

Boss Lady 661

Chapter 661

“Of course, love it so much.” Lita was delighted, “The clothes in this shop have a very special high class design, let’s go and have a look, I don’t know if we can reserve them today.”

Ying nodded, looking lazy, “If you like it, I can send you a few sets.”

The shop’s logo, as well as its name, was registered by her and came under the banner of First Light Media.

In addition to employing some of the world’s most famous designers, she also designs several dresses and everyday wear in her spare time.

It was only last year that the “Phantom Language” shop was launched globally.

The shop in Filippo is the main shop on the O Continent.

The main shop in China is in the imperial capital, and there are branches in all other major cities.

Rita paused, slightly shocked: “How many sets?”

She had only booked two sets so far, and they weren’t even the hottest styles.

Phantom Language was a huge hit in O Continent, and every time a new style was released it was snapped up online within seconds.

Just by looking at the speed of the internet, even if they were royal relatives with bad internet, they couldn’t help it.

“Hmm.” Ying Ziji pressed a few times on his phone, “Whatever you like, you can have it.”

Before Lita could say anything, a cold sarcastic voice rang out, none other than the woman who had cut in line earlier.

“Send, how can you send? The Laurent family all need reservations, do you think you are the owner of this shop?”

The woman had been dropped earlier and now finally seized an opportunity.

She looked at the girl with a biting mockery in her eyes: “Oriental, I advise you to save your breath, this is not your country, where the streets are full of copycat products, can you even say you can give away high quality clothes from Phantom Language?”

Ying had a mask on, but her features as an Oriental were obvious and could be seen at a glance. Her eyes were bland, without a hint of wavering.

“It’s you again.” Rita looked cold down, “What’s wrong with you for listening to people talk?”

If she hadn’t been in the mall, she would have pulled out her gun.

The woman snorted lightly and went to stand in line at the entrance to Phantom Talk.

She purposely stood in a large spot and made a gesture of contempt towards the two men with glee.

“This one!” Rita was exasperated, “Beauty, come on, let’s go to another shop, it makes me sick just looking at her.”

“It’s okay, we’re not going in.” Ying put her phone away and looked up, “Someone will come out and deliver to us.”

Rita froze and lowered her voice, “You don’t really own this shop, do you?”

The number one poisoner, with a fetish for opening clothing shops?

“Hm.” Ying reassured, “Don’t be afraid, I’m just making a little money.”

Rita: “.....”

Just as she was bewildered, the manager of the Phantom Language shop hurriedly came out.

The manager looked around for a moment before seeing the girl.

His eyes lit up and he immediately walked over, “Miss Ying, it’s you, isn’t it? This is the order you have just placed, the counter staff are dispensing the goods, please look through it.”

Ying Ziji took the goods list and handed it back to Lita: “Look, what else do you need?”

Lita looked at the list of hot items that she couldn’t even grab, and took a deep breath before saying, “Enough, enough.”

Ying nodded, “These first.”

The manager saluted respectfully, “Yes, Miss Ying.”

“.....”

There was silence around the room.

The sarcastic smile on the woman's face gradually froze in disbelief, "She hasn't even made a reservation yet, why should she be allocated goods?"

The other customers all showed their discontent as well.

They had lined up here early in the morning so that they could grab the hot items.

How could someone else just casually take a dozen sets of high-fashion clothing?

"Sorry sorry sorry, this is our boss." The manager smiled apologetically, "The boss suddenly came to transfer the goods, and we were only informed of this, so please forgive us."

The owner of Phantom Whisper!

The woman's face froze completely.

She recalled what she had said earlier and her face turned green for a moment.

"Not to be outdone." Rita clapped her hands, "I declare that you are today's seer, and how did you know that my beauty was the owner of Phantom Talk?"

The woman's face was blue and a little furious.

But she didn't dare to say anything.

She loved Phantom Talk's clothing, what if she was blacklisted?

"Ah!" In the queue, a girl suddenly shouted, her eyes bright, "Aren't you that designer Phantom from China! I've seen that press conference of yours last year."

Ying nodded and was polite, "Hello."

"Ahhhhh, I'm a fan of yours." The girl was even more excited, she took out her little book, "Can I have your autograph?"

"Sure." Ying Zidian took the pen and signed the word "charm".

Soon, the goods were ready and the teller brought the bag to Lita respectfully.

Ying Zidian took out a card and handed it to the manager: "Swipe it together."

The manager wiped the sweat from his head and was frightened: "Miss Ying, that's not necessary, the charm is yours, why swipe the card?"

"Swipe it." Ying Ziyi was careless, "It's good to keep track of the bill."

The manager had to run back to the shop to get the POS machine, and then took the card.

After seeing the card, his originally stony expression gradually became shocked: “Miss Ying, this

The customers who were close by also changed their expressions.

It was a black and gold card with a lacy, foil-stamped letter on it –
s!

And on the back of the black and gold card was a golden iris flower.

This is the logo of the Bank of Laurent.

But all guests who attended or watched the venus group’s quarterly presentation yesterday knew that Laurent Bank was about to issue a new bank card.

The card has been published on the official website and has a strict VIP classification.

The privileged services available to different levels vary.

The highest grade is A, and there are only ten cards available worldwide.

Many celebrities are ready to grab it, including Rita.

But s-rank?

The manager, sweating profusely, swiped the black gold card on the POS machine and immediately handed it back, “Miss Ying, here.”

Ying Zidian took it and left with Lita, who was also stunned.

It was only after a long time that Lita came back to her senses: “There’s an S-grade card?”

“Yes, two of them.” Ying Zigui hmmed, “No limit.”

“Mei, no one.” Lita’s throat rolled, “So what, you and that Mr. Cesar, what’s your relationship anyway?”

Ying thought for a moment, “He’s my son.”

Lita: “?????”

**

On the other side.

ibi's branch in j.

The agents took Joseph, Manuel's assistant and a dozen bodyguards all into custody, only to be sent to the international heavy prison at sea tomorrow.

Valens had also collated all the information and handed it to Fu Yunshen.

"Sir, we found some traces of area, this Manuel is indeed still experimenting with a number of poisons under the name of research." He said, "Checked those two bottles of poison as well, the potency is probably around the 30th place on the poison list."

Fu Yunshen's finger tapped, and he hooked his lips in a smile, "A chance to be sent to the door, to be caught."

Manuel was, after all, an internationally renowned professor and had made many contributions to biochemistry.

Quite a few things he had done by the hand of the Taylor family, leaving himself clear.

There had been no evidence to do anything about it.

But now, Manuel's private research into poisons and his intent to harm people was well documented.

"Sir, one more thing has come to light." Valens spoke up, "The kidnapping of Professor Helvin is also connected to Manuel."

"Well, I know." Fu Yunshen stood up, faintly, "Get ready and go to Manuel's experimental base."

**

Evening.

Two thousand kilometres away from the J country, the Taylor family territory.

Manuel's experimental base was located here.

It was surrounded by mercenaries sent by the Taylor family to keep Manuel safe.

It was a quiet late night until the roar of helicopters rang through the clouds.

It was thunderous, coming down on the city.

The mercenaries, who were already weary, were awake in an instant and all alert.

“Enemy attack! There’s an enemy attack!”

“Quick! Protect the professor!”

There were indeed many people who wanted to kill Manuel, and there had been assassins and hypnotists who had mixed in.

But those were all sneaky, who would dare to be so open and honest?

On the lookout, several mercenaries looked to the sky and gripped the sniper rifles in their hands.

“Swish...”

The roar continued as the helicopter broke through the clouds.

Under the illumination of the lights, the three large letters on the fuselage were very conspicuous.

ibi!

The mercenaries were stunned.

How could it be ibi?

