

# Rebirth Of The Urban Immortal Cultivator

## Chapter 31: Princess Of House Wei

### Chapter 31: Princess Of House Wei

Everyone looked towards the voice, and they saw a beautiful girl with a cold and aloof face walking toward the commotion. The crowd split into two halves as people made way for the girl.

The girl was in a white Qipao and a pair of stiletto heels. She looked to be one meter and seventy-eight centimeters or above. A sense of pride and dominance emanated from her wild and gleaming eyes, making many less confident men and women lower their heads. It was as if the girl was a queen from a world of ice.

“Who is she? How dare she speak up for Chen Fan?” One of the onlookers asked with disdain.

Those who had already recognized the girl were shocked by the onlooker’s daring question. One of them hurried to cover the onlooker’s mouth and said, “Are you crazy? That’s the princess of the Wei Family.”

“Princess of the Wei Family?” The onlooker murmured, and as realization finally dawned upon him, his face turned paler than a piece of parchment paper.

She was Wei Ziqin.

“My Lady?”

Manager Zhou felt a strong nagging sensation of impending doom the moment he saw Wei Ziqin.

He managed a smile from his overwrought face and said, “Welcome, welcome! why didn’t you tell us ahead of time that you would be here?”

“Buzz off; I am not your lady. I want nothing to do with you and your boss.” Wei Ziqin snorted. She was well known for her cold and aloof character and rarely did she show her emotions on her face. However, anger was written all over her attractive face right now, making it look like a piece of frosted rock in the middle of a frigid winter.

“Mr. Chen is my guest; why are you doing this to him?”

Manager Zhu suddenly shriveled a little after hearing Wei Ziqin's words. A curdled smile hung on his face.

Was this kid a guest of Miss Wei?

It's impossible! So powerful was Miss Wei that even Young Sir had to tread carefully and talk politely while he was with her. How could she be a friend with this... bum?

He hurried to improvise an excuse for himself. "I didn't know he was invited by you. Otherwise, I wouldn't dare raise my voice at him."

Wei Ziqin's cold face didn't warm up the slightest after hearing the manager's excuse. She turned to Chen Fan and smiled apologetically.

"I am sorry, Mr. Chen. I am late.

"I apologize for the ill-treatment. I will make sure that these servants learn their lessons."

Even after her apology, the anger on her face didn't recede completely.

Chen Fan was not just an ordinary man; he was a Martial Arts Master who was on the same level as Ye Nantian and Mr. Wu. Even her grandfather wanted to get on his good side. Therefore, Manager Zhou had committed a significant sin by trying to kick the boy out of the event. Fortunately, she had arrived just in time before everything was too late. She wagered that if master Chen left the venue in a fit of anger, all those efforts that the elderly man had put into cozying up to the master would be all but wasted. Who in their right mind would offend a Martial Arts Grand Master?

Chen Fan remained calm, and it was as if those accusations and scornful remarks thrown at him had all slid off his mind.

"No big deal, just a bunch of clowns."

He gave Manager Zhu a sidelong glance and then said, "Manager Zhu seemed to dislike me a lot. I told him that I was invited, but he just wouldn't listen."

Manager Zhu's heart sank after he heard Chen Fan's castigating words

He still managed to maintain a smile on his face as he pleaded, "Miss Wei, please, I can explain."

"Save your breath."

"I will inform your boss of everything that had happened here, and I will see to it that he fires you." Wei Ziqin said lightly. Manager Zhu thought that he was going to faint.

He looked towards Chu Minhui imploringly, hoping the Young Master Chu, the real instigator of this mishap would help this cannon fodder.

However, little did he know that Chu Minhui was too scared of getting in the way of Miss Wei to say anything.

He was shocked the moment he saw Wei Ziqin; when the princess of the Wei Family apologized to Chen Fan, he couldn't even believe his ears.

She was Wei Ziqin! The granddaughter of the elderly Man Wei and the daughter of Wei Changgeng!

Even his father dare not defy Wei Ziqin, much less Chu Minhui himself.

Although their families were equally wealthy in the Chu Zhou City, Chu Family only dealt with business locally, while the Wei Family could even exert influence to all other metropolia in China. Plus, the Wei Family's roots ran deep in Chu Zhou City, no one in the city were able to challenge their position.

However, seeing Manager Zhu's desperation, Chu Minhui decided to give it a try.

"Sister Ziqin."

Wei Ziqin turned around and saw Chu Minhui. She asked coldly, "What's up? Is there anything you want to tell me? Save it. I know what you want to say!"

Ziqin's refute lit up the anger in Chu Minhui; he protested, "Well, this ass hole had stolen my girlfriend and — "

"Shut up!" Wei Ziqin shouted at the boy.

She looked at Chu Minhui resentfully; she had expected much better from him.

"I thought that after Uncle Chu had sent you into the training camp, you would have shed your delinquency and grew up, but it seems that it was just wishful thinking! You are even worse than before!

"If you could have forced someone as easy going as Mr. Chen into a corner, I can't imagine how you interact with other people.

"I will talk to Uncle Chu about what happened tonight, and you should reflect on it too."

Without even sparing Chu Minhui a glance, she turned around toward Chen Fan and said, "Mr. Chen, the auction is about to start. Why don't you follow me to the pre-show exhibition to go over the items? "

“Very well.” Chen Fan nodded.

Chen Fan shot Chu Minhui a glance and smiled before he followed Wei Ziqin out of the reception hall.

Manager Zhu’s legs finally gave in and brought him to the ground. Chu Minhui gritted his teeth and clenched his fists, tiring to suppress the fire burning inside of his belly.

The last scornful glance that Chen Fan gave him was a sharp jab at his self-esteem.

“Asshole!”

He waited until the two were gone before he allowed himself to be seized by anger. He wrenched a half-empty wine glass on the table and smashed it on the floor.

“Mr. Chu, please watch your actions.” Another manager who was called to deal with the emergency said to Chu Minghui with a scowl.

Chu Minhui looked around and realized that he had become a laughing stock. He stormed out of the room with the taste of defeat in his mouth and anger in his belly.

“How is it possible for him to know Wei Ziqin? ”

Li Yichen was shocked as soon as he saw Wei Ziqin.

“Councilor Li, who is Wei Ziqin?” Mo Hill asked curiously.

Despite her influence, Wei Ziqin had always been very lowkey in public. Very rarely did she show up at public events, and therefore not a lot of people had even heard of her name. She wouldn’t have attended the auction if not for Chen Fan.

“Elderly Man Wei’s granddaughter. Wei Zipin’s sister.” Li Yichen said as his lips twitched a little.

“WHO?” Mo Hill gasped. Even Lou Xiaoxiao was shocked by the revelation.

Compare to Wei Ziqin, Wei Zipin was a much more well-known name.

His dad was the youngest son of the Wei Family. People like Mo Hill would never even have the chance of meeting with someone as powerful as Wei Zipin.

Since Wei Ziqin was Wei Zipin’s sister, they wagered that Wei Ziqin was at least as influential as her Uncle.

“I remember that the Old Man Wei’s youngest son is the least successful. Who is father Wei Ziqin’s father? The oldest son or the second one?”

“She is the Daughter of Wei Changgeng. ” Li Yichen said.

“Oh, shit! We are done, we fucked up. What should we do now? What if Chen Fan wanted to get revenge on us?”

Lou Xiaoxiao said regretfully in a trembling voice.

Who would have thought that a country boy had a connection with the Wei Family of the North Bank? How did that happen?

Li Yichen’s face was placid, but he cursed at Chen Fan in his heart.

He had thought that the new-boy was just a worm that could be easily squashed by him, but it seemed that Chen Fan was going to be a thorn in his side for a long time.

Meanwhile, Zhang Yumeng and other girls watched the development unfold with disbelief.

They watched as Chen Fan turned the situation around after being forced to his last leg.

“Who is that woman? She looks like some kind of a big deal. Was she really powerful enough to overtrump the combined force of Chu Minhui and the Fang Sheng International Group?”

“No kidding! Didn’t someone just say that he worked at a bar?”

“Yea, as a Fruitboy!”

These girls were not well connected and therefore they might have never heard of Wei Ziqin’s name much less seeing her in person.

Han Yun was the only one among those girls who had recognized Chen Fan’s rescuer

“That’s Miss Wei from the Wei Family.”

Everyone was so shocked by the revelation that their faces paled.

Wei Family of the North Bank was the most prominent household in the City if not in China. As the granddaughter of the family, Wei Ziqin had an unimaginable amount of resources at her command and family influences at her disposal. She must have lived a life that most girls didn’t even dare dream of.

“That loser is a friend of Wei Ziqin? They didn’t even talk like friends! Maybe there is more than what meets the eye.” Someone suggested

By then, the girls no longer lamented Xu Rongfei's choice. Instead, they marveled at her ability to spot the real gold.

Everything happened so quickly that Xu Rongfei was still disheveled. But after a while, she finally gathered herself.

Jiang Churan came up to her, tugged her hand and said, "He is gone; why are you still standing here?"

Despite Jiang Churan's even voice, her heart was filled with contradicting emotions.

"So is that your protector? The Princess of House Wei."

No wonder you dare look down on Chu Minhui. "

Jiang Churan thought to herself and then sighed lightly.

## **Chapter 32: Dharma Artifacts**

Si Yinxia and the others could not believe what they had just seen.

Standing on his last leg, Chen Fan had the last laugh after his support finally showed up.

When Chang Wen and the others heard the real identity Wei Ziqin, their faces turned pale out of shock.

Chang Wen's uncle was a manager of the Fang Sheng International Group, a similar level to Manager Zhu. Seeing how easily Wei Ziqin was able to fire Manager Zhu, Chang Wen wagered that it would be easy for Chen Fan to seek revenge by simply whispering his discontent of her to Wei Ziqin.

"Who would think that he is Wei Ziqin's friend?" Ji Xingyu exclaimed incredulously.

Wei Ziqin was much more different than other girls such as Jiang Churan and Xu Rongfei.

Although she usually kept things to herself, most upper-class citizens of the Chu Zhou City knew her name very well. Her father had met tails winds during his business venture and was hopeful of pushing the influence of the Wei Family to a new height.

Before such an influential person, even Li Yichen and Chu Minhui would have to show deference much less Ji Xingyu.

Si Yinxia was silent for a second and then said, "Let's go." He turned around and started off.

They knew that with such a powerful ally backing Chen Fan, it would be impossible for them to challenge him.

Ji Xingyu heaved a sigh and followed Si Yinxia out of the hall. However, Chang Wen had stood behind. Calculating thoughts flickered in her eyes as she brooded over her next move.

"Fang Sheng International Group belonged to my second uncle. However, I was afraid that you might be hesitant to come to an event hosted by the likes of him, so I didn't tell you everything. I apologize for what had happened back there." Wei Ziqin said apologetically.

"It's Ok. I have to thank you for fishing me out of that mess." Chen Fan said lightly.

Although Chen Fan's voice held no sign of rancor, Wei Ziqin's heart caught in her throat as she registered the displeased undertone.

If Chen Fan was just an ordinary person, she might have believed him that he would let the matter rest. However, she knew that Chen Fan was a Transcendent Master, and he would not be able to stomach such insult.

So thinking, Wei Ziqin hurried a reply, "Chu Minhui is a foolish boy, but I have watched him grow up, so I want to beg you to spare him just for once. Please."

