

Rebirth Of The Urban Immortal Cultivator

Chapter 141: Chen Family's Future

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"Former Chairman, I envy you. You have such a loving family, so many friends and outstanding off-spring such as Zenxin and Chen An. My life can't compare. "

Qin Hua stood in the middle of the courtyard while surrounded by guests and hosts alike. He moved his wine cup in the air as he said vehemently.

"You think too highly of me. My son Zhexin requires much of your guidance; his future is in your hands."

Chen Huaian said. Despite his words, a proud smile broke over his face.

Despite the calm facade that Great Uncle and his son tried to put on, Great Auntie was already on the brink of jumping up and down and shouting out in excitement.

Having received approval from Qin Hua, no one would dare to think lightly of her husband and son. Just look at people's expressions around her! Second Auntie's eyes were filled to the brim with envy which further boosted Great Auntie's self-esteem.

After Qin Hua's arrival, Elderly Man Wei and Chen Fan were quickly forgotten by everyone.

They sat with other tycoons from Jiang Bei as anger started to brew inside of their minds.

Wei Ziqin was the first to complain: "Qin Hua is such a dick! Grandpa is older than him, yet he didn't dial down his pompous attitude a tad bit."

"Such is the way of a successful and ambitious young man." Elderly Man Wei said.

Qin Hua had achieved high attainment at the young age of fifty. He had more potential than even Elderly Man Wei's son, Wei Changsong. A retired former official such as Elderly Man Wei couldn't compare. Therefore, it was understandable that everyone chose to woo Qin Hua instead of him.

"Mr. Chen, Mrs. Chen. Please be rest assured that your son will be as successful as Qin Hua if not more so."

Seeing the nervous look on Chen Gexin and his wife's faces, Elderly Man Wei decided to offer some solace.

Chen Gexin and his wife managed a smile as they thanked Elderly Man Wei's comforting words.

Chen Ning didn't leave with the crowd to speak to Qin Hua; instead, she remained at the table. Hearing Elderly Man Wei's reassurance to Chen Fan's parents, she gave Chen Fan a cold glare. She believed the old man's words about how resourceful his son Chen Fan was, after all, he was able to attract half of the tycoons in Jiang Bei and even Elderly Man Wei.

However, she would not believe that Chen Fan could surpass Qin Hua in the future.

"He? Surpass Qin Hua?"

Second Auntie snorted.

Chen Fan sat quietly in his chair and looked at the development airily. It was as if he didn't think Qin Hua was so much of a big deal from the outset.

An Ya looked deeply at Chen Fan. She had always believed in her brother, despite how irrational her belief might sound.

Suddenly, a wave of surprised gasps and exclamations drifted into the courtyard.

The noise was getting louder by the second and eventually drowned out all the other noise. Suddenly, the noise disappeared altogether, as a silence fell over the entire courtyard.

"What is going on?"

When Qin Hua noticed the rise and fall of the noise, he was in the middle of boasting about his plan for the future of the city. Having been disturbed by the strange noise, he furrowed his brows in displeasure.

"Boss, I will go check it out."

Secretary Zhang had noticed the annoyance on his boss's face. So he volunteered to investigate. Seeing his secretary was on his way toward the gate, Qin Hua continued.

"It's probably nothing. Where was I, Ah- I was talking about building rehab center at the Chen family village—"

His speech was once again cut short by the sight of Secretary Zhang.

“What’s is it now?”

Qin Hua asked.

Secretary Zhang’s face was as pale as a piece of paper. The message he carried seemed to be so heavy that it almost slowed down his pace. Nonetheless, he managed to plaster on a smile.

“Boss... Li Muchen is here.”

He spoke under his breath.

“Who is Li Muchen? Haven’t you seen that I am—”

Qin Hua waved a hand of dismissal annoyingly.

However, even as he turned his head toward his audiences, words evaporated from his mouth as realization dawned upon him.

Everyone looked toward the entrance of the courtyard and they saw a white-haired old man striding across the threshold and was on his way into the courtyard. The old man’s eyebrows were locked in a permanent frown and his back was as straight as a bamboo. His stride carried a great measure of confidence and power.

Everyone’s eyes were fixed on his face, trying to discern his identity.

As a matter of fact, many had already recognized him.

“Li Muchen!”

“Li Muchen! What brings you here?”

Qin Hua tried to put on a smile, but it looked worse than crying. He wished he could slap himself in the face there and then for being so conceited. Compared to Li Muchen, his political clout was peanuts.

“Hi.”

Li Muchen nodded slightly and letting his vision skip over Qin Hua. That’s all that Qin Hua was worth to him, a slight nod.

Qin Hua’s face crumpled as embarrassment gleamed in his eyes. However powerful Li Muchen was, he shouldn’t have given him the cold shoulder. However, what he saw next made him quickly forget about his discomfort and filled his heart with disbelief.

He saw a middle age man trail behind Li Muchen as the latter walked past him.

Under everyone's fearful watch, more people filed into the courtyard. Each and every one of them looked like a force to be reckoned with.

Qin Hua knew only one of them, who he met a few times during meetings. Qin Hua remembered the man being a haughty big wig, however, there and then, he was among the people who stood in the back row obediently.

"Gosh. More than half of the officers in the military headquarters are here. What is going on?"

Those who had recognized one or two people among the new wave of guests couldn't wait to find out what was going to happen.

Li Muchen stood at the center of the courtyard and didn't speak a word. Silence had fallen into the entire Chen village.

Li Muchen scanned the crowded courtyard and finally found what he was looking for. Then he sauntered on without a word.

"Is he going toward Lord Wei?"

He was heading toward the direction of Elderly Man Wei, and the well-known connection between Elderly Man Wei and Li Muchen made everyone arrive at the same conclusion.

However, the development quickly took a dramatic turn.

Li Muchen walked over to Chen Fan and spoke to him with a broad smile.

"Mr. Chen, we have finally met! I have been looking forward to this for a while!"

Chen Fan finally rose from his seat and replied slowly: "Thank you."

His demeanor made him look like he was greeting an old friend.

However, Li Muchen didn't mind Chen Fan's casual reply. He held on to Chen Fan's arm and started talking joyously.

The development shocked everyone, Qin Hua, Chen Huaian, Chen Zhenxin, Chen An, Chen Gexin and his wife... Even all the guests were rendered speechless by the turn of events.

Everyone could only stare, leaving Chen Fan and Li Muchen the only two people who were talking.

Their voices echoed in the quiet courtyard despite the huge crowd inside.

No one could believe it: a seventeen year old boy sitting side by side with a prestigious old veteran in his sixties. Yet, they acted as if they were equal.

“How is this possible! That is Li Muchen!”

A lot of the guests exclaimed in their mind.

“Chen Fan and Li Muchen?”

Chen An was stupefied by what he saw. He conceded that he had never really known his cousin.

Suddenly, a powerful wave of helplessness came over him.

“How many years will it take for me to converse with Li Muchen as his equal? twenty? thirty? or never?”

The more Chen An thought about it the more despair filled up his heart.

Chen Fan’s Great Uncle and other relatives could only gape. For a while, they thought their eyes had tricked them so they outright blocked the sight in their brain.

Despite their denial, the scene was real, Li Muchen, and the people who came with Li Muchen were not their imagination.

“So he really was a powerful man. So powerful that he could afford to be so arrogant before anyone in the Chen Family.”

“Everything he claimed about himself was real?”

“And... the joke was on me!”

Chen Ning was suddenly amused by the thought.

She wondered if she looked like a clown before her powerful cousin.

Even Elderly Man Wei heaved a sigh of resignation as he lamented: “It appears that I have underestimated how desperate Li Muchen is, and how much leverage Chen Fan has over all of us.”

He gave Chen Fan a long glance and felt lucky that Chen Fan had accepted his apology. After today’s meeting with Li Muchen, no one, not even the Wei family, would be able to rival Chen Fan’s position.

Wei Ziqin was stunned by the development.

Wei Fu had reminded her of the power of a Transcendent Master on numerous occasions; however, it wasn't until right now, that she started to comprehend the clout of Chen Fan.

"So this is what a Transcendent Master looks like."

"He was equivalent to the legendary warrior general that had helped the emperor found his empire."

Thus it was, the Transcendent Masters were mighty powerful warriors. Chen Fan was able to garner so much respect at such a young age, it would be hard to imagine what seasoned commanders such as Ye Nantian were capable of.

Wei Ziqin marveled in her mind.

Chen Gexin, Wang Xiaoyun, and An Ya looked proudly at Chen Fan. He was their son, brother and best friend.

Everyone felt happy about Chen Fan's achievement.

Xu Ao, in particular, was elated by what he saw as businessman's opportunistic nature glinted in his eyes.

If Master Chen really was Lu Munchen's equal, who in the Hu Dong Province would be able to challenge him then?

Greetings over, Li Muchen put on a serious look and said somberly: "Mr. Chen, may I speak with you in private?"

"Very well." Chen Fan knew he was finally going to get to the point.

The two walked side by side toward the exit, a large crowd tailing behind.

As people got out of their way, a path was created in the crowd. People looked to Chen Fan with complicated emotions. There was shock, disbelief, and confusion, but fewer and fewer gazes held envy and indignation by the second.

When a person had surpassed the mundane life, ordinary people could only look up at them without a smidgen of jealousy.

Even after Chen Fan and Li Muchen had left with their companions, the courtyard in the Chen family estate was still quiet as everyone tried to make sense of what had just happened.

After a while, Great-Great uncle finally stood up and announced with tears in his eyes.

“The Chen family finally produced a truly worthy heir! We are going to take off!”

Chapter 142: No One Really Knows Me

After so many twists and turns, the Chen Family’s gathering finally ended.

Countless people left the courtyard with a mindful of questions. After a while, Elderly Man Wei and the other tycoons also left for home. Qin Hua was the first to excuse himself after he suffered a few bouts of embarrassment.

When Chen Fan returned, he was called into the main hall by grandpa. By then, the only people who remained in the main hall were Great Uncle, and a few other important family members, aside from the Great-Great Uncles.

By then, everyone knew that Chen Fan was no longer the boy they used to know. Even Chen Fan’s parents looked to Chen Fan as if their son was a complete stranger.

“I have something to say first.” Chen Fan said lightly.

He sat steadily in an armchair, looking calm and confident. He looked nothing like a seventeen year old fledgling but a seasoned and experienced elder.

When Chen Fan’s gaze landed on Second Uncle, The Second Uncle felt his heart skip a beat as an overwhelming sense of something bad was going to happen rushed into his mind.

