and bone whip. They rammed their bodies onto the fire column without taking too much damage.

"Ban... Ban... Ban!"

The columns of fire reduced its brightness and size after each impact. The array was supposed to last a few more minutes, but at this rate, it would be put out in less than thirty seconds.

"Master Chen?"

Bai Wuji looked to Chen Fan desperately.

Bai Wuji wasn't the only one that looked to Chen Fan, so did everyone else.

By then, no one knew what was going on nor did they know how to deal with it. Their only hope of getting out alive rests on the shoulders of Master Chen.

"Haha! Even if he is a Perfected Cultivator who had reached the level of Dharma Cultivation, he won't be able to escape the spell in one piece." The Young Master laughed. Blood dripped out from the corner of his mouth, but he didn't seem to care. His mind had long since consumed by rage. "I hope you enjoy the taste of my power. I will tear you apart piece by piece and feed your soul to the spirits."

Everyone's heart sank to their stomach after hearing the Young Master's threats.

However powerful Master Chen was, he wouldn't be a Transcendent Master at such a young age.

Yu Wenjin gazed at the young man before him; suddenly, she felt she was finally at ease.

"It will be worth it if I can die with him, "

After a few suspenseful moments, Chen Fan finally made a move.

"Stubborn fool."

He shook his head and stood up slowly under many pairs of desperate eyes. He looked up at the Young Master and announced: "You brought this onto yourself. Don't say that I didn't warn you.

"Can you look at me in my eyes?"

"Why not?" The Young Master cracked a contemptuous smile.

It wasn't long before his smile froze on his face. His eyes were brimming with disbelief as he watched Chen Fan's eyes turn into two glowing golden flames.

The flame was tiny in the beginning, but it quickly grew in size and became as large as the ever-expanding universe.

"With one look, I shall reduce the world into ashes."

Chapter 113: Burn The Universe

Yu Wenjin's house, at the outskirts of the Sishui County...

This large courtyard style mansion was engulfed by a dark shadow and heart wrenching howling drifted out from the shadow by fits and starts. The sight would have frightened any passer-by, spurring them to hurry and pass the building without looking at it more than they needed to.

Inside the courtyard, a few Yin Ghosts swirled in the air, stirring up waves of gusts. They looked at Chen Fan and his companions from above as a vulture would to its prey. The ghostly notes of the bone flute had always brought them a feast.

Human's aether and vitality could be used to strengthen the spirits. The cultivators, in particular, was much more nutritious than their normal counterparts.

The Young Master thought his victory was already in the bag; however, the sudden turn of events stunned him.

Bai Wuji and Granny Snake had also witnessed the scene that they would never forget.

They watched as the two sparkly dots in Chen Fan's eyes materialized in the real world as two flaming balls of fire. At first, the flames were contained in Chen Fan's eye socket, and as it grew in size and intensity, a ray of light burst out from the fire and shot at the ghosts. The ghosts caught on fire just by being grazed by the fire.

The golden flame ignited the Yin Qi that permeated the air and gave the sky a bloody color of dusk. In a blink, all those overcharged ghosts were reduced to ashes by Chen Fan in one fell swoop.

The Li Fire Golden Eyes could burn through everything.

"It. It.."

Bai Wuji was stunned; words evaporated from his mouth.

Those were ancient ghosts summoned by the Primordial Ghost Flute. Even a Perfected Master of Dharma Cultivation Level would have trouble dealing with them in less than thirty minutes. However, Chen Fan had eliminated all the threats with just one move. How powerful exactly was he?

The fire that shot out from his eyes were able to burn through malevolent ghosts. It looked very much like the legendary Samadhi Fire.

"Compared to Master Chen. The fire bending ability of my family was like a child's play."

Bai Wuji lowered his head and was deeply shocked.

Granny Snake and Yu Wenjin could only gape.

They could comprehend the power of the Young Master, deciding his strength and weakness. However, Chen Fan's ability to shoot fire out of his eyes was straight out of fiction. It reminded them of the Monkey King and Nezha.

"Could it be that he is an immortal?" Yu Wenjin murmured to herself.

Granny Snake's heart was filled with remorse. If she knew Chen Fan was so powerful, she would never have given her precious granddaughter to the Young Master; instead, she would bathe her and dress her up and deliver her to Chen Fan's bedroom personally.

If she could seal a deal with Chen Fan, no one, not even the Young Master would dare look down on the Yu family.

The fire kept on burning in Chen Fan's eyes, making him look like a warrior god walking straight out of the legends. He looked straight into the Young Master's eyes.

The Young Master felt cold sweat trickling down his back. His mind was taken over by an overwhelming sense of threat.

He knew that his life was hanging on by a thread.

At this time of life and death, the young master shouted at Chen Fan.

"Hold on, Master Chen. I have something to say.

"I apologize. I don't want Yu Wenjin any longer, just let me go. If I can find more Vessels of the Arcane Yin Energy, I will hand them over to you. You and the Ghost Witch Sect never had any bad blood in the past, why start now?"

Chen Fan stood still; however, the fire in his eyes seemed to have diminished slightly.

Sensing his words had worked, the Young Master continued: "There are many like me in my sect. We have three elders who have already reached the peak of Internal Force cultivation. In addition, our sect leader had reached the Dharma Cultivation Level. Master Chen, I believe that you are smart enough to know your best option."

"Are you threatening me?" Chen Fan's voice was placid.

"No, no! I am simply weighing your options for you." The young master gathered himself and said: "We live in a modern society now; there are plenty of fish around. Why do we have to fight over this particular one? We have money and power, we can enjoy any kind of woman we want. You, in particular, are young and capable and were able to dominate the Jiang Bei region at such a young age. You have nothing to worry about. However, if you kill me today, my father and the sect elders are bound to avenge me. If you are not worried about yourself, aren't you worried about your family and friends?"

“My sect excels at three kinds of arts: Cadaver Refining, Ghost Reining and Curses. Of the three, my sect had nearly perfected the Art of Curse. It’s easy for us to take an ordinary person’s life without even getting close to the target.”

“He is right, Master Chen. Just let him go.”

Shaken with fear, Granny Snake hurried to put in.

She grew up in the southwestern part of China: the homeland of the Ghost Witch Sect. Fear toward the powerful elders and the sect leader were tattooed into her brain ever since she was a child.

Bai Wuji held back his surprise and urged Chen Fan with a knotted brow: “Master Chen, the leader of the Ghost Witch Sect, has deep roots at the southwest region. He had reached the Dharma Cultivation Level a long time ago and achieved the status of Perfected Master. There is no point in crossing him unnecessarily.”

Hearing Bai Wuji’s words, even Yu Wenjin looked to Chen Fan worriedly.

Chen Fan and the Young Master barely knew each other, and therefore, he didn’t have to do this if not for her. She wouldn’t be at ease with herself if Chen Fan killed Young Master and caused the sect leader to harm Chen Fan’s family.

Zhang Ben lowered his head and let out a cold smile: “Master Chen, our sect leader is not any less powerful than you. If you kill our young master, I guarantee you that you will pay for it.”

Zhang Ben and the Young Master played the typical good cop bad cop game with Chen Fan, trying to coax him into submission.

The Young Master heaved a sigh of relief and got up to his feet.

He knew the cowardly nature of man and was convinced that Chen Fan would not put his life on the line. He wagered that as long as he could get through this crisis, he could recuperate and plan his revenge.

Suddenly, Chen Fan let out a peal of faint laughter. “Oh? Have you forgotten what I said earlier?”

“What did you say?”

Panic surfaced once again on Young Master’s face.

Chen Fan said lightly: “I told you that if you didn’t kneel before me and accept your judgment, I would kill not only you but also your entire family.

“Do you think I, Chen Beixuan, have time to crack a joke with you?”

Everyone watched as two rays of golden flame shot out from Chen Fan’s eye sockets once again and they quickly surrounded the Young Master.

“You won’t do it!”

Young Master panicked as he hurried to back away. Meanwhile, he charged up his energy and summoned a puff of grey cloud behind him. However, his resistance was futile.

The elegant golden flame had surrounded him in an instant.

Young Master started to scream. The fire licked him clean of his clothes, hair, and nails before it started to gnaw at his flesh and bone. Every inch of his skin was on fire, and the heat brought his blood to a boil, evaporating it into thin air.

This gruesome scene terrified everyone.

Even after the young master’s body had been reduced to ashes, the fire still kept going. In the dancing flames, people could see an apparition that was struggling in agony.

“That’s... his soul?”

Bai Wuji’s body trembled uncontrollably as fear gripped his heart.

Chen Fan’s golden flame could not only burn away flesh, but it could also devour souls. Wasn’t it called the Total Annihilation?

After a few more horrid moments, even the soul disappeared, and the fire finally died down. Chen Fan turned around to look at the crowd behind him.

“Urhh!”

Bai Wuji and Granny Snake dropped to their knees involuntarily and kowtowed to Master Chen. They scarcely dared to look Master Chen in the eyes, fearing that they would meet the same fate at the Young Master.