"Oh?" Chen Fan stopped and turned to regard Wei Ziqin with a half smile.

Seeing the indifference in Chen Fan's eyes, she knew her intuition was right. Slowly, her face turned to that of imploring.

Jiang Churan had thought Wei Ziqin was Chen Fan's supporter, but little did she know that Chen Fan didn't need anyone's support.

However, powerful Chu Minhui was, if Chen Fan wanted him dead, he could have killed him with a snap of a finger. He was about to do exactly that right before Wei Ziqin showed up at the event. He was surprised that the girl was able to sense his well-hidden intent.

The two held each other's gaze for thirty seconds, and seeing that Wei Ziqin was adamant in her pleading, Chen Fan finally gave in and snorted coldly:

"He is a dead man if it happens again."

After he had said that, he looked away from Wei Ziqin's pale face.

“Yes.” Wei Ziqin answered under her breath. She lowered her head and started to catch up with Chen Fan.

She reminded herself to have a serious talk with Chu Minhui so that he wouldn’t get himself into trouble again.

After having caught a glimpse of who Chen Fan really was, Wei Ziqin finally comprehended the insurmountable gap between her and Chen Fan. She started to become more careful when she talked to Chen Fan.

After the two left the hall, they were greeted by an old man.

“This is Uncle Lin, my second uncle’s right-hand man. He is going to show us the items being put on auction before it starts.” Wei Ziqin said with a smile.

“Thank you for the introduction, Missy. This way, please.” The old man was dressed in a sleek and meticulously ironed suit. His tempered and composed demeanor resembled that of a butler from an English Household.” I have heard that Xiao Zhu had offended our guest, that lad deserves the punishment. ”

The old man talked as he led the way, all the while, he didn’t look at Chen Fan even once.

As the most trusted advisor of Wei Sanye, Uncle Lin was one of if not the most influential people in the Fang Sheng International Group. Any rich upper-class citizen would have to greet him with a great measure of respect, and therefore, he didn’t take someone such as Chen Fan seriously. Let it be firing Manager Zhu or entertaining the guest; Uncle Lin would not oblige without the direct order from Wei Ziqin. However, like an old and loyal family dog, once the instructions were given to him, he followed them to the letters.

“These items were collected by the Third Lord from all over the world. He had spared no expense in amassing such an impressive collection.”

“This one is a Sapphire from South Africa. Rumor has it that it could bring great fortune to the wearer.

“This one is an Ancestral Compass; it was said to have the ability to attract wealth.

“This one is a supreme-grade mutton-fat-jade. It can ward off the cold.

“This one is...”

All sorts of artifacts filled the entire exhibition hall to the brim. They would soon be put on auction and be admired by all the rich people of the Chu Zhou City.

Uncle Lin could not suppress the pride in his voice as he went over each and every piece of the collection in great details.

“What do you think of these artifacts, Mr. Chen?” Wei Ziqin asked curiously.

Chen Fan scanned the roomful of antiques and shook his head. “They are trinkets, that’s all. ”

With his wealth of knowledge in all things magical, he could easily tell real Dharma artifacts from ordinary trinkets. As much as people wanted to believe in the alleged power in these artifacts, Chen Fan knew that they were simply useless baubles.

Uncle Lin was not impressed by what he had heard; his boss had spent a huge amount of resources in collecting these treasures, yet they were so easily dismissed by a sixteen-year-old boy.

“Seems like I will have to bring out the real treasure to teach this youngster a lesson.”

With that in mind, Uncle Lin smiled at Wei Ziqi. “My lady, these are not the most precious treasures. Please come this way.”

“Really? Sure!” Wei Ziqin followed the old man excitedly. The old man led them to the center of the exhibition hall where an iridescent colorful bead was housed inside of a lavishly decorated display case.

Wei Ziqin was confused for a second, and then she suddenly realized something.

“This... This is the Dharma Artifact that is going to be put on for auction?”

“Indeed.” Uncle Lin smiled smugly.

He looked at Chen Fan, and to his surprise, the boy still didn’t seem to be too impressed.

The artifact was able to suck the attention of any ordinary person would lay the first sight on it. Those who fell under the spell of the artifact wouldn’t be able to recover for a while.

It was already an incredible feat to be able to recover as fast as Wei Ziqin had, but Chen Fan seemed to be completely unaffected.

“This Dharma artifact was a Dzi Bead worn by a living Buddha from Tibet. It was said that the living Buddha was born with this bead in his hand and he had been wearing it ever since until his final nirvana. Boss had gone all the way to Tibet by himself to receive the blessing of the Living Buddha and bought this bead with a few million yuan.”

Uncle Lin's voice was filled with arrogance as he introduced the bead to the two youngsters.

"Incredible!" Wei Ziqin nodded to praise the story behind the rare artifact.

Uncle Lin beamed from side to side after hearing Wei Ziqin's compliment.

He turned to Chen Fan again, expecting to see an impressed look on the boy's face. However, Chen Fan shook his head disappointedly.

"It seems to me that Mr. Chen didn't like any of Third Lord's collection."

Chen Fan said faintly, "It might seem like a Dharma artifact, but It's not by a long chalk."

"You!" Uncle Lin was seized by a fit of anger.

"What do you know about antiques? If not for Miss Wei, I would not even let you stand here, much less granting you the sight of such a treasure." The old man thought to himself.

Uncle Lin sneered at Chen Fan and asked coldly, "If Mr. Chen was convinced that this Kang Duo Dzi Bead was not the real deal, would you be so kind as to show us the real Dharma Artifacts?"

"The real Dharma Artifact?"

Chen Fan glared at him and then said calmly, "The real Dharma Artifacts were things such as the Flying Sword and Dharma Treasures. One could use them to summon clouds and thunder among many other magical powers. This bead can only distract people when they lay the first sight on it. Other than that, it is practically useless,"

Uncle Lin laughed scornfully and then said, "Are you kidding me? Those are legends; they don't exist in real life.

"But the magical power of this Dzi Bead was real. You had it completely wrong."

"I think Mr. Chen's claim is exaggerated." A mocking expression appeared on Uncle Lin's face. He was just one step away from calling the boy a liar.

"Is that so?" Chen Fan was unfazed by the accusation.

He pointed to deft fingers at the bead and suddenly evoked a huge explosion in the Void Dimension. The loud din of the explosion could not be heard in the real world unless one connected their Qi to the higher dimensions.

In a blink, Chen Fan had unleashed his soul energy onto the bead and erased the remaining soul energy of its previous owner.

“Look again.” Chen Fan pulled back his fingers and said with a calm face.

When the two looked again; they were both shocked.

“It’s impossible!” Uncle Lin exclaimed.

The Dzi bead had suddenly lost its strange ability to attract people’s attention.

“Oh, it’s very possible.” Chen Fan explained. “It had obtained some soul energy from its previous wearer, and therefore it was able to influence the attention of an ordinary person. Since I have erased the remaining soul energy, I have also got rid of its ‘power.’”

After hearing Chen Fan’s explanation, a sense of respect rose inside of Wei Ziqin. She couldn’t help but exclaim, “Mr. Chen is truly a master.”

“Now there really is nothing special about this Dzi Bead any longer. As he had said, it is just an ordinary bauble.” Uncle Lin sucked in a breath as he was taken aback by the boy’s ability.

“You are right, young man. I have underestimated you. ”

Chen Fan nodded as he thought to himself. “Even the so-called ‘real deal’ was a useless piece of junk, much less the rest. I can’t count on finding any useful artifact here.”

Even as he was about to leave, he caught a glimpse of an artifact in the corner. Suddenly, his body tightened as he failed to suppress a light gasp

## **- Chapter 33: Jade Marrow**

### **Chapter 33: Jade Marrow**

Chapter 33: Jade Marrow

“What is it?”

Seeing Chen Fan was no longer speaking, she looked along the direction where Chen Fan was staring and saw a gray-colored jade in the corner.

Except for being really old, this piece of ragged jade couldn’t really compare with the scintillating Dzi bead.

“Oh, yeah! Jackpot!” Chen Fan exclaimed in his mind.

A gleeful smile broke over Chen Fan’s face. He turned around and said to Wei Ziqin. “How much is this jade, I want to take it.”

He had brought the bank card that Zhou Tianhao had gifted him, so he didn’t hesitate and asked for the price.

“If you like you, just take it.” Wei Ziqin said with a smile.

Her grandfather had already gifted the boy a mansion that was worth over tens of millions of yuan. What would be the harm in adding this ordinary looking jade into the package?

“What do you say, Uncle Lin?”

Uncle Lin plastered on an unctuous smile and then replied, “Of course. Please, Mr. Chen, help yourself.”

Uncle Lin was still stunned by Chen Fan’s display of power, having learned his lesson; his tone became much more respectful.

“Very well; I owe you one.”

Chen Fan nodded and grabbed the jade. His eyes were lit up with glee.

Wei Ziqin felt a mix of surprise and joy after seeing that the Transcendent Master finally started to open up to her family.

She remembered Chen Fan’s placid face and ungracious look after he had received a mansion from her grandfather. But who would have thought that he would become so ecstatic after receiving a worthless piece of jade? A piece of bauble for a grand master’s favor: the deal just could not get any better.

Could it be that this jade was worth more than a mansion?

“What is so special about this jade?” Wei Ziqin asked curiously.

“Haven’t you just asked me to show you a real Dharma Artifact?” Chen Fan paused a second and then asked slowly.

“Yea.”

Wei Ziqin and Uncle Lin exchanged a confused glance.

“Mr. Chen, could this be the real Dharma Artifact you were talking about?” Uncle Lun asked cautiously.

This ancient jade looked unremarkable, and anyone could tell that its body was filled with impurities. It was a far cry from many precious gemstones at display in the hall. What would be so special about this jade?

“Well, it’s... not quite a Dharma Artifact yet.” Chen Fan said slowly as he carefully placed the jade into his pocket.

“It still has some rough edges, but once I have finished refining it, it will be a powerful Dharma Treasure.”

Both Uncle Lin and Wei Ziqin were taken aback by his words. Never had they thought that anyone could simply create a legendary Dharma Artifact?

Sensing that Chen Fan didn’t want to disclose too much, the two decided not to press him with more questions.

“There is nothing else to look at here, let’s go” Having obtained the precious jade, Chen Fan was satisfied.

After he had returned the reception hall, he noticed that everyone looked at him strangely. Nearly all the teenagers had witnessed Chu Minhui’s embarrassing defeat at the hands of Chen Fan, and therefore no one dared look down on him.

“You are back?” Jiang Churan greeted him; her voice was slightly awkward.

“Yea.” Chen Fan held an indifferent face as he nodded.

He walked past Jiang Churan to Xu Rongfei, and he rubbed Xu Rongfei’s cute and surprised face.

“Thank you for your help! If you ever need anything, feel free to ask me.”

Of all the participants of the reception, only Xu Rongfei had helped him when he was cornered by his opponent. Chen Fan would never forget that.

Xu Rongfei was willing to stand up for him even though she thought he was just a helpless country boy. Chen Fan was touched by Xu Rongfei’s genuine concern; it made him feel that other than Auntie Tang, Xu Rongfei was the most caring person in his life so far. He couldn’t help but consider her a younger sister and wanted to protect her like how she protected him.