Lo and behold, he heard Chen Fan say: “This is my proposal: remove Chen Qianxin from his position as the CEO of The Chens Group and appoint Mrs. Wang Xiaoyun as the new CEO.”

“What?”

Second Auntie gasped as the life drained away from her face

“I second it.” Seventh great uncle agreed.

“I agree.” “Me too.” “Same here.” slowly but surely, other members of the Chen family all agreed. The Second Uncle looked to Great Uncle for help, however, Chen Zhenxin ignored his younger brother as he nodded and agreed to Chen Fan’s proposal.

“It is done then, Xiaoyun will be the new CEO of The Chens Group.” In the end, grandpa announced conclusively.

Hearing the deal was set in stone, Second Uncle collapsed into his chair like a lifeless doll.

The development also took the wind out of Chen Xu. He lowered his head and lamented his family's misfortune. Without being the CEO of The Chens Group, his family could only get a small number of dividends from the company, it wouldn't be enough to even maintain a Lamborghini much less purchasing one.

Wang Xiaoyun was half glad and half surprised by the announcement. However fast Jin Xiu Group had grown, it was no match against the powerful Chen's group. She was confident that she would be able to double if not triple The Chens Group's profit in a few years.

Once the motion was passed, everyone looked at each other and were not sure what the next item to discuss was.

Chen Fan finally broke the silence and said: "I know you guys have questions, start asking."

Everyone glanced at each other and no one dared to be the first one to raise a question. In the end, Chen Huaian spoke up after he mustered enough courage.

"Xiao Fan, how do you know Li Wuchen and Elderly Man Wei?"

The arrival of Li Wuchen and Old Man Wei and shocked the entire Chen family. Hearing Chen Huaian's question, Chen An and Chen Ning both held their breath as they waited for the answer expectantly. Wang Xiaoyun found herself leaning forward closer to her son as she, too, anxiously waited for the answer.

"I cured Elderly Man Wei's old injury. As for Li Wuchen, he asked for a favor from me." Chen Fan answered calmly.

"A favor from you? He is the mighty Li Wuchen, what could you offer him?"

Chen Gexin hurried to ask his son.

He was most afraid that his son had learned to achieve fame using unorthodox, if not outright evil methods. He would rather Chen Fan live as an ordinary boy than putting his life in danger.

"Um..." Chen Fan held it in for a second before he asked: "Dad, Grandpa, have you ever heard of the Internal Force Martial Artists?"

"Internal Force?" Great Uncle and other family members looked at each other in confusion.

What the heck was that? Was he talking about characters from Wuxia Novels? Weren't we talking about Li Wuchen?

However, the word had turned both Wang Xiaoyun and Chen Huaian's faces pale. Chen Huaian had worked as a high ranking official and therefore had seen a great many unexplainable things. While Wang Xiaoyun was from one of the mightiest families in China, she, too, had learned the stories about humans with supernatural abilities.

"Once a martial artist possessed the Internal Force, he or she could fight against ten enemies at the same time. If he furthered his power, the Martial Artist could even defend against firearms. Once the Martial Artist reached the Transcendent state, he or she would be practically invincible." Chen Fan explained slowly.

"You mean you are one of those Internal Force users?"

Great Uncle asked doubtfully.

Even the name, "Internal Force" sounded so preposterous, it reminded him of something he heard from wandering sake oil sellers.

"Indeed." Chen Fan nodded.

No one was pleased by the explanation, particularly for Second Auntie. She believed that Chen Fan was fooling everyone.

"I have heard of internal force users before." Wang Xiaoyun put in. "When I was living with my family, I had a bodyguard who was one of them. He demonstrated his power to me once by dodging a bullet from a shot fired at him point blank. "

"Really?" Everyone was stunned by the revelation. Dodging the bullet? What is this? The Matrix?

Wang Xiaoyun didn't mind the other's disbelief, she looked at Chen Fan in the eyes.

"Xiao Fan, are you really an Internal Force user?"

"I am more like a Transcendent Master, to be exact." Chen Fan said lightly.

"Transcendent Master?"

This time, even Wang Xiaoyun was dumbfounded by the jargon. For people without martial arts training, it was very difficult to comprehend the power of a Transcendent master.

"He sounds like a swindler to me." Second Auntie murmured in low voice.

Although she dared not to raise her voice before Chen Fan, the anger and indignation inside of her spurred her to murmur out her seething loathing toward Chen Fan.

“Hehe”

Chen Fan cracked a smile and didn’t answer. He reached out a hand and traced a curve in the air with a finger.

Everyone watched as a ray of golden light shot out from the tip of his finger and it cut through the main hall right in the middle.

“Bam!”

Everyone gasped as they saw the large heavy dining table was sliced into two halves by the golden light. The tail of the golden light swept across the ground and created a ten-meter long scar on the paved stone floor.

This mark was about an inch thick and extended from under Chen Fan’s feet all the way to the entrance.

“So this is the power of a Transcendent Master?”

Wang Xiaoyun exclaimed incredulously.

Chen Fan flexed his finger and turned toward Second Auntie.

“Second Auntie, didn’t you force me to apologize the other day? I thought of using this trick on you back then, but I didn’t do it for the sake of the other relatives’ feelings.”

Second Auntie trembled uncontrollably.

Chen Fan’s finger attack had cracked open a heavy dining table made out of Ironwood and left a large scar on the stone floor. If the attack landed on human flesh, it would be able to tear through it as a knife would to butter.

“After all, you are my blood kin, and therefore I resorted to a more civilized method.” Chen Fan said calmly.

If he had made such a claim before the gathering, everyone would laugh it off and think Chen Fan was bluffing. However, then and there, no one doubted a single word coming out from Chen Fan’s mouth. He could have killed them with a flick of a finger, they should consider themselves lucky to be still alive after offending him so many times.

Chen Ning and Chen An shook their heads and let out an ugly grin.

They were mortals after all, and they should never have competed against a powerful martial artist. They looked at each other knowingly as they both recalled what had happened at the race track. Chen Fan's victory in the horse racing made so much more sense now.

An Ya felt she was going to faint. She couldn't believe that her little brother could turn out to be a powerful martial artist.

"No wonder!"

Chen Huaian marveled. "Seeing your ability, Li Muchen's visit makes so much more sense now."

As Grandpa said so, his gaze on Chen Fan grew softer and more approving by the second.

Great-Great uncle was right, the Chen family had finally produced a worthy heir!

"What does Li Muchen want from you?"

Wang Xiaoyun asked with knotted brows.

"Just small favor." Chen Fan said lightly.

The Head Sergeant in the Cang Dragon unit was a prestigious position even in the eyes of the Wei family, yet it meant nothing to Chen Fan. If not for Li Muchen's sincerity and dedication, he would have refused the offer in less than a heartbeat.

Seeing Chen Fan didn't want to reveal more, Wang Xiaoyun held in her curiosity and decided to ask her son in private when they returned home.

"Grandpa." Chen Fan rose from his seat and asked: "Do you remember I said I cured Elderly Man Wei?"

"I am not only a martial artist but also an able doctor.

"Let me take a look at your health."

Chen Huaian was moved by his grandson's sincere look, so he nodded.

Chen Huaian rested two fingers on the old man's wrist, trying to gauge his pulse. Meanwhile, he scanned the old man's body using Immortal Will. It wasn't long before he sensed the presence of cancer. Chen Fan furrowed his brows and paused his examination.

"Fine, fine. I will have to let you guys know about it sooner or later."

Seeing Chen Fan's troubled look, Chen Huaian announced as he shook his head.

Then and only then, Chen Huaian's family learned that the old man had late stage cancer.

"Dad!"

Tears welled in his sons' eyes. Chen Huaian had always been the backbone of the family, without him, the family would soon fall apart.

"We can't dictate how long we will live. I am happy that I can live to see that our family finally has sired a powerful heir. I am content." Chen Huaian looked at Chen Fan and said in satisfaction.

People around the old man started to sob. Chen Gexin's heart was filled with pain and grief when he thought of the twenty years of separation from his father.

"Grandpa, I can cure you."

Suddenly, Chen Fan put in.

"What?"

Everyone looked to him expectantly. Their eyes were filled with hope.

Despite Chen Fan's confident look on his face, he wagered that it was about time to take his cultivation to another level.

Spirit Water and the Arcane Pills should extend the old man's life for a while. However, to uproot cancer, he would have to locate a Spirit Medicine and brew the Essence Enhancing Pill. Alternatively, he could improve his cultivation to the point that he could use the Art of Life.

His grandpa's life, as well as Xiao Qiong's both, rested on the level of his cultivation. Should he be able to enter the Connate Spirit level and utilize the power of the Divine Sea, he could have cured Chen Huaian's cancer with a single touch of a finger.

The thought gave him an urge to return to Chu Zhou City and start to cultivate right away.

"But before that, I have one more thing to do."

Chen Fan's eyes lost focus and a beautiful image appeared in his mind.

Chapter 143: Street Lights of Jin City

During the festival moment of the new year holiday, along the bank of the mighty Yangtze River...

The Jin City was hosting a lantern festival, so countless lanterns lit up both sides of the river. People weaved in and out of the gleaming lights, enjoying the lively and colorful view.

A group of teenagers traveled together along the causeway that hugged the shore. They sampled BBQ skewers and dried fish and then went on to bargain with peddlers of colorful chintzy bracelets and earrings.

Among the teenagers was a young girl of exceptional beauty and elegance. She attracted many passersby's attention in the streets.

Accompanying her was a handsome young man wearing a bespoke suit that made a gentleman out of a seventeen-year-old boy. His generous and confident demeanor made it obvious that he was from a powerful family. A group of teenagers surrounded him at the center.

"Xiao Qiong, look! There is a magic show, let's go look."

A girl held the elegant girl with one hand and pointed into the distance with another.

The girl looked up and saw at the other end of the causeway, where the street light was the brightest it set a stage where a magic show had just started. Unconsciously, she looked to her side and saw a man sitting in the shadows.

Beside the man was a flag, which read: "Destined Fate"

"A fortune teller?"

Fang Qiong was not superstitious by any stretch of the imagination. Although her friends were all enthusiasts of Tarot card readings and horoscopes, she was not like them. However, her legs started moving toward the fortuneteller without her command. Her best friend tried to stop her, but she managed to break free.

The fortune teller was sitting in the dark shadow and his face seemed to be covered by a thick mist. Therefore, Fong Qiong couldn't see his face clearly.

"Hi, Mr. Fortune Teller. Are you open for business?"

Fong Qiong's best friend caught up with her and asked the man in the shadow with an edge in her voice.

"I am not a fortune teller." The man said.

"Then what are you doing with that flag?" The girl snorted.