He used to be the infamous Young Master of the Ghost Witch Sect, yet he was brutally annihilated by Chen Fan. What else was Chen Fan capable of doing?

Yu Wenjin and Zhang Ben stood still and didn’t bend their knees.

Yu Wenjin managed to stand still and regarded the young man who shot fire out of his eyes and had the power of a Godfiend; she felt she didn’t know Chen Fan at all.

Zhang Ben let out an ugly grin and said: “You have killed the Young Master. Our sect master will not let you get away with it.”

“So?” Chen Fan asked coldly.

Before Zhang Ben could say one more word, a golden fire shot out from Chen Fan’s eye and buried itself into Zhang Ben’s body.

Zhang Ben gritted his teeth and was ready to meet his demise. However, after a while, he was not harmed; instead, he heard a voice in his ear: “Give this gift to your sect leaders. Tell them that Chen Beixuan will come for them and kill them all.”

“You will let me live?” Zhang Ben opened his eyes and was ecstatic.

“Now get out of my face.” Chen Fan waved dismissively.

Zhang Ben turned on his heels and started running. All the while his eyes held a poisonous luster that threatened revenge. “You are making a mistake, young man. We will crush you one day!”

Yu Wenjin was surprised by the development.

“Chen Fan... Master Chen, are you just letting him go like that?”

“It’s fine.” The fire in Chen Fan’s eyes finally disappeared. He said thoughtfully: “He will have to deliver my gift to the sect. I hope they like it.”

Chapter 114: A Gift

A few hours after the Young Master’s death, Bai Wuji and Master Guo’s disciples finally clean up the mess in the courtyard, and everything was back to normal.

Chen Fan sat in a chair and was playing with a jade-colored flute made out of bone.

Chen Fan’s Li Fire Golden Eyes had burned through the Young Master’s core until even his soul had vanished. Somehow, the Ghost Flute survived the ordeal. However, it wasn’t without losses as the malevolent ghosts had disappeared. The fire had returned the Dharma Artifact back to its original state.

Nonetheless, Chen Fan was still taken aback by the quality of the flute.

The Li Fire Golden Eyes were a superior-grade Immortal Enlightenment Art. Therefore, it should have melted even the superior-grade Dharma Artifact. However, the bone flute had stood against the test of fire.

By then, Chen Fan had already gotten a number about the true nature of the material.

“This is a piece of Connate Bone.”

With that thought in mind, Chen Fan furrowed his brows and fell deep into thought. Could it be that there were living Connate beings that used to walk the earth? Bai Wuji said that this bone flute was first discovered in an ancient tomb of bygone ages, hence its name: the Primordial Ghost Flute.

“If the earth had abundant Spirit Qi during the ancient time, it was not impossible to see an ancient civilization centered around cultivation. This could also explain the origins of various spells I have seen so far, including the usage of Internal Force.” Chen Fan murmured to himself.

After pondering on it for a while, he was elated by the conclusion.

If a cultivation culture did exist at some point during earth history, those ancient cultivators must have left some treasure behind, such as Dharma Artifacts and Spirit Pills. If he could locate those artifacts, his cultivation progress would take a few leaps and bounds.

Chen Fan was certain that there was little to no chance that the ancient cultivators would have survived the test of time and were still living among ordinary humans.

Regardless of how ancient the civilization was, the lack of Spirit Qi on earth as of now would have diminished the ancient cultivator’s chance of survival. Even if one or two cultivators had stood the test of time, they would have been hiding in their Grotto-heaven and avoid the real world at all cost.

The world to the cultivators was as a fish pond to fish.

If the pond dried out, even the most ferocious predator fish such as shark would have perished due to lack of oxygen.

However, Chen Fan was an exception. He had learned numerous useful secret arts that could help him to not only survive but also thrive in even the ninth level of Hell. The lack of Spirit Qi was not a problem for him whatsoever.

“Humph! What a waste of good material.”

He studied the Connate Bone bone as a smile surfaced on his face.

He had refined the giant spin of the Yin Snake into a Bone Whip of Malicious Yin, making use of this much workable material shouldn’t be a challenge.

A cultivator of the Connate Spirit level would have transformed his vitality into a much higher existence. Every drop of blood and every fragment of bone would be fused with Spirit Qi. Therefore, the bone flute was as good a medium for artifact crafting as the numinous treasures.

"I can finally make a Spirit Artifact with this Connate Bone."

Chen Fan exclaimed.

The Spirit Artifact was one step above the Dharma Artifact, and only a cultivator of Connate Spirit level would be able to wield such an artifact. Its power was much greater than that of Dharma Artifacts.

Yu Wenjin walked over to Chen Fan, and her appearance interrupted Chen Fan's reverie. Chen Fan looked up at the girl. Shyness was written all over her face as if it was the first time she met Chen Fan. Chen Fan jested: "What's up with that look on your face. Don't you recognize your old friend?"

Chen Fan's lighthearted joke relieved Yu Wenjin. She stuck the tip of her tongue out and said kittenishly: "You looked scary. Plus, you have burned a person alive. I don't know if I know you anymore."

"You are wrong Wenjin." Chen Fan said somberly: "Have you ever thought what would happen to you if I let the Young Master take you away with him?"

"Kind of?" Yu Wenjin paused a second and said: "Lord Bai said he was going to draw out my Dharmic powers and sow... seeds in me? Whatever that means."

"Hehe." Chen Fan shook his head and then said: "It's not that easy. Primitive arts used by the young master are well known for their brutality. The art will steal not only your Dharmic powers but also your vitality. Such as blood, bones, and what have you. Eventually, it will turn you into an empty husk."

"Ah!" Yu Wenjin gasped, fears lit up in her eyes.

"For such a vile man, even burning him alive was too light of a punishment." Chen Fan sneered and then asked: "Have you made up your mind yet?"

"Yes." Yu Wenjin nodded resolutely. "I am ready to go home and visit my homeland. I have been away for many years."

"Lord Bai told me that only one family of the six major families could take me in. He had agreed to introduce me to them."

“Very well. You are lucky.” Chen Fan nodded. “Your unique power is a double-edged sword. If you learn to use it to aid your cultivation, you should be more powerful than even the Young Master in less than ten years.”

Bai Wuji came over to Chen Fan and asked for instructions.

Chen Fan became much more serious when he talked to Bai Wuji. “I am going to trust you with Wenjin’s safety. If one hair falls off her head... you know what will happen to you.”

Bai Wuji’s body trembled and hurried to reply: “Yes. Yes!”

The sight of the young master being burnt alive was permanently tattooed in his brain that he would never forget.

Chen Fan nodded lightly. He wagered that since Bai Wuji knew of his power, he would not betray him without thinking about the consequences.

He turned to Yu Wenjin and gazed at her for a few moments as he contemplated for the last time whether he should ask her to stay with him. In the end, Chen Fan decided to keep his silence.

If Yu Wenjin had his guidance, she would have improved much faster than if she stayed with other masters. However, he didn’t want to get involved in too many worldly matters in this life. He was on the agenda and had no time to waste.

Plus, Chen Fan was a firm believer that the best way to help someone was to enable them to help themselves.

If Yu Wenjin could prove herself worthy and achieve Dharma Cultivation level or beyond, he wouldn’t mind offering her some help to make a proper cultivator out of her. However, if she gives up improving herself, Chen Fan could only wish her good luck.

Everyone bid farewell to Chen Fan before they left. Granny Snake didn’t dare look Chen Fan in the eyes when she walked out of the courtyard with Yu Wenjin.

After everyone was gone, Chen Fan was left with the Bronze Armored Cadaver who was still struggling to get up.

“Hehe.” Chen Fan cracked a half smile. “These puny sects on the earth knew nothing about the art of Cadaver Refining. Very well, I will teach them the proper way.

“I can’t wait to see their faces then Tong Shan smash open their gate.”

Five days later, somewhere in a secluded village...

This village looked normal from the outside; however, all the other villagers regarded this place as sacred ground. This was the headquarters of the Young Master.

At the highest ground of the village stood a stone temple. Within it was a three-meter tall statue of a Demon God. The Demon God wore a savage mask revealing only a pair of hideous eyes that shone red. From the mask down, its entire body was covered with black tar.

Beneath the altar, a group of elders in black robes gathered around the Demon God statue.

The youngest of the elders looked in his forties. The oldest had waxen skin with dimples and bumps covering the entire face. He looked ancient, probably over a hundred years old. Each elder was surrounded by chilling energy that continuously spiraled around them. It was obvious that these elders possessed powerful Dharmic Powers.

"Sect Master, the death of the Young Master, is a blatant insult to our sect." An elder said sinisterly.

"Indeed. Ever since the Heavenly Master Sect broke our headquarters, we have never experienced such humiliation." Another elder said hotly.

"He is just a puny human who calls himself Master Chen; how dare he kill one of us! I bet people have forgotten our methods." A cold voice said.