Chen Fan’s intimate pat on Xu Rongfei’s head made her blush. She lowered her head and was suddenly lack of words.

“Haha!” Chen Fan laughed before he started off.

Wei Ziqin nodded at the two girls with a smile before she left the room.

Uncle Lin picked up the cue almost immediately. He ordered the workers to rearrange the seats so that the two girls would have the front-row seats. He reminded the workers to tend to the two girl’s needs, particularly the girl called Xu Rongfei.

The special treatment made Xu Rongfei’s other friends’ eyes turned green with jealousy.

Someone had recognized the old man as soon as he appeared in the reception hall. He was the second most influential person in the Fang Sheng International Group and was sitting on a much more senior position than Manager Zhu.

The fact that even Uncle Lin had to fawn over Chen Fan told everyone the clout of the boy.

After Wei Ziqin had dropped Chen Fan off, he took out the ancient jade right away.

“Who would have thought that I would encounter a piece of Jade Marrow on earth? I couldn’t have gotten a more valuable treasure than this!” Chen Fan beamed from side to side. He had thought that there would be no more numinous treasures left on earth considering its lack of Spirit Qi.

The Jade Marrow was the rarest form of jade. It was not a worldly object and could be classified as a Sentient Object.

I have thought of purchasing a few precious jades to create a Jade Talisman. However flawless a piece of jade stone was, it couldn’t compare with the Jade Marrow. All Jade Talisman made out of ordinary jade stone can only be used once. However, a talisman made out of Jade Marrow could be used and reused indefinitely.

He was only at the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment level, and therefore he still has to live with his fragile worldly body. If he were hit by a bullet, depending on where it landed, the wound could be fatal.

However, with the protection of a Dharma Artifact, such as a Jade Talisman, Chen fan should be able to ward off any harm from small caliber firearms.

“This is the first sentient object I have obtained; I need to use it wisely. Who knows how long I will have to wait until I can lay my hands on another one ?”

So thinking, Chen Fan initiated the art and summoned an True Fire to help him remold the ancient jade.

After a short while, the ancient jade started to make crackling noise as it shed its outer shell, revealing a brilliant piece of gem, the size of an infant's fist.

The texture of the jade was smoother than the purest of the Mutton-fat-jade, and its surface held a warm luster.

"I bet It would fetch a good price at the auction."

It was simply a fleeting thought. Chen Fan knew that even if someone offered him a trillion yuan, he would not sell it.

"If I can successfully create a jade talisman, I might as well have gained a second life. No money could buy that.

"Once I am finished with this one, I will make a few more. Two for my parents, one for sister An, and one more Xiao Qiong." Chen fan thought to himself. Those were the people he really cared in this world.

The thought of Xiao Qiong filled his heart with poignant emotions. He looked up toward the southern sky.

At the end of the stars was the Jin City where the love of his life lived. He figured that Xiao Qiong should be attending grade twelve just like him. In his past life, they didn't see each other again until they were at the University.

Although he had only been reborn for just over a month, he already missed Xiao Qiong badly.

"Xiao Qiong, wait for me.

"I will never back down again!

"I will become stronger so that I can protect you for the rest of your life. I want to say this to you loud and clear in front of you: I love you! "

Chen Fan swore in his mind.

In his last life, his cultivation couldn't keep up with the speed at which his life had fallen apart, and therefore, he failed to save his loved ones. However, now he had entered the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment, making a Jade Talisman was the least he could do for his family.

After he gathered himself, he was finally ready to create the very first Dharma Artifact he would own in this life.

Unlike brewing the elixir, only the high-level cultivators could be successful in creating a Dharma Artifact. Usually, the Ethereal Enlightenment Level was the jump-off point for successfully creating artifacts, but Chen Fan decided to give it a try anyway.

Only three students in the class knew what had happened at the auction; they were Si Yinxia, Chang Wen and Ji Xingyu.

Ever since that day, Ji Xingyu had given up his harassment while Si Yinxia seemed to have transformed his indignation and jealousy into motivation for studying.

Chang Wen, on the other hand, had a 180-degree change in her attitude toward Chen Fan. She started to strike up short conversations with Chen Fan from time to time and attempted to break into Chen Fan's small circle of friends.

Chen Fan carried out the refinement of the artifact slowly but surely.

Due to Chen Fan's relatively low power, he could only rely on patience. Every day, he chipped his way through the daunting task by etching small inscriptions and runes onto the Jade Marrow one strike at a time.

After a few days, the body of the Jade Marrow was covered with cryptic Daoism symbols and inscriptions. These words and symbols were so tiny that they might be as well invisible to naked eyes. Without using any tool, Chen Fan had etched these symbols using his arcane energy. The perfect execution of the etchings spoke loudly of Chen Fan's incredible control over his power.

After a few nights of hard work, Chen Fan was finally close. He set the Jade Marrow aside and then heaved a sigh.

"Step one, complete! The next step is to grow its spirit using my True Essence by simply wearing it as much as I can."

Before him, the jade talisman floated in the air and gleamed brightly.

Upon close inspection, one might find countless golden symbols constantly flowing and moving about on the surface of the jade. It was as if the jade was alive.

"I am still not strong enough to do the more powerful spells. So far, I have only three low-level spells: 'Spirit Gathering Array,' 'Diamond Art' and the 'Arcane Bulwark of Thunder' " Chen Fan thought to himself as he knotted his brows. "Fortunately, I still have enough space left on the talisman to engrave more spells at a later time."

The Spirit Gathering Array was what he needed the most right now.

The Numinous Abode under the willow tree was no longer adequate for his cultivation at his current stage. The Spirit Gathering Array could significantly boost the amount of Qi

he could gather during each session. This spell should be useful until he reached the late-stage of the Foundation Establishment level.

“With this jade talisman, I should be able to speed up my cultivation at least three times if not more.”

A satisfying smile finally broke over Chen Fan’s tired face.

Both the Diamond Art and the Arcane Bulwark of Thunder were the most rudimentary spells: one focused on protection, while the other focused on offense.

“Since I have already created the artifact, I really should test it before I put it to use. ”

Chen Fan thought as he rubbed his chin.

Before he had come up with a method to test his talisman, someone knocked on his door.

## **Chapter 34: Third Lord Of Wei**

“Hello?” Chen Fan said, when he saw the visitor.

“Mr. Chen, I apologize for not giving you a heads up.” The visitor was Uncle Lin that Chen Fan had met a couple of days ago at the auction house.

Uncle Lin bowed slightly to Chen Fan and then said, “My master had heard what had happened that night, and he is very interested in meeting you to discuss more about the Dharma Artifacts.”

“The Third Lord of Wei wants to see me?” Chen Fan furrowed his brows.

From Zhou Tianhao to the Auction, Chen Fan did not like anything that had Third Lord’s hands in it.

“That’s right, my lord had spotted a real Dharma Artifact, but he did not entirely trust the seller, and therefore, he wishes that he could have a second opinion from you.” Uncle Lin said with a smile.

Chen Fan was going to refuse whatever Uncle Lin was going to propose. However, the topic quickly piqued his interest.

Although most of the collections from the Third Lord of the Wei were junk, he had gotten the Jade Marrow from him; therefore, Chen Fan wagered that there could potentially be another real deal waiting to be discovered.

“Fine, let’s go take a look.” Chen Fan said. He was curious to see the difference between the Dharma Artifact in this world than that was created by him using the art from the world of cultivation.

As soon as Chen Fan arrived at the community gate, he saw a Bentley Continental Flying Spur parked by the gate. It was evident that only the Third Lord of the Wei could afford this luxury car that was worth over a few million.

After Chen Fan had secured himself in the car seat, Uncle Lin started to fill him in the details.

“A seller from Zhong Zhou City showed the Third Lord a filigree of the sort, and ever since then, the Third Lord had been ranting about how all of his other collections were junk, and he wanted to sell them. ”

Chen Fan nodded. No wonder The Third Lord of Wei wanted to auction out all of his collections a few nights ago.

“As you know, my lord was not the only powerful magnet in the Chu Zhou City; everyone at his level will go head over heels for anything that claimed to be able to ward off the evil eyes and protect their wealth and family. Even many powerful buyers from the Tian He City had joined the race. They had already met three times, as they say the third time’s the charm, so I bet the seller is finally going to let this piece go this time.” Uncle Lin said and then heaved a sigh.

“This Dharma artifact is starting at ten million yuan; the stake is not small. Therefore, Third Lord wanted you to be the appraiser, and if it really is as powerful as the seller purported, he will buy it no matter how much it will cost.”

Chen Fan nodded.

These super-wealthy businessmen would spare no expense at gaining one of those so-called “Feng Shui Dharma Artifact,” or anything that was blessed by old monks. However stupid it sounded, that was the way it was back then, and it all started by the superstitious rich people from coming to mainland China from the province of Taiwan.

Although the third lord of Wei was from a prominent family, there were at least ten other businessmen who were as rich as he was in the Chu Zhou City. Therefore, competition for a piece of real Dharma Artifact would be fierce.

Soon Uncle Lin pulled the car over to a modest courtyard-style building in a quiet suburb village. This house looked ordinary from the outside; however, once Chen Fan pushed the gate open, he was greeted by a charming view of ponds, creeks and elegant pavilions.

Chen Fan entered the main hall and saw two rows of Chinese armchair was set in a traditionally decorated space. It was as if Chen Fan had gone back in time to the early 19th century.

The person who was sitting at the center of the two rows of chair greeted Chen Fan with a smile.

“Mr. Chen is here.”

Chen Fan wagered that the speaker was the Third Lord of the Wei. His face was lifelessly pale with two large bags under his eyes. He looked tired yet restless. Despite wearing expensive clothing from head to toe, he could scarcely pull them off.

Chen Fan shook his head as he remembered Xiao Qi’s loathed look when he mentioned this third lord to him. The third son simply could not compare with his father even when the elderly man was suffering internal injury. Chen Fan still had Mr. Wei’s image in his mind when he first saw him: stately and headfast, from time to time, his eyes glinted with the wisdom of a veteran businessman.

“Nice to meet you.” Chen Fan nodded a reply.

Before Chen Fan could say anything more, a person sitting in another armchair sneered at him.

“Third Lord, did you find a kid to be your appraiser? Is there not a single capable expert in the Chu Zhou City? I can loan you one if you want. ”

The Third Lord of the Wei pulled a taut pace and flung back at him. “Xin Zhong, why don’t you shut your mouth, or else I will kick you out! This is Chu Zhou City, not Tian He City.”

“Oh, give me a break! If the Second Lord is here, I promise I will shut up, and if it was the First Lord, I might as well pack up and go back to Tian He. But you are neither of them, you are the third lord, and you are weak.”

Sitting right beside the pompous man was a white-haired senior in a traditional white suit. His half-closed eyes were motionless and didn’t even shift toward Chen Fan when he came in.

“You!” In a fit of anger, the third Lord of Wei slammed the table and snarled at Xin Zhong hotly. Xin Zhong was unfazed; he continued to sit comfortably in the armchair and let disdain and contempt crawl all over his face.

“Quit it.” An old man in the traditional suit said with a scowl. “Don’t mind him, Third Lord. We knew that Xin Zhong had no filters, he never changed after so many years.

“Ah, please, young sir, grab a seat.”

