

At this moment, Mount Tai Hall was quiet.

Everybody was looking around attentively.

The piercingly cold wind howled softly in the night air. Meanwhile, the voices of Chen Ao and Zhao Wu-Ji continued to resound heavily through the enormous hall.

However, even after looking around for a long while, the spectators failed to see anyone approaching the ring.

The seven feet tall stone platform remained as empty as ever.

“Mm, where is he?”

“Could it be that he didn’t come?”

“Perhaps he got frightened and ran away?”

Wang Yu raised his head and looked around. But when nobody appeared, even after a long wait, he broke out in mocking laughter.

When Liu Jia-Wei saw this, he shook his head and commented in a sagely manner: “Well, isn’t it obvious?”

“He must have gotten cold feet and ran away.”

“Just look at the magnificent set-up here today. No matter how much guts that Wu He-Rong has, there is no way he will dare to single-handedly challenge all the leaders of Jiangdong.”

“Nan-Nan, am I right?”

Liu Jia-Wei smiled shallowly, and there was an infatuated look in his eyes when he gazed at Chen Nan.

If it were not so crowded here, he would probably have succumbed to Chen Nan’s beauty already and taken her into his arms.

As for her boyfriend, Ye Fan, Liu Jia-Wei had paid him no mind from the very start.

After all, even if he were to have his way with Chen Nan in front of her boyfriend, what could that country bumpkin do to him?

Chen Nan said nothing. She was also feeling confused. Had Wu He-Rong really been frightened by the magnificent set-up

here? Was he too scared to show himself?

However, in the midst of everybody's discussion, Ye Fan suddenly frowned and looked upward at the dome. And then, in a low voice, he said:

"He is here."

"Who the hell is here?"

"What a moron!"

"Young Master Liu has already said that the man was scared off. So will you stop trying to show off by spouting nonsense, you moron?!"

Wang Yu lashed out at Ye Fan right away.

Boom~

But, at this moment, a gale suddenly sprung up within the hall. Immediately afterward, a heavy sound rang out like muffled thunder above the heads of the spectators.

"Above... Above us~"

Just then, somebody in the crowd

screamed.

Everyone tilted their heads to look upward as they reeled in shock.

And they saw a dark figure standing proudly on top of the dome.

He stomped downward and part of the roof exploded.

The steel cables broke, while the stone debris drifted about in the hall.

A hole had appeared in the dome.

And then a sturdy figure leapt down from the dome. At this moment, he looked just like an angel descending from heaven.

The velocity of the person's descent was increased to its limit by his weight!

Finally~

Boom!

When his feet landed, the ground shook and the bluestone platform shattered. Amidst the flying debris, a pair of cavernous foot prints could be seen!

Meanwhile, the gale caused by the explosion swept through the entire hall.

When they saw this, all the spectators were dumbstruck.

Who would have thought that Wu He-Rong would make his appearance in such a stunning fashion.

He actually made his jump from the top of the dome!

How did he manage to remain unharmed, after he had penetrated the ground with his feet?

Screw him!

“What the hell? Is he still human?”

Many among the spectators were completely overwhelmed by shock.

If a normal person could remain unharmed after jumping from a height of three meters, it would already be considered an awesome feat.

But the person before them had just kicked a hole through the roof, jumped



down from a height of several dozen meters and still remained unscathed!

Undoubtedly, this had shocked many spectators in the crowd.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was covering her mouth with her hand while, her friend, Su Qian stared at the scene with wide bulging eyes.

As for Wang Yu, he was struck dumb and his mouth was left hanging open. Even though he had just been lashing out at Ye Fan for talking nonsense.

“Shit. So... so he really came?”

Both Chen Ao and Zhao Wu-Ji were also shocked by Wu He-Rong’s stunning entrance, and their faces paled a little.

They had underestimated Wu He-Rong’s prowess.

“You are Chen Ao of Jiangdong?”

After he had landed, Wu He-Rong stood there with both hands clasped behind his back. A certain sharpness, much like that of a knife, was hidden in his resolute and

steadfast face. Tonight, he was dressed all in black. And when he directed his cavernous gaze at Chen Ao, the latter could sense an overwhelming pressure emanating from him.