"I am here waiting for the love of my past life." The man said in an eerily even voice.

"Love of your past life?" The rest of the teenagers who accompanied Fong Qiong laughed.

They were from the educated upper class of Jin City, therefore they didn't believe in things of supernatural. One boy put in half-jokingly, half mockingly:

"How do you know which one is the love of your past life? There are so many people here, I can pick anyone as the wife of my past life."

"I have been waiting for her for five hundred years. Of course, I will recognize her when I see her." The man said readily.

"Waiting for five hundred years? Are you immortal?" Someone asked with a burst of laughter at the end.

"I am the seventh true disciple of Cangqin. The perfected immortal from the True Martial Immortal Sect. My sect name is Chen Beixuan, and my Dao name is North Mystic Celestial Lord. What difference is there between me and an immortal?" The man said proudly.

His words piqued everyone's interest. They formed a circle around the fortune teller and wanted to ask more questions.

Fong Qiong's best friend plastered on a thick smile and then asked: "Mr. North Mystic Celestial Lord, Master Chen Beixuan, do I look like the love of your past life?"

She was wearing a black slim fit peacoat and a pair of tight jeans. Although she was only seventeen years old, her alluring beauty was already budding. She was considered one of the most popular girls in high school and had charmed numerous young boys.

To her surprise, the man in shadow shook his head and pointed to Fong Qiong.

"She is the one."

"What?"

Everyone was taken by surprise.

Hearing his words, the handsome boy also furrowed his brows.

It was evident the man was after Fong Qiong! Fong Qiong wore only very light makeup on her face, but her beauty was unmatched by any girl in China. Although the handsome boy had registered that the man had the hots for Fong Qiong, he kept his displeasure unspoken.

The young man was not only from a powerful family, but his personal abilities were also unrivaled among people of his generation. He was confident that a stranger on the street would not pose any threat to him.

“Me?”

Fong Qiong asked shocked.

“Indeed. Would you like to hear a story? It’s about North Mystic Celestial Lord and Goddess Zi Qiong.” The man’s body was a frozen ice statue, but his voice was deep and wistful. It was as if his voice could turn back time and bring his listener to a few hundred years ago.

“I would love to.”

Fong Qiong nodded.

Chen Beixuan and Goddess Zi Qiong were friends ever since they were kids. However, they were separated during their adolescence. When they meet again, both of them were adults. However, years of separation didn’t dull their friendship, instead, it gave birth to something more intimate between the two.

As Fong Qiong listened to the story, she suddenly remembered her best friend back at the little county of Jiang Bei.

She and that boy were the best friends ever since they could remember each other’s faces. Ever since she moved away from the county, she missed him greatly. She wondered if that boy missed her as much as she did.

“And then?” Fong Qiong’s female friend asked curiously.

“Then the two fell in love. However, families of both sides strongly objected to the union. Goddess Zi Qiong’s other admirer didn’t pass up the opportunity either and made their already difficult situation a living hell. Later, Chen Beixuan was struck by the tragedy of his mother’s sudden death. Ever since then, he was never able to get back to his feet again. When his life had finally reached rock bottom, he chose to bury his head in the sand.”

The man said slowly.

Everyone listened to the story intently. Although the story didn't sound like something that happened five hundred years ago, it was an interesting and gripping tale so far nonetheless. Impressed by the tale, the crowd decided to linger a few more moments to learn more about what happened.

When the man mentioned the "other admirers", the handsome boy's eyes lit up with concern.

"They must have met again later." Another boy put in.

"Yes, but by then, they were both in their thirties. Life turned Chen Beixuan into a homeless bum while Goddess Zi Qiong was still elegant and beautiful as ever. After having waited for Chen Beixuan for so many years, she finally gave up and accepted a family arranged marriage. She married to the suitor who had pushed Chen Beixuan off the edge of his former life."

The man said heavily.

"Although the two were able to meet again, they already belonged to two different worlds. Ever since that reunion, Chen Beixuan numbed himself with liquor. After even his poison ran dry, he chose to jump off the roof of a building to put himself out of this misery."

"What a sad story." Fong Qiong's best friend bemoaned.

However, the handsome boy asked with knotted brows:

"If you said that Chen Beixuan was dead, how come you were able to live another five hundred years?"

"Yea, why is that?"

Finally, people realized the hole in the story.

"Well, that tells us that Mr. Fortune Teller here is not Chen Beixuan." Fang Qiong's female friend put in with a smile.

"Chen Beixuan didn't die." To everyone's surprise, the man in shadow shook his head and continued. "He was saved by Cangqin the Immortal cultivator who happened to be touring the earth. After Master Cangqin brought him back to his own realm, Chen Beixuan embarked on the five hundred years journey of cultivation."

"It was an urban romance fiction, but now its Xian Xia. That's quite a deviation from the genre!"

“What about Goddess Zi Qiong? Did she marry the other suitor in the end? Oh- and did she die because of melancholy or what not because she missed her true love so much?” Fong Qiong’s female friend pressed on with more questions.

Fong Qiong also started to get invested in the story.

Somehow, at the back of her mind, she felt that she was the Goddess Zi Qiong and this was her story too.

“Not at all.” The man said lightly. “When Cangqin left earth, he not only took Chen Beixuan with him but also Goddess Zi Qiong.”

“What?”

Everyone was stunned by the turn of events.

What a rollercoaster storyline and what an unexpected plot twist!

“Then what? Did they live happily ever after?” Fong Qiong asked eagerly.

“If they did, why would I have to wait for you for five hundred years?”

The man rose to his feet slowly.

He was only about a meter and seventy centimeters tall, but he projected overbearing energy into the people’s heart, rendering them motionless.

Everyone watched as the man took a jade pendant off his neck and placed it in Fong Qiong’s hand. “Wear it, don’t let it leave you. It will protect you from harm.”

After he finished his words, the man turned around and started off.

Fong Qiong held the jade pendant in her hand and was rendered speechless. One of her friends shouted: “Hey, why are you leaving? Didn’t you say that she is the love of your past life? Haven’t you been searching for her for five hundred years?”

“This is not the time yet.” The man replied, but his steps didn’t slow down.

“When will we meet again?”

The sound came out of Fong Qiong’s mouth uncommanded. Her own words startled herself.

“When you hear the name Chen Beixuan across China, you will see me again.” The man answered without turning his head back.

“What a wacko.”

The handsome boy snorted. When he saw the jade pendant in Fong Qiong’s hand, he said with a frown: “Xiao Qiong, I would throw it away if I were you. Don’t accept stranger’s gifts, god knows what’s in it.”

“Should I?”

Fong Qiong hesitated.

She was perplexed but also elated by the strange encounter with an interesting person. She planned to keep the pendant as memorabilia for today’s event.

Even as she hesitated, she heard people around her shouted: “Oh shit! that man is going to jump into the river.”

Everyone looked toward the man who had already made his way to the lip of the causeway. There had been some construction at that section of the course way and therefore the railings were removed. The man was only a few steps away from falling into the roiling waves.

“Stop him! He is going to suicide!”

Someone shouted.

However, it was already too late.

Everyone watched as the fortune teller hopped off the edge of the dike and disappeared from their views.

“Don’t!”

Everyone rushed to the scene and looked down at the river from above. They saw an unbelievable scene that they would never forget.

The fortune teller not only didn’t fall into the roiling current, but he was also walking on the broken waves as if he was walking on land. Each one of his strides covered an incredible distance and in the time of a long heartbeat, the fortune teller disappeared.

“Did we just meet an immortal?”

Someone asked in a dazed and confused voice.

The crowd around Fong Qiong was also stunned by the development. Their gazes landed on the jade pendant in Fong Qiong’s hand.

“Is he really the Chen Beixuan in the story and you the Goddess Zi Qiong?”

Her female friend asked incredulously.

Fong Qiong was not any less confused than anyone else. She closed her fingers and clenched the jade pendant tightly. She knew that one day she would meet Chen Beixuan again.

When that happened, she would find out what was that all about.

Chapter 144: Three Month of Hard Work

Chapter 144: Three Month of Hard Work

Three months later...

Chu Zhou City... Yun Wu Mountain... In the mansion at the top of the mountain.

People who lived in the mountain by now had gotten used to being constantly surrounded by mist. Over time, the sight of impenetrable mist at the mountain top had become a signature scene of Chu Zhou City. More and more people hiked three quarters up the mountain in the morning to catch the sunrise, some of them attempted to hike even further to the mountain top.

However, before they got close to the mountaintop, security checkpoints would remind them that it was private property and was illegal to trespass.

Rumor had it that the person who resided at the top of the mountain, in the cloud of mist, was the famous Master Chen. He was the creator of the miracle cure: Yun Wu Spirit Water. Those bottles of water were said to be produced inside of the mansion as well.

Meanwhile, Chen Fan sat on an armchair on the third-floor balcony.

He looked into the distance and gazed at the endless sprawl of mist. Surrounded by white clouds, he breathed rhythmically as he drew the air into his lungs.

“Huff Puff! Huff Puff!”

Every breath Chen Fan took in was as long and deep as that of a giant dragon. Slowly, his breath formed a parcel of swirling air and it was increasing in size by the second. In a blink, it formed a little funnel-shaped cyclone that channeled the Spirit Qi around him into his system. The energy inside of him slowly built up until it reached full capacity.

Chen Fan held the Qi in for a while before slowly letting the energy dissipate.

“Hew. I have finally reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment level.”

Chen Fan opened his eyes slowly.

His body was suffused with a creamy white glow that made his skin look nearly transparent. As the light grew more intense, it highlighted Chen Fan's bones under the skin and flesh, as well as the silvery coursing blood inside his veins.

Chen Fan was ready to make the breakthrough any moment now, however, he was not going to take the final leap of faith without preparation.

“In my past life, I had breezed through the earlier levels and had broken many records in terms of speed. However, the hasty progression had eventually become my downfall. This time around, I will make sure that I perfect every stage all the way to the top level.” he thought to himself.

“The Void Mortal Refinement Art had five levels. So far, I have obtained Ice Skin, Jade Bone, Silver Blood, Golden Eyes and I only need to obtain the Dao Body to complete the art.”

Chen Fan thought.

Dao Body was also called Connate Dao Body. It was a prerequisite in terms of physical condition in order for a cultivator to reach the Connate Spirit level.

Once a cultivator possessed the Dao Body, he would no longer need to drink water. Instead, he was able to absorb the natural energy from his environment. This ability would significantly prolong the cultivator's life. Once someone had reached this level, he would be considered a higher level of existence than human since his spirit would live indefinitely solely by feeding on the Qi in nature.