Hearing the old man’s words, the Third Lord of Wei finally suppressed his anger and sat down. It was evident that the old man in the tradition suit was an influential person in the group.

Uncle Lin closed in onto Chen Fan and whispered a few explanations.

The pompous man called Xin Zhong was a rich businessman from the Tian He City. He ran an international trading company and stayed abroad for most of the time. He was extremely resourceful in the Tian He City and quite influential even at the Chu Zhou City.

The Third Lord Wei also had an international trading company and was a competitor of Xin Zhong. The two’s business ventures were often at odds against each other while they competed for contacts. The pretentious white-haired old man was invited by Xin Zhong to provide insight on the quality of the artifact.

The old man in the traditional suit was called Zhen Jiulin, and he was one of the magnates in the Chu Zhou City. His portfolio covered all kinds of industries such as hotel, construction, health care, transportation, and even convenience store chains. His nickname was “Half-city” because of how much property in the Chu Zhou City had his name on them. He was the second richest person in the city only next to Sheng Ronghua. People usually call him “Old Man Zhen.”

Compared to Zhen Jiulin, Third Lord of Wei’s wealth was peanuts. If he were not from the mighty Wei family, the third lord would not even be able to sit at the same table with Zhen Jiulin.

“Thank you.” Chen Fan nodded. He looked past Xin Zhong and studied the white-haired old man who seemed to have fallen into a reverie.

After Chen Fan had sat down, Zhen Jiulin said slowly but confidently.

“Everyone is here now. Boss Gu, would you please be so kind as to show us the item?”

Sitting across from the old man was a chubby man who looked like the fat buddha one would find in temples. Boss Gu furrowed his brows and complained, “This is the third time you guys want to see it. I want to know how committed you are to this deal.”

“Rest assured; this will be the last time. One of us will buy it as long as it is the real deal.” One of the rich men said loudly while pounding his chest.

He was a businessman from the development district, and he owned a few textile manufacturing plants.

“We are all busy men. so if we are not interested, why would we waste our time and come here?” Someone else put in.

“Very well.” Boss Gu nodded and ordered one of his servants to bring out an old box

Inside the box was a wooden filigree shaped like a flat plate depicting the Eight Trigrams. It looked heavy and solid in its construction despite the wear and tear on its edges. The plate immediately caught everyone’s attention.

“Huh?”

The moment the box was opened up, Chen Fan suddenly wrenched his attention from the white-haired old man to the plate.

When he saw the pattern of the Eight Trigrams on the plate, he couldn’t help but gasp.

“What do you think of it, Mr. Chen?”

Third Lord was still in a bad mood after the confrontation, and therefore, his voice was laced with impatience.

Even now, he regretted, inviting Chen Fan. He never believed that a high school kid could know anything about artifacts. However, in a fit of desperation, he accepted his subordinates suggestion and invited Chen Fan. A huge mistake.

The boy looked nothing extraordinary, and couldn’t compare with that white-haired old man brought along by Xin Zhong.

His miscalculation had spurred his rival, Xin Zhong, to jump at the golden opportunity to insult him.

Even as the Third Lord lamented his mistake, he heard Xin Zhong speak out again.

“What does a little child know anything about Dharma Artifact? Come one, how many times do we have to do this. Let’s just bid on it now!”

Chen Fan smiled, but he had kept his silence.

Chen Fan was indeed shocked when he lay his eyes on the plate. He was impressed not by the plate itself, but by what was on it. The plate was covered with inscriptions that formed a Dharma array. Its function was very similar to the Spirit Gathering Array he had cast on the jade talisman. However, it’s power was much inferior to that created by Chen Fan.

“Who would have thought that such artifact would exist on earth? It’s sort of like a crude prototype of Dharma Artifact.”

Chen Fan shook his head and was disappointed by the power of the artifact. In addition, this plate clearly had seen better days. Decades, if not centuries of usage had taken a toll on its construction. Any more usage would completely break this artifact into pieces.

Seeing the greediness in everyone's eyes, Chen Fan decided to keep the secrets to himself. None of them took him seriously anyway.

Seeing Chen Fan didn't speak, Third Lord said.

"Mr. Qi. Please."

"Will do. "

Another appraiser stood up and came over to the artifact. Everyone watched him expectantly as he would be one of the arbiters of the quality of this magical item.

## **Chapter 35: The Ignorant Master Wu**

### Chapter 35: The Ignorant Master Wu

Master Qi fished out an old compass out from his pocket, and he circled around the wooden box three laps. All the while, he murmured something to himself with a solemn face.

Everyone's heart was caught in their throat as they stared at the old man expectantly.

Mr. Chen was the only one managed a smile and said, "Master Qi was one of the most respected antique appraisers, anything from Feng Shui Dharma Artifacts to the Artifacts that were blessed by revered monks, nothing was able to escape his scrutinizing eyes."

After he had said that, most people in the Hall nodded in agreement.

However, Xin Zhong didn't agree with the rest, he smiled disdainfully and then said, "He is just an amateur compared to our Master Wu!"

Xin Zhong's words didn't sit well with most people in the Hall. Master Qi snorted and said, "My power is meager. Although I can tell that this artifact has magic properties, I can't put the finger on its exact functions.

"I wonder if Master Wu will be able to shed some light on it?"

The white-haired Master Wu slowly opened his eyes, and he gave Master Qi a contemptuous look. Master Qi's face flashed red by Master Wu's glance.

“You are not experienced; that’s why you wouldn’t be able to see what is going on.”

His words were laced with conceit and arrogance. Many wealthy and powerful men’s faces blackened after hearing he openly insulted their appraiser: Maser Qi.

However, Master Qi linked his hands behind his back while wearing a cold sneer; it was as if he couldn’t wait to see Master Wu being embarrassed by his incompetence.

He had used his ancestral compass to probe the filigree, and he was able to tell that this artifact was indeed powerful. However, it was still in a dormant state, and he had no clue how to reactivate its power. He doubted that the pretentious Mr. Wu could have done any better than him.

Under everyone’s expectant eyes, Master Wu rose from his chair and walked to the Eight-Trigram-Plate. He closed his eyes while his fingers shifted through a few hand signs

Suddenly, everyone was shocked to discover that Master Wu’s long and flappy sleeve started to move in the windless air. It was as if he had hidden a blower inside of that enormous-sized sleeve.

“This is? Master Qi’s face paled at the sight. His eyes glued to the old man as he murmured “Transcendent Dao?”

“Hur!”

Master Wu stomped the ground as he grunted with a deep booming voice that startled everyone.

He then pointed two fingers at the Eight-Trigrams-and blew at it. A strand of white mist streamed out from his mouth and touched the Eight-Trigrams-Plate. Suddenly, the plate trembled as if it had come back alive. Eight sets of inscriptions appeared on the surface of the plate.

As soon as the eight Dao inscriptions revealed themselves, the temperature in the hall seemed to have dropped a few degrees, and people can feel a light breeze kissing their cheeks. It was as if they were in the middle of spring.

“This. This..”

Everyone in the hall could not believe that they saw. They fixated their eyes on the shaking Eight-Trigrams-Plate.

“A Dharma Artifact. This one is real!”

Boss Yan, the textile magnate, shouted with excitement.

The Third Lord of Wei slapped his thigh in excitement as he gawked at the artifact unblinkingly.

Even the calmest of them all, Old Man Zhen, was seized by trepidation as greed flashed in his eyes.

However, the excitement around Master Wu seemed to have rubbed him the wrong way. With even more conceit than before, he grunted, and then ended the spell that revealed the true power of the artifact. The Eight-Trigrams-Plate suddenly stopped fighting and lay motionless in the box.

The temperature inside the hall climbed back up, and then everything seemed to have returned to normal.

“So now you know who the real master is, don’t you?” Xin Zhong smiled smugly.

The wealthy men from Chu Zhou looked at Xin Zhong and Master Wu with much more respect and admiration. Some even decided to befriend the mighty Master Wu.

He is the real master, and was much more powerful and experienced than Master Qi.

Master Qi smiled wryly and then bowed to Master Wu.

“I have never expected to meet a grandmaster who was enlightened by the way of Dao. My apologies for my insolent behavior. ”

Master Wu sat down in his seat without a word, and he quickly returned to his previous state of half dozing-off and half awake. He left Master Qi hanging there for a while and then replied, “So you do know ‘Transcendent State’? you didn’t waste your life after all.”

Master Qi managed a smile and didn’t rise to Master Wu’s contemptuous remark. After all, the white-haired one was much more experienced than him. He heaved a sigh and then returned to his seat. As he sat down, he felt that he was getting too old for this line of work. All the reputation he had built up in Chu Zhou would all be thrown out of the window after today.

The moment Chen Fan saw Master Wu performed his art, his interest was piqued almost immediately.

“This man possessed Dharmic powers?”

“Although his Dharmic power lacked both quality and quantity, it was quite an achievement for a Martial Artist. I wager he should be at the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment level. So he was the so-called ‘The Follower of the Dao’ in this world?”

Chen Fan was excited and shocked at the same time.

However, Although Master Wu had reached the same level as Chen Fan, their power was significantly different.

The power of a Martial Artist to a same-leveled Cultivator was like the third-tier university to a first-tier university. They were both universities, but everyone knew that only the first tier university was the real deal.

In other words, although they were at the same level, Master Wu's power was drastically inferior.

"It appears that the people on the earth had scraped the surface of cultivation. Let it be the Internal Force or the Dharmic powers in Master Wu, they all came from the same source: the True Essence in Cultivation Technique. However, they have missed too many components in the technique, and therefore, their power was incomplete as well."

So thinking, Chen Fan shook his head.

He had expected Master Wu to be a real cultivator, but he had disappointingly failed to tap into the full potential of the power he possessed. It was as if he had used an AK-47 as firewood.

Third Lord of Wei pulled a taut face as anger festered inside of him.

His rival Xin Zhong had invited a real master. And even if he put everything down and won the auction, he would still have to beg Master Wu to reactivate it.

Suddenly, the owner of the artifact, the Boss Gu broke the silence.

"Since you have all seen the power of the artifact first hand, it's time for the bidding."

Before he had finished his words, Boss Yan hurried to put in his offer, "Ten million!"

"Twenty million!"

"Twenty-five million."

Everyone present at the auction was the richest of the rich in Chu Zhou. Most of them owned billions of assets.

It was an opportunity that they couldn't pass up and therefore they were determined to buy this artifact.

However, even though they were determined to purchase this Dharma Artifact, they didn't let irrationality claim them. When the price had reached twenty-five million, the offered increased only one million at a time.

Boss Gu beamed from side to side; his puggy face had nearly concealed the two narrow slits.

The Third Lord of Wei's mind raced. He wanted the Dharma artifact badly, but he was also afraid that his rival would take advantage of his desperation and drag him into a bidding war.

"Hold on!"

Suddenly, Xin Zhong interrupted the auction.

He pointed a finger at Chen Fan and then said: "The other two masters already put in their two cents, but Master Chen didn't tell us what he thinks of this artifact yet."

"Why don't we start the auction after we have heard what Master Chen had to offer?"

As soon as he finished his words, the participants boiled over.