But Chen Ao simply nodded his head and said, "Yes, I am."

Wu He-Rong turned his head to look at the person standing beside Chen Ao, and questioned him in a heavy voice: "You are the number one tycoon of Jiangdong, Zhao Wu-Ji?"

Zhao Wu-Ji's face paled considerably, but he also spoke in a heavy voice. "Yes, I am."

Wu He-Rong looked at the duo standing before him and laughed.

"Back then, I, Wu He-Rong, was all-powerful in Jiangdong. I had no rivals. Everyone in all eighteen cities of the province revered me as their leader."

"Ten years has passed and, now, Jiangdong is divided between two masters?"

"This is all you amount to. Either one of

you is not half the man I am.”

Wu He-Rong shook his head as he said this. When he looked at the two Jiangdong leaders, his eyes were filled with disdain.

“Alright, let us stop talking. Shall we start the match now?”

“So, which one of you wants to die first?”  
Wu He-Rong’s words were cold and spoken without any consideration for the pair’s pride.

Both Chen Ao and Zhao Wu-Ji shuddered. Wu He-Rong’s overwhelming presence had caused the pair to panic. For a moment, neither of them dared to take up the challenge.

When Wu He-Rong saw this, his smile grew wider.

“What? In the whole of Jiangdong, you can’t find a single person to do battle with me?” he asked mockingly.

In the end, Zhao Wu-Ji suddenly clenched his teeth and stepped forward.

This fellow does possess a bit of



righteousness and loyalty.

Because Zhao Wu-Ji had stepped forward at a crucial moment to shoulder the burden, Chen Ao could not help feeling a bit of respect for his long-time rival.

“There are hidden talents everywhere in Jiangdong. So isn't it the easiest thing in the world to find someone to fight you?”

“So you are telling me that your fighter will be the first to battle me?” Wu He-Rong said as he turned to look at Zhao Wu-Ji.

The latter snorted with laughter and replied haughtily, “Mr. Chen has more fighters than I. So he will fight the first round!”

Screw you!

When Chen Ao heard this, his face turned dark.

So this is the only reason you just stepped forward like a boss? You wanted to inform him that I am fighting in the first round?

I gave you the chance to show off but, instead of showing gratitude, you are

getting my men to test the waters for you?!

Just then, Chen Ao was so angry that he wished he could kick Zhao Wu-Ji to death.

Wu He-Rong turned his gaze on Chen Ao and said coldly, "Since it is like that, please let your men fight me first."

Although Chen Ao was vexed, he did not say anything more. After all, if he kept delaying the match, he would only be making a fool of himself and Jiangdong. The spectators might think that Jiangdong was afraid of Wu He-Rong.

Finally, after glaring at Zhao Wu-Ji, Chen Ao turned toward the direction where Xing He was sitting. He offered a fist-salute and shouted heavily: "Headmaster Xing He, the survival of Jiangdong lies in your hands!"

One second~

Two seconds~

Ten seconds ticked by.

And nobody answered.

Chen Ao frowned and turned to look at the

direction where Xing He was supposed to be. It was then that he discovered that Xing He's seat was empty.

"Mm?"

"Where is headmaster Xing He?"

"Where is he?"

Chen Ao was confused.

Li Er and the other Jiangdong leaders also started to look around in a panic.

"Odd, he was here just a moment ago!"

"Where could he have gone in such a short time?"

Just as Chen Ao and company were searching for Xing He, an underling rushed into the hall and reported anxiously:

"Master Ao, headmaster Xing He has just left in his car."

"Before leaving, he left you a message. He said he did not wish to die and asked you to find someone better to take his place!"

What?

Ran away!!!

Chen Ao was immediately shocked by the news. Li Er and the others were also looking terrible.

Who would have thought that he would run away even before starting to fight?



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“Hahaha~”

“He ran away?”

“Mr. Chen, so this is the calibre of the fighter you hired?”

“Did he come here to make us laugh?”

“He ran away without throwing a single punch?”