A soft ladder descended from the helicopter, and the trained agents quickly took over the entire lookout and collected all the weapons.

Fu Yunshen leapt straight down from the height.

He wore a silver mask that reflected the cold moonlight, revealing a perfect jaw.

Valens followed closely behind, his expression cold: “Sir.”

He had rarely been on a mission with Fu Yunshen and was inevitably a little enthusiastic.

Fu Yunshen nodded his head and went in first.

At that moment, the alarm suddenly sounded.

[Drip drip drip!]

[Alert Alert!]

[Defense system on!]

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The exterior of the experimental base is a fortress, similar in structure to the city where the Pazzi family is located.

The defence system is fully activated and the weapons in the fortress are switched on with it.

As soon as they stepped into the attack field of the defence system, they would attack indiscriminately, whether they were enemies or friends.

The mercenaries also broke out in a cold sweat and their bodies went limp.

Manuel was the only one who could control the defence system, and the fingerprint button was inside the experimental base.

It was obvious that Manuel had noticed something was wrong and had woken up the protection system.

But they were still outside, didn't this want them dead too?

“Click, click...”

Heavy thermal weapons were set up one after the other, their icy muzzles aimed at the people outside the fortress.

“Boom!”

“Boom boom!”

Bullets exploded in a flash of fire.

Valens shouted, “All take cover!”

The agents were nimble and immediately found cover, crouched down and felt for the guns on their belts.

However, Fu Yunshen didn't even move, just raised his hand.

Mighty internal energy burst out instantly.

It was just an instant!

“Hum—”

All the bullets stopped steadily in the air when they were about to hit their targets.

A few seconds later, these lost their energy and all fell down with a crackle.

That was not all.

Valens then watched as the heavy thermal weapons also exploded one after the other under the effect of the powerful internal energy.

The two hundred or so heat weapons in the fortress were reduced to a pile of scrap metal in just one minute.

They didn't even have the capacity to be recycled.

Valens, who hadn't even pulled out his gun, was dumbfounded: "....."

What kind of strength is this?

Is it really something that a human can possess?

Fu Yunshen withdrew his hand, "Let's go."

Valens gripped his gun tightly and followed.

It was only then that he drifted off and remembered something.

Li Xini had mentioned that their chief was also an ancient martial artist.

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Inside the experimental base.

Manuel left the protection system on and then proceeded to conduct experiments related to poisons.

He preferred to invent things that challenged humanity than to benefit humanity medically.

Manuel pushed up his glasses and fused the two potion bottles together.

He had just picked up a new test tube when the door to the laboratory was violently slammed open.

Before Manuel could react, there was a loud bang and the tube burst open.

He looked up in horror at Valens and the others who had barged in: "How did you get in here?"

The protection system was custom-made by the Taylor family from the nok forum at great cost.

Once it was turned on, it could definitely exterminate 50,000 mercenaries.

That was why Manuel didn't give a damn about the attack outside.

The experimental base was heavily protected, and even if someone could really attack before reaching the core, the Taylor family would have arrived long ago.

But now, not only had someone broken in unharmed, the Taylors had heard nothing from them.

Valens stepped forward, grabbed Manuel's shirt and lifted him up with one hand.

He smiled faintly, his eyes cold: "Professor, if you like making poisons so much, why don't you go to prison and keep making them?"

Fu Yunshen swept a faint glance at the potion bottles in the lab, his chin lifted, "Put them all away and bring them back together."

The agents acted quickly, carefully packing all the vials into the safety box.

Manuel's expression finally changed.

He realised that what he had asked his assistant to do had all been revealed.

But those two vials of poison were his masterpiece, a real killer in its own right.

Even if they hadn't succeeded in killing someone, it was definitely not going to be discovered who had poisoned them.

How is it that this is not even a day old and ibi has come to the door?

"No you can't arrest me!" Manuel struggled, "Do you know how high my status is in the international arena? You guys are trying to lose credibility by arresting me privately?"

Manuel was clear that once ibi made its move, even the Taylor family could not protect him.

There was no international power that would go against ibi, and even if there were some grey deals, they would be done privately, not daring to come out in the open.

After all, ibi is responsible for maintaining world peace and the safety of its citizens, and no one can guarantee that they will not receive threats from international criminals.

"What a coincidence that the other scholars should also know the true nature of you, Professor." Instead of letting go, Valens gripped tighter, "Sir, is it straight back to headquarters?"

Fu Yunshen raised his eyes, “The person who researched with him will be brought back to headquarters and carefully scrutinised for top charges, he will be handed over to me first.”

Manuel had obviously been in contact with someone from the City of Worlds.

And, one hundred percent it was the evil force with the black skull as its symbol.

“Yes, sir.” Without another word, Valens tied Manuel up and kicked him again, “Be honest.”

Manuel sweatdropped.

What was going on, had the Taylors really given up on him?

“If you’re waiting for the Taylors, don’t worry, they’re not coming.” Fu Yunshen leaned down, “Get some rest, and if you can’t tell me what I ask tomorrow-”

He paused and said no more, straightening up, “Take it away.”

**

Meanwhile.

The Taylors.

The Taylors had spotted the ibi’s special plane as early as it entered this area.

But really didn’t dare to act.

ibi!

What other international power could have more weapons and equipment than ibi?

To go against the ibi, unless the Taylors wanted to be destroyed.

The butler wiped his sweat and said tentatively, “Family head, are we just going to give up?”

Over the past ten years, the Taylor family had invested a total of eighty billion, if not a hundred billion, in Manuel’s laboratory.

The experimental research would have been very costly.

Of course, Manuel hadn’t let them down and had invented many new products.

But the most important experiment was only halfway through.

When Manuel was taken away by the ibi, the experiments had to be interrupted and the investment was wasted.

The Taylor family's face was blue and his fists creaked: "What else can we do if we don't give up? He's the one who made a fool of himself and messed with ibi!"

But at the same time, he was thankful.

Luckily he hadn't made a move on the top brass of the venus group yet, it was just in the middle of a plan.

Otherwise, he would be the one tied up to ibi now.

The Taylor family head waved his hand tiredly and went upstairs to rest.

**

It was an uneventful night.

The streets of a town in country j, close to the capital, were dimly lit with only one or two street lamps.

The young woman knocked on the door of a wooden house.

It opened with a creak.

An old voice rang out, "Come in, my Holly."

"Grandma." Holly walked in, put her bag down and pulled her hair back, "Do you remember when I told you last night that I went to a ball?"

"There were quite a few elite people at that ball and I saw two that I liked better so I came over to ask Granny for a favour."

There was an old woman sitting in front of the fireplace.

At these words, her eyes swished open, dark green.

They were cloudy, but with a sharp light that was very intimidating.

The old woman spoke slowly, "Who?"

"Is this a photo?" Holly pulled two photos from her phone, "Grandma, help me see, which one is better to start with?"

The two photos, one photo was of Fu Yunshen and the other was of Cesar Laurent.

The old woman took the phone and squinted at it for a moment, “It’s indeed good, from their facial expressions, they both have strong fortunes, and their descendants will not decline within a hundred years.”

“Of course.” Huo Li smiled, “These two are both two of the giants in the business world at the moment.”

“Grandma will show you.” The old lady stood up and hobbled over to the cupboard to get her tools.

Holly’s heart fluttered with joy, “Thank you, Granny.”

Holly had never told any of her friends that she actually came from a family of diviners.

After all, in the twenty-first century, the profession of divination has become so flooded with fakes that not many people believe in it anymore.

The real diviners have long since retired to the background, and it is difficult to find real diviners in the market.

Holly’s grandmother was a diviner of great power.

However, it is true that the medieval witch hunt, which lasted more than 300 years, killed and injured many diviners on the O Continent.