Master Wu had already activated the Dharma Artifact and revealed its power to everyone. No one would argue that they had felt such an exhilarating and refreshing feeling when the artifact summoned those light breezes. It was like steeping themselves inside of a hot tub. Everyone was convinced that if they exposed themselves under the beneficial spell, they would never get sick again.

The conclusions were final, so there was no need to hear what a young boy had to say.

However, everyone knew that Xin Zhong's request had nothing to do with the artifact; he simply wanted Third Lord of Wei to lose face.

Third Lord of Wei pulled a taut face and kept his silence.

"Hehe."

A girl standing behind Old Man Zhen suddenly blurted out laughter.

"Xiao Yun, what's going on?" Old Man Zhen asked displeased.

She was a distant niece of Old Man Zhen. She and her parents were at odds against each the because of the parent's approval of her boyfriend. Old Man Zhen had decided to take the girl as his ward to guide her. When she was ready, the Old Man would assign her a manager position in one of his many companies.

She had always been polite behaved respectfully at social occasions and seldom made faux pas such as bursting into a laughter in front of her uncle's guests.

The woman was in a business suit, and she was the eldest member of Xu Rongfei's clique: Han Yun.

The moment Chen Fan walked into the Hall, Han Yun recognized Chen Fan and had been wondering why Chen Fan would show up as an appraiser.

Hearing her faux pas and caught Old Man Zhen's attention, Han Yun explained with a quiet voice.

Despite her thin voice, everyone could hear what she said loud and clear.

After having learned that Chen Fan was just a high school student from the Ivy League High School and he worked at the bar as a waiter, everyone looked at Chen Fan with contemptuous looks on their faces. A broad smile broke over Xin Zhong's face, and then he started laughing. Third Lord of Wei's face flushed red, and he glared at Uncle Lin, castigating him for bringing him such a loser.

"What a mess." Old Man Zhen shook his head.

The Old Man might have some respect for a friend of Wei Changgen, but this boy was just a friend of Wei Changgeng's daughter. He lamented the recklessness of the Third Lord of Wei for bringing with him a no-account laborer with him to such a high profile meeting. It was a disgraceful act to the Wei Family.

"I doubt Xin Zhong would let it slide so easily." Old Man Zhen furrowed his brows and thought to himself.

Lo and behold, Xin Zhong laughed and said, "Who says a master shouldn't work at a bar? I believe in the Third Lord's judgment.

"Don't mind them, Master Chen, I believe in you. Just do your work and show us what you know."

He said sarcastically. His act didn't sit well with the other wealthy magnets from the Chu Zhou City. They were on the same team with the Third Lord. If the Third Lord loses face, they would too.

Han Yun finally regretted her actions.

She shouldn't have blown Chen Fan's cover since it seemed to have backfired on her.

Before everyone's scornful look and sneers, Chen Fan looked at Xin Zhong calmly and said, "Are you sure you want me to test the artifact?"

## Chapter 36: Thunder Arise!

“Why? You seem to be hesitating.” Xin Zhong’s smile evaporated as he frowned at Chen Fan.

He planned to use this high school student merely as an instrument to humiliate the Third Lord, but never did he expect the boy to speak up before so many influential and powerful people.

“What do you think, Master Wu?” Feeling slightly uneasy, Xin Zhong asked the white-haired old man under his breath.

Master Wu glanced at Chen Fan and shook his head in disdain.

“He is just a boy, who doesn’t even measure up to that Qi fellow. He wouldn’t recognize anything even if a real Dharma Artifact were right in front of his eyes.”

Chen Fan stood up and walked around the wooden box as he murmured to himself, “The Eight-Trigrams-Plate contained eight different kinds of spells, and they form a small Dharma Array. We have all experienced the beneficial effect of the spell array first hand. Also, it could form an area where Spirit Qi congregate; it was the so-called ‘Feng Shui Field.’ in layman’s terms. Anyone within the field would benefit from the presence of the Spirit Qi and improved health.”

By then, it was evident to Chen Fan that the so-called Feng Shui Dharma Array was a knock-off of the Spirit Gathering Array.

The Spirit Qi gathered inside of the array was beneficial to any living entity inside its area of effect. In some extreme cases, such as on those Life-Stars where Spirit Qi was abundant, a human could have lived over two hundred years old without even cultivating. The wild beasts on those planets were huge in size and formidable in their strength. Some could grow up to a few hundred feet and be as old as time itself.

“Oh? Go on; I am all ears.” Master Wu’s stared at Chen Fan attentively.

Seeing Chen Fan’s incredible knowledge on the matter, the others gave each other a surprised glance, and they wondered if this boy was also an expert.

“So you agree that this is a Dharma Artifact?” Boss Yan asked impatiently.

“Yes, but...” Chen Fan paused and turned around to look at Xin Zhong

“But what?” another rich man hurried a reply.

“But this Dharma Artifact had been used too many times that it is near its due date.” Chen Fan pointed at the Eight-Trigrams-Plate and said.

Everyone was shocked after hearing Chen Fan’s words.

Once they gave the plate a second look, and they noticed that the surface was covered with minor fractures and it was too intrusive to pass for ordinary wear and tear due to age.

It seemed that this plate was not going to last too long before it breaks.

“You bastard! How dare you!”

Master Wu slammed the table hard as he pushed himself out of the chair. He glared at Chen Fan angrily.

No longer did he care to keep up appearances as the grandmaster; he glared at Chen Fan and regretted ever letting the teenage boy speak up.

Even Master Wu had failed to notice that the boy was a fellow-martial-artists. If he wasn’t a master in martial arts, he wouldn’t be able to see the minor fractures on the wooden plate.

“Mr. Xin, Boss Gu, what is really going on?” Old Man Zhen furrowed his brows and asked.

Xin Zhong’s face paled while the chubby face of Boss Gu was already drenched in sweat.

Most people from Chu Zhou City had noticed something was amiss; they looked to the three suspiciously.

“Isn’t it obvious? You have been conned by Mr. Xin, Master Wu, and Boss Gu.” Chen Fan said with a cold sneer.

Chen Fan had felt something was fishy about Master Wu. He had already reached the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment Level, and therefore, it was impossible for him to have missed those obvious cracks on the wooden plate.

Not only did he hide the truth from everyone, but he also initiated the power of the Eight-Trigrams-Plate and pushed it one step closer to its destruction. The knowing glances between Xin Zhong and Boss Gu didn’t escape Chen Fan either, and it had finally made him realize what was going on.

Master Wu, Xin Zhong, and Boss Gu were con artists, and they were in it together to scam the deep pockets of the Chu Zhou City. Chen Fan wagered that their main target was The Third Lord of Wei.

“Xin Zhong, is this true?”

As soon as Chen Fan had finished his words, Third Lord of the Wei stood up and shouted at Xin Zhong.

As realization finally dawned upon the other attendees, they looked to the three people with suspicion in their eyes.

Boss Gu was drenched in cold sweat and was trembling uncontrollably. Xin Zhong’s face also paled. His shifty eyes glanced at Master Wu from time to time.

By then, Master Wu’s face was contorted by anger as he nailed his gaze on Chen Fan. He hoped to leave the Chu Zhou City with at least fifty million yuan, but all his planning and hard work to pull the scam off had gone down the tube.

“You little prick, how dare you spoil my plan!”

Master Wu managed to squeeze a few words out from his tight-clenched jaws. The air about him started to turn colder and darker.

“Oh. You want to settle this the old way with me?”

Chen Fan was not afraid of Master Wu’s threat. He looked at the old man with a great degree of levity.

Ever since he was reborn, he hadn’t fought with Dharma Spells yet, and although Master Wu only knew the most rudimentary spells, Chen Fan was eager to test his power.

“Wu! This is Chu Zhou City, show some respect!” Old Man Zhen slammed the table and shouted at the white-haired man.

As soon as the old man spoke, his bodyguard closed in and glared at Master Wu and his two other companions.

Xin Zhong’s face blackened. He had only brought with him seven or eight bodyguards. There was very little chance that he would be able to walk out of Chu Zhou City alive if he let the situation spiral out of control. Boss Gu from the Zhong Zhou City had fallen off of his chair and collapsed on the ground.

“Hehe” Master Wu was unfazed by the group of intimidating bodyguards. He spoke to Chen Fan with tempered hatred, “Kiddo, you have ruined my plan, I won’t let you get away with it.

“Didn’t you want to see a real Dharma Artifact? Why don’t you take a look at this!”

Master Wu produced a small clay urn from his pocket, and as soon as he lifted the cap, everyone felt a gush of chilly wind blowing out from the mouth of the urn, reducing the temperature in the room by a few degrees.

“Chen boy! Taste the power of my numinous treasure!”

Before his words faded, a dark fog emerged out from the clay urn, and with it, a wave of ear-piercing shrieks like that of anguished demons and lost souls from the ninth forbidden hell.

“HELP!” The mortals in the room fled the scene as soon as they saw the terrifying sight. Some of them clambered to hide behind the bodyguards. Although most of these bodyguards were retired veterans and champions of national martial arts competitions, none of them had experienced such a ghastly sight before. Bound by their duty, many of them managed to hold their grounds with fear on their faces.

“The Art of Ghost Reining?” Master Qi gasped.

“Alas! I could behold the power of a transcendent master; what more should I ask for?” As Master Qi said so, he shook his head with the sorrow of knowing that he might not be able to see such power ever again.

“Not too shabby. You can even recognize my Dharmic Formulation!” Master Wu nodded approvingly.

He scanned around and was pleased by the fear written all over people’s faces. However, he soon realized that Chen Fan was still sitting in his chair and was sipping on a cup of tea.

“Aren’t you afraid of me, kid?”

Hearing Master Wu’s question, Xin Zhong, Third Lord of the Wei and Uncle Lin both looked to Chen Fan as if they were looking at an idiot.

“He is not concerned at all? Is he a half-wit?”

The other’s asked the same question in their minds.

As soon as Master Wu used the Art of Ghost Reining, everyone, except for Chen Fan and Xin Zhong and Old Man Zhen had remained in their seats; the rest guests had

either hid behind the bodyguards or under the furniture. Even the bodyguards trembled uncontrollably at the sight of the supernatural power.

Han Yun shivered with tears in her eyes.

“Chen Fan, what the heck are you doing? Run!”

She couldn't stop blaming herself for exposing Chen Fan's real identity. If she had kept her lips sealed, Xin Zhong would not think of using the boy to humiliate the Third Lord, and none of this would have happened.

However, Chen Fan sat casually in his chair, holding a calm cast in his eyes.

“I will have to do away with you, aren't you afraid?” Master Wu's mind was seized by anger, and he was ready to do anything it took to quell the fire in him.

As he started the Dharmatic Art, his white hair swirled up from his head, and he pointed two fingers at the dark smoke. The plum of darkness responded with a shiver and with a great measure of reluctance, the darkness moved slowly toward Chen Fan

Seeing the dark mist formed by undead ghosts was coming at Chen Fan, everyone's hearts were caught in their throat. They were convinced that the boy's fate was sealed.

“Afraid?” Chen Fan laughed out loud as he shook his head.

“I had expected much better from you. Look at you; you can barely control your power.

“And you call it a Dharma Artifact? You don't feel ashamed of yourself, do you?

“Fuck it; I will show you what a real Dharma Artifact is all about.”

Chen Fan took the Jade Talisman off his neck and held it in one hand.