“Only a few core disciples in many sects were able to achieve Dao Body, so I have heard. ”

Chen Fan furrowed his brows and pondered.

If he were in the cultivation realm situated at the deepest place in the universe, he would be able to form a Dao Body in a blink of an eye thanks to the experiences he had accumulated over five hundred years.

However, the cultivation environment on earth was poor, to say the least. He managed to cast the Misty Mountain Array, but the concentration of the Qi in the array was so low that it could only produce Spirit Qi Mist. If he cast such an array in any cultivation realm,

he would get at least Spirit Qi water if not crystals. Those were the Qi-rich environments he had to spend the last five hundred years.

“In order to transform a body into a Dao Body, he required a huge amount of Spirit Qi. At such a slow pace, it would take me at least three more years to amass that much Spirit Qi. However, in these three years, I would be able to locate Sentient Objects that survived the hardship on earth. I could use their powerful essence to speed up my leveling up.”

With that thought in mind, Chen Fan fished out one after another of herbal medicines.

“Ginseng, Lingzhi mushroom, Black Hair Herb, Solomon’s-seal, caterpillar fungus, and Feng...”

“What a shame that I don’t have Silver Spirit Fruit and neither do I have Essence Forming Herbs. I won’t be able to make the real Essence Enhancing Pill without the necessary ingredients.”

Chen Fan shook his head.

Even the herbs he owned right now had taken the Wei family more than six months to purchase them from all over China. He had offered the Essence Enhancing Pill’s recipe to Elderly Man Wei for free and therefore, the Wei family would be able to help him gather most of the herbs, except for a few that were so rare that Chen Fan doubted that he would be able to find them on earth much less in China.

“Silver Spirit Fruit, Essence Forming Herbs and Vitality Sap shared the same common trait: they were infused with life essence. Therefore, they were the key ingredients in the recipe of Essence Enhancing Pill. ”

Chen Fan rubbed his chin and pondered. “Only if I could find a thousand year old ginseng, perhaps I would be able to bypass these three herbs altogether.”

“But it won’t be easy to find a thousand-year-old Ginseng.”

Chen Fan smiled wryly.

“The Zheng family had spared no expense in searching for the ingredients, yet they were only able to purchase a lesser version of the Spirit Medicine.”

Chen Fan witness the five hundred years old lesser Spirit Medicine got auctioned off to the Zheng family at the underground auction house of the Jiu Ding City. That was the closest thing Chen Fan had seen so far to a Spirit Medicine and eventually he used it to create the Essence Gathering Pills.

Chen Fan wagered that in order to find a real Spirit Medicine that was over a thousand years old, he would have to travel far and wide to visit ancient herbalist families across China. Worse, he might have to brave the mighty Chang Bai Mountain and to look for the precious ginseng from the ginseng hunters.

“Fine. I don’t think I have a second option anyways. It’s time for me to go out and try my luck.”

Chen Fan rose from his seat.

Then, he heard a long and musical droning in the distant clouds.

He watched as a strand of mist formed a long snake as it withered in the sky, weaving in and out of the impenetrable clouds. As it threw back its head and let out a droning again, Chen Fan saw the two nascent horns that poked out from its forehead. Meanwhile, its body was covered by a layer of soft scales that had previously been absent.

This was the Array Spirit of the Misty Mountain Array: the White Drake.

“Shush! Don’t scare the people below us.”

Chen Fan smiled light heartily. He produced an Essence Gathering Pill from his sleeve.

White Drake was elated by the sight of the pill. He caught the pill as Chen Fan threw it at him. After swallowing the pill down his throat, the White Drake wiggled its body as if he were dancing in excitement and joy. After a while, the Spirit Qi from the pill made its way to the scales and handed them significantly.

Although the White Drake was just an Array Spirit, it too, could cultivate the Qi. Once he had achieved high enough attainment, he would transform back into its physical form and turning into a real dragon.

“I have two pigs to feed at home, I doubt the Essence Gathering Pills will last too long.”

Chen Fan shook his head and grinned.

In addition to the White Drake, the other ‘pig’ he referred to was standing right behind him motionlessly like an iron pagoda. It was Tong Shan.

Tong Shan had increased size again since a few weeks ago when he showed up at the hot spring. He was about two meters and fifty centimeters tall and his skin had turned the color of bronze. If one tapped Tong Shan’s skin with a finger, it would make clanking sounds as metal would. Tong Shan’s skin was so tough that even machine gun bullets wouldn’t be able to penetrate it.

By then, he no longer looked like a human but a robot.

“The Ghost Witch Sect’s Cadaver-refining art is too crude and amateur. It couldn’t compare with the real Cadaver-refining art of the real cultivators.”

Chen Fan looked at Tong Shan and nodded with satisfaction.

“If I gave him a fresh paint job, he could definitely pass for the iron man.”

Tong Shan’s conscious had long since been erased by the Ghost Witch Sect. However, ever since Chen Fan saved him, he had given him a man-made soul. Using a special art, Chen Fan infused Tong Shan’s body with the Golden Aether Qi that appeared in the west every day to create an indestructible body.

“Master, are you heading out?”

Tong Shan asked. His voice was mechanical and flat, making him sound more like a robot.

“Yes, you can guard the fort for me. Don’t fight with White Drake please, I don’t want to see a mess when I get home.”

Chen Fan said.

“Yes, master.”

Tong Shan replied without any emotion.

Even as Chen Fan turned around toward the exit, he furrowed his brows and let out a half smile.

“Looks like I am stuck here for now. We have a visitor.”

Chapter 145: Ba Ji Master

Chapter 145: Ba Ji Master

Meanwhile, in a parking lot beneath the mountain top, a dark green jeep pulled over.

A man and a woman emerged from the jeep. The man was wearing a green army uniform and looked like he was in his forties. He stood upright while taking large and confident strides. His big and calloused hands were a tell-tale sign that this man was a seasoned veteran.

On the other hand, the woman had a cold but alluring face and a banging body. Her loosely fitted uniform was unable to hide her long and lean thighs as well as her curvaceous body.

After the two were out of the jeep, the middle aged man looked up at the mountain peak surrounded by mists. He cracked a cold smile and said: "So this is where our young head sergeant lives?"

"Sergeant Huo, please keep in mind that it was the Headquarters decision to hire Mr. Chen." The woman reminded him.

"Humpf! I don't care who is backing him up. I have to make sure that the next head sergeant of the Cang Dragon unit is competent." The middle aged man grunted.

Hearing the words, the woman furrowed her brows.

Sergeant Huo was the deputy head sergeant who was in charge of close quarter combat training. He was a renowned Ba Ji Fist master. Rumor had it that he used the Art of Tremors to pulverize a large boulder.

He was a good friend of the former head sergeant, Mr. Xu. After Cang Dragon's defeat, the headquarters were going to fire head sergeant Xu, Sergeant Huo even fiercely protested for his best friend.

Later, when Sergeant Huo learned that the new head sergeant was a boy who hadn't turned twenty yet, Sergeant Huo was filled with indignant rage.

"A green babe less than twenty years old, what does he know of military training?"

Sergeant Huo ranted.

"Head Sergeant Chen will be in charge of personal combat training." The woman put in.

"That is absurd!" Sergeant Huo nearly lost his voice. "I started my martial arts training when I was only five and started the Ba Ji's Pi Gua form. When I was seventeen, I began my Internal Force training, and it wasn't until I reached thirty that I had mastered all fist forms. By now, I am still not quite there at the top level of the internal force cultivation yet.

"He was only a seventeen year old boy. The most he could have achieved by now was Initial Success in his Internal Force cultivation. I could have killed him with one backhand slap."

"But based on our data, Head Sergeant Chen is a Transcendent Master." The uniformed woman said with furrowed brows.

“Transcendent Master?” Sergeant Huo guffawed.

He shook his head and lamented.

“Xiao Yu, you are not a Martial artist, and therefore you don’t quite understand what you are talking about.

“A Transcendent Master is someone as powerful as an immortal. Once a martial artist reached the Transcendent State, he would no longer be a mortal. Just like Ye Nantian, he could have traveled anywhere around the world at will.”

The thought of Ye Nantian brought out a hint of respect to Sergeant Huo’s face.

As the Combat Sergeant of the Cang Dragon unit which had fought Dragon’s Fang in multiple tournaments, he had seen Ye Nantian’s power at first hand. He was immediately enamored by Ye Nantian’s unimaginable power and was convinced that Ye Nantian was no less powerful than an immortal.

“Could it be that our database was wrong?” Staff Officer Yu asked in disbelief.

As the person who was in charge of intel collections, she couldn’t overlook such a glaring mistake in the information database. She would have to hold someone accountable for it if it turned out to be true.

“Of course it is wrong.” Sergeant Huo announced.

“Even Ye Nantian had only reached phenomenal success in his Internal Force cultivation when he was twenty, and he didn’t reach the Transcendent State for another thirty years. Even at that pace, Ye Nantian was one of the most talented geniuses in martial arts. What will make a seventeen year old boy more powerful than Ye Nantian? And he calls himself what? Young GrandMaster? What a load of crap!”

Hearing the words, Staff Officer Yu’s furrowed brows knotted even tighter together.

After a while, the two had made their way to the entrance of the mansion.

The mist that blocked their way moved away from them as they climbed up the stairs, only to merge together once again after they have passed. Neither of the two ever lived in the mountains before, so they thought the presence of heavy mist was normal.

“Can I speak to Mr. Chen? We are from military headquarters. We are here to drive Mr. Chen to the base.”

The uniformed woman said with a finger pressed on the intercom.

“Please come in.”

The door swung open by itself.

Behind the door, stood a young man in casual jeans and a T-shirt.

“Are you Mr. Chen Beixuan?”

The woman asked coldly. Seeing that Chen Fan was even younger than she thought, a hint of contempt flashed in her eyes.

The more Chen Fan advanced through his cultivation, the younger he looked. Chen Fan’s smooth skin made him look no older than sixteen.

“Yes, that is me.” Chen Fan nodded.

One of the terms he had negotiated with Li Wuchen was to avoid using his real name. When he became Head Sergeant Chen, he would be recognized as Chen Beixuan.

“Head Sergeant Chen, I am Huo Dong of the Ba Ji sect. Nice to meet you.”

Although Sergeant Huo was in a military uniform, he saluted to Chen Fan like a martial artist by cupping his fist.

“Sergeant Huo, why did you...”

Staff Officer Yu was shocked by the unconventional gesture and realized what her boss was going to do next.

She watched as Huo Donglai say contently: “Head Sergeant Chen, we are both martial artists, so let’s cut the crap get to the point. If you want to be the Head Sergeant, you need to defeat me first, otherwise, no one in the unit is going to obey your orders.”