The evil soothsayers were called “magicians”.

Just as the magi had predicted, they were all dead by the end of 1780.

Of course, innocent soothsayers were also killed in this hunt.

It was not until the second half of the 19th century that the field of soothsayers barely recovered.

And as technology developed, fewer and fewer people possessed the gift of divination.

Holly did not inherit the old lady’s gift of divination.

She could only play ordinary tarot cards, and could count ordinary trivial things, but not change the cause and effect.

The old woman returned to the table with the tarot cards and a yellowing book: “Which one do you want to read first?”

Huo Li pointed to Fu Yunshen’s picture and didn’t hesitate: “Him.

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The old woman nodded and laid this tarot deck on the table.

The candle, on one side, glowed with an eerie light.

Holly was a little nervous.

It was not the first time she had watched her grandmother perform divination, but each time she felt a sense of novelty.

Ten minutes later, the old woman opened her eyes.

Her face was a little pale, obviously damaged in some way, and her voice had changed its tone: “Holly, change it.”

Holly stared, “Grandma?”

“This man, who already has the one and only love, has an obsession so deep that even a diviner cannot change it.” The old woman murmured, “What a miracle, I have not seen such feelings in all my life.”

When she was young, she had helped many infatuated men and women.

Some people came to her specifically begging just to get their lovers back.

Things like feelings, all of which are unstable, can be influenced entirely through the power of divination.

But the old woman had just counted through the tarot cards.

Fu Yunshen’s feelings were as solid as a rock, without the slightest possibility of wavering.

If she interfered, not only would she be unable to achieve her goal, but her divination power would also be ruined.

Huo Li frowned.

Her first choice was Fu Yunshen.

But even her grandmother couldn’t do anything to change Fu Yunshen’s feelings, and the other diviners were even less able to do so.

“Grandmother, let’s do him then.” Huo Li pointed at Xize’s picture again, “He is the one in charge of the Laurent family, and he is also very good.”

The old woman nodded slightly and rested for a while before conducting a new round of trigonometry.

This time it was a lot easier.

“He has no beloved, but his feelings are so thin that he is hardly likely to fall in love with anyone.” The old woman was thoughtful, “It’s quite difficult to change his feelings, but not all is lost.”

After a pause, her expression became serious, “Holly, are you sure you want to choose him? After you’ve chosen, you can’t go back on your choice.”

“Yes, Grandma.” Holly smiled faintly, determined to win, “Cesar Laurent, I want him.”

As soon as Cesar Laurent fell in love with her, the whole Laurent family would be hers.

What was there to regret?

“Good.” The old woman’s voice eased, “You go to him at six o’clock the night after tomorrow.”

Holly took careful note.

The old woman coughed a few times and picked up another book.

Holly was curious, “Grandma, what is this?”

“I told you about it when you were little.” The old woman gave a rare smile, “This is the strongest being among us diviners, the Divine Reckoner, and on it are some records about TA, which I turn to every day.”

“The Divine Reckoner?” Holly thought for a moment and exclaimed, “Grandma, the diviner you told me about who left several prophecies, all of which came true?”

Even the strongest fortune-teller could not calculate the future 100 per cent.

But the Divine Reckoner did.

“Not bad.” The old woman bowed her head, “But the Divine Reckoner has not appeared for a long time, so go rest and Grandma will help you to fulfil your wish.”

“Grandma, you go to bed early too.” Holly smiled and went into the bedroom.

**

The following day.

A news story was once again an international sensation.

#Manuel, the anti-social personality#

#ibi International Prison#

#The most distinguished doctor of biochemistry makes poisons to deliberately kill people

Manuel is not as famous as Helvin, but he's certainly well known.

Not to mention, he has won international prizes for biology and chemistry.

The news came as a shock to the world.

As a surfer, the elder Chung was the first to see it.

When he found out that the poisoning site was also the venus group's headquarters building, he instantly became nervous and immediately called Ying Zidian: "Zidian, are you and the Fu kid okay? I read on the internet that your place was poisoned!"

He was in J, so he flew back to China the day after the party.

Who knew that something like this would happen.

"It's alright, Grandpa." In the secret room, Ying Ziyi glanced sideways at the shivering Manuel and faintly, "The crisis has all been lifted."

"That's good then." Elder Zhong breathed a sigh of relief, "Grandpa is old and can't help you much, you must be safe."

"Grandpa, don't worry." Fu Yunshen took the phone from Ying's hand and gave a lazy laugh, "It's someone else who should pay attention to Ganquan."

Elder Zhong: "....."

Fu Yunshen ended the call and looked at Manuel, "Those people you're dealing with, are they from the World City Sage Academy?"

Even Yushaoyun had never seen them before, only the House of Sages had such an ability.

"Sage, Sage House?" Manuel's eyes widened, "I, I don't even know what the House of Magi is!"

"Okay, I'll change the question." Fu Yun Shen was patient, "Those people, were they taught these names?"

He laid the twenty-two Great Arcana of the Tarot in front of Manuel: "Look carefully."

"There are!" Manuel's voice trembled terribly, "The Magician, the Lord Magician! They called over!"

Ying Ziji's eyes narrowed slightly.

The second of the twenty-two sages, the magician, the magician.

Fu Yunshen let go of his hand.

Manuel gasped heavily, his expression still horrified.

“Qiuman also used to call the title Lord Magician.” Ying Zigui looked sideways and mused, “I’m not sure what all the special abilities of the Magi are, but I can deduce it now.”

Fu Yun Shen nodded his head and spoke lightly, “Magicians should be able to make many medicines.”

The alchemical drug that caused the explosion in the university city, the drug that led the ancient doctor to the path of evil medicine.

Contact with Manuel had also provided him with a number of materials that were not available internationally, which had allowed him to create a number of poisons.

Their enemy, a sage who was worshipped like a god by the City of Worlds!

Fu Yun Shen bent down, his peach blossom eyes dense with coldness: “What else did you exchange?”

Manuel couldn't even breathe: “I, I

“Xiao Qi, no need to press the issue.” A voice rang out, cold and icy, “Just read his memories directly.”

Shaoyun took a big step and stopped again three meters away from Fu Yunshen, his lips twitched, “Sorry, I saw the news, I rushed over immediately, your subordinates they didn't stop me.”

Fu Yunshen's eyelashes twitched as he moved out of the way, faint: “You come.”

Shaoyun's heart fluttered: “Good.”

He pursed his lips, turned his head, and glanced at the head escort.

The head escort immediately handed over a white tool similar in appearance to a pistol.

It was a memory reader invented by the World City.

Shaun took it and fired a shot directly into Manuel's temple.

Manuel, who had never seen a memory reader before, screamed out in shock and completely passed out.

Shaoyun then connected the memory reader to the computer.

The memory reader extracted a long video.

The three of them stared at it with bated breath.

Ying quickly finished watching it and shook his head slightly, “There’s no other important information.”

It seemed that in the eyes of the Sage Magician, Manuel was just a pawn to be discarded afterwards, just like Qiumen.

Shao Yun’s lips pursed tightly.

The clues were all broken again.

As far as he knew, the Sage Magician hadn’t shown up in the past hundred years or so.

Moreover, even if one were to tell the people of the Sage Academy these things, would anyone believe them?

Shao Yun raised his head and extended his hand, “Xiao Qi, I ……”

Fu Yunshen turned sideways to avoid it and didn’t look at him, “Yaoyao, let’s go.”

Manuel was taken away by ibi’s people, and only Shaoyun and the head escort were left in the secret room.

Shaoyun’s hand stiffened for a moment, but eventually dropped it in dismay.

The head escort could not bear it in his heart, “Grand Master, Young Master Fu Qi does not accept you that easily, I am afraid ……”

“I know, it’s my bad.” Shao Yun whispered, “It’s alright, I’ll wait.”