After a while, the elder who sat cross-legged before the Demon God said slowly: "Bring Zhang Ben here. Let's ask him what exactly had happened."

The old man could be mistaken as a lifeless statue if people didn't know his heart still made a beating once in a while. He was the Sect Master. He was over a hundred years old and looked like he could die at any moment.

However, no one dared to disrespect him; he was a Perfected Master that had reached the Dharma Cultivation.

After Zhang Ben entered the temple, he bowed to the elders and the sect master and then started to retell what he had seen.

"You said he is only sixteen or seventeen years old and he can already shoot fire out from his eyes? And he had not only destroyed the Young Master's spell but also burned him alive?" An elder asked incredulously.

"If he really is that powerful, how did you survive?"

"He spared my life to give you a message. He said he would soon come here to kill all of us." Zhang Ben said begrudgingly.

“Preposterous!”

The message had riled up the elders; a swell of angry curses rose from the temple.

“A fledgling from Jiang Bei dared to claim that he will kill me?”

“Hehe, we have been here over a hundred years, and the only setback was at the hands of the Heavenly Master Sect when they were in their hay day. When they finally die out, we will be the dominant power once again.”

“Sect Master, let us teach him a lesson. However powerful he is, he is no match against the ten of us.”

Some people cursed, some snorted disdainfully, and some were outright mad.

The Sect Master kept his silence for a while and then asked: “What else did he say?”

“He said he wants me to bring a gift to you.” Zhang Ben shook his head and cracked a smile: “I thought he was just joking, but here it is...”

“AHRR!”

Suddenly, Zhang Ben let out a painful howl.

Many angry elders lose their words at the sudden turn of event as if an invisible hand had strangled their throat. They looked at Zhang Ben, eyes brimming with fear.

They watched as a red lotus marks appeared on the forehead of Zhang Ben. Then golden flames poured out from every pore on his body, burning his skin, and then the flesh off of his bones. Zhang Ben rolled around on the ground in painful agony, trying to put out the fire, but to no avail.

After a few agonizing moments, Zhang Ben was reduced to ashes and the flames were gone.

Zhang Ben disappeared from the temple; it was as if he had never made it back.

The room suddenly became pin-drop quiet.

All the elders were rendered speechless.

Even the Sect Master was stunned by the scene, as fear crept into his mind.

This was an amazingly terrifying art that could embed the flame inside of one's body and trigger it at a later time. Even the greatest fire bender from the Bai Family was not able to pull off such a feat.

This opponent would be a challenge for even the Sect Master, much less the elders.

“Are we... still going to Jiang Bei?” After a while, someone broke the silence.

No one answered the question, not even the Sect Master.

Everyone looked at each other fearfully and decided never to mention this even ever again.

Chapter 115: Wu Mountain Hot Spring Resort

Chapter 115: Wu Mountain Hot Spring Resort

When the drastic turn of events happened at the temple, Chen Fan was sitting in the back of a BMW.

After he registered the releasing of his spell, he looked through the car window into the distance.

Thus it was, the real power of Immortal Enlightenment meant that he had control over anyone's life and death. Zhang Ben was an arrogant fool for thinking that he would have a chance of defeating Chen Fan one day. Unknown to him, Chen Fan had planted a Fire Lotus inside of him and triggered the spell only after he arrived at his sect.

Chen Fan's spell killed two birds with one stone. When the fire consumed Zhang Ben, it also triggered another spell that will mark the locations of the elders so that Chen Fan could detect them from even miles away.

When he was finally there knocking on their doors, he could track them even when they were fleeing.

“This is one of the many variations of the Li Fire Golden Eyes: Transformation of The Red Lotus. I have shown them the power of Immortal Enlightenment.”

Chen Fan cracked a cold smile.

“What's going on, Xiao Fan?” Wu Junjie asked. He was driving the BMW with a cigarette between his lips.

“It's nothing. I have just killed a bug.” Chen Fan said readily.

“Ok.” Wu Junjie replied. Then he suddenly shook his head and said: “What a shame that Wenjin went back home early this year. Otherwise, I would invite her over to the hot spring this year. You should have seen her body in a swimming suit!”

“Humph! Xiao Jin knew you guys are a bunch of perverts, and that’s why she decided to leave early.” Lin Weiwei refuted.

She has crammed in the back seat with two others, and in order to stretch her legs, she straightened them in between the two seats in the front, extending them all the way to Chen Fan’s lap. Fatty Yan was not sure where to rest his gaze, as he shifted his eyes left and right, stealing a glance of Lin Weiwei’ sexy legs from time to time.

“Wenjin is back in her hometown, and Haoxuan was a homebody so only four of us could make it today.” Wu Junjie lamented.

So saying, he gave Chen Fan a sidelong glance and said apologetically: “Xiao Fan, I got too carried away that night. I hope you can forgive me.”

“You mean about what I said about Yu Wenjin?” Chen Fan said calmly: “That’s nothing, no harm done. I walked home with her just to ask her some questions.”

“Oh? Are you getting jealous because of Xiao Fan?” Lin Weiwei tsked and said: “You are lame, don’t you trust your brother? If Xiao Fan really wanted her, he could have made a move on her a while ago.”

“Hoosh hoosh, this is a man’s only talk.” Wu Junjie was slightly embarrassed, and so he hurried to change the topic.

“The Wu Mountain hot spring had just become popular recently. Everything is brand new in there; it’s not any worse than the one near Jin City.

“That place is packed during this time of year with people who return home for the Spring Festival. I managed to get four tickets, thanks to one of my friends.”

The teenagers decided to take a trip together before the family obligations tie them down during the Spring Festival.

Chen Fan had nothing to do other than waiting for his mother to return home. After his friends’ persistent invitation, he was persuaded to join them.

The Wu Mountain Hot Spring Resort was located in between the Chu Zhou City and Tian He City. It became a tourist attraction spot as soon as it was opened. Many tourists from Japan and Korea visit the resort every day.

By dawn, they arrived at Wu Mountain. Since Wu Junjie had booked the hotel rooms through a friend, therefore they were not in a hurry to check in. They found a parking spot in the hotel parking lot and then walked across the street to have dinner.

Wu Mountain was a famous ancient town in the Jiang Bei Region. Many old buildings from the Ming and the Qin dynasty were preserved in the town. The new addition of the world-class hot spring had furthered its popularity.

“Damn, there are so many foreigners .” Lin Weiwei exclaimed.

“Silly girl, don’t ogle! You better get used to it.” Wu Junjie said disdainfully.

“Who are you calling, silly?” Lin Weiwei narrowed her wide eyes and was ready to punch at Wu Junjie. Wu Junjie rose both hands in surrender. Although he had a sharp tongue, he was no match against Lin Weiwei’s savage girl power.

Wu Junjie glanced back at Tong Shan and marveled: “Xiao Fan, where did you find this bodyguard? He is as big as those MMA players I saw on TV.”

By then, Tong Shan’s wounds were healed. Other than his lifeless eyes, he looked just the same as a normal living person. However, his shiny bald head, two meters and twenty centimeters tall stature, barrel-sized legs and arms, and the bronze-colored muscles that looked as hard as metal gave him a belligerent demeanor that kept people away from his hulking frame.

“Ah, you are talking about Tong Shan. He is one of my distant cousins. He is not all there, and my uncle wanted me to take him out on a trip.” Chen Fan lied.

Tong Shan was given five Arcane Pills, and therefore not only his wounds were healed, but the pills had also further strengthened his body. Once Chen Fan finished his secret cadaver refining art on him, Tong Shan would be as deadly as a grandmaster.

“Shame on you! Bringing such a plus-sized freak with us, and he nearly crushed me to death in the back seat.” Lin Weiwei complained.

Yan Xiaobai winced indignantly.

“Sister, at least you have a spot to rest your legs. I have been sitting on this freak’s lap all the while. His legs are so bony; I felt that my ass is going to be bruised tonight.”

Seeing his friends argue with each other lightheartedly, Chen Fan’s eyes were lit up with joy.

Isn’t this scene that he missed the most during his lonely cultivation? When Wu Junjie asked him out, he only hesitated a few seconds before agreeing to join them.

“But I kinda like having him here. It made us look so badass.” Lin Weiwei giggled.

Tong Shan was a skinhead over two meters tall, and he stood out among the average people as a rock star in the street.

“Hehe. We can finally have fun this time. No one would dare to cause us trouble while we are under the protection of our big cousin!” Wu Junjie let out a smug smile.

They found a restaurant decorated in traditional style. It was called “Wei Quan Hall.” Wu Junjie’s local friend had recommended this restaurant to him and told him that the chief of the joint used to be a master in creating Lu Style dishes.

“Shit, it’s expensive here.” Lin Weiwei exclaimed. Wu Junjie nudged Chen Fan and said under his breath: “Xiao Fan, look! left!”

“What is it?” Chen Fan looked over his shoulder and saw a woman wearing sunglasses was sipping on a bowl of soup.