“Isn’t he just a piece of trash then!”

“Hahaha~”

When he found out that Xing He had been scared off, Zhao Wu-Ji burst out laughing right away.

And even though he was laughing hard enough that his sides ached, Zhao Wu-Ji did not forget to ridicule Chen Ao.

His laughter rang out so loudly that even the surrounding spectators could hear him.

All at once, many people in the crowd shook their heads and started discussing the matter among themselves. When Zhao Wu-Ji’s underlings looked at Chen Ao, their



eyes were filled with disdain. This time, Chen Ao had truly embarrassed himself.

And he knew that. Just then, Chen Ao had a most terrible expression on his face.

He turned around, glared at Li Er and scolded: "Li Er, what kind of fool have you found for me!"

"What the hell is going on?"

Chen Ao shook with rage. He wished he could just slap Li Er to death.

If he had known this was going to happen, he would never have listened to Li Er.

What an incompetent bungler!

No doubt, due to Li Er's mistake, Chen Ao had suffered a great loss of face.

The former was aware of his mistake and so, with a pained expression on his face, Li Er bowed his head and accepted Chen Ao's scolding in silence.

After all, he had been the one to find Xing He.

The latter had been his sister's teacher for over a decade and enjoyed various honors in Yunzhou. He was also renowned among traditional martial artists.

But Li Er had not imagined that he would be so useless!

Although the Taiji grandmaster had been doing a lot of bragging, he had ended up running away at such a crucial moment.

But Li Er could not blame Xing He.

Although the latter was the successor of the Taiji Fist and the headmaster of a martial art school, his martial art style was more like a performing art than a fighting art.

Xing He's Taiji Fist was good enough for teaching small children and public performances, but it was obviously inadequate against a hardened killer like Wu He-Rong.

He had wet his pants in fear when he saw Wu He-Rong perform his jump from a height several dozen meters above ground level. Not only had the latter penetrated the ground with his feet, he had also

managed to remain completely unscathed.

At that moment, Xing He had been sure that he would die if he were to fight Wu He-Rong.

Which was more important to him? His reputation or his life?

Obviously, the latter was more important to Xing He.

So he had disregarded everything else and ran away.

But now, both Li Er and Chen Ao were troubled by Xing He's disappearance.

"Mr. Chen, I am sorry. I have trusted the wrong person," Li Er said guiltily.

Chen Ao glared at him and snorted coldly. Clearly, Chen Ao was still angry and he ignored Li Er completely.

Instead, he turned to look at the gleeful-looking Zhao Wu-Ji and said coldly: "This time, I have placed my trust in the wrong person and made a fool of myself. But Mr. Zhao, don't be too happy yet. It is not too late to celebrate after your fighter has

defeated Zhao Wu-Ji.”

Chen Ao’s voice was frosty cold.

When Zhao Wu-Ji heard this, he laughed mockingly. “Mr. Chen, this is none of your concern. You should mind your own business first.”

Afterward, Zhao Wu-Ji walked forward to elderly soldier, who had been resting his eyes. And then he said respectfully, “Chief Instructor Meng, may I know what are your chances of beating Wu He-Rong?”

Meng Bai-Chuan said nothing. But he opened his fierce-looking eyes and a majestic presence emanated from them.

Just then, Zhao Wu-Ji felt that he was not standing in the presence of a vigorous old man, but an entire army! The old man’s presence was so overpowering that Zhao Wu-Ji could not help but take a few steps back.

“Mr. Zhao, prepare my tea for me.”

“It will just take me a moment!”

In the next moment, Meng Bai-Chun stood



up and stepped toward the stone platform.

As he looked at the elderly soldier's imposing-looking back, Zhao Wu-Ji was immediately stunned. Meanwhile, Meng Bai-Chuan's awe-inspiring words continued to swirl around in his ears.

Zhao Wu-Ji was not the only one affected by the elderly soldier. Many among the spectators were also overwhelmed by Meng Bai-Chuan's awe-inspiring words.

"Hahaha~"

"Bravo~"

"In ancient China, Guan Yun-Chang slayed Hua Xiong before his cup of wine had time to cool down."