**

This time of year.

Fei Leng Cui.

Chateau Laurent.

Cesar had returned from J this morning, and while on the plane he had sensed something was wrong.

And by the time he got back to his room, a severe wave of vertigo came from his head.

Cesar's body swayed and he was about to collapse

“Master?” Jobe held Cesar up in time, worried, “What’s wrong with you, are you all right?”

Cesar shook his head, “Yes, just a little weak, probably an old problem, I’m going to take some of the medicine the boss gave me.”

He pushed Jobe’s hand away and hadn’t taken two steps when he stumbled on his feet again.

“Master, something is very wrong with you.” Qiao Bu looked serious, “I’ll ask Miss Ying to come and take a look at you.”

“No need, just take some medicine.” Cesar frowned, “Don’t bother the boss with everything, I can do it myself-”

Before he could finish his sentence, an even more severe dizziness hit him and Cesar’s head sank, passing out straight away.

Jobe was shocked, and after helping Xizhe to bed, he immediately called Ying Zigui, “Hello, Miss Ying, something has happened to the master!”

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Jobe was anxious after the phone call.

In the past, Cesar had slumbered for a long time every month because of his health.

But it had never happened like this either.

What the hell was going on here?

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It was nighttime when Cesar woke up again.

He sat up holding onto the bed, still with residual dizziness in his head, as if he had been swung a dozen sticks.

Cesar couldn’t help hissing and muttering, ‘Who hit me.’”

There was a cold, slow voice ringing in his ears, “Still dizzy?”

Xize didn’t react a bit.

Ying Ziji’s voice eased and he spoke again, “Xize, look at me.”

Only then did Xize come back to his senses, still a little confused, and he looked up blankly, “Boss?”

Why was his boss here?

What had just happened?

To the side, Jobe was distraught, “Master, you fainted in the morning, the medical instruments couldn’t find out what was causing your illness.”

“It was I who called Miss Ying here and gave you the treatment, and only then did you revive.”

He watched as Ying Ziji treated Cesar, not with the usual gold and silver needles used by ancient doctors, but only with a deck of tarot cards.

Jobe was also confused.

Didn’t see what this was all about at all.

“Ah, boss, trouble you again.” Cesar rubbed his temples, adding a bit of exhaustion to his voice, “My body is perhaps failing me more and more.”

Alchemy had changed the speed of cell division and so on, but one day all cells would wither away.

Cesar knew that day would be the day he would die.

“It’s not that your body doesn’t work.” Ying raised his eyes, “You’ve been put under a spell and you don’t know it?”

Xize came to his senses with a start, “A spell?”

Spell casting is a western term, in China it’s called “bewitchment”.

The essence of both is the same, a curse.

Ying Zidian nodded: “Who did you contact after the ball?”

Cesar’s consciousness was still a little unclear as he struggled to remember: “I haven’t seen anyone except your boyfriend and his staff, boss.”

He held his head, trying to shake off the dizzy feeling.

“Bear with it for now, it’s just lifted, it’ll take a while to get better.” Ying Ziji faded, “You don’t have to think about it, I’ll see for myself.”

She laid the tarot cards back out and quickly selected three cards.

Cesar knew nothing about divination and could only watch.

A dozen seconds later, Ying’s eyes narrowed slightly, “Not bad skills.”

A normal diviner needs to get the target’s birth date before he can cast a spell.

Cesar’s real birth date was now clear to no one but her and Norton.

Even so, he was still under the spell.

The diviner who proved to cast the spell was of the same level as the Fifth River in terms of his ability.

It was definitely a genin level.

“Boss, what kind of spell did she put on me?” Cesar breathed slowly, “I don’t have any strength in my body at all.”

“In Chinese parlance, it’s called ‘Peach Blossom Fury’.” Ying said, “When you are struck by the Peach Blossom Fury, you can only touch one female for the rest of your life, and if you stay too far away from her, your body functions will continue to decline.”

“And at the same time, you will slowly fall in love with her and can only depend on her for your life.”

Cesar broke out in a sweat, “That horrible?”

What’s the difference between this and a puppet?

“Well, peach blossom bane is so common that people would normally just think it’s because they’re sick and not think of it in any other way.” Ying Zigui sounded lightly, “But you’ve been hit by the most powerful peach blossom bane, you’ll react greatly.”

Xize pressed his head, breathless, “Boss, is this why you calculated that I don’t have a girlfriend?”

“No, it was an accident.” Ying stood up and raised an eyebrow, “Besides, you might have a girlfriend.”

Xize froze and looked up.

Ying Zidian had already pushed the door open and left.

“Boss, what are you doing there? You haven’t finished your sentence yet.”

The girl’s voice floated from afar, cold and cool: “To take revenge on you.”

Cesar was stunned, the words pulling him back to a hundred years ago.

At that time he had also been bullied, and his boss had also said those four words and then left the bully at his heels.

So from that time onwards, he swore.

In this life he would follow Ying Zidian to his death.

Not to abandon, not to give up, until his life came to an end.

It turned out that after all these years, everything had still remained the same.

Cesar leaned back on the bed, silent for a moment, then suddenly turned his head: “Jobe, what did you mean by my boss’s words?”

“Which words?”

“That I might have a girlfriend.”

It was a phrase that got Cesar’s attention.

“Uh” Jobe paused and politely persuaded, “Master, you’d better get well first, with your current physical condition, I’m afraid that even Miss Rita, who you danced with the day before yesterday, could take you down with one hand I’m afraid that even Miss Lita, who danced with you the day before yesterday, could have taken you over with one hand.”

Cesar: “.....”

He pulled the quilt over his head with a depressed look.

**

The night was late.

The lights were out quite a bit in the small town.

And in that wooden house the old woman was still awake.

She had her presbyopic glasses on and was reading by the light.

Holly wasn't there tonight, just the old woman.

The heavy wooden door suddenly creaked, but no footsteps came.

The old woman's expression changed: "Who is it?"

She turned her head sharply, and the light in the room shone brightly at that moment, revealing the girl's beautiful face.

The girl's features were extremely full of colour, with an aggressive beauty that was oppressive.

The old woman's eyes narrowed for a moment, but there was no fear and her body slackened: "I thought it was someone, but it's a young girl, or from the East, what a rare guest."

She had once fought with a trigonometrist from the East, and in the end both were defeated, with no one gaining any advantage.

She had to admit that when it came to divination and fortune telling, the East was still stronger.

But a young girl who hadn't even reached the age of twenty, how strong could she be?

"Little girl, didn't the elders of your family tell you not to mess with me?" The old woman slowly stood up, her dark green pupils flashing with a sharp light, "What, you became a diviner and no one told you my name?"

Trespassing into her domain, she would show no mercy to whoever Ying Ziji had studied under.

"Freya Jones." Ying Zidian blandly, "I know your name, and all your ancestors were diviners too, only that you were branded as a 'witch' in the Middle Ages and slaughtered by the Inquisitorial Court of Heretics."

"You escaped because you are a descendant of a side branch, and began to study the evil art of divination as a way of enhancing your powers, and now, you too have become a 'witch'."

"Shut up!" The old woman's expression changed at once, "What are you babbling about? What witch?!"

Soothsayers hate being called "witch", it reminds them of the witch hunts that have been going on for over three hundred years.

The old woman, on the other hand, was weak because she was not really on the right path.

“You’ve only been in the path for a short time, haven’t you? Do you know about the Divine Reckoner?” The old woman sneered, “ta predicted a long time ago that all magical warlocks died out completely in 1780, where did any magical women come from? ”

“With the peach blossom bane, you have also lost a lot of life expectancy.” Ying Ziji’s eyelashes dropped, “And, the other part of your altered karma, the other part of your sinful power will be returned to your loved ones.”