Half of her face was concealed behind the fashionable large shades, revealing only a pointy chin and two small and curled lips. From her dress and overall demeanor, one could tell that this woman was exceptionally beautiful.

“Perverts!” Lin Weiwei castigated hotly.

“That’s not why I am staring. Don’t you think she looked very familiar?” Wu Junjie defended himself and asked.

“Familiar?” Chen Fan was taken aback by the questions.

“Yes. She is hiding something for sure. Who the hell wears sunglasses while eating food? Her face looked very familiar. I felt I had seen her somewhere.”

“Humph! Why do you even care what she wears when she eats?” Lin Weiwei flung back at the boys.

“I have nothing to say to you! You savage ... woman!” Wu Junjie refuted hotly. “But who the hell is she? Why does she look so familiar?”

Chen Fan’s face became serious as he initiated his Immortal Will.

His Immortal Will could see through objects, and therefore, he saw the girl’s face right away. As he expected, she was exceptionally beautiful. She was in her late twenties and was wearing very light makeup. Her sparkling eyes were as dreamy as the starry night.

“She is...” Chen Fan paused a second as a girl from his distant memory appeared.

“Ah-ha! I know who she is!” Wu Junjie slapped his thigh and exclaimed: “She looked exactly like the superstar Yun Qianqian!”

“Get out of here. Yun Qianqian was an A list actress. Why would she visit such a dingy joint?” Lin Weiwei asked doubtfully.

Seeing Yan Xiaobai was not convinced either, Wu Junjie was frustrated for no one believing him.

However, Chen Fan knew that Wu Junjie was right. The girl was indeed Yun Qianqian.

In his past life, Chen Fan saw her on Tv all the time. When he finally became the manager at the Jin Xiu Group, he had met Yun Qianqian in person a few times during banquets. He was not particularly interested in dating actresses, and therefore, he didn't pay much attention to her even then.

“Interesting, what is Yun Qianqian doing here?” Chen Fan's interest was piqued. “She could have gone to any world-class resort she wanted to, why would she choose the Wu Mountain?”

Suddenly, a group of people entered the restaurant.

They scanned the customers and then walked straight toward Yun Qianqian.

Chapter 116: Super Star Yun Qianqian

Chapter 116: Super Star Yun Qianqian

The group of men arrived at Yun Qianqian's table, and the leader of the pack said something to Yun Qianqian. The latter shook her head vehemently. A few moments later, the girl and the group of men started arguing with each other. A perverted man of small stature tried to grab Yun Qianqian's arm, and the latter waggled her arm forcefully to break free.

“What's going on there? He is taking advantage of a girl!”

Lin Weiwei was raised in a Martial Arts family and had a very short temper. Seeing the girl being assaulted, she slammed the table and shouted at the top of her lungs.

The group of men turned their heads over to her. The sight of a high school girl emboldened them, but even as they were about to come over to Li Weiwei, they noticed Tong Shan sitting beside the girl. He was about two meters tall, and his chest was as wide as two people. Even while sitting down, he was a head taller than most of the people in the room.

They paused a second to recalculate their odds. After they noticed that Tong Shan's arm was even bigger and thicker than their thighs, the group grew quiet.

The leader of the pack smiled apologetically and said: "Miss Yun. We didn't want to harm you. But Boss really is waiting for you."

"I told you that I am not interested." Yun Qianqian said coldly.

After Chen Fan gave Tong Shan an order, the hulking frame rose from his seat. His head almost touched the ceiling and blotted out the light, projecting a large shadow into the room.

At such a terrifying sight, the small man dared not to say a word and ran away in fear.

"Thank you." Yun Qianqian nodded to everyone and thanked them.

Her voice was smokey, like that of a girl who stayed at the bar until midnight alone.

"You are welcome." Lin Weiwei answered ardently. "If I were you, I would knee bash them in the groin so that they will remember never to mess with me again."

Yun Qianqian was taken aback by the girl's hot temper.

Wu Junjie said: "Why don't you join our table? We can escort you home once we are done. They might still be around, waiting to strike again after we leave."

The women pondered a few moments and then accepted the offer.

She walked over Chen Fan's table. Since there was only one empty seat beside Chen Fan, she sat down to the right of him. Suddenly, a faint fragrance drifted into Chen Fan's nose. Although the smell was light and subverted, its alluring quality was obvious. No doubt that it was a high-quality luxury brand perfume.

After she sat down, everyone could finally have a good look at the girl.

She wore her hair back in a simple ponytail and was wearing a beige-colored peacoat. Since it was not cold inside the room, she took off the coat, revealing a white sweater that clung snugly onto her curves. Below the waist, she wore a pair of slim-fit jeans that accentuated her luscious upper body even more. She wore no jewelry save for a string of Buddhist beads on her delicate wrist. She looked like an elegant city girl from head to toe and from the inside out.

The clothing on her was worth only a few thousand yuan, but the yellow-rosewood beads were worth over a hundred thousand.

Seeing her wood bracelet, Chen Fan furrowed his brows but kept his silence.

Yun Qianqian's charm dominated the table; after she sat down, no one spoke a word.

Chen Fan was the only person who could keep calm and eat on. Yun Qianqian gave Chen Fan a surprised glance and then said with a smile: "Why don't you eat? Don't stop because of me."

"Well, you are too charming. It's a bit... too much for us to handle." Wu Junjie half-joked and half stammered like an idiot.

Even Wu Junjie was taken aback by his own shyness. He had seen all kinds of girls in his life, why did he felt so disabled in front of her?

Lin Weiwei nodded and then gave Yun Qianqian an admiring glance. Every woman dreams of being like Yun Qianqian, to charm everyone with only some casual clothes and a pair of oversized sunglasses.

"Ah-Why, are you wearing sunglasses while eating?" Lin Weiwei asked curiously.

Yun Qianqian was surprised by the question. She hesitated for a few moments and then answered: "I am sort of special. I can't take my glasses off."

"How so?" Lin Weiwei asked readily, "That rascal over there said you looked like the movie star Yun Qianqian, and therefore you wore a pair of sunglasses to avoid paparazzi."

"Hey! don't give away my nickname!" Wu Junjie rolled his eyes. Rascal was his nickname ever since he was a little boy.

Yun Qianqian cracked a smile but decided to keep her silence.

After a short conversation, the group and Yu Qianqian hit it off quickly.

Yun Qianqian was originally from Tian He City. The recent sect back in her career spurred her to come back home and be away from work for a while. However, as soon as she was back, she was asked to attend a banquet with a few rich and powerful businessmen. At the banquet, the local tycoons tried to flirt with her, but as an A list actress, she would have none of it. She asked her manager to deal with the men at the banquet table while she ran away to find a quiet place to clear her mind.

Since she had grown up at Tian He City, she knew of the quiet Wu Mountain village. After she got here, she unexpectedly befriended this group of friendly yet strange teenagers.

Yes, they were strange, indeed.

Yun Qianqian's keen observation made her a good judge of characters. She knew that this group of boys and girls were from pretty well off families. However, they were not from the most opulent households. They lacked the kind of signature aloofness that tainted every member of the real powerful families she had seen.

Although she was convinced that most of them were from average families, there were two of them that she just couldn't get a handle on.

One of two sat motionlessly in his chair. Every ounce of his hulking muscles screamed danger to her; she wagered that even her best bodyguard wouldn't match his deadliness.

The other one was a refined young man who so far had not even glanced at her once.

Chen Fan's appearance was nothing to boast about. It was boringly ordinary in the eyes of an expert in the entertainment industry. However, deep in his eyes were a playful conceit that dared to defy anything and anyone in the world.

"Yes, that is self-assuredness in his eyes." Yun Qianqian told herself.

She had only observed such self-assuredness in the eyes of the real top dogs of China who were capable of changing the lives of millions.

However, even those tycoons' confidence were no match against Chen Fan. Chen Fan was so sure of his power that he might as well be arrogant.

"Interesting. What kind of family could produce such a child?" Yun Qianqian thought curiously.

However, she quickly brushed aside the idea of acquainting herself with a man from a powerful secret family. She shook her head and laughed at her own naivety.

When everyone had finished their food, they started to plan their trip to the hot spring. They insisted that Yun Qianqian should tag along.

Yun Qianqian was going to refuse; however, the thought of meeting those local gentries again changed her mind.

The Wu Mountain Hot Spring resort was huge in size and came with all different kinds of facilities. There were outdoor hot springs, buffet restaurants, resting areas, and hotels. There were also luxury VIP hot springs if one wanted to go above and beyond the normal experience.

After everyone changed into their swimming suit, they gathered at the outdoor Hot Spring.

“Oh my god!”

Everyone looked toward Tong Shan. He was wearing a tight speedo, revealing his bronze skins that were ridden with scares. A large ugly scare ran from under his chin to his belly. It was as if something sharp attempted to slice him in half.

“Xiao Fan, what does Big Cousin do?” Wu Junjie gasped.

“He used to be a mercenary overseas. After a mission, his brain got damaged.” Chen Fan shrugged.