"Today, Meng Bai-Chuan will defeat He-Rong in the time it takes to boil a cup of tea!"

"Chief Instructor Meng has spirit indeed!"

Zhao Wu-Ji laughed heartily. Meng Bai-Chuan's confidence had undoubtedly inflamed Zhao Wu-Ji's arrogance.



Right away, he raised a fist-salute in Meng Bai-Chuan's direction and shouted, "Chief Instructor, I wish you a speedy victory. May you show us again the miraculous prowess of General Guan!"

Like a rock dropping into the ocean, Zhao Wu-Ji's action created huge waves among the spectators.

All at once, a dozen or so bosses who were standing behind him stepped forward and respectfully shouted: "We wish Chief Instructor Meng a speedy victory! May you show us again the miraculous prowess of General Guan!"

"We wish Chief Instructor Meng a speedy victory~"

Their reverential voices coalesced into a stream and swept through the entire hall like a tidal wave.

Chen Ao and the other Jiangdong leaders looked on from afar with sombre expressions on their faces. Just then, their hearts were heavy with worry.

At this moment, the entire hall had undoubtedly quieted down.

Everyone was looking at Meng Bai-Chuan's imposing figure as he walked up the stairs to the platform.

Until he stood in front of Wu He-Rong.

"You are Wu He-Rong?"

"You are the former top tycoon of Jiangdong, Wu He-Rong? The one who has returned after committing countless atrocities in the province ten years ago?" Meng Bai-Chuan shouted angrily and the force of his words caused a wind to spring up.

Wu He-Rong smiled and said, "Oh my, what a grand presence you have."

"But I am curious. Does your actual ability come close to it?"

"I am able enough to defeat you!"

Meng Bai-Chuan decided not to waste his time talking. He flexed his muscles and an overwhelming aura exploded from his body.

And then, he lowered his stance forcefully.

A violent force traveled through his feet from the ground, went up his legs and finally twisted powerfully at his waist.

Boom!

Meng Bai-Chuan forcefully threw his punch downward.

His punch carried great momentum and nearly created a sonic boom.

Before the punch could land on its target, the gale resulting from its momentum had already swept forward.

As he stood in the middle of the wind storm, Wu He-Rong's robe fluttered about noisily!

"Awesome!"

"What a powerful punch!"

Chen Ao, look. This is the power of the chief instructor of the armed forces!"

"This is the same awe-inspiring presence of the general who slayed Hua Xiong.

"Compared to Chief Instructor Meng, your

fighters are all rubbish.”

“Even more worthless than bugs~”

“Hahaha~”

Meng Bai-Chuan’s punch had shocked everyone in the hall.

Meanwhile, Zhao Wu-Ji’s face had turned red with effort as he yelled in agitation.

As if he was the one throwing the punch instead of Meng Bai-Chuan.

“Military Boxing?” When Wu He-Rong saw this, he burst out laughing immediately.

He continued to stand there calmly with both hands clasped behind his back. Just then, there was a disdainful and mocking smile dancing on his lips.

He remained as composed as a lake of still water. Meng Bai-Chuan’s attack did not bother him in the least.

Until the incoming punch was right in front of him.

Wu He-Rong shook his head and smiled.

“Isn’t this a bit weak?”

“Fine, let me take this opportunity to show you the real Military Boxing!”

Boom~

After he had spoken, Wu He-Rong burst into action.

He took a step forward and lowered his stance. Just then, his whole body was as taut as a fully-drawn bow. It was as if he had been accumulating strength for a thousand days, just for the purpose of unleashing it all at this very moment!

Bang!

Two fists collided together; it looked as if a tiger and dragon were fighting for supremacy on the stage.

And the sound of the collision exploded like a crack of thunder that shook heaven and earth.

At this moment, everybody was holding their breath.

Zhao Wu-Ji was staring with wide opened



eyes, while Chen Ao looked ahead attentively.

Wang Yu, Liu Jia-Wei and the others were all holding their breath.

Everybody was looking at the fight taking place in front of their eyes!



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