Staff Officer Yu managed a smile and then explained: “Sergeant Huo is the Combat Sergeant of the Cang Dragon unit. He is just pulling your leg. Please rest assured that since the HQ had assigned you as the Head sergeant, no one in the unit will disobey you.”

Chen Fan didn’t listen to the woman’s explanation, instead, he looked at Huo Donglai with great interest.

“Why should I fight you?”

“I am the Head Sergeant and you are the Deputy Sergeant. You should obey my orders.”

Huo Donglai was taken aback at first, and then he hurried a reply: “We are both martial artists! So we also need to do things according to the martial artist’s way.”

“Who told you that I am a martial artist?” Chen Fan gave a solemn face. “Huo Donglai, as the Head Sergeant, I order you to shut up!”

Sergeant Huo rounded his eyes in anger, however, bound by honor and duty, he saluted Chen Fan and shouted: “Yes, Head sergeant!”

“Very well, can we go now?”

Chen Fan shrugged and then turned over to Staff Officer Yu.

Staff Officer Yu looked at Chen Fan in surprise. The boy had no luggage; it was as if he had treated the assignment as a day trip. However, the Head Sergeant had given the order, so she must oblige.

Chen Fan was led to the green jeep. They drove off the mountain, but instead of heading toward the toll road that lead away from the city, they headed toward the city center.

The woman explained: “Head Sergeant, my name is Yu Qin. I will be your personal consultant. I will be responsible for familiarizing you with the Cang Dragon’s facility as well as the staff.”

“The base of the Cang Dragon is a high clearance zone. It’s quite far from where we are and difficult to get to. So we need to take a helicopter.”

“Please feel free to ask me if you have any questions.”

“Thanks, that’s good for now.”

Chen Fan lolled in an armchair with a great measure of levity.

Seeing Chen Fan’s airy demeanor, Yu Qin started to become concerned for him.

This young man was so much different than Head Sergeant Xu, in a bad way. Head Sergeant Xu used to be the core member of the first generation Cang Dragon unit. When he made his way to the top, he was already a seasoned battle-hardened warrior. If not because of Ye Nantian, he might as well be the toughest man in China.

Those who have met Head sergeant Xu were all enamored by the chilling and deadly air that was constantly loomed about him.

Chen Fan, on the other hand, looked like a couch potato and it was hard for her to reconcile with the image of a deadly warrior.

“Maybe the HQ really had the wrong person.”

Yu Qin thought.

Meanwhile, Huo Donglai laughed in his mind.

“Kiddo, you will know how difficult it is to be the Head Sergeant when you meet your unruly but powerful soldiers. ”

“They are not going to obey your orders so easily as I did.”

Chapter 146: Leap Of Faith

The base of the Cang Dragon was hidden somewhere deep inside mountains of Jiang Bei.

As the elite group of the Disciplinary Units, Cang Dragon's ranks were less than a hundred. However, the auxiliary teams that serviced the facilitate were ten times that number. Therefore, the base had a decent population.

When Chen Fan was on his way to the base, many members of the Cang Dragon units gathered at the training ground, waiting for the arrival of the new sergeant.

“Balls! They said he is going to come three months ago. How long do we have to keep on waiting? I am getting sick of this!” A bald soldier in dark green uniform complained.

Being the cream of the crop in the military, members of the Special Unit all carried the pompous air and were difficult to make them obey orders willingly.

“This new Head Sergeant think he is some kind of hot shot.” A young man with a cold face said lightly.

“Rumor had it that he was invited here by the head of the HQ personally. He is not even twenty yet and he will be in charge of our personal combat training.” A young soldier who looked much more refined than the rest pushed up his black-rimmed glasses and said thoughtfully.

“Less than twenty years old?”

Those who heard the news for the first time were taken by surprise. Many soldiers who had been daydreaming in their ennui nearly jumped up after hearing the revelation.

“When Boss Xu finally become the Head Sergeant, he was already in his forties. He had worked hard to get to this position. What makes a less than twenty-year-old fledgling who had done nothing in his life worthy of the post of the Head Sergeant?”

The brawny bold man complained hotly.

“No kidding. He has neither the experience nor the skills. Perhaps he had never even seen a drop of blood before. I bet he is an obnoxious twat from some rich family coming to the military just for show.” Someone put in.

“We are not in a position to question our leader’s decisions. We are soldiers and we do only one thing: Obey the order.”

The man with a square face stood at the front of the column announced heavily.

He stood upright in a perfect posture that he had kept ever since this morning. However, his example was not followed by the other soldiers, as some of them slumped their shoulders and some even sat down on the ground.

“Yes, Captain!”

Everyone shouted a reply in unison. Their replies sounded more like a conditioned reflex than a true agreement.

After they had said that, they looked to the square-faced man with a great measure of admiration.

His name is Yue Jianqiu, the captain of the Cang Dragon unit.

He was a man of high standards, particularly toward himself. Meanwhile, he was also a perfect soldier.

He had led his team in and out of danger numerous times and had successfully finished countless impossible missions. For the Cang Dragon soldiers, they respected their captain much more than their sergeants.

However, a few fleeting moments after, the soldier’s newfound mustered spirit was already gone. Many members of the unit returned to their slouching position and some even sat down to take a break, except for one young man. The young man looked eighteen or so and he had kept a good posture ever since this morning just as the captain did.

“Xiao Chu, you have just joined Cang Dragon. There is no need to be too uptight all the time. Our team is pretty laid back, except for when we are on a mission.”

Seeing Chu Minhui’s rigid body and tight face, an older soldier came to him and said.

“But, look at Captain Yue...”

Chu Minhui murmured.

“That’s just him. He always has high standards for himself and everything has to be by the book. He even has a specific location for the placement of his cups, but he never expected others to be the same.” The old soldier cracked a smile. “Our captain leads us by setting an example, but he doesn’t care if we follow it or not.”

“And because of this, we respect our Captain more than anyone.”

“I see...”

Chu Minhui looked to Yue Jianqiu with newfound admiration. His determination to follow the example was not swayed by the old soldier. He straightened his back and corrected the minor imperfections in his posture.

The old soldier cracked a friendly smile and didn’t press on. He knew that the new boy was under the captain’s influence.

“It’s easy to do it for a while, but nearly impossible to hold such high standards for a long time. Not everyone can be as determined as Captain.”

He lamented in his mind.

By then, the brawny bold soldier was complaining loudly again.

“Hey, how about let’s teach this new Head Sergeant a lesson as soon as he arrives?” The baldy man suggested with a mischievous smile on his face.

“Quit it, Tank! Captain Yue had told us to obey the orders, haven’t you heard that?” The refined looking soldier said with furrowed brows.

“I didn’t say we had to defy the orders, did I? I have no problem at all with following the Head Sergeant’s orders if he can prove himself worthy. He will have to show us what he has, don’t you think?” Tank said with a smile.

“If he can’t prove himself, we can’t tolerate him here. He can have his title as the Head Sergeant, and has to stay away from our training routines.”

“I agree with Tank!” Many Cang Dragon soldiers chimed in.

“What are we going to test him on? Shooting, knife skills or endurance?” Someone asked.

“It doesn’t have to be that complicated. Since he is our Unarmed Combat Sergeant, why don’t we just spar with him with bare handed?” The bald soldier said with a cold smile.

“If he can’t defeat us, what makes him worthy of being our sergeant?”

“Agreed!”

Everyone nodded.

Meanwhile, a helicopter was approaching the Cang Dragon's base from a few hundred meters above the ground.

"Head Sergeant Chen, we are almost there."

Yu Qin shouted.

It was very loud inside the helicopter and therefore communications were difficult without raising one's voice.

Chen Fan sat steadily in his seat.

Although it was his first time take a helicopter ride, he didn't seem too excited. As the North Mystic Celestial Lord, he considered a ride in a Galactic battlecruiser mundane, much less a helicopter ride.

In his past life, he had fought against numerous galactic civilizations. One of which wanted to conquer the earth using their mighty fleet. However, their plan was discovered by Chen Fan so he destroyed their flagship, a few hundred-mile long galactic battlecruiser. In the end, the former superpower in the known universe had to surrender before the unimaginable power of Chen Fan.

"Head Sergeant, I want to give you a heads up." Yu Qin hesitated for a second and then continued. "The Cang Dragon was a proud unit. So be prepared for some challenges."

"Of course you could ignore them, but they might take it as a sign of weakness and became impossible to command during training."

"I understand. The soldiers admire only strength, that's the way always had been." Chen Fan nodded calmly.

Compared to the civilian world, the military's dogma was more akin to that in the realm of cultivation. It was the survival of the fittest and whoever could punch the hardest and killed more enemies would be considered the leader.

Seeing Chen Fan's inattentive expression, Yu Qin furrowed her brows.

"He is going to learn some hard lessons when he arrives at Cang Dragon."

Yu Qin was only a staff officer and therefore the best she could do was to give her earnest advice since she could not issue direct orders.

However, Huo Donglai who sat quietly right beside the two gloated over Chen Fan's imminent failure in his mind.

“Look! The helicopter is here.”

“That’s the new Head sergeant I bet.”

“Hey, Tank! We will be counting on you. Don’t hurt him too badly, he might be delicate.”

Many soldiers jested with each other and guffawed loudly.

Tank rubbed his hands together and was ready to execute his plan.

Chu Minhui still held the perfect standing posture. He didn’t do it for the Head Sergeant, he did it out of pure respect toward Captain Yue.

“Chen Fan, let’s wait and see.

“One day, I will become as strong as Captain Yue, or maybe even Head Sergeant Xu.

“By then, I will return to Chu Zhou City and show you what it means to be a real man.”

A flame started to grow inside of him.

After a few moments, the helicopter stopped in the air right above the landing pad.

“Boss, we are here, should we land right now?”

The pilot asked.

“Yes, land right —” Yu Qin was cut short by Chen Fan’s waving of the hand. He said:
“Not yet, stay in the air for now.”

After he said that, he unbuckled, and rose from his seat and made his way to the exit.

The gate was already open. Chen Fan looked down from the lip of the opening and saw the buildings on the ground were the size of matchboxes. He noticed a group of people gathered beside the landing pad, each the size of an ant. It would be a terrifying sight for anyone who was afraid of heights.

A wild gale came up and the wind blew into the helicopter through the opening.

“Head Sergeant Chen, what are you doing?”

Yu Qin and Huo Donglai asked concernedly.

Was he planning to let his arrival set in for the people below? They had been waiting ever since this morning.

“Uh? Why did the helicopter stop?”

Soldiers were perplexed by the inactivity of the helicopter.