Tong Shan’s bodybuilder shape attracted a lot of attention. He walked to the center of the pool and scared away a large group of the crowd. His body was a magnet for the girl’s attention. However, the terrifying scars and his lifeless expression deterred many girls from coming over to admire his impressive body in close range.

By then, the two girls also appeared from the locker room.

“Holy shit! Savage Girl. Where did you get that body?”

Lin Weiwei was wearing a traditional one-piece swimming suit that covered her whole upper body. However, her tall and thin frame looked attractive with the pair of surprisingly fit legs. However, her beauty was a far cry from Yun Qianqian, who was still in her sunglasses.

Yun Qianqian was in her fabulous late twenties. She wore a three-piece bikini that showed off her spinner body. Her perky bosom was sublime under the sun. Lin Weiwei simply couldn’t compare.

Even though her attractive face was still covered by the sunglasses, her top quality assets had overshadowed all the girls in the pool.

Although Wu Junjie enjoyed the view, he scarcely dared to make a comment about her beauty.

The outdoor Hot Spring was divided into many pools. Thanks to Tong Shan’s frightening appearance, the group had an entire pool to themselves.

Suddenly, Chen Fan asked a question: “Miss Yun, can I take a look at the beads on your wrist?”

Yun Qianqian was taken aback by the abrupt question.

Chapter 117: A Cursed Bracelet

Yun Qianqian hesitated. Although this bracelet looked nothing extraordinary, a well-respected Buddhist had blessed it for her, and therefore, this bracelet was worth at least a hundred thousand yuan.

She had just met him, yet Chen Fan asked to see the most expensive piece of jewelry she was wearing. Anyone would have hesitated if they were in her shoes.

“Sister Yun, is it made out of yellow rosewood?” Wu Junjie asked. “I saw one of them on a rich teenager’s wrist in Jin City. That one was worth over two hundred and eighteen thousand, and it didn’t look half as pretty as yours.”

Lin Weiwei and Yan Xiaobai both were shocked by the value.

They were both from middle-class families of a county town. They had never dreamed of seeing a bracelet that worth over a couple hundred thousand.

Ever since they learned of the girl’s last name, they started to joke that she was a sister of the superstar Yun Qianqian.

Since Wu Junjie had spilled the beans about the value of the bracelet, Yun Qianqian no longer hesitated. She removed the bracelet from her wrist and handed it over to Chen Fan and said: “The price is not the most important. This bracelet meant a lot to me because it was a gift from one of my best friends. She went through a great deal of trouble asking for a blessing on it before she gave it to me. She told me to keep it with me at all times, and never let it leave my sight.”

Chen Fan didn’t say a word. He held the beads in his hand and started to examine it.

Under the scrutiny of his Immortal Will, the beads revealed its true colors. Each and every one of the wooden beads were surrounded by dark Malice Qi. From time to time, some of the flowing energies formed a hideous skull.

“A curse?”

Chen Fan fell into deep thought.

Curses were widespread among many different cultures’ legends. There were called incantations in the west and in the east, they existed in the form of numismatic charm, voodoo dolls, and Gu.

However, this was the first time Chen Fan saw a curse in real life on earth. Out of curiosity, he probed deeper into the beads using his Immortal Will.

“KOM!”

He felt a shock as his Immortal Will went through the barrier, revealing a scene.

He was inside of a dark and dank temple, where robed priests worshiped a sinister looking demon god with four hands, four head, and four faces. Under the statue stood a monk with a shaved head. He was wearing a string of necklace made out of bone and fangs.

The monk took a bracelet off the altar and handed it over to an attractive looking girl kneeling on the ground. He murmured something to the girl, and the latter kowtowed to the monk appreciatively.

The picture disappeared, leaving Chen Fan with more questions than answers.

“Who was that woman? Was she Yun Qianqian’s friend?”

He recalled the news of Yun Qianqian in his past life and felt that things suddenly made much more sense.

He returned the bracelet to Yun Qianqian and paused a second before he said heavily: “You better throw it away or burn it.”

“What?”

Wu Junjie was rendered speechless.

Yun Qianqian was also taken aback; her eyes were lit up with caution and suspicion. “What... what do you mean?”

“No kidding, Xiao Fan. This yellow-rosewood bracelet was worth over a few hundred thousand. Plus, it was a gift from Sister Yun’s best friend who spent a great deal of effort to obtain it. You are out of your mind to ask Sister Yun to throw it away.” Wu Junjie said with deeply furrowed brows.

Chen Fan didn’t mind the protest. He said faintly: “You have been meeting tailwinds in your career and have been down on your luck. You can’t even sleep well, and the lack of sleep further exacerbated your work performance. You feel trapped. Am I right?”

“How did you know?” Yun Qianqian’s voice was filled with suspicion.

As an actress who had to rely on herself to make a living, she was much more protective of herself than most people. Chen Fan’s truthful remarks had spurred her to raise her guard. She wondered it was a setup, and the teenagers were conspiring against her.

The entertainment industry was a battleground, and she had seen all kinds of sordid methods from even the most trustworthy looking people. On the set, she always brought her own water bottle and never trusted anyone else’s water.

Chen Fan cracked a smile and then kept his silence.

He had thought to offer some help to her since fate had brought them together for this brief encounter. However, if Yun Qianqian didn't trust him, he wouldn't care less about her wellbeing.

Seeing Chen Fan didn't say a thing, Yun Qianqian was even more certain that something was amiss. Suddenly, an awkward silence fell into the pool.

After a few moments, Yun Qianqian stood up and said: "I have other things to attend to. Please enjoy yourself. "

She turned around toward the exit, ignoring Wu Junjie's invitation to stay.

"Ah. Sister Yun?" Lin Weiwei hurried to get up and was going to persuade her to stay.

Suddenly, a large group of people entered the pool.

The leader of the group was the short man who harrassed Yun Qianqian earlier. However, this time, he was accompanied by a woman in fashionable cloth.

Surprise flashed across Yun Qianqian's face as soon as she saw the woman.

"Sister Qin, why are you here?"

"Oh my little princess, are you trying to kill me? Why did you abandon me in the middle of the banquet, only to show up at this place?" The woman was in her thirties. She was of average looks but well dressed nonetheless. She looked like a shrewd and confident businesswoman.

She started ranting as soon as she entered the pool area as she gave Yun Qianqian a wink.

"Miss Yun, your agent is here, can you come with us now?" The small man said impatiently. "My boss and Mr. Tang are both waiting for you."

"Mr. Tang is there too?" Yun Qianqian's face paled.

"Sister, are you really Yun Qianqian?" Lin Weiwei asked incredulously.

Wu Junjie also jumped out of the pool in surprise. Seeing her cover was blown, she finally removed her sunglasses revealing her gorgeous and famous face.

"I am sorry for lying to you all the while." Yun Qianqian gave everyone an apologetic smile. Then she turned around toward her agent and said: "Sister Qin, I told you I want to spend some time alone. Please say sorry to Mr. Tang for me."

Sister Qin hesitated and said: "Qian Qian, Mr. Tang came all the way to Tian He just to see you. Don't you think you should at least meet him once? Plus..."

"What?" Yun Qianqian asked.

"Plus my boss had been waiting for you for hours. Do you really think you can get away with fooling my boss?" The small man said sinisterly. "In Tian He City, no one dares to mess with my boss."

"Who is your boss?" Yun Qianqian furrowed her brows and asked.

Before she got an answer, Lin Weiwei exclaimed excitedly.

"Sister Yun said she doesn't want to go. What's wrong with you people?"

As a fan of Yun Qianqian, the sight of her idol had robbed her of any reason in her mind.

The small man cracked a sneer and said: "Listen to me, kiddo, I had let it slide because I didn't want to cause trouble. But now, I have twice as many men than you do, so mind your mouth and stay out of this."

A group of bodyguards in black suits appeared behind him. They all wear the same buzz cut and looked angry and deadly. Lin Weiwei and Wu Junjie were frightened by the sight.

They were ordinary high schoolers and had never experienced such a terrifying moment.

Wu Junjie managed to speak: "hey... Bro. I'm friends with the Young Lord Din of Tian He. Can we sit down and talk this out?"

"Young Lord Din? Who is that?" The short man asked as caution flickered in his eyes.

"Din Youwei." Wu Junjie said.

"Oh, for fuck, sake!"

The short man spat. Disdain and contempt were written all over his face.

"You call him a Young, Lord?"

"Even his dad dares not to cross my boss, much less that little shit."

Wu Junjie's face turned green as he was at a loss for words.

The man he was dealing with was even more powerful than Din Youwei's father. Wu Junjie established that he really couldn't do anything to help.

The short man put on a smug smile and then extended his scrawny arm to grab Yun Qianqian's wrist.

"Go away!"

Fire burst out from Lin Weiwei's eyes, and she delivered a roundhouse kick at the little man, sending the latter flying back.

"Manager!"