Under everyone's curious and surprised look, he spoke two loud and clear words.

“Thunder Arise!”

Suddenly, thousands of lightning appeared in the hall; they tore the space apart and showed the dimly lit hall with blinding brightness.

Chen Fan stood in the middle of the hall, a lightning bolt in his hand, the loose folds of his clothes moved as the wind came up, outlined nobly against the web of thunder for all to see.

## Chapter 37: Fear Me

### Chapter 37: Fear Me

Of the three spells held in the Jade Talisman, the Arcane Bulwark of Thunder was the most powerful. It was able to ward off harm from Yin Soul, Spirit Entity, Malice Qi, and Immortal Will.

As soon as Chen Fan summoned the thunder, the dark spirit in the mist let out a pained shriek before it turned on its heels. However, a cultivator's spell could not be easily outran.

Chen Fan held the lightning bolt and hurled it at the dark mist.

"Boom!"

The lightning bolt snaked through the air and hit its target. The dark mist was defenseless before such power and disappeared into thin air the moment it was dealt a blow. However, the lightning didn't disappear; it passed through the mist and hit the clay urn clutched in Master Wu's arms.

"AHRR!"

Master Wu screamed and collapsed to the ground. The lightning bolt had pulverized the clay urn, turning it into a puff of dust.

The roaring of the thunder swept through the room as windows and the glasses on the table shivered into pieces. It was as if a wild typhoon had just ravaged through.

"The Thunder Art of the Heavenly Master Sect?" Master Wu exclaimed, his hair stood upright due to the static current; soot smeared all over his face and hands.

Fear flickered in Master Wu's eyes as they looked at Chen Fan like rabbits would to a tiger. Seeing another thunderbolt had already formed in Chen Fan's hand, Master Wu ditched any plan of counterattack as he clambered onto his knees and started to kowtow to Chen Fan.

"Master, master! Please, forgive me! I will never do it again. Please!"

Master Wu was terrified by Chen Fan's display of power and fear had rendered him defenseless. The only thing he could think of was to kneel and beg for forgiveness.

Under everyone's fearful eyes, Chen Fan took a step forward and said:

"I have broken your spell; do you have a problem with that?"

"No, no, no! I have no problem!" Master Wu said in a shaky voice.

Chen Fan took another step and announced:

"I have destroyed your Dharma Artifact. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No! No Problem!" Master Wu nodded vigorously.

One more step. Chen Fan towered above Master Wu and shouted down at him: "I have ruined your reputation, spoiled your business and forced you to beg me on your knees. Do you think you deserve that?"

"I do! I deserve everything one hundred percent!" Master Wu's forehead was already bleeding from kowtowing too hard. His voice was desperate and saddening.

"Since you have realized your mistake, I will spare your life for now.

"Now Fuck off! If I ever see you again in the Chu Zhou City, I will pulverize you just like I did to that clay urn!" Chen Fan said as the cracking lightning bolt in his hand finally disappeared. He looked down at Master Wu like looking down at a worthless worm.

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

Master Wu pushed himself to his feet and fumbled through the exit.

Chen Fan linked his hands behind him and looked to Xin Zhong and Boss Gu.

Although Xin Zhong was a business tycoon in the northern bank of the Yangtze River, Chen Fan's seemingly calm gaze unnerved him. He felt icy sweat slide down his back as both legs started to tremble.

Master Wu was not just a nobody, he could kill people from afar, and his skills had earned him a great reputation. However, Chen Fan's power had dominated Master Wu so completely that Master Wu didn't have a chance to fight back. Xin Zhong was just an unenlightened mortal, and he knew he would be easily crushed by an opponent who could summon thunder on a whim.

"Master... Master Chen... In a ... civilized society, killing is against the law."

Blood drained from his face. Xin Zhong pushed against the table with both hands to support his body as he stammered out a few words.

"What happened to Mister 'I-am-so-full-of-myself'?" Chen Fan asked sarcastically.

The question made Xin Zhong's hairs stand on end, and he thought his swelling heart was going to jump out of his chest.

"Master Chen, please forgive me! I will give you anything you want." Xin Zhong lowered his head and pleaded for his life.

A moment ago, Xin Zhong was still on his high horse, but a moment later, he was begging a sixteen-year-old high school student to spare his life. The sudden turn of events had filled the other attendees' hearts with contradicting emotions.

No one had taken Chen Fan seriously when they first saw him. When they had learned that he was just a high school student working in a Bar, many of them even laughed at him as if he was a joke.

However, then and there, they saw Chen Fan command the power of thunder, defeat Master Wu and then forced Xin Zhong to beg him, yet, no one in the hall dared to speak out against Chen Fan.

Despite the hundreds of millions of yuan each of these tycoons had, they were worthless before Chen Fan.

"Now, that is what I call a powerful man."

Old Man Zhen clutched the chair as he was deeply impressed by the boy.

He had seen people with more illustrious achievements on paper than Chen Fan — some of them were even on Forbes's List—but none of them had Chen Fan's bearing and demeanor.

Only those who had the real power at their disposal would have those imposing and overbearing qualities about them. The real power was beyond money and politics since, during the crucial moment of life or death, neither of those could be counted on.

Han Yun gaped at Chen Fan. A minute earlier, Master Wu was swollen with arrogance and thought he could never be defeated. Then, he was on his knees and begging for his life. Even the Kingpin of the Tian He City had lowered his head and pleaded to Chen Fan.

Chen Fan swelled with pride, and no one dared to look at him directly in his eyes.

"I had always thought that it was your friendship with Wei Ziqin that lent you your courage to stand up against Chu Minhui. But I finally see your real power. You didn't need a protector at all!"

Han Yun exclaimed in her mind. She could not believe that the ordinary boy stood before her, was the same lightening wielding immortal who she saw just a moment ago.

With such power, no wonder he dealt with Chu Minhui and Li Yichen with such a degree of levity.

No wonder he didn't even show the slightest concern before powerful magnates such as The Third Lord of Wei, Old Man Zhen, and Boss Yan.

No wonder he was able to remain calm when Master Wu was swelling with arrogance and contempt.

It turned out that his protector was his power. With the lightning bolt in his hand, he held the life of his enemy in his palm. By then, Han Yun felt that Chen Fan was more charming than the most handsome looking boy she had ever met.

"It is true that fortune favors the fools. That silly girl, Xu Rongfei, had somehow stumbled upon a piece of real gold. Why didn't I see through his facade and snatch him before Xu Rongfei could sink her claws into him? Nonetheless, I still have time, and there is still hope."

Han Yun lamented. She knew that after today's event, Chen Fan would no longer live as an ordinary teenager; he would become one of the most influential people in the Chu Chou City.

His power was under full display before the tycoons of the Chu Zhou City. The amazed looks on their faces was a telltale sign that they were already enthralled by Chen Fan's incredible abilities.

Chen Fan turned around and asked Boss Gu:

"What is the highest bid for that, Eight-Trigrams-Plate?"

Boss Gu's lips quivered uncontrollably and failed to form a single word. Boss Yan finally answered for him.

"Master Chen, the highest offer is forty-five million."

"Forty-five million?" Chen Fan murmured.

"Give me that forty-five million, and I will spare your life." Chen Fan said to Xin Zhong.

A pained expression flashed across Xin Zhong's face.

Although his assets were in the billions, most of it was locked up in one way or another. Therefore to spit out forty-five million cash right away meant he would have to make some financial sacrifices.

However, he realized that he had no other options.

The thought of Chen Fan's lightening pulverizing him into dust sent a chill down his spine.

"Yes, yes! I will give you the money!"

Xin Zhong said reluctantly.

"Very well; now get lost."

Chen Fan waved and dismissed Xin Zhong as if the latter was a fly.

Both Xin Zhong and Boss Gu heaved a sigh of relief, and they turned around, hurrying for the exit.

Han Yun gritted her teeth and walked over to Chen Fan. She batted her lashes at the boy, making herself look docile and cute and then she braved a question:

"Master Chen, are you letting them off just like that?"

Han Yun paused for a second and continued: "I am not worried about Xin Zhong and Boss Gu, but that Wu looked like a conniving and heartless person. The Dharma Spell he had used can speak for itself. Aren't you afraid that he would seek revenge?"

Chen Fan answered lightly: "It's all right, I have scared him, he won't even think of making a move.

"Instead of revenge, he would fear me like he would a god."

Despite Chen Fan's calm voice, the words carried immeasurable confidence.

Han Yun's heart skipped a beat as her desire for the young man became even stronger.

Suddenly, a gleeful voice chimed in.

"Master Chen, I knew you were mighty and powerful. Defeating that Wu dude was just a piece of cake for you!"

The Third Lord of Wei emerged from behind the bodyguards and hurried to Chen Fan. He stared at Chen Fan with the admiration of a lap dog to his master.

"How could someone as successful as the Elderly Man Wei have such an idiot son?"

Chen Fan lamented in his mind.

## Chapter 38: Meaning Of The Transcended

When everyone had finally gathered themselves, Old Man Zhen ordered the servants to clean up the mess. The guards and workers stared at the mess left by the battle with disbelief. However, no one dared to ask a question, so they started to clean the room right away.

The event continued in another courtyard. In the middle of the courtyard was a table filled with food. Chen Fan sat down at the head of the table. Although most people around him were wealthier and more influential than Chen Fan, everyone thought that was a rightful place for Chen Fan.

After everyone had settled down in their seat, Chen Fan asked Han Yun: "Do I know you?"

He was very surprised when the girl told everyone about his past. The way she looked at him also suggested that it was not the first time the two had met. After Chen Fan had defeated Master Wu, she was also the first person to have spoken to him.

Han Yun gave Chen Fan an alluring smile and answered, "I grew up with Fei-Fei. We are tight like sisters."

Chen Fan nodded and said:

"Well, since you are Fei-Fei's friend, why don't you sit beside me?"

A broad smile broke over the Old Man Zhen's face. He nodded at Han Yun and willed her to oblige. With a smile, Han Yun sat down beside Chen Fan. She was a beautiful woman, and the tight suit she was wearing invited more fantasy than just usual business.

Sensing Old Man Zhen's subtle advance, the other business tycoons cursed in their mind.

"The fox is honey trapping again!"

Their minds raced. Already, they were thinking which ones of their nieces or daughters they could sell to Master Chen in exchange for his support. Master Chen looked like he was in his early teenage years. Therefore he was the most vulnerable to soft words and luscious body.

Unbeknownst to them, Chen Fan didn't have any lewd intent by inviting Han Yun to sit next to him. He did so only because he wanted to acknowledge her connection with Xu Rongfei.

After everyone had settled in their seats, Chen Fan looked to Master Qi and asked.

“Master Qi, you mentioned that Master Wu was ‘transcended,’ would you please explain what that means?”

Hearing Chen Fan addressing him as “master,” Master Qi felt the honor was almost too great to bear.

“Master Chen, please, I am not worthy of the title ‘master.’”

His defeat at the hands of Master Wu had taken the wind out of his sails. After seeing Chen Fan’s ability to command the thunder and lightning, he had already revered Chen Fan as an immortal.

Since Master Qi’s practice had exposed him to the realm of cultivation and therefore, he knew that Master Wu’s Art of Ghost Reining could not compare with Chen Fan’s Lightning Art. Chen Fan was at least a few magnitudes more powerful than Master Wu.