“Looks like the gate is open. Are they going to parachute out?” Someone asked confusedly.

“That’s impossible. There’s not enough height for parachuting. It’s only a hundred meters or so above the air; the minimum distance for military parachuting was three hundred above ground. If he jumps off from where he is, he would be smashed into a moosh before the parachute fully opened up.”

“What about a rope drop?” Someone asked again.

The so-called rope drop involved dropping a rope off from the edge of the helicopter, and the soldier would descend by slowly lowering himself along the rope. This was a common trope used in TV shows and in reality, it was quite rarely deployed.

“That’s impossible.” The refined looking young man said as he pushed his glasses up. “It’s common knowledge that the maximum effective range for rope drop is thirty meters. They are a hundred meters above ground, so not only that they might not have a rope that is long enough, but the wind will also make their descending impossible.”

“He is not going to parachute, neither the rope drop... hmm... He must be showing off then.”

The stone-faced young man said with a smirk.

“Hehe, he is going to hover above us so that we have to stand here for a few more hours just for him. He is playing his opening gambit on us.” The brawny bold man said as he shook his head. “I hoped that he could do better, but this is pathetic. I am disappointed.”

The other soldiers also shook their heads as they sneered at the new Head Sergeant.

Those who treated their subordinates spitefully might be able to do well in the civilized world, but they were looked down upon by everyone in the military.

Chu Minhui was disappointed as well. He looked away from the helicopter and landed his gaze on Captain Yue, his only hero. Captain Yue’s upright stance didn’t waver in the slightest.

Amidst the murmurs of disappointment, the refined looking young man pushed his glasses up and felt something was amiss.

“Head Sergeant Chen, what you are doing is pointless to the soldiers of Cang Dragon”

He thought that he had seen through Chen Fan's ploy, Sergeant Huo sneered at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan didn't reply. He looked to Yu Qin and said calmly: "Didn't you say that I need to give them a display of my strength before they would obey me?"

Yu Qin was taken aback by the question, unsure what Chen Fan was getting at. She paused a second and then answered: "Yes. These soldiers are the cream of the crop and hold themselves in high esteem. If you can't prove yourself that you are worthy to lead them, you might as well quit your job now."

"Very well."

Chen Fan nodded. He poked his head out of the opening and tilted his body forward.

"You can't just jump out. We are over a hundred meters above the ground. Without a parachute or a rope, that is suicide. Don't play hero, you are not Captain America." Huo gloated at Chen Fan. "Order the helicopter to land right now; keep them waiting for too long, they might as well dismiss themselves."

"You are right about one thing. I am going to jump out."

Chen Fan looked back at him and cracked a smile. Under the shocked and terrified gazes of his companions, Chen Fan took a step forward and hopped off the edge out of the helicopter.

He fell from a hundred meters above the ground without anything protection him.

Chapter 147: A Dramatic Entrance

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"Well, well! It looks like our Head Sergeant is still high on his horse as all inexperienced newbies are. Well, why don't we just go back to our training instead of waiting for him like idiots?"

The bald soldier shouted.

The other soldiers shook their heads and were about to leave the training ground. Seeing this development, even Chu Minhui started to waver. What was the point of waiting for the jerk Head Sergeant when he was simply wasting their time?

Yue Jianqiu stood upright unflinchingly like a tall pine tree.

“Hey, what do you say to going into the woods and getting us some rabbits for dinner?” Tank suggested.

“Eagle-eyes is our best sharpshooter, we need to take him with us.” The stone-faced young man put in.

Eagle-eyes was an ordinary looking scrawny young man. What set him apart from the rest was his incredibly sharp vision. His deep-set eyes often glinted under the sunlight, making them look sharp enough to penetrate through a person’s mind.

“Why yes! Eagle-eyes won third place in the shooting competitions...” Even as Tank spoke, someone else shouted at the crowd: “Look! Someone is going to jump off the helicopter!”

“What?”

Everyone threw their head back and look to the helicopter.

What they saw next would be permanently tattooed in their mind.

They watched as a human figure leapt out of the helicopter and barely a fraction of a second later, they heard a heavy thud and the man was already on the ground, right in front of them, and was unharmed.

“Bang!”

The blaring sound was followed by a cloud of dust that rose to blot the sun. The paved earth trembled from the impact and even people who sat deep inside the facility noticed the strange ripples in their cups of water.

“Earthquake?”

Disturbed by the trembling sensation, the officers in the base flocked out of buildings.

Those soldiers who gathered at the training ground were closest to the source of impact and they were rendered speechless by the development.

Among the clouds of dust, they could vaguely discern a human figure standing in the middle of the training ground with his hand linked behind him. He looked more like a timeless ancient statue rather than a living person. The cracked surface of the pavement had formed a spider-web-like pattern that projected itself outward from under the man’s feet. Whoever he was, his outrageous landing had created a large crater on the hard paved ground.

“Did you see that? He... he jumped right out of that helicopter.”

The brawny bald man was shocked.

"I saw that too, Tank." The stone-faced young man swallowed hard and replied.

Everyone around the two, including Eagle-eyes, and the refined-looking young man, and even Yue Jianqiu who was so even-keeled that he might as well be impervious to shock were stunned and terrified by the turn of events. Chu Minhui rounded his eyes and looked at the man in utter disbelief.

"Is he made out of iron? He was a hundred meters above the ground, andand he just jumped right out."

Tank stammered.

Everyone nodded to confirm his observation.

Then, as everyone looked horrified at the man in the dust, the figure moved. He slowly made his way out of the cloud of dust and into the daylight. Then, and only then, the crowd realized that the person who survived the impossible fall was only sixteen year old boy.

The boy wore a white casual outfit that contrasted with his dark hair. His skin is smooth and unmarred by imperfections, and his eyes glittered in the sunlight like two diamonds. Although his looks were average, he gave off a godly demeanor that made him look like an immortal.

"You again!"

Having recognized the boy's face, Chu Minhui felt he was struck by lightning.

"Do you know him?"

The old soldier who was talking to him earlier asked.

Chu Minhui didn't speak a word, but his hollowed look on his face had said it all. He felt his legs were about to give in.

"I think he is our new Head Sergeant."

The refined looking young man pushed his glasses up again and smiled wryly.

"The... new Head Sergeant?"

Everyone's mind was filled with regret, particularly Tank. He was so embarrassed that he wanted to slap himself in the face. He had never thought that the new Head sergeant would be so powerful. The development reminded him of the movie Terminator where

the death robot descended from the other dimension and shattered the pavement. In this case, it was Tank's ego that Chen Fan had shattered.

His previous arrogant remarks of the opening gambit, of teaching the new sergeant a lesson, of fighting against the sergeant unarmed seemed like a joke on him now.

"Fight him? What a joke. He could survive the fall from a hundred meters above the ground and was unharmed. What would modern weapons do to his incredibly sturdy body?"

The members of the Cang Dragon were right. By then, Chen Fan was practically immune to physical attacks.

He had reached the first four levels of the Void Mortal Refinement Art: Ice Skin, Jade Bones, Golden Eyes and Silver Blood. Even the sharpest blade in the world would not be able to cause any harm to him no more than a white scratch.

After three months of hard work and diligent cultivation, he had finally reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment level and was only half a step away from Ethereal Enlightenment. Once he made the breakthrough, his body would finally begin the transformation toward the Dao Body.

No one on earth could have imagined the terrifying power of a Connate cultivator's physical strength.

A Connate Spirit Level cultivator could survive endless artillery bombardment without even using the True Essence. Such an incredible physical condition would also prolong life for centuries.

Although Chen Fan had just started to cultivate the Dao Body and was a long shot away from completing the Connate Spirit level, he was able to survive a free-fall from a hundred meters above the ground.

"Head Sergeant!"

As the other soldiers struggled to gather themselves, Yue Jianqiu took a step forward and greeted Chen Fan.

"Hi."

Chen Fan nodded and then he scanned the soldiers.

Each one of these elite soldiers was a one in a million warrior. However, they lowered their heads before Chen Fan as elementary students would in front of their principle. No one dared to look Chen Fan in the eyes.

“Before I came here, someone told me that you guys are planning an opening gambit for me?”

Chen Fan’s voice was calm, however, every word he spoke seemed to carry an icy edge. Suddenly, life drained away from Tank and his co-conspirator faces.

“Well, now I am here, what are you waiting for?”

No one dared to move a muscle. Even the stone-faced young man kept his head low as Chen Fan’s words took the wind out of his sails.

“Well, since no one wants to challenge me... is there anyone that objects to my role as your head sergeant?” Chen Fan asked readily.

“No... no objection.”

These hulking warriors murmured their obedience out like little girls.

“Louder!”

Chen Fan shouted.

He infused his sound with True Essence to amplify his volume. His booming voice sounded like a sudden explosion and caused a sizable shock wave to ripple out from him. Even the helicopter felt the disturbance in the air and was blown to one side for a fraction of a second. Many soldiers who stood right in front of Chen Fan lost their balance and fell to the ground.

“Reporting to Head sergeant, we have no objections!”

Yue Jianqiu shouted at the top of his lungs.

“Reporting to Head sergeant, we have no objections!”

The other soldiers quickly followed suit. Even as they replied, their ears still felt the pain from Chen Fan’s ear-piercing shout.

Chen Fan’s face remained stoic and looked disappointed by these soldiers.

“What a bunch of wimps! No wonder you are the last in the tournament. The other units are miles better than your sorry asses.” Chen Fan shook his head. However, he was still hopeful.

He was the North Mystic Celestial Lord, he could have turned a herd of pigs into deadly monsters, much less a group of special force soldiers.

“Head Sergeant Chen!”

By then, the helicopter finally landed on the pad. Yu Qin came over the Chen Fan, her eyes were filled with strong emotions; there was shock, trust, but her doubts were no longer there.

“Li Muchen still has it. He had chosen a mighty powerful demi-god for Cang Dragon!”

Yu Qin exclaimed

Huo Donglai followed her closely. Embarrassment and regret were written all over his face. He wished he could reduce his six feet tall frame into the size of an ant and find a crack in the ground to hide away.

Ever since the Cang Dragon unit lost the tournament against the other military units, the entire team had been going around with low spirits. The morale was further worsened by the firing of former Head Sergeant Xu. Many soldiers didn’t even have the courage to hit the streets on holidays.

However, there and then, the Cang Dragon’s base was seething with enthusiasm and energy.

“Have you heard? The new Head Sergeant is a badass!”