Seeing the little man was dealt a serious kick, the bodyguards' faces became overwrought. Although even the bodyguard agreed that the short man is a dip shit, he was their boss's inlaw. His sister was their boss's second wife, out of all the wives and mistresses, the boss loved his sister the most. If they returned with the short man injured, everyone would be reprimanded by the boss harshly.

"Fahhhk!"

The little man managed to pick himself up, and he glared at Lin Weiwei vengefully. "Don't let her go! Take her to my bed; I will tame this wild B with an itch."

The bodyguard threw themselves at Lin Weiwei at the same time.

Lin Weiwei's face paled at the development. Despite her martial arts training, she was ill-equipped to handle a dozen professional bodyguards at the same time.

"STOP!"

Yun, Qianqian shouted. Lin Weiwei got into trouble because of her; she couldn't just stand and watch her being beaten up.

However, the bodyguards didn't stop. Yun Qianqian looked to Sister Qin for help.

Sister Qin replied to her with a wry and helpless smile.

The man who wanted to meet with her was a top dog in the Tian He City. He had his skin in nearly all businesses in the city. Although Yun Qianqian didn't have to worry about him in other cities; she was on his turf, and she better oblige his demands.

Wu Junjie and Yan Xiaobai were trembling with fear; however, they stood before Lin Weiwei to protect her.

They grew up together, and they couldn't just watch her being hurt.

Suddenly, Chen Fan growled in a deep voice: “Tong Shan!”

Tong Shan stood up, casting an enormous shadow before him. His hulking frame rose in front of the bodyguards like a mountain.

“Oh. Fuck me!”

Someone shouted out in panic.

Chapter 118: Broken

Chapter 118: Broken

“Honcho, what should we do now?”

Stunned by the enormous frame of Tong Shan that rivaled NBA players, the bodyguards wavered and looked to the short man for instructions.

The short man was considered the underboss of the group simply because he was the inlaw of the boss. Without the sweet pillow talk his sister offered to the boss, he was just an arrogant simpleton. Despite the fact that the odds were clearly stacked against him, the short man shouted at the bodyguards.

“Hit him! What are you afraid of? He is all by himself, and there are a dozen of us!”

Urged by their honcho’s command, some of the bodyguards mustered their courage and rallied their teammates. “YEA! He is fighting by himself. Let’s gang up on him!”

However, their newfound courage was very short-lived.

The first two bodyguards who rushed toward Tong Shan were knocked to the side by the giant’s sweeping hand. They collapsed on the ground as blood spilled from their mouths. Judging by the way their chest looked, the attack must have broken a few of their ribs.

“Shit!”

The sudden turn of events terrified the other bodyguards and robbed them of the will to fight.

Lin Weiwei patted Tong Shan’s back and exclaimed excitedly: “You are awesome, Big Cousin! Fighting them is like fighting kids from kindergarten.”

She looked to the short man and lifted her chin proudly.

“Did you say that you are going to tie me to your bed? Come on. What are you waiting for?”

The short man’s face was contorted by anger. He shouted hotly at the bodyguards: “Why don’t you go after him at the same time?”

The bodyguards looked at each other and hesitated.

Although none of them liked the short man, his sister had the boss wrapped around her little finger. She just needed to sneak one poisonous word into the boss’s ear; all of them would have to bear grave consequences.

The thought of their boss’s wrath made the bodyguards shiver and spurred them forward.

Suddenly, Tong Shan was surrounded by a dozen fighters. Seeing the situation escalated out of control, the other guests of the resort rushed to get out of harm’s way. In a blink, the entire outdoor hot springs section was empty except for the two parties that were fighting with each other.

Seeing the bodyguards started to attack all at once, Lin Weiwei’s face tightened. She looked to Chen Fan concernedly.

Chen Fan was still in the pool and was not at all perturbed by the development. He said nonchalantly: “Don’t worry, Tong Shan will handle them.”

Despite Chen Fan’s reassurance, Lin Weiwei felt distraught with the situation. However, strong Big Cousin was, he was fighting by himself. Could he really ward off the attack from a dozen men at the same time?

“Sister Qin!” Yun Qianqian finally called out.

She felt at least half responsible for the confrontation between the two parties, and therefore she felt that she should help, in whichever way she could.

Sister Qin ignored her and pulled her to the side. She refused her hotly: “Qian Qian, grow a brain, please! Can’t you see what is happening right now? Are you really going to tick off Boss Han and Boss Tang for some little shits that you barely know?”

“Maybe later you can plead for them, but not now.”

“They saved me.” Yun Qianqian said with knotted brows. “Who is that Boss Han anyways? What a jerk.”

During the banquet, she only briefly greeted the local gentry and didn’t make an effort to remember their names.

“He was the tycoon of the Tian He City.” Sister Qin said with a wry smile. “He owns a few hundred million assets and a successful shipping fleet; one of the richest men in Tian He City. Otherwise, why do you think I would insist on you meeting him?”

Yun Qianqian pulled a taut face.

Her decades of experience as an actress told her that she wouldn’t be able to get away with it easily.

Yun Qianqian was an A-list star, and therefore if she really didn’t want to meet with the local tycoon, she might be able to get a pass. However, it was not wise to offend him while she was on his turf.

So thinking, Yun Qianqian shut her mouth and gave up the thought of helping the teenagers.

Sister Qin was right, she just met these kids, and they were barely even friends.

As she thought so, the two parties were already at each other.

The leader of the bodyguards called Bao Bian, was at the very front of the line. As he approached the Tong Shan, he didn’t dare to lower his guard until he was close. He punched at the giant with abandon.

“DIE!”

His punch was so powerful that it made a wheezing sound through the air. It was one of the most perfect executions Mr. Bao had ever done in his life. Bao Bian was confident that he should lay the giant low.

“Big Cousin, dodge!”

Lin Weiwei let out a muffled shout. Wu Junjie and the others watched with colorless faces. They were all from ordinary mid-class families and never had they imagined that they would get caught in a fist fight.

Tong Shan ignored the warning and remained motionless like a massive log.

“Dong!”

To everyone’s surprise, Bao Bian’s forceful punch did nothing. It made a loud clank as if the fist had landed on a piece of metal. At the impact, Bao Bian felt Tong Shan’s flesh return a sharp force back at his hand. He then heard a loud crunch: his bones were broken.

“Oh my god!”

Everyone was shocked.

Tong Shan was wearing only a swimming trunk, much less any other protection.

Everyone watched as the fist landed squarely on the giant's naked shoulder; however, not only was Tong Shan unscathed, the attacker had also broken his fingers. How did that even make sense?

"Is it the art of Golden Shield, Iron Shirt or is it the legendary Martial Arts Of the Thirteen Sons?"

A string of tropes in martial arts novels that border-lined myth surfaced in everyone's mind.

"I don't believe it!"

Bao Bian rubbed his injured hand while staring at Tong Shan who still stood motionless. "I must have hit the wrong spot. I don't believe that your body is made out of metal!"

Before he finished talking, he threw another punch at Tong Shan.

This time, Bao Bian used both hands and attacked with all he got. He used the hammering attack that he had perfected after decades of practice, boring his fists down on the hulking frame.

It was evident that this attack was much more powerful than his last one.

"Just DIE!"

He snarled as a burst of satisfying laughter, let out from his mouth.

A fraction of second later, his last hope disappeared.

"Bang!"

"Kacha!"

The clank was loud this time, and it was followed with an even louder noise of bones snapping apart. Bao Bian's punch had hit home; however, his arms were unable to withstand the shock, and they snapped.

"It. It.."

Bai Bian's arms drooped under his shoulder. He breathed heavily, trying not to wince. He then looked at Tong Shan fearfully, as if he was looking at a devil.

Tong Shan didn't even move a finger, and his opponent had already two broken arms. They were clearly not fighting on a leveled ground. It was as if a group of medieval soldiers had to face off with a modern tank.

Silence fell into the hot spring pool.

Everyone stared at Tong Shan's giant body with disbelief.

"Could it be that his body really is made out of iron?" Someone murmured.

Chen Fan kept his silence and didn't reply.

Tong Shan had been a Martial Arts master even before he was turned into a Bronze Armored Cadaver. After his skin was infused with molten metal, he was practically invincible and could not be harmed by any weapon. He was revived by Chen Fan using Arcane Pills after he was brutally disabled by Chen Fan. After taking in the beneficial effects of the Arcane Pills, his defense and offense abilities were further improved.

Lin Weiwei and her friends could only stare.

Yun Qianqian and Sister Yun were shocked as well. Yun Qianqian was involved in many martial arts films, and she had read many show scripts that described unimaginable martial arts abilities. However, she had never thought that she would see such abilities in real life.

"Honcho, what should we do?"

The other bodyguards turned toward the short man and asked.

The short man was stunned by the turn of the event, so he finally hesitated.

However, he knew that he couldn't panic since the bodyguards were still counting on him. He managed to pull himself together, and said: "What else could we do? Call Boss!"

"Yes! Yes!" Everyone agreed eagerly.

They were convinced that even though this large man possessed exceptional physical strength, he would not get away with it once their boss showed up.