“Nonsense again, it seems you have not learnt your art well, yes, I did put a peach blossom bane on that whatsitzer.” The old woman snorted lightly, “What, you like him too? So you came all the way over here yourself?”

“Then I’m really sorry, the man my granddaughter has taken a fancy to, I’ll take it for her.”

The old lady walked in step by step, “Little girl, before I get angry, I advise you to leave here, otherwise you won’t be able to leave later.”

Ying Ziji was calm: “You can try.”

The old woman’s face sank: “Don’t know what’s good for you!”

She cupped three tarot cards in her hand and raised her hand.

There was a wind blowing through the window and the candle flame swayed frantically.

Everything was terribly still.

But the next second, before she could do anything, the old woman suddenly realised something was wrong.

Her powers of divination had disappeared in this moment.

The old woman was in a state of shock and horror.

She could sense that this was not an ordinary disappearance.

It was an absolute suppression of the same domain!

Only a diviner whose ability far surpassed hers would be able to suppress her to the point where even her divination ability disappeared.

Even over in China, there wasn’t a diviner who could completely suppress her.

The old woman jerked her head up as an unbelievable thought came to mind, “No it can’t be, you, you can’t”

“Not too bold.” Ying Ziji’s voice was light, “A diviner on this side of o continent, and he also dares to cast a divination spell on the people I cover.”

She laughed very coolly, her eyes cold: “Your old ancestors, none of them had the guts.

Chapter 665

Even though 80% of the diviners on the O Continent died during the 300-year-long witch trials, and it took more than a hundred years for the world of divination to come back to life.

But there are no diviners who do not know the name of the “Divine Reckoner”.

Back then, some diviners complained about the diviners after their prophecies appeared.

Since the diviner had the ability to predict, he could naturally change it.

But the diviners did not.

Instead, they watched as the diviner, known as the “magician”, was killed by the Holy See.

So now the diviners of the O Continent are divided into two categories of feeling towards the diviners.

Most of them are reverent, the other resentful.

But both the former and the latter are afraid of the diviners.

The Divine Reckoner.

They are the ones who can handle the past, determine the future, divine the woes and fortunes, and divine the world.

This is the true God.

The old woman’s eyes widened as she realised who she had actually stumbled upon.

Then, uncontrollably, her mouth generally opened and she spat out a large mouthful of blood.

“The Divine Reckoner!” The old woman laughed a little wildly, her face still deeply unbelievable, “You’re the Divine Reckoner! You are actually the Divine Reckoner!”

If her divination abilities hadn’t all been suppressed until they disappeared, she couldn’t believe it at all.

The Divine Reckoner was actually a young girl who hadn’t even reached the age of twenty?!

The old woman's face was ashen and defeated, completely losing her heart to fight against it.

How dare one go against the Divine Reckoner.

The old woman slumped to the ground, but suddenly, she let out a scream, "You sent out a prophecy, why didn't you stop it?!"

Indeed, many of her ancestors had died in that witch hunt.

"The flood of time is irreversible, it wasn't my prophecy that came out first, it was this matter that became definitive first." Ying Zigui was faint, "There are no variables to change things that I cannot change."

The witch hunt is the event of the century.

It is a calamity for the whole earth.

But it was not the same as a person's destiny or death robbery point, it was simply the difference between heaven and earth.

Even if she strongly stopped it at the time, the damned would still die later in various ways.

It was of no use.

"You lie!" The old woman's teeth chattered, "You could have stopped it, surely you could have stopped it! If you stop it, they won't die!"

With that, she looked like, "I see, you're from the East and you want the trigonometrists over there

"How interesting." Ying rolled up her sleeves, "If I remember correctly, your ancestors weren't innocent, how many people did they harm by divination?"

The old woman's teeth creaked, but she could not retort.

Ying Zidian ignored her and picked up a box on the closet.

Inside was a deck of tarot cards.

Ying Zidian inclined his head and gave a very soft laugh, "No wonder you're not afraid of the sinful power that comes with forcibly changing karma, so you're also looking for someone to block the disaster."

The old woman's expression became frightened: "No! No!"

The girl's expression was indifferent as her inner strength came out.

“Ka-ching!”

The box split in pieces in an instant, and all 78 tarot cards inside were in pieces.

The old woman let out a heartbreaking scream, her body twisted in pain and her skin sunken in at a speed visible to the naked eye.

This was the consequence of the backlash.

Over these decades, the old woman had sat on a lot of evil by divination, and had forcibly broken up many lovers.

Ying Ziji’s eyes were faint: “Seriously, if you hadn’t made a move against Xizhe, I wouldn’t have known that there was such a person as you in O Continent.”

The old woman’s expression changed again, as if she remembered something: “Xi, Xi Ze, he actually

It was no secret that the Lorang family had the Divine Reckoner standing behind them.

But the Divine Reckoner was also befriended by only one person, Cesar Laurent.

The Cesar that Holly had her eyes on could be the same king from Fei Leng Chui three hundred years ago?!

The extreme pain left the old woman with no energy to think about how Cesar Laurent had survived to this day.

The girl put on her baseball cap and walked out of the cabin, paying no further attention to the commotion in the house.

The night was deeper.

Ying looked up as if she were aware.

Her eyes narrowed slightly and she saw a very small star passing through the sky.

This meant that a powerful diviner had fallen.

Ying Zidian lifted and squeezed her hat, and left the town without delay.

The wind brushed past, the wooden door opened and closed, and the town was silent, as if no one had come.

**

Meanwhile.

The Imperial Capital.

The Fifth Family's ancestral home.

Fifth Chuan, who was resting his eyes with his eyes closed, suddenly opened his eyes and glanced at the sky with some surprise, then he pinched his fingers and drew a breath backwards, "O Continent that Freya is actually dead."

He had fought with that old woman.

The old woman's divination ability was very strong, and because she had taken some evil paths, she had suppressed him for a while.

But fortunately, Fifth Chuan had learnt a lot of feng shui formations from the books that Ying Ziji had left to Fifth Shaoqin, and only then did he force the old woman back from the East.

There was no such thing as feng shui formations in o continent.

Fifth Chuan let out a long sigh, "This scourge is finally gone."

It was a good thing.

Fifth Chuan coughed violently, and he picked up a tissue to wipe it, which was stained red with blood.

It was a miracle that he had lasted this long, after all, people from the Fifth Family had always died young.

Fifth Chuan looked across the room, the light inside was still on, and smiled gratefully.

In this way, when he passed away, he would be able to leave the Fifth Family in the hands of Fifth Moon with confidence.

**

Once the Diviner died unnaturally, the spell she had cast would also dissipate completely.

When Cesar got up in the morning, the feeling of dizziness and exhaustion was gone.

He was back in high spirits.

"My boss is just good to me." Cesar tsked, "It's a shame there's no way to contact Dog Norton, or I'd have to show him off."

Xize had also noticed that Ying's return to Earth this time might have been due to some tricky problem that had limited his boss's abilities.

But even so, she still went to help him take revenge

"Master." Outside the door, Qiao Bu knocked and said respectfully, "Miss Ying is here."

Cesar immediately rolled over and got out of bed, dressed as quickly as he could and opened the door.

The girl was still wearing the clothes she had worn before she left, not even dust on her white t-shirt.

It was hard to believe what she had actually gone and done, as if she had just gone for a cup of tea.

"Boss, is everything okay?" Cesar was concerned, "Did you get hurt in any way?"

Ying glanced at him very lightly as he stuck his hands in his pockets, "You take me for you?"

Xize scratched his blonde hair, helpless, "I don't know why my body is so weak."

Jobe wasn't wrong about one thing.