Nonetheless, Chen Fan had asked a question, and so he shall oblige.” The so-called ‘transcended’ was a phrase used in the small circle of Cultivators. Once we have transcended into the realm of Dao, we would start to possess Dharmic powers which we could use to activate Dharma Artifacts and cast Dharma Spells.

“From the perspective of Taoism, it was called ‘Refine the Aether and Form the Qi,’ while Buddhists call it ‘Solidify the Zen in the Realm of Womb.’ However, to a martial artist, it was simply the process of projecting the external strength inward to form the Internal Force.”

“Every school and sect had their own name for it, but they were essentially the same thing.”

As Master Qi explained to Chen Fan, he couldn’t help but wonder why someone, as experienced as Master Chen, would ask him these most basic questions. At his current level, there should have been tomes compiled to commemorate him and his power.

Despite his doubts, he decided to keep his silence and not to raise any question.

“Ah, that makes sense now!” Chen Fan nodded.

“The so-called ‘Transcendent Master’ or ‘Refine the Aether and Form the Qi’ were all just ways of calling the ‘Foundation Establishment’ Level. There were many schools of cultivation in China and therefore, many different ways to call the same thing. ”

“It seemed that the method of Immortal Cultivation had been passed down to some different sects and groups on Earth. From the skills and techniques used by Master Wu,

Elderly Man Wei, and Linbao, I can tell that what they have learned was a far cry from the power of the real cultivators. What a shame.”

Chen Fan lamented.

Master Wu looked like in his sixties, yet he had just reached the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment level. Master Qi was even worse. After having wasted half of his mortal life, he had barely reached the early-stage of the Foundation Establishment level.

If such incompetence was a common theme in the Dao Cultivation on earth, Chen Fan doubted that he would ever find a cultivator who could have reached Ethereal Enlightenment much less the Divine Sea.

He scowled and then asked:

“Wu had shouted ‘The Thunder Art of the Heavenly Master Sect,’ what is that?”

“Is he talking about the Heavenly Master Sect of the Dragon Tiger Mountain?”

Chen Fan was dumbfounded when he heard Master Wu calling his Arcane Bulwark of Thunder the Thunder Art of the Heavenly Master Sect. The first thing that came into Chen Fan’s mind was the allusive ancient sect founded by the Heavenly Master Zhang at the Dragon Tiger Mountain.

Chen Fan had heard that there were people who claimed to be the descendants of Confucius. Could it be that someone from the Zhang Family had survived the first Heavenly Master and was spreading the Heavenly Master’s Dharma Spells again?

Master Qi cracked a smile and then replied:

“House Zhang Of the Dragon Tiger Mountain was founded a thousand years ago; their art had long been lost.

“This Heavenly Master Sect was different; it is a major sect in the Dao Branch. Although it was also located at the Dragon-Tiger Mountain, it had nothing to do with the Zhang Family. My teacher had told me that this sect was well known for its Thunder Art of the Immortal Clouds. It was used to counter any demonic and fiendish yin-spirits. It was said that a few hundred years ago, a grandmaster descended from the mountain and banished countless nefarious occults. However, no one had heard of the sect within the recent half-century.

“Based on Master Wu’s accent, I deduced that he was from the Dong Du area of the Zhong Zhou Province. The cultivators living in that area were notorious for their Ghosting Reining and Blood Bending abilities. Their hatred and fear toward the Thunder

Art of the Heavenly Master Sect were ingrained in their collective memory, and therefore, Master Wu had blurted out its name when he saw the similarities.”

Master Qi said. By then, he could no longer hold back the curiosity, and so he asked:

“Where does Master Chen hail from? Who is your teacher?

“My master had told me that the only sect that had the ability to bend the natural elements such as thunder was the Heavenly Master Sect. So, are you...”

Chen Fan cracked a smile and then shook his head.

“I have been focusing on my cultivation ever since I was a child, and had learned very little about the current goings-on in the cultivation realm

“But my sect was unrelated to the Heavenly Master Sect.”

Although Chen Fan’s Arcane Bulwark of Thunder was the most rudimentary spell in the realm of Immortal Cultivation, it was far ahead of the most powerful Dao Cultivation Art.

Master Qi had a lot more questions in his mind, but he had kept them to himself. He nodded and praised Chen Fan:

“Master Chen was able to achieve such a high level of attainment at such a young age. I am confident that you will become a god-like existence when you are my age.

“Compare to you and your teacher, I feel that I have wasted all the fifty-six years of my life. ”

Master Qi heaved a sigh.

To Master Qi, Chen Fan’s current level of attainment was even higher than that of a Transcendent Masters. It would be difficult to find another person whose power was on par with the boy. Master Qi couldn’t help but wonder how powerful Chen Fan’s teacher had to be in order to produce such an incredible disciple.

Chen Fan kept his silence and didn’t reply.

His teacher Cangqin the Immortal Cultivator had lived more than eight hundred and forty thousand years. He was considered old even among those Perfected Immortal who had achieved Dao Reunion Level. In the eyes of these mortals, he might as well be an Immortal God; after all, only the gods were able to swallow the sun and create matter out of nothing.

As the two conversed on the topic of cultivation, the rest of the guests simply listened, despite the fact that they understood nothing. Nonetheless, they listened quietly and didn't interrupt.

Before today's event, everyone thought the stories that involved Reining Ghosting, or Commanding Thunders were high tales. If anyone talked about such a topic in front of them, they would have thought that the speaker was a lunatic.

However, now, they believed in every word that came out from the mouth of Chen Fan and Master Qi.

"These incredible stories about gods and immortals are all real! What an eye-opener!"

A lot of the guests exclaimed in their mind.

Old Man Zhen always kept an open mind on this subject and therefore he was not as shocked by the revelation as most other guests.

Old Man Zhen chimed in and said

"Master Chen and Master Qi!

"We are so proud and fortunate to have both of you here at the Chu Zhou City. Master Chen had achieved such unthinkable attainment at a young age; no doubt he was a rare talent in the field of cultivation. Master Qi, on the other hand, was knowledgeable and highly respected for his sense of honor."

As an experienced public speaker, Old Man Zhen knew exactly what to say to praise both masters equally without hurting the ego of either one of them.

Master Qi knew that he was not worthy of being named alongside with Master Chen, but a proud smile broke over his face nonetheless. Although he was not as powerful as Master Chen, he was more knowledgeable than the boy and was better connected.

"No kidding! Master Chen, you can summon the thunder when you are just in high school. I bet you that when you graduate from university, you would be a... a god!" Third Lord of Wei smiled ingratiatingly at Chen Fan.

"It was my honor and my niece's fortune to have you as a friend!"

Chen gave the Third Lord a sidelong glance as he was surprised by his ability in brown-nosing.

The Third Lord's words reminded the rest of the guest to pledge their loyalties and heap their praise onto Chen Fan. Soon, Chen Fan was surrounded by a dozen business

magnates of the Chu Zhou City who tried to outdo each other in praising the young genius.

The bodyguards and servants looked at Chen Fan with a great measure of jealous.

He was only sixteen years old, yet he had already achieved the unthinkable. He was the very definition of a diamond in the rough

Han Yun studied Chen Fan with an expectant smile on her face. Soon, he would be hers.

After some time, Old Man Zhen spoke again.

“Master Chen, What do you think we should do with the Eight-Trigrams-Plate?”

## **Chapter 39: Reunion**

Old Man Zhen’s words suddenly reminded everyone of the reason they were here in the first place.

The fraud had been exposed, but what’s next? What were they going to do with the Eight-Trigrams-Plate?

They came here to bid on the Dharma Artifact, and so they did. Xin Zhong had purposely jacked the offer to forty-five million yuan: it was enough to buy an entire residential community or a three-star hotel back in 2007.

However, it turned out that the Eight-Trigrams-Plate was not exactly what they were hoping for, and it was on the last leg of its shelf life. Although it contained magical power, the power was nearly depleted; in other words, this plate was just one use away from being useless.

Chen Fan said lightly: “At most, it could be used twice.”

Hearing his words, everyone heaved a sigh of disappointment.

Everyone had felt the magical effect of the Eight-Trigrams-Plate first hand, and they all agreed that this type of effect was more palatable to businessmen than Chen Fan’s combative art.

“Xin Zhong is an asshole! How dare he fool us with such a piece of junk!” Third Lord of Wei slapped his thigh and complained vengefully.

Of all the people that attended the auction, he was the most determined to claim the “piece of junk.”

Although he had just celebrated his fortieth birthday, over drinking and debauchery and taken a toll on his health, by then, even the sixty year old Zhen looked healthier than him.

“It’s alright.” Chen Fan said calmly. “The Dharma Array in the Eight-Trigrams-Plate was hastily made, and its effects are mediocre at best. I can create a much better version of the Dharma Artifact.”

Everyone gaped at Chen Fan after he had dropped the bomb on them.

Boss Yan almost shouted at him. “Master Chen, Did you just say that you can make a Dharma Artifact?”

Chen Fan cracked a smile and unhitched the jade talisman from his belt and placed it on the table.

The Jade Talisman had immediately caught everyone’s attention. They knew that it was the tool that Chen Fan had used to defeat Master Wu. This was the real deal.

Guests had noticed the tiny inscriptions that sprawled over the surface of the jade gleamed with a golden luster. The golden glow brightened and dimmed repeatedly like waves in the ocean. It was as if the jade was alive, and the flashes of the golden glow were its pulse. When Chen Fan initiated the Spirit Gathering Array, a white mist permeated the entire courtyard and was getting thicker by the second. Slowly, those guests who were surrounded by the mist felt exhilarated as if their body was being recharged with energy.

“This jade talisman was made from one of Boss Wei’s collection. I spent a few days to refine it into its current state.”

Chen Fan spoke.

Everyone was deeply shocked by what they have heard. They looked toward the Third Lord of Wei and were perplexed as to why this idiot would let such a treasure go. More importantly, where did he get it from?

Uncle Lin stepped in and explained in detail what had happened at the auction.

Everyone was very impressed by Chen Fan once again after they have heard what Uncle Lin had to say.

Even though Chen Fan had demonstrated that he could control lightning, the rich tycoons of the Chu Zhou City conceded that they would rarely have a use for Chen

Fan's violent ability. Plus, without learning the abilities themselves, they could not directly benefit from Chen Fan's art. However, it was an entirely different ball game if Chen Fan was able to produce these artifacts so that they, too, could benefit from his spells.

"Master Chen, please tell me your offer. I want no more than a replica of the Eight Trigrams Plate." Boss Yan was the first one to speak up. He looked at Chen Fan expectantly as if his life rested on the boy's decision.

The other businessmen also joined in as they topped each other's offer. Soon, it had turned into a bidding war, and Chen Fan didn't have to wait long before the offer reached five hundred million.

"Well, I don't need your money. If you can find me a top-quality jade, I will create a Dharma Artifact for you for free." Chen Fan finally broke his silence and interrupted the squabbling businessmen.

After hearing Chen Fan's decision, they all nodded appreciatively.

"Don't worry, Master Chen. I promise I will find you the best jade the world has to offer!"

The other wealthy gentry of the Chu Zhou City chimed in to boost their determination to find the jade. A piece of perfect jade would be an insignificant price for a magical Dharma Artifact. Even The Old Man Zhen joined in and swore that he would be the first person to bring Chen Fan the jade.