With that thought in mind, the little man's eyes lit up again. He sneered at Chen Fan and said: "We will see who would be laughing when my brother in law comes."

Sister Qin's face paled after hearing his words.

"Shit, they are going to call Boss Han."

Chapter 119: Tian He's New Royalty

Chapter 119: Tian He's New Royalty

"Boss my ass. Do you think that we are afraid of you?" Lin Weiwei announced bravely.

She gave Wu Junjie a backhand slap on the shoulder and said curiously: "Junjie, why don't you call your friend? Didn't you say that he is some kind of hotshot in Tian He City?"

"Young Lord Din?" Wu Junjie hesitated. Based on what the little man said, even Young Lord Din wouldn't be able to save them.

However, under Lin Weiwei's insistent urge, he dialed Young Lord Din's number.

"Hehe." The short man didn't stop Wu Jinjie from dialing. He glared at the boy with a contemptuous look on his face.

"Sister Qin, maybe I should talk to Boss Han and Mr. Tang. It's going to get out of control." Seeing how quickly the situation had escalated, Yun Qianqian furrowed her brows.

"Are you sure you want to be beholden to Mr. Tang because of a bunch of kids?" Sister Qin said wryly.

Yun Qianqian was suddenly at a loss for words.

Mr. Tang was one of her longtime supporters. He generously donated to every show production she was involved in, and she knew very well what he wanted in return. Yun Qianqian never lacked supporters, and therefore, Yun Qianqian had been ignoring his pursuit until now.

In recent years, she was transforming from a TV star to that on the silver screen. The first two movies she was in were complete flops, so much so that the failures threatened her status as an A-list actress. During this critical time of her career, she couldn't afford to lose any supporters.

If she turned to Mr. Tang now, the latter would very likely oblige and forgive the teenagers. However, that would also put her into a position where she couldn't refuse any of Mr. Tang's requests.

With that thought in mind, Yun Qianqian dithered again.

Meanwhile, in a secret VIP club somewhere in Tian He City...

The VIP hall was huge and well-lit. A giant round table was set at the center of the hall where a group of people was drinking.

Beside each and every man at the table stood tall and attractive waitresses who wore tight traditional outfits. They all wore their hair high up in a bun.

All of the waitresses' looks were above average; some of them were drop dead gorgeous and could be worshiped as a goddess by desperate men who were eager to serve them. However, inside the VIP hall, it was their job to serve.

Any local person from Tian He City would have recognized the men from rich and powerful families. Even the poorest of them owned over a few hundred million assets.

These top dogs didn't pay any attention to the attractive waitresses beside them; instead, their attentions were on two men sitting at the head of the table.

The scholarly looking one on the left was in his thirties and was wearing gold-rimmed glasses. The custom tailored Italian suit encased his slim body and brought out the stately old-money style in him.

The other man on the right was a middle age man who had greasy, shiny hair and an even greasier round face. He was wearing a flashy Armani outfit. On his waist rested a belt buckle made by Hermes. The Patek Philippe watch sparkled under the bright lighting in the room. It was evident that he had struck it rich overnight from nothing.

"How do you like everything, Mr. Tang."

The middle age man asked with a smile.

"Everything is superb. Thank you." Mr. Tang nodded. However, a hint of contempt flickered in his eyes.

He was from a prominent family and was used to riches and luxury ever since he was a child. Boss Han's club was too tacky to his taste. It might pass as a luxury VIP club among the gaudy new riches, but it was laughable in the eyes of someone from an old and powerful family.

"Haha. I am glad you like everything." Boss Han laughed smugly.

Mr. Tang was a tycoon from Zhong Hai. He was from a large family whose power was no less than that of the Wei. Mr. Tang also had more respect in his family than Third Lord Wei. Although he never claimed to be a businessman, he was the vice president of two public companies and the sole owner of a large entertainment firm. Han Tianshen simply couldn't compare.

However, Han Tianshen was not nervous before him either.

He had recently just earned the number one position in Tian He City. That put him in the same club with other top dogs in the Jiang Bei region. However, influential Mr. Tang was, he was on his turf right now, so he had a home advantage.

The thought gave Han Tianshen a rush of good feelings. He plastered on a regretful look and sighed: "This club used to belong to Boss Xin, and I was only one of Boss Xin's associates. However, Boss Xin had ticked off the wrong person and perished, leaving this huge mess unattended. I had no choice but to take up the responsibility."

Hearing the words, Mr. Tang furrowed his brows and asked.

"I have heard that you have acquired Xin Zhong's Yuan Gang Group and you have become the new CEO? That was a hell of a deal and will add at least a few billion into your asset pool. Way to go!"

"I used to just be a board member of the Yuan Gang Group. Boss Xin is the one who called the shots. Truth be told, I was quite happy and content even back then and never had I imagined that I would be the one in charge."

Despite Boss Han's humble words, the smug look on his face had betrayed him.

Catching the drift of the conversation, the other tycoons at the table quickly followed suit and praised Boss Han in twenty-two different ways.

Mr. Tang wore a fake smile on his face as a wave of contempt rose inside of him.

Han Tianshen used to be one of Xin Zhong's lapdogs, and his wealth was worth at most a hundred million.

However, right after Xin Zhong's death, he took over his former boss's company and acquired the Yuan Gang Group that Xin Zhong had worked his entire life for.

However, Mr. Tang was here to ask him a favor, so he decided to play along. He carried on: "Boss Han is even more influential now since you have the sale rights of the Yun Wu Spirit Water. Many rich and powerful people would have to beg you to get a drop of the Spirit Water."

"You have heard of the Yun Wu Spirit Water as well?" Han Tianshen's face became serious, and he asked.

"I am quite well connected and have heard of it before the news hit the masses." Mr. Tang said calmly.

Chen Fan had coined the name Yun Wu Spirit Water for the spirit water he created.

Although the Spirit Water had just arrived in the market, its magical effects had shocked the upper-class elites of the entire province. Even someone who lived far away in Zhong Hai such as Mr. Tang had heard of the Spirit Water and came to investigate.

“To be honest with you, Mr. Tang. The sales rights are at the discretion of Master Chen. I am relatively new to the top level, and therefore got the least amount of quota: only ten or twenty bottles a day. I mostly just sell them among my family members. By the end of the day, I have not a lot to spare.” Han Tianshen shook his head and said.

Mr. Tang didn't believe him a wee bit but decided to play along.

“That truly is a tough spot for you.”

Suddenly, he asked curiously: “So, you were saying that the Spirit Water is made by Master Chen?”

“Indeed. No natural spring water could cure all the ailments.” Han Tianshen said respectfully: “These spring water are infused with Master Chen's power. Why do you think people will pay hundreds of thousands of yuan for it?”

Mr. Tang furrowed his brows and said: “I have heard of Master Chen even in Zhong Hai. The rumors tend to exaggerate things. In my opinion, he is not any more powerful than you.”

“You can't compare him with me.” Han Tianshen shook his head as fear rose inside of him. “Master Chen is an immortal. I am nothing but his lapdog, a content one while at that.”

He had watched as Chen Fan killed his boss with one jab of a finger. He would never forget that terrifying day.

He had learned his predecessor's lesson and knew that in order to secure his power, he needed support from Chen Fan and his Yun Wu Spirit Water.

Therefore, Han Tianshen had always revered Chen Fan ever since he took over the city.

“You are too humble.” Mr. Tang shook his head with a smile. He was still not convinced. “You are the richest man in the city, one day you will replace him.”

Han Tianshen kept his silence while he laughed at his guest's naivety in his mind.

“Even the leader of your house, Tang Jianfen was no match against Master Chen, what do you know about replacing his power?”

Suddenly, Han Tianshen's phone rang, so he answered it.

After he hung up the phone, his face looked annoyed.

“What’s going on ?” Mr. Tang asked.

“Some little shit is stirring up trouble.” Boss Han said as anger flickered in his eyes. Then he asked abruptly: “Mr. Tang, should we go to Wu Mountain right now and invite our superstar over personally?”

“Very well.”

Mr. Tang rose from his seat readily.

Chapter 120: Master Chen’s Lapdog

Chapter 120: Master Chen’s Lapdog

Wu Junjie’s friend Young Lord Din happened to be near the resort, so he arrived before anyone else.

Before he got there, the owner of the resort had invited both parties to a large meeting room. They were seated on either side of a large table. Yun Qianqian had changed into normal clothes and put her sunglasses back onto her face.

Chen Fan sat cross-legged and was enjoying the fruits on the table. Tong Shan stood behind Chen Fan like an iron pillar.

As soon as Young Lord Din entered the hall, he couldn’t help but look toward Tong Shan. He turned toward Wu Junjie and asked: “What is going on, Junjie?”

“My friend had some quarrel with these guys. I hope you can help out.” Wu Junjie said with a sheepish smile.

“No problem. Everyone in Tian He will have to give me some face.” Young Lord Din pounded his chest and reassured his distraught friend.