How was he going to find a girlfriend with his body like that?

"Hmm." Ying nodded slightly, "I'll be leaving soon, we'll meet up at the Muller Channel in July."

The gateway to the City of Worlds from the seven continents and four oceans was at the Muller Strait.

"Of course." Cesar's expression firmed up a few notches, "I'm definitely going to the City of Worlds as well."

"Gone." Ying waved her hand perfunctorily and tossed another vial of medicine to Cize.

She left Laurent Castle and boarded the helicopter.

On the plane, Sinai was tinkering with a computer.

Fu Yunshen was answering the phone, his expression cold and solemn.

A few minutes later, he ended the call and came over, "Yoyo, it happened suddenly, I need to go to the war zone."

“You take her around the rest of O Continent, and don’t go to the Ancient Martial World yet until I return.”

“War-torn area?” Ying Zidian wrinkled his brows, “What’s happening?”

“A large area of unrest.” Fu Yunshen was faint, “There are not enough men, I need to go for support.”

Ying Zidian looked straight at him, “I’ll go with you.”

Even Fu Yunshen could be injured in the war-torn area with all the artillery fire.

After all, an ancient martial artist’s internal energy was not inexhaustible.

Once the internal energy was depleted, there was no way to be invulnerable to swords and spears.

She had also heard Nie Yi say that Fu Yunshen was admired by the ibi because he had been born into death many times and maintained world peace.

It was only in the past two years that his life had become a little more peaceful.

Ying Zidian had examined Fu Yunshen’s body.

There were some injuries that he could have avoided with his abilities.

It was obvious that these wounds had been sustained to protect the others.

Fu Yunshen was silent for a moment.

He leaned down and rubbed her head, smiling very gently: “This way, you go to ibi and bring Anthony with you, okay?”

“Deal.” Ying Ziji simply shoved her bag directly into his hand, “There should be enough medicine in here to last for a while, wait for me.”

**

The other side.

Ancient Martial World.

Hall of Justice.

Today was Jiang Yan’s rest day.

After he finished training, he came out holding his back and saw Ling Mianxi waiting for him outside.

Jiang Yan was touched: “Sister.”

Ever since he had been bullied at Justice Hall, Ling Mianxi had personally come to pick him up every time he went home.

“Well, let’s go.” Ling Mianxi looked him up and down, somewhat disgusted.

Jiang Yan took his own phone from her hand and frowned after glancing at the news, “Sis, there’s unrest over in O Chau again.”

He clicked on the picture and on it was a flurry of artillery fire.

The number of casualties was rising.

Jiang Yan thought he remembered something and his expression changed, “Sis, there’s war over there, isn’t that Nie Yi there too?”

Nie Yi’s ancient martial arts cultivation was nowhere near the level of an ancient martial arts master.

He could defend against bullets, but he couldn’t use his inner strength to stop them in the air like an ancient martial arts master.

“I know.” Ling Mianxi paused, “So don’t go home next week if I’m not free to pick you up, stay at the Hall of Justice.”

“No way, sis, you’re running over there too?” Jiang Yan froze, “If something happens to you, what about your aunt?”

Saying that, he frowned again, “Nie Yi didn’t say anything to you?”

Hearing this, Ling Mianxi was silent for a moment and said in a very soft voice, “The first time he went on a mission, he told me about it.”

Jiang Yan couldn’t figure it out, “Said what?”

“Here.” Ling Mianxi tossed the phone to him.

Jiang Yan was surprised: “So generous to show me the messages between you two directly?”

“What’s wrong with showing it to you, it’s not like it’s anything untoward.” Ling Mianxi shrugged, “Is it possible that you still want to steal your brother-in-law?”

Jiang Yan: “.....”

Fuck.

He was an ironically straight man.

Not only could he not talk over Xiu Yu, Ling Mianxi he never did either.

Jiang Yan was glad that Ying Ziji wasn't a talkative person and didn't dislike him all the time.

He looked down, reading the text message Nie Yi had sent to Ling Mianxi.

There was the time in the bottom right corner, and it was September 2019.

It had been over two years ago.

Nie Yi's style of writing was as simple and direct as he was as a person.

[Xiaomian, if something happens to me, don't wait for me.]

Jiang Yan's heart fluttered.

He remembered that this point in time also happened to be when there was a riot somewhere in the world.

Nie Yi had gone and luckily didn't die, but he was also badly injured.

He pursed his lips and handed the phone back to Ling Mianxi, “Then you're still”

Nie Yi's job was no different from the ancient martial artists of the Hall of Justice.

First and foremost, it was the people of Dawn they had to protect.

After that, it was home.

“That's his duty.” Ling Mianxi put her phone away and said lightly, “If he didn't have a duty, I wouldn't be with him.”

She tilted her head “You didn't take an oath when you joined the Hall of Justice?”

Jiang Yan scratched his head, “My rank isn't high enough yet, I won't make an oath until I reach level one.”

“That's true.” Ling Mianxi nodded, “Your current cultivation level is still too low.”

Jiang Yan asked again, “Where's your bestie?”

“Oh, Fuyi is still in seclusion.” Ling Mianxi said, “I can’t stay, making me go into seclusion for that long is no different from taking my life.”

Jiang Yan shrugged.

If his cousin really put it all together like Yue Fuyi, she might have been half a step ahead of the Ancient Martial Grandmaster.

After walking a few steps, he suddenly noticed something wrong again.

In September 2019, Ling Mianxi was only 16 years old.

Jiang Yan: “.....”

Nie Yi was done.

**

The other side.

The Xie family.

The butler hurriedly entered a courtyard and whispered a few words in Xie Nian’s ear, “Eldest Miss, the news is true, the secular world’s news networks are full of these news, and Nie Yi is not in China.”

“Very well.” Xie Nian opened her eyes and a cruel smile crossed her red lips, “Prepare to make your move.”

Chapter 666

The butler nodded, “According to Eldest Miss’s instructions, everything is ready.”

Back at the beginning of the year, Xie Nian had already formulated a plan to target Ling Mianxi.

Xie Nian’s eyes clouded over for a few moments, “Not bad, what about the Martial Alliance side?”

This old man, Cheng Yuan, had really hit hard, leaving her alive in bed for almost two months.

If not for Xie Huanran being in seclusion, how could she have been humiliated like this?

“Eldest Miss, Alliance Leader Cheng Yuan is not in the Martial Dao Alliance, nor is he in any of the Ancient Martial Realm cities.” The butler said, “Word came from the Martial Dao Alliance

side that Cheng Yuan had gone to look for his master and had gone over to the No Man's Land more than a month ago and couldn't make it back."

He smiled, "What's more, he doesn't have any friendship with the Ling family."

"His master?" Xie Nian frowned, "Who?"

Cheng Yuan's cultivation level was already very high, wouldn't his master be even stronger?

"I don't know for now, the Martial Alliance side is hiding it very tightly." The butler shook his head, "But my subordinate speculates that Cheng Yuan's master has most likely already returned to the west, otherwise why else would he still be looking?"

Given Cheng Yuan's age, that was an elderly existence among ancient martial artists.

If Cheng Yuan's ancient martial arts cultivation did not break through to a higher level, he would not be able to escape the fate of falling in another ten years or so.

Xie Huanran, on the other hand, was even older.

Therefore, the Xie family was also worried about his retreat this time.

If Xie Huanran failed and died, given the Xie family's style over the years, I was afraid that they would be crushed by the entire ancient martial arts community.

But if Xie Huanran succeeded, the ancient martial world would be the domain of the entire Xie family.

No one will be able to stop them anymore.

"Not bad, I think his master probably died long ago." Xie Nian grunted slightly and laughed coldly, "Yue Fuyi is also in seclusion, this time, I'll see how Ling Mianxi can escape."