“More than just a badass! I saw it when I was walking in the hallway. He jumped right out of a helicopter at a hundred meters or so above the ground. He landed on the ground with a big bang, like how it was in the Superman movie. Guess what? He was unharmed! I was blown away! You know the concrete they used on the training ground was a special formula that could withstand even artillery bombardment. However, he made a giant crater at the center without causing any harm to himself. He is not a human, I tell you!”

Someone else put in.

“I have heard the Head Sergeant Chen is only seventeen. How is that even possible? At any rate, what the Military HQ wants from him was clear, they want him to teach us to be as powerful as he is.” Someone said expectantly.

“Get out of here. Look at yourself in the mirror, please. You can’t even carry a weighted bag for more than ten miles, yet you want to be as powerful as the Head Sergeant? Dream on!” A comrade guffawed.

Inside the base, the workers were exchanging lighthearted banter and jokes with each other while praising their new Head Sergeant.

However, inside the barracks, the soldiers sat quietly on their beds, heads drooping and shoulders slumped.

"Tank... do you think Head Sergeant is mad at us?" The stone-faced young man asked cautiously.

Tank's face was paler than the frost in December. He lowered his head and looked down, without offering his comrade an answer.

"Well, If I were the Head Sergeant, I would look down on you guys as well. A bunch of losers, the least competent elite unit in the military, daring to test the new Head sergeant's ability. Arrogant and stupid! Head Sergeant was invited to help us by the Military HQ. It took the HQ a great deal of work to persuade our new Head Sergeant to accept the offer. That should be enough to tell us about his abilities."

The usually reticent Eagle-eyes said with a cold gloating smirk on his face.

His words had hit the mark. Everyone shook their heads and heaved sighs.

"That's enough. Head Sergeant had agreed to guide us, so that means there is no harm done." A muscular young man who had not yet spoken so far finally put in.

Hearing his reassuring words, everyone managed to regain some confidence.

"Rusty, do you think our new Head sergeant is an Internal Force master just like Sergeant Huo?" The refined looking young man with a smooth face asked.

The muscular man was called Rusty, and he was the top fighter in the Cang Dragon unit.

His skills in using any sharp object were unrivaled. He was able to sever a steel column as thick as his arm using a small dagger. Even Huo Donglai could not defeat him if he didn't use a weapon. Rusty was from a traditional martial arts family and had benefited from many secret family arts. Before he joined the military, he was also a powerful internal force user.

Smooth-face's question had caught everyone's attention. They looked to Rusty expectantly.

"Internal Force Master?" Rusty sneered. "The most powerful Internal Force user would not survive that fall. He is not a mortal, he is an immortal!"

"At least Sergeant Huo would not be able to do what he had done."

"What? Does that mean the new Head Sergeant is as powerful as Ye Nantian? Is he a Transcendent Master?" Smooth-face asked incredulously.

The entire barracks boiled over after hearing the questions.

“Ye Nantian? You think our head sergeant is on par with Ye Nantian?” Tank asked in disbelief.

Ye Nantian was considered a war god among soldiers. During his decades of service in the military, he had made incredible contributions by completing nearly impossible missions. Tank and his comrades used to fight his retinue, the Dragon’s Fang and knew how powerful Ye Nantian was first hand.

“No, he is more powerful.”

Rusty said slowly.

His dark eyes glittered and said: “I have never seen a Transcendent Master in action before. However, I have heard from my family elders that what sets the Transcendent Masters apart from normal Internal Force users is their more powerful internal energy which allows them to release the internal force and use it as a weapon. However, that wouldn’t amount to being bulletproof or surviving a hundred-meter free fall.

“His abilities are not from this world. You see them only in... movies. It’s unthinkable to me.”

“More powerful than Ye Nantian?”

Everyone looked at each other and exchanged shocked glances. What kind of monster sergeant were they going to face?

All the while, Chu Minhui had hidden in a dark corner. He clenched his fists so tightly until his nails dug deep into the cushion of his palm. Blood welled from under the skin and trickled to the ground, however, Chu Minhui didn’t seem to notice it at all.

Meanwhile, in the meeting room of the Cang Dragon base...

Most key officers in the base had gathered there for a meeting with the new Head Sergeant. There were sergeants, head of the Logistics, Yue Jianqiu and Yu Qin; all of them standing except for Chen Fan.

By then, he had changed into a uniform.

Although he was not a high ranking officer yet, everyone stood respectfully before him.

“These are the of Cang Dragon members profiles...”

Yu Qin handed a folder to Chen Fan with both hands.

Although the documents were short, it contained a concise summary of the Cang Dragon units status. These were SSS clearance documents and were meant only for a few eyes in the entire China.

Chen Fan didn't pick up the document. He knocked on the table and announced heavily: "I have made a promise to Li Wuchen that I will stay here for a month. After that, I will leave the position. I don't need to see these documents."

Chen Fan knew his position very well. He was a consultant working on a short term contract, but not the manager.

If he read the profiles and documents, he might feel more connected with the long term development of the base and it would make his departure much harder.

A hint of disappointment flashed across Yu Qin's eyes. She managed to put on a smile and said: "Head Sergeant Chen, how would you like to start the training? We have all kinds of specialists here to assist you. Including a gold medalist in physical conditioning, and—"

"No need." Chen Fan shook his head and cut the girl short.

"Those worldly training methods would not bring their ability up to the same level as Dragon's Fang in a month. In order to catch up with Dragon's Fang, or even surpass them, I will need unconventional methods."

"Surpass Dragon's Fang in a month?"

Everyone was stunned by the new Head Sergeant's ambition.

Huo Donglai asked with a trembling voice: "Head sergeant, each and every member of the Dragon's Fang are outstanding fighters. Plus, they are all internal force users. It is impossible to catch up with them, much less surpass them."

"It's difficult for you, yes. But to me, it's a piece of cake."

Chen Fan cracked a smile and then produced two folders from a bag.

Yu Qin opened the folder and saw a few pieces of paper. When she examined the content, her face darkened and then she looked up at Chen Fan in shock.

"The paper you are holding detailed a special training method, which I named 'Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise.' Follow those instructions for a month, I guarantee you that they will all be able to face off against Internal Force users of the initial success level."

“Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise? One month later they could face off against Internal Force users?”

Yu Qin and other sergeants exchanged a few doubtful glances, but they all registered the shock in each others’ eyes.

They couldn’t and were unwilling to believe Chen Fan’s words. But the vivid memory of Chen Fan’s display of strength had finally convinced them.

“Very well, let’s try it for a month.” Sergeant Huo gritted his teeth and said.

Chapter 149: Unimaginable Power

Chen Fan wagered that there had to be an internal force cultivation art in the military.

Since things such as internal force were not secrets even among the public, the government had to be aware of them as well. It wouldn’t be difficult for the government to acquire the cultivation methods. That being said, the earth’s environment was not entirely friendly toward cultivators.

The world was so devoid of Spirit Qi that Sentient Objects were rare and cultivation techniques scarce.

Of all the cultivators on the earth, only those extremely talented cultivators could have possessed the Internal Force. The internal force users who Chen Fan had seen so far, such as Guo Wei, Lin Hu, Wei Fu, Linbao, and Old Man Gu were powerful martial artists that dominated their local areas. Even Guo Wei who had just achieved initial success could have been named the top fighter of the entire Chu Zhou City.

The difficulty in obtaining Internal Force while cultivating on earth was evident. Even those who had obtained Internal Force were not invincible. Even a Transcendent Master could be killed by high caliber firearms or missiles, much less regular internal force users.

“However, the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise was different than ordinary cultivation methods.”

Chen Fan announced.

Standing beside him were a few sergeants who were in charge of physical conditioning, the team Captain Yue, and Yu Qin. They all listened attentively.

“Excuse me, Head Sergeant, what are the differences?” A Combat Sergeant asked.

The Cang Dragon unit was equipped with sergeants who specialized in all kinds of skills: combat, shooting, driving, info warfare, subterfuge, and jungle warfare. The goal was to create an elite force that could be deployed into any circumstance and succeed in their mission.

In addition to the Combat Sergeant, Deputy Head Sergeant Huo Donglai, there were another three sergeants here at the meeting.

The other three sergeants were all of the phenomenal success levels in their internal force cultivation. They were hand-picked by the military from many traditional martial arts families and sects.

The one who had just raised the question was from a famous martial arts family, the Gu family. His name is Gu Liuru. Although he was stunned by Chen Fan's display of power like everyone else was, Chen Fan was advising everyone on the subject close to his heart; therefore he rose to question the head sergeant in part to show off his expertise in the subject.

"As we all know, a good foundation is important for Internal Force cultivation. It's a quote from the Tao Te Ching: bring it to the utmost degree of pliancy just like the initial condition of a newborn!" Sergeant Gu said as he looked around.

"The newborn baby retained the Connate Spirit. However, this Connate Spirit will disperse over time as the baby ages, and eventually disappears altogether. Therefore, the earlier that one started training, the easier it was to gain Internal Force. Soldiers in the Cang Dragon units were all in their twenties. Therefore, it was almost too late for them to start."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Although Yu Qin was not a martial artist, she felt what Sergeant Gu said was right nonetheless.

"I have already told you that those are the normal methods of cultivation. However, the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise is something entirely different." Chen Fan said lightly. "Once they are able to complete the training, they would be able to face off against Internal Force martial artists without even using Internal Force."

"What?"

Everyone was shocked by what they heard.

Sergeant Huo furrowed his brows and said in disbelief. "does your training method happen to be similar to that of Ancient Muay Thai? I have heard that the martial artists who practiced the Ancient Muay Thai could overwhelm their opponents with sheer force. Each and every attack could shatter the rocks."

“However, I wager that the training routine of the Ancient Muay Thai was even more brutal than that of internal force. I have heard that one in ten disciples could pass the training stage. Only those with the strongest will could make it to the end.”

“You are half right, I suppose.” Chen Fan said calmly. “Where my training method differs from that of Ancient Muay Thai is that it has a much lower requirement and is much easier. Any elite soldier should have no problem finishing my training routine. Plus, I will give a dose of my special supplement that could help to boost their abilities for a short period of time.”

Chen Fan’s Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise was in fact an upgraded version of External Force Exercises.

When he was a child, he used to see a Master Cui who came to visit his county from southwestern China. Master Cui was an expert in External Force. His entire body was incredibly tough and durable as if his muscles were made out of wrought iron. The Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise was inspired by Chen Fan’s childhood memory. That being said, the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise had its own limitations. The most one could get out of this training routine was to reach initial success.

“While I am on earth, the most precious thing I could offer to the world was not my memories of the stock market trends nor the winning lottery numbers. It was these cultivation techniques.”

Chen Fan lamented.