Suddenly, he heard a sneer from a short man beside him. “Hey kiddo, since when did I have to give you face?”

“Second Lord Pan?” Young Lord Din furrowed his brows as soon as he saw the short man.

Although Second Lord Pan lacked any talent, he had a powerful brother-in-law. Just recently, Han Tianshen had risen to power and took over Xin Zhong’s number one spot

in the Tian He City. Ding Youwei did not have sufficient power to fight back against such new royalty of the Tian He City.

However, Young Lord Din was dealing with Second Lord Pan instead of his powerful brother-in-law, and therefore, he still had some room for maneuvering. "Second Lord Pan, are you getting horny again? These are my friends, don't you dare touch any one of them."

Young Master Din had already got a handle on the situation.

Although Yun Qianqian's face was covered by sunglasses, her body and demeanor suggested that she was drop-dead gorgeous. Lin Weiwei was leggy and young. Her damp hair clung tightly to her budding bosom, and her smooth skin glistened tantalizingly under the sunlight. Second, Lord Pan had an infamous appetite for women, and Young Lord Din knew that he would easily clash with others for such beautiful things.

"Hehe, Din Youwei, who the hell do you think you think you are?" Second Lord Pan cracked a smile.

"So you are not going to give them a pass?" Din Youwei pulled a taut face and then asked.

Young Lord Din was a reputable figure in Tian He City. Most people would oblige him by now for the sake of his father. Young Lord Din believed that he and Second Lord Pan were equal in power, and his words should have carried some weight to the short pervert.

"Piss on you!" Second Lord Pan suddenly hurled a wine cup at Young Lord Din.

Din Youwei ducked and evaded the cup. His face turned black, and even as he was going to rush to his attacker, Wu Junjie stopped him and said under his breath. "He has a dozen people on his side. Be careful."

"Humph! I doubt they will harm me." Din Youwei grunted. However, fear had already crept into his mind.

"I am not afraid of that clown; I called you here because he said he is going to call his boss." Wu Junjie said.

"His boss?" Din Youwei's face twitched slightly.

He never remembered Second Lord Pan having ever called anyone boss except for one.

"I am not sure." Wu Junjie hesitated. "Sister Yun said that she ran away from a banquet with someone called Boss Han. That's why Second Lord Pan is after her."

"Boss Han, Han Tianshen?" Din Youwei's face paled.

"Indeed. That is my boss. What now, Din Youwei? Do you really want to offend my boss?" Second Lord Pan asked contemptuously as he sat in a chair cross-legged.

Din Youwei was shocked.

Han Tianshen was the richest man in the Tian He city, and his assets were worth over two billion yuan. Even his father couldn't compare with Han Tianshen's might.

"Bro, you didn't tell me that you are facing off against Han Tianshen."

Din Youwei looked to Wu Junjie and exclaimed.

"Young Lord Din, what do you mean?" Wu Junjie was taken aback, and he asked perplexedly.

"What I mean is that you better apologize now. Otherwise, when Boss Han shows up, you won't even have the opportunity to do just that." Din Youwei paused a second and provided his honest two cents for old time sake.

"Apologize for what? He is a pervert, not me!" Lin Weiwei refuted.

Din Youwei kept his silence, but a hint of disdain flashed across his face.

"She is right; they should apologize to us." Chen Fan said with his mouthful of fruit.

Encouraged by Chen Fan's endorsement, Lin Weiwei puffed her chest and doubled down on her position.

"Do you know who Boss Han is?" Din Youwei asked impatiently. "Even Lord Wei from the Chu Zhou City had to address him respectfully much less you."

"Yes, Weiwei, let's just apologize." Yun Qianqian finally wavered.

She had decided to apologize on behalf of the group when Mr. Tang and Boss Han arrived. When Mr. Tang was finally here, she will beg him to spare these teenagers. After all, if not for protecting her, these teenagers would not get into this mess.

"Sister Yun!" Lin Weiwei's face flushed red.

She was a simple girl and saw the world only in black and white. Therefore the concept of compromise didn't sit well with her.

"It's for your own good. Don't worry; I will make sure that Boss Han will not harm you guys." Yun Qianqian said softly yet determinedly.

Yun Qianqian's words took the wind out of Lin Weiwei's sail. She lowered her head disappointedly and kicked the ground in frustration.

"Hehe, finally you have made the right choice. Very well, for the sake of Miss Yun, I will spare you as long as you apologize to me and call me boss. What do you think?" The short man let out a smug smile. "Otherwise, when my brother-in-law gets here, things are going to get much more complicated than just an apology."

"Are you Yun Qianqian?" Young Lord Din asked abruptly as realization finally dawned upon him. The conflict was because of the superstar.

He looked at Chen Fan and shook his head. She was a superstar and probably had a million different ways to get her out of a sticky situation like this; however, Chen Fan and Wu Junjie were just high school students. Yun Qianqian might be able to get away with it, but not a bunch of kids.

"Are we really going to apologize?" Tears welled in Lin Weiwei's eyes, as she had never experienced such humiliation before.

Wu Junjie clenched his fist as the memory of his run-ins with came back to him. This time was even worse; not only he couldn't protect himself, but he had also failed his best friends.

He bemoaned in his mind for his uselessness.

Even the constant smile on Yan Xiaobai's happy go lucky face had evaporated.

Chen Fan finally put down the fruit in his hand and rose from the chair. "Apologize? Why? Wei Wei was right; we didn't do anything wrong."

"You ARE wrong because you are weak." Din Youwei didn't pass up the opportunity to take a jab at Chen Fan. "In this world, only the strongest, most powerful and resourceful are always right."

"Boss Han has money and power; what are you? You are just a kid."

"Xiao Fan?" Lin Weiwei looked to Chen Fan as a drowning man would to the last piece of floating plank.

Chen Fan walked over to the girl and patted her head gently. He smiled at her and said: "You are my friend, so I will make sure you will never have to apologize for anything."

He paused and then said: "I have the strongest fists in the world. If you want me to apologize, then you should first ask my fists."

So saying, Chen Fan closed his fingers into a fist and waved it in front of his opponents. Lin Weiwei was amused by Chen Fan's callous knuckle. As frustration and amusement clashed in her mind, she punched Chen Fan in the chest, willing him to stop the comical act at this least comical moment.

Seeing the two's friendly exchange, Yun Qianqian felt guilty beyond measure. Wu Junjie and Yan Xiaobai were so touched that their eyes turned red and were on the brink of tearing up.

Suddenly, a hoarse voice that was out of sync of this touching moment came up.

"Hey kid, you have my respect. But let's see if you are still a hero after my inlaw is here."

Chen Fan turned around and sank back into his armchair. He looked at the short man and said: "When your inlaw is here, he wouldn't say a thing even if I order him to throw you into the sea."

Second Lord Pan was angered by Chen Fan's words. Before he could rebut the boy, Din Youwei put in: "Keep bluffing tough guy. Who do you think you are to order Boss Han around? Do you think you are the Elderly Man Wei from the Wei Family of the North Bank?"

"I am not Elderly Man Wei." Chen Fan said lightly "However, Han Tianshen is nothing but one of my lap dogs. I am his master, and he will not defy me."

Everyone was shocked when they heard Chen Fan's words.

"Clank!" "Clank!"

The bodyguards rose at once. If not because of their fear toward Tong Shan, they would have ganged up on Chen Fan and beat him up for dissing their boss.

Din Youwei gasped as he was shocked by how pompous Chen Fan was as far as a dying man goes.

Wu Junjie was also frightened by Chen Fan's remarks. He pulled Lin Weiwei's sleeves worriedly as he looked to Second Lord Pan. The short man's eyes were bloodshot, and his contorted face made him look so angry as if he wanted to swallow the teenagers alive.

Even Yun Qianqian furrowed her brows disapprovingly. This was not the time nor the place to be arrogant; the boy was putting his life on the line.

Sister Qin sneered and said: "Qian Qian, do you see how stupid these kids are? It might appear that they are fighting for you, but they are actually dragging you down with them. Even if you save their hide this time, their stupidity will bring them down again. You can't cure stupid.

"If I were you, I would just leave them be."

Yun Qianqian heaved a sigh, as disappointment rose inside of her.

Suddenly, a wave of commotion rose from outside. A group of people entered the meeting room. The leaders were a middle aged man and a scholarly young man.

They were Han Tianshen and Mr. Tang.

Second Lord Pan's eyes lit up with joy. He walked over to the group and greeted them: "Brother, you are finally here!"

He then turned around to Chen Fan and snorted. "My brother is finally here. I wonder how your life is going to end."

However, before he had finished his words, he watched as his brother in law's body started to tremble.

Boss Han then scurried to Chen Fan as a dog would to its master. Boss Han bowed deeply; his head was almost touching the ground. He then greeted Chen Fan with the most respectful voice he could muster: "Master Chen!"

Chen Fan lolled lazily in his chair, peeling the skin off a grape. He waited until the skins were completely peeled off the grape before he uttered a brisk reply to Boss Han.

"Hi."