What she Xie Nian wanted, there was nothing she couldn't get.

**

Ying Zigu's side.

Fu Yunshen and her separated at the plane port.

She took Xie Nai on another helicopter to ibi headquarters.

"I'll leave you at ibi," Ying Ziji took the computer Sinai had modified for her, "there is the most comprehensive information database there, as long as your niece was born in the seven continents and four oceans, even if she is black, ibi's information database has it."

She paused, faint: “But just by your little features, you won’t find it for another ten years.”

“I’ve been looking for ten years anyway, so what difference does it make if I look for another few decades.” Sinai’s eyes were slightly red as she whispered, “I’m just afraid that sister-in-law won’t last long enough to wake up.”

“Hm.” Ying Ziyi nodded, “I’ll help your sister-in-law take a look when I get into town.”

Xinai nodded and began to assemble another mobile phone.

Ying Zidian leaned against the window and closed his eyes to rest.

An hour later, as if sensing something, she suddenly opened her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Sinai looked over, “Is it coming?”

“No.” Ying shook her head and picked up her phone and dialed a number.

When the hand picked up there, she said straight away, “Mianxi, you might be in danger in the last two days, pay attention, it’s best not to go out.”

“Ah? Danger?” Ling Mianxi was stunned, “I’m planning to help out in the war-torn area the day after tomorrow, it’s normal that I’ll encounter danger.”

Ying Zidian’s eyebrows knitted up, “You’re going to the war zone?”

“Isn’t it short of people? I’m going to help out.” Ling Mianxi said, “I haven’t had anything to do lately anyway.”

Ying raised a hand to shade her eyes and looked again.

Blur.

Ling Mianxi’s future was a blur.

There were only two outcomes.

One was that her divine calculation ability was not enough to fully calculate it.

The other was that Ling Mianxi was so close to her that she could sense Ling Mianxi’s danger, but could not see what danger she was in.

Ying Ziji pressed her temples.

The first was unlikely; she could already see the various natural disasters in the next six months on the seven continents and four oceans.

Whether it was an earthquake or a tsunami, the number of casualties could be counted to a tee.

But the second?

She and Ling Mianxi were not even related by blood, nor were they as close as she and Fu Yunshen were to each other.

Ying Zidian looked at her hand in silence, her fingers slowly closing.

The “heart” she had lost had taken away so much of her memory and strength.

Ling Mianxi spoke, “Ying?”

“You’re going to the war zone, I’ll go with you.” Ying Zidian returned to his senses, his voice slowing down, “When I send ibi’s air fleet over, I’ll go to the imperial capital to look for you.” “Don’t go out until I’m there.”

“Okay.” Ling Mianxi agreed readily, “Little Burning Fuel says you’re a godly man, sometimes mysterious, but I’ll listen to your words, I’ll wait for you.”

**

Four hours later.

ibi headquarters.

This is where a number of transnational criminals are being held.

It was off-duty time, and apart from the search officers, agents and secret agents who needed to run around, civilian staff were also coming in and out.

Ying Ziyi and Sinai attracted a lot of attention.

After all, the combination of a girl with a little girl didn’t really fit in with ibi’s thundering style.

The lady at the reception desk was a bit surprised, but still took out her book and asked with concern: “Miss, are you here to ask for help? Please tell us the difficulties you are experiencing and we will help you as quickly as possible.”

It was true that sometimes residents would come straight into the ibi building to seek refuge.

“No need.” Ying took out his papers and put them on the table, “I need to see Anthony.”

The papers had a name and a photo on them.

And at the bottom right, a big red s was written.

An s-rank agent!

This was an existence that was on the same level as Deputy Director Daya.

The receptionist's hand shivered and she immediately saluted, "Sir."

There were quite a few oriental faces in ibi, but there were simply no girls as young as Ying Ziyi or of S rank.

After saluting, the receptionist immediately began to check the documents, "Sir, Officer Anthony and the director are in the conference room on the seventy-eighth floor, I'll connect you now."

Ying nodded slightly, "Please."

The receptionist finished making the call and respectfully said, "Elevator s2, it's ready."

Ying Zidian took the pass card and led Sinai to the lift.

Sinai looked at ibi's headquarters building with a little curiosity.

"The lift stopped with a ding.

Ying Ziji patted Sinai's head: "Wait for me here, don't run around."

She entered the code and pushed open the door.

The war had broken out suddenly and the senior management of ibi was having an emergency meeting.

The girl's arrival brought the meeting to an abrupt break.

Apart from Sidney Lee, everyone else was seeing Ying's real face for the first time.

The last time Anthony had seen her, it was also a mask.

There was a moment of silence in the conference room.

"Anthony, the chief has an order." Ying Zidian took out his warrant, "You and the air fleet are ordered to go to the war zone quickly to support them."

"Yes!" Anthony snapped back to his senses, "I'm on my way!"

His mind was in a crouch.

He envisioned what that face really looked like under the mask.

But such a look was simply not something that could be imagined.

Li Xini also nodded, “It seems that the chief already has a countermeasure, in that case, Anthony, you follow Miss Ying and we’ll discuss other matters.”

Anthony was fist-pumping and could not wait.

And just then, an icy female voice rang out.

“What authority do you have to order ibi’s air fleet commander?”

To the left of the long conference table was a woman in her early forties, dressed in a tight black agent’s suit, with a typical oriental face.

Anthony turned his head and frowned, “Ms. Whitefall, this is an order from the Chief.”

“I am not disobeying his orders, I give you permission to take the air fleet to the rescue.” White Drop looked up and looked directly at the girl, “I am asking again, what qualifies you to be here to issue orders for him.”

Lithini frowned back, “Ms. Whitefall, you-”

White Drop ibi’s only ss-rated female agent had been in office before Fu Yunshen took charge of ibi.

Seniority and age were higher than all of them.

Normally, they all treated Bai Descending with respect.

After all, the ibi of the early twenty-first century was also propped up by White Drop.

“I was watching how he took in ibi, he is a very good late bloomer and should not be tied down by personal feelings.” White Drop’s voice was light, “If there was ever a war and something happened to you, would he be there to save you or protect the rest of the crowd?”

To no one’s surprise, the atmosphere was instantly sabre rattling.

“Ms. Whitefall, you say that, can’t the chief save them all?” Anthony gasped, “Why does it have to be one or the other?”

“Just the truth, there are many things in this world where it is difficult to have it both ways.” White Drop stood up, his face cold and solemn, “I want to see what you are capable of that would make him so relieved to leave the issuing of the call to you.”

Ying Zidian’s mood didn’t fluctuate, instead he raised his eyebrows with interest, “So?”

White descended indifferently, “Beat me and ibi will do whatever you want.”

She moved her wrists, “What, you don’t dare to come?”

Chapter 667

“.....”

There was silence in the conference room.

Sidney Lee frowned.

White Drop’s strength had always been a mystery.

Including the origins.

White Drop was clearly not an ancient martial artist, nor had she fought any forbidden drugs.

Yet she had a high force value and possessed strength that did not belong to an ancient martial arts master.

After taking over the ibi from the previous director, Li Xini had specifically looked into Bai Drop’s origins.

There was no record of Bai Qi from her birth to her twentieth year, as if she had not existed before.

But when Li Xini found out about the location of the World City from Fu Yunshen, he finally realised.

I’m afraid that White Drop came from the City of Worlds.

However, it was estimated that even Bai Qianyuan himself was not aware of this matter.

It was because those who chose to leave the World City completely, whether actively or passively, would have their memories erased accordingly.

Simon Grande, for example.

There was some concern for Sidney Lee.

The World City was a new location for them and no one knew what the real strength of the World City was.