Earth was still in the age of slavery in the eyes of a cultivator. Despite the existence of Internal Force users or even fire benders, their skills and methods were either rudimentary or incomplete. The cultivators on earth still had a long way to go to spread the cultivation arts among the public.

The Cultivation technique in Chen Fan’s possession could help one in ten soldiers reach the Foundation Establishment level, despite the lack of Spirit Qi around them.

“However, how am I going to spread these techniques?”

Chen Fan shook his head as he pondered on.

Once the cultivation technique became widespread, the civilization of the human race was going to reach new heights. The light of cultivation culture was going to light up the dark ages of the human world. Its significance would be no less than the invention of the steam engine. By then, the human would enter a brand new era.

Although it sounded like good news to a mortal, Chen Fan knew it was also a double-edged sword for him. At the late-stage of the Foundation Establishment level, no

firearms could have hurt Chen Fan, however, it didn't mean that he was invincible before much more powerful weapons. If he empowered the human race, his advantage over the mortals would be gone.

"Maybe later when I reach the Connate Spirit and gain the golden core, I will spread some of my cultivation techniques to the world. But not now."

Chen Fan shook his head and decided to let the matter rest.

Although the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise is a dumbed down version of the real cultivation method, only an elite special force warrior could have pulled it off. In addition, the exercise could help one achieve the initial success at the most, and even that would require a tremendous amount of dedication and talent.

Sergeant Gu was still doubtful of Chen Fan's plan, however, Yu Qin had registered what Chen Fan was alluding to.

"Head Sergeant Chen, do you mean that this exercise has to be carried out in tandem with your supplement?"

"Indeed." Chen Fan gave the girl an approving look.

It would take the most talented soldiers at least five years to rival an internal force user if they only followed the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise alone without the supplement. A'Xiu was no more than a meek teenager girl and once she used the Spirit Pills, she was able to achieve phenomenal success in less than three months. Therefore, Chen Fan was confident that the combination of the exercise and the pill could increase these soldier's powers to at least that of an initial success level cultivator.

"What kind of supplement is it? Can we take a look at the recipe?"

Sergeant Gu and the other few sergeants asked with great interest.

As a seasoned martial artist, he was not a stranger to elixirs. The recipe of these supplements were often some of the most fiercely guarded secrets of a martial arts family, sometimes it was even more precious than cultivation techniques.

To pull off cultivation techniques required dedication and skills. However, the recipe was just a piece of paper and anyone who knew the ingredients could have made it easily by themselves. Plus, a good elixir was often the key in increasing one's power and many martial arts families had succeeded simply because of their incredibly powerful elixirs.

They had expected Chen Fan to refuse to share his secret, but to their surprise, Chen Fan fished out a piece of paper and handed it over to them candidly.

“Head Sergeant Chen, you don’t have to...”

Even Huo Donglai was shocked after seeing Chen Fan giving away such priceless information.

“Well, this was part of the deal I made with Li Wuchen.” Chen Fan said lightly.

The recipe was for the elixir called “Physic Refining Pill.” Its effects would only kick in when the user started the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise.

“I hope I can satisfy the Military HQ by offering them a hundred Internal Force users, and a method to train more of them.”

He never thought that the government would be able to mass-produce martial artists with internal force.

First of all, not everyone was able to pull off the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise, in addition, the ingredients to make the pills were not readily available either. Therefore, Chen Fan doubted the military would be able to pump out internal force martial artists like toy soldiers on assembly lines.

Chapter 150: Martial Arts Conference

Chapter 150: Martial Arts Conference

The Cang Dragon endured the most gruesome training of their life for the next month.

Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise was a completely different ball game compared to the conventional physical condition exercises. This was a brand new technique that Chen Fan created based on two elements: the External Force Exercises and the Immortal Cultivation techniques.

On the training ground, the soldiers stood in strange if not outright bizarre stances. Some balanced on one foot like a crane in a swamp, some wrapped their arms around their body as a monkey would to a tree trunk, the others were sitting quietly on the ground cross-legged as if they were practicing Yoga.

However, regardless of their posture, a pained look was etched on everyone’s face. They felt as if every inch of their body was on fire as energy gathered inside of their system.

“I have never seen anything like this.” Sergeant Gu grumbled.

“Let’s give him some time. Head Sergeant Chen had god-like abilities. We shouldn’t judge his methods using our earthly logic.” Huo Donglai said heavily.

By then, He was completely enamored by Chen Fan’s power.

The scene of Chen Fan jumping out of the helicopter had perished his conceit and pride, leaving only admiration and respect toward the young man. Martial Artists respected only one thing: power and Chen Fan was the most powerful man he had ever seen.

“I wonder what my sect brothers at the Ba Ji sect would think of him.”

Huo Donglai thought in his mind.

Ba Ji Sect was an ancient martial arts sect, and the Ba Ji Fist that was popular among the public was just a tip of its enormous wealth of techniques. Most of the internal force arts were kept in the hands of the core branches of the sect. There even had been a Transcendent Master from the Ba Ji Sect.

Chen Fan linked his hands behind his back and slowly made his way to the training ground.

“Head Sergeant, your training method is... marvelous!” Sergeant Gu exclaimed.

“It was nothing, I only brought out the soldier’s potential.” Chen Fan said humbly.

The human body was full of undiscovered potential sources of energy. Even without relying on external energy, the human body itself was able to provide an incredible amount of energy. However, they were usually dormant unless during the time of crisis. Without using supplements, and careful diet control to replenish the energy, even a muscular man would become scrawny and a thin skeleton frame after a few of such outbursts of internal energy.

Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise were documented on many cultivation planets.

Even the cultivation nations waged war against each other. Therefore arts such as the Cang Dragon Physical Conditioning Exercise were widely adopted by the cultivation armies to mass produce powerful warriors. These warriors could even overwhelm mighty high-level cultivators due to their sheer number and decent abilities. However, they were no match against cultivators who had reached the level of Connate Spirit or higher. These cultivators were able to command swords to do his bidding from miles away, therefore, their enemy’s advantage in number would not affect them.

“Head Sergeant, can I talk with you in private?”

Huo Donglai remembered a piece of news he heard a few days ago, so he came over to Chen Fan and asked cautiously.

“Oh?”

Chen Fan looked over at him and nodded.

The two sergeants walked abreast with each other in the base and attracted many people’s attention. Nearly all the eyes that looked to Chen Fan were filled with respect. Chen Fan had already become a legend among the workers in the base. Everyone was extremely curious about him, yet no one dares to approach.

Seeing the amount of respect Chen Fan had garnered, Chu Minhui grit his teeth so hard that he thought his jaw was going to shatter.

What’s even more humiliating than being defeated by one’s enemy was being outright ignored.

“I have worked hard to join the Cang Dragon units, only to discover that he was ahead of me. How am I ever going to compete with him?” Chu Minhui screamed in his mind.

As soon as he looked up, he saw Yue Jianqiu’s sweaty forehead. He had been holding his position longer than any of his comrades yet he was not going to give up anytime soon. The sight had lit up the fighting spirit inside of Chu Minghui. “That’s right, as long as I keep at it. One day, I will see the light at the end of the tunnel.”

“Chen Fan, thank you for teaching me these abilities. I will gladly accept your help and try to surpass you.”

Chu Minhui clenched his jaw tighter as he swore to himself to try harder.

Huo Donglai and Che Fan arrived at a quiet spot of the base. Huo Donglai put on an apologetic face and said:

“Head Sergeant, I am sorry for my arrogance when I first met you. Please forgive me.”

“Don’t sweat it.” Chen Fan was a Celestial Lord, of course, he would not be offended by someone as worthless as an ant. If he really rubbed him the wrong way, he would silence him with a slap. “What are you getting at, spit it out.”

“It’s nothing important, really.” Huo Donglai paused a second and then said: “I was just wondering if you are going to join the Martial Arts Conference at Lin City this year?”

“What is this Martial Arts Conference?” Chen Fan asked.

“You haven’t heard?” Huo Donglai was shocked.

“Theoretically, I am not a martial artist.” Chen Fan explained.

Huo Donglai gathered himself and explained: “The Martial Arts Conference was held every three years by major martial arts families. It usually attracts nearly all martial artists across China. It’s a good event to exchange practice experiences and learn from each other.

“The highlight of the event is the auction. There will be many herbal medicines, as well as elixirs.”

Huo Donglai paused a second and then said: “You might even be able to meet some Transcendent masters.”

“Oh?” Chen Fan’s interest was piqued.

He had just reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment level and had gained an incredibly strong physical body. Therefore, no ordinary internal force martial artists would survive even one blow from him. However, Transcendent Masters was a different story.

Plus, he was having difficulties finding Spirit Medicine and searching for such precious material by himself was practically a fool’s errand. He would have a much better chance in getting powerful herbs at an event such as the Martial Arts Conference.

“Yes. You heard it right. Just last time, I had seen a thousand year old ginseng offered at the auction table.” Huo Donglai reaffirmed.

After a few cautious moments, Huo Donglai plastered on an ingratiating smile and said quietly: “I was going to invite you to attend the event with my sect brothers.”

“Attend the event with Ba Ji Sect? Do people fight with each other at the event?” Chen Fan asked with a half smile.

Huo Donglai gave him a grin and said: “You nailed it. All attendees are proud martial artists, some are more proud than the others and were eager to prove themselves, so sparrings and challenges are not uncommon there. The Ba Ji sect had been going downhill lately and lacked powerful members. Therefore...”

Huo Donglai didn’t finish his sentence. Chen Fan should have already figured out by now what he was really after.

“Of course, I don’t think you will have to join any fight. We want you just in case things get out of control, however unlikely that was ” Huo Donglai hurried to explain.

“Sure, I will go with you.” Chen Fan nodded.

He was eager to gauge the overall power of the martial artists on earth. He hadn't met many powerful martial artist by far, save a few such as Lin Hu, Guo Wei and Master Gu. He wagered that the conference would be an eye-opener for him.

"Really?"

Huo Donglai was elated by Chen Fan's decision.

With the help of such a powerful warrior, Ba Ji sect would no longer be afraid of any challenges they might face.

Ever since his Master Uncle's disappearance, the Ba Ji sect was embattled by the insults and challenges from other sects during each year's conference. Without a powerful warrior such as Master Uncle, the members of the sect had to endure the humiliation. Although Huo Donglai was no longer involved in sect businesses, he knew what was going on. Therefore, he had planned to invite Chen Fan to the sect ever since he met the boy.

Despite the sect elder's doubts regarding Chen Fan's power, they agreed to Huo Donglais' proposal in the end.

"Hehe, the Hong Sect, Gu family and the Lu Family will have to think twice now before they bully my sect members."

Huo Donglai sneered in his mind.