Chen Fan cracked a smile.

Money meant nothing to him. However, a supreme-grade jade was extremely useful. Even if he had the money to buy one, most of these jades were locked up in the safe of the rich families and would never be sold on the market.

However, most of the attendees were business tycoons, and therefore, they knew where to look and could reach their hands into places where others couldn't.

When Chen Fan started creating the jade talisman, he thought of making a few more for his family. However, that was impossible without crafting material. He would be very pleased if this group of rich men were able to help him solve the problem.

After Chen Fan had made a deal with the local gentry, he left the banquet. As soon as Chen Fan was gone, the guests started making calls to solicit for the supreme-grade jade.

After a few days, The October 1st National Holiday arrived. Chen Fan decided to go back to Si Shui County and visit his parents.

However, after he talked to his dad, he was told to stay at Chu Zhou City and focus on his studies since neither mother nor Sister were going to be home during the holiday.

Chen Fan then received a phone call from Sister Yin. Sister Yin wanted him to work at the bar due to a large number of customers visiting the bar during the holiday.

He had been thinking about quitting his job at the bar since he had already secured a few hundred million yuan plus a mansion in the mountain.

However, before Chen Fan officially gave Sister Yin the resignation letter, Chen Fan had to work.

The Coco bar was jam-packed during the holiday, and one night, when he was delivering a bottle of wine to a customer, he heard a familiar voice calling out to him.

“Chen Fan?”

He turned around and saw his desk mate Jiang Taniu staring at him with surprise.

## **Chapter 40: I Will Kick Your Ass**

Chapter 40: I Will Kick Your Ass

“Nice to see you here.” Chen Fan cracked a smile.

This was the second time he had met one of his classmates at the bar. Since the bar was very close to high school, Chen Fan expected to see his schoolmates from time to time.

“Yeah.” Jiang Tanqiu said as his eyes flickered up.

He was unaware of what had happened at the auction, and neither had he gotten the memo on Chen Fan’s job at the bar.

Therefore, when he found out that his desk mate was working at the bar, he was quite shocked. He had always known Chen Fan as a proud although reserved popular kid and never had he thought that Chen Fan worked at a bar.

“Xiao Qiu, is this your friend?” A girl stood up from her chair and asked.

“Yes, Sister Qian-Qian. he is my deskmate, and his name is Chen Fan.” Jiang Tanqiu spoke under his breath; clearly, he was embarrassed by Chen Fan’s low wage job.

It wasn't until then that Chen Fan realized that there was a boy and a girl sitting right next to Jiang Taniu. They both looked to be in their twenties. The male was tall and handsome while the girl was of above average looks.

Chen Fan's eyes glinted surreptitiously the moment he saw the girl.

"Hi, I am Xiao Qiu's neighbor; my name is Xiao Qian." The girl reached a hand out to Chen Fan as she spoke.

Chen Fan ignored her and turned around to Jiang Taniu and said: "You guys have fun, I need to work."

After he said that, he turned on his heels and started back without even glancing at Xiao Qian.

Xiao Qian pulled a taut face as displeasure surfaced on her face.

Jiang Tanqiu felt even more embarrassed, and he stammered, "Sister Qian-Qian, don't mind him. He is always like that."

"Just forget about him, Qian-Qian. Come sit right here," the man said with a warm smile.

Hearing the other man's words, Xiao Qian finally gathered herself and sat down reluctantly.

The man then gave Jiang Taniu a look and then spoke in a patient voice, "Xiao Qiu, I know this is our first time meeting each other, and I really shouldn't poke my nose into your business.

"However, as your senior, I felt the need to remind you of what makes a good friend. Your friend, for example, his job aside—after all, being independent is a good thing—his action was extremely rude and inappropriate. Have you asked yourself if such a person could be trusted as your friend?"

"Touche! Xiao Qi, you need to heed the words of your senior!" Xiao Qian chimed in.

Jiang Tanqiu felt indignant; however, he lacked the words to protest for himself, so he could only smile and nod his head.

Deep down, he blamed Chen Fan for this unpleasant experience. He had always treated Chen Fan like one of his best friends, but Chen Fan didn't seem to appreciate his good gesture. Otherwise, he wouldn't embarrass him in front of the girl he liked and his rival in love. The least a friend could do was to help each other, but Chen Fan had been a hindrance rather than a help so far.

Unbeknownst to Jiang Taniu, Chen Fan had recognized the girl at first sight.

She was Xiao Qian, the daughter of Jiang Tanqiu's neighbor. She was one year older than Jiang Taniu and studied at the Chu Zhou University. Jiang Taniu had been her secret admirer ever since Jiang Taniu was a boy.

In Chen Fan's past life, Jiang Tanqiu had got himself into trouble because of her. In the end, Jiang Taniu was thrown behind the bar for seven years and therefore ruined his otherwise promising life. Xiao Qian, on the other hand, had a new boyfriend as soon as Jiang Tanqiu went to jail. She didn't visit Jiang Tanqiu even once during the seven years of incarceration.

Why would Chen Fan be nice to such a shameless woman?

"Hey, your friend seemed to be in some kind of trouble." Jiang Tanqiu heard Senior Qi say.

They both looked over their shoulders and saw Chen Fan was arguing with a man with a pasty complexion.

"I know that guy; he is the manager of the bar, we call him Boss Yang. I have heard that he is an inlaw of Brother Dong; not someone you want to mess around." Senior Qi shook his head and said, "It's not looking too good for your friend."

"Who cares? I hope he got his ass kicked. Let's drink up; don't let him spoil our fun." Xiao Qian said indignantly.

Hearing Xiao Qian's words, Jiang Taniu hesitated for a second and then sat down reluctantly.

If not for the previous unpleasant run-in between Chen Fan and Xiao Qian, Jiang Tanqiu would have already joined Chen Fan. However, Jiang Tanqiu was unimpressed by Chen Fan's uncouth behavior that embarrassed him at the most inconvenient time.

"Senior Qi, who is Brother Dong?" Xiao Qian asked curiously.

Senior Qi cracked a smile and said, "Brother Dong is the one calling the shots in the University district. He had a share in almost all the venues around here. "

"Oh? So the Boss Yang is also quite a champ, I take it?"

Jiang Tanqiu's pulled a taut face as he heard that. Driving by the urge to save his friend, his body jerked forward slightly, but he didn't get up in the end.

Xiao Qian put in again, "However resourceful this Brother Dong was, he was just an underling compare to our Senior Qi.

“Ah Xiao Qiu, I haven’t told you about Senior Qi yet have I? Senior Qi’s father is a business magnate at the Yun Shan District. I bet that if Brother Dong saw Senior Qi, he might have to drop his knees and kowtow to him.” Xiao Qian introduced Senior Qi to Jiang Tanqiu with a smug smile.

Jiang Tanqiu managed a smile back.

“Don’t listen to her, haha. But I am sure that Brother Dong would do me a favor if I asked him.”

Hearing that, Xiao Qian’s eyes lit up with a mixture of infatuation and admiration.

Jiang Tanqiu didn’t miss the subtle change in the girl’s expression. The light in his eyes diminished as he conceded the gap between him and Senior Qi. Not only was Senior Qi better looking than him, but he was also slightly older than the girl. His calm and mature demeanor was what attracted the Xiao Qian the most.

Meanwhile, Chen Fan stared at Boss Yang indifferently. Standing beside him was Ziqi who was already breaking down into tears.

“Why? I can’t even talk to my employees?”

Boss Yang pointed a finger at Chen Fan; spittles splattered everywhere from his contorted mouth.

“Chen Boy! Don’t you think that you can just hide behind Sister Yin’s shirts! I am the manager of the bar, and you are just a fruit boy! It is my job to tell you what to do! Do you hear me?”

“Move your hand away,” Chen Fan said lightly.

“What if I don’t? Are you going to hit me?” Boss Yang said hotly.

The boy had interrupted him when he was castigating Ziqi. As the manager of the bar, it was his right and duty to reprimand any employee as he saw fit. How could he let a waiter step on his toes and tell him what to do?

“Quit it, Xiao Fan. It’s all my fault.” Ziqi nudged Chen Fan’s elbow and said apologetically.

Even as she spoke, tears streaked across her red face, and her voice was filled with indignation.

“You can reprimand her if you have a legitimate reason. But can you tell me what Ziqi had done wrong? She was just a bit late when delivering wine to a customer, but you have been at it for five minutes. If that wasn’t enough, you have deducted her one

week's worth of salary. Do you know what those eight hundred yuan meant to her?" Chen Fan asked calmly.

"That's one month's living expenses.

"Ah, right, you don't care."

Before Boss Yang could reply, Chen Fan continued.

"In your mind, you are the lord of the place, and you also have a powerful protector. Therefore you don't care what other people think of you. You know she won't fight back because she still wants the job, don't you?"

"You nailed it! My protector is Brother Dong, and I AM the manager. So what are you planning to do?" Boss Yang asked rhetorically.

He kept on pointing at Chen Fan and said contemptuously:

"Kiddo, let me be clear. I don't like you and I have never liked you, and I have been patient enough with you for too long. If not for Sister Yin, I would have kicked you out of here!"

"Is that right? well, then there's nothing to talk about." Chen Fan said as he heaved a sigh.

"Why, are you backing down now? That's fine, but you need to apologize to me, then and only then, I will think about forgiving you." Boss Yang's voice swelled with arrogance.

Sensing the situation was finally cooling down, the waitress around Chen Fan heaved a sigh of relief.

Although no one liked Boss Yang, they knew better than to raise up against him. Backing down and apologizing was Chen Fan's best option.

To everyone's surprise, Chen Fan cracked a smile and then said: "Apologize?"

"What I meant is since I can't talk sense into you, I will have to whip your ass until you find them yourself."

"Hit me? Haha!" Boss Yang laughed out loud, and before his laughter had faded, he punched at Chen Fan.

No one had dared to threaten him in his bar, and Boss Yang intended it to remain that way.

However, just half a second later, Boss Yang was sent flying. His body spun around before it thudded heavily on a coffee table, knocking and smashing the glasses and bottles on the table.

“Ah!” A female customer sitting next to the coffee table screamed.

Before the waiters and waitresses figured out what had happened, Chen Fan zeroed in on Boss Yang and started to slap his face heavily.

“This one is for Sister Yan-Yan; you deducted half a months worth of salary from her paycheck for no reason.”

“This one is for Xiao Dong; you bullied the sixteen-year-old almost every day!”

“This one is for Ziqi, so that you will learn the meaning of respect!”

“The last one is for Sister Yin. You have spoiled the reputation of the bar that she had worked so hard to maintain.”

Every time Chen Fan landed a slap on Boss Yang’s face, he made the manager know why he was getting it.

After a dozen slaps, Boss Yang’s cheek was swollen to the size of a pork bun, and he could barely form a word in his mouth. Blood seeped out from the wounds and dripped to the floor.

Everything happened so fast that when people finally realized what was going on, Chen Fan had already finished the punishment.

Suddenly, a voice shouted at Chen Fan: “What the hell are you doing, Chen Fan? Quit it, now!”

Everyone turned toward the voice, and they saw a man and two women walking out of the manager’s office on the second floor. One of the women glared at Chen Fan while her face was contorted with anger.