There were even fewer people in ibi who had fought with White Drop.

But all of those who had fought her had lost, except for Fu Yunshen.

It was also because Fu Yunshen had beaten her that, during the internal riots at ibi a few years ago, Bai Qi led the agents under her command to side with Fu Yunshen.

Having worked with Bai Qi for so many years, Li Xini knows exactly what kind of person she is.

She was warm-hearted because she had helped many people who came to the ibi for help.

But it wasn't wrong to say that she was cold-blooded and heartless either, because Bai Qi had cut off all personal feelings and only served ibi.

"Tie your hair." Ying Zigui tied a high ponytail with a hair ring, revealing her white neck, and she raised her hand, "Please."

"Decisive enough." White Drop's expression eased a little, "Come."

"No, this" Anthony tried to step forward to stop it, but was held down by Sidney Lee.

He whispered, "You think the chief hasn't thought of that? Don't be nosy."

Anthony could only shut up.

Several S-rank agents moved all the tables and chairs out of the way, leaving enough open space.

Also at the same moment, White Drop made her move.

Her stance was not flashy, just a very simple outburst of her palm.

"Boom!"

Ying Zidian raised her hand and directly met the palm.

The girl blocked it so easily that Bai Shen let out a soft "eek".

But she didn't stop, her attack was faster and more severe, and her strength was gradually increasing.

The two were in full physical combat, without any weapons.

But what was clearly a fight was so beautiful it was like a dance.

The girl's waist was soft to the point of indifference, and she struck with great indifference.

Elbow strikes!

Roundhouse kicks!

The trained S-rank agents had looked dumbfounded and were beginning to wonder if they had received fake training.

Three minutes later.

One of the girl's hands crossed in front of White Drop's neck and the other firmly clasped her cleaving palm.

White Drop's eyes changed.

Ying let go of her hand and took a step back, not slowing down, "Ms. White Drop, oblige."

White Drop was an SS-ranked agent with high experience in combat.

No one else could tell, but she knew clearly that in just those three minutes of sparring, if it had been a real gunfight on the battlefield, she would have died at least fifty times.

Ying Zidian's fighting skills were too strong.

Almost every move went straight for the opponent's vitals, but at the same time did not expose her own weaknesses.

A born fighter, and a born killer.

Completely crushing.

"I've lost." Bai Shen held Ying Zidian's outstretched hand and stood up with a solemn expression, "I retract my opinion, you are not a vase that can only be looked at."

Ying Zidian raised an eyebrow slightly, "Thank you for the compliment."

"Compliment?"

"Well, you said I was good looking and discerning."

White Drop: "....."

"Very good very good." White Drop suddenly smiled, "If he bullies you in the future, you give me the word that I still have a voting card in my hand to re-elect the ibi supreme officer, and I'll take the other S-rank agents and vote for you."

"Prove to them that we women don't lose to men."

Sini Lee: "....."

Anthony: “.....”

A few other s-rank agents: “.....”

They just wanted to silently light a wax for their chief.

Ying Ziyi wasn't really interested in the Commander ibi, she raised her eyes and cut to the chase: “Ms. White Drop, have you heard of the City of Worlds?”

White Drop's physical strength was indeed not something that could be had by playing with forbidden drugs.

Moreover, she did not feel the presence of any internal energy in White Surrender's body.

It could only be the genetic engineering of the City of Worlds.

“City of Worlds?” White Surrender frowned and shook her head, “Is that the message you guys sent back a while ago? I hadn't heard of it before then.”

“Just a moment.” Ying pressed his headset, “I'm asking Ms. White Drop to meet someone.”

A few minutes later, the door to the conference room was pushed open once more.

Sinai poked her head in before finally entering slowly.

“Sister-in-law, you have all the children?” Anthony was surprised, “But why are her eyes blue?”

Sidney Lee pressed his head, “Oh my God

Why is there a fool in his cohort.

Ying didn't bother with Anthony, but asked, “Sinai, ever seen her?”

“Huh?” Sinai looked up and stared at White Drop for a long moment before his expression changed, “You're not dead?”

These three words directly asserted Bai Shen's origin.

Ying Zigui's eyes were slightly frozen, “You're shocked that she's not dead?”

“Of course I'm shocked.” Sinai pressed his watch, “You see, she was one of the first genetic experimenters codenamed no.7 at the Institute.”

“But none of the first genetic experimenters lived up to the Institute's vision, so they all failed.”

A hovering 3d projection appeared in front of the crowd.

In the 3d projection, White Drop was wearing a white lab coat and lying in an experimental chamber.

Twenty years ago, at the beginning of the twentieth century, World City had only embarked on a genetic modification programme for people.

The whole room was shocked at these words.

White Drop's expression changed dramatically: "I was originally a resident of the City of Worlds?"

"I don't know why the Institute didn't destroy you when the experiments on you failed." Sinai said, "Given their style, they wouldn't have let you go only."

Ying tapped on the table, "It's just a failure."

A failed product was even comparable to an ancient martial arts master.

The City of Worlds was indeed unfathomable.

"Let's go to the war-torn area first." Ying Zigui stood up, faintly, "This matter will be postponed for now."

White Descent was the first to salute, "Yes, sir!"

**

The following day.

Early morning.

Ling Mianxi sent Jiang Yan to the Hall of Justice.

"I'll walk you here." She put her hands in her pockets and stopped at the entrance of the city, "Go by yourself."

Jiang Yan wondered, "Didn't you say yesterday that you were going to the Hall of Justice to participate in the ring tournament to improve your strength?"

"Oh, because Ying told me to stay at home." Ling Mianxi said, "So I won't go out of the Ling family's territory, I'll wait until she comes."

"Let you stay at home?" Jiang Yan was still puzzled though, "Fine, I'll go."

Ling Mianxi waved her hand and turned around to head back to the city.

After the Ling family and the ancient medical community started working together, the city they were in prospered quite a bit.

Ling Mianxi bought a few incense pouches and was ready to go back.

But just then, her ears twitched, catching some distant sounds.

Ling Mianxi's expression changed.

She stopped going back to the Ling family, turned around and flew out of the city gates.

In a dozen seconds, she had already run three hundred metres.

Before she had time to see who was on the opposite side, Ling Mianxi clenched her palm into a fist and attacked.

“Boom!”

The two fists collided, and both sides took a few steps back.

But Ling Mianxi still firmly blocked in front of Jiang Yan, her eyes cold: “Xie, Nian!”

“Sister.” Jiang Yan gritted his teeth, “You leave me alone.”

Ling Mianxi sneered, “Shut up.”

On the ground were the corpses of an entire escort team from the Ling family.

All of them had died protecting Jiang Yan.

Xie Nian's red lips curled up in an arrogant smile, “Ling Mianxi, I didn't want to make a move on you, I couldn't help it, who let your boyfriend be in my sights.”

“I, for one, don't like to share anything with others, so before that, I'm going to get rid of you first.”

Before she could finish her words, Xie Nian moved.

But it wasn't Xie Nian she attacked, it was Jiang Yan.

There was nothing wrong with Jiang Yan being a genius in ancient martial arts, but because his internal energy had been in riot for a long time.

He had only started his formal training after Ying Zigui had finished treating him over a year ago, more than ten years later than other ancient martial artists.

His cultivation level was completely incomparable to Xie Nian's, who had been training since he was a child.

Xie Nian was able to make Jiang Yan's five internal organs tumble with the wind of his palm.

This was the absolute suppression of a high-level ancient martial artist against a low-level ancient martial artist.

Ling Mianxi blocked as she led Jiang Yan backwards.

But at the same time, in order to protect Jiang Yan, she had also taken quite a few hard attacks from Xie Nian.

There was blood flowing down the corners of her mouth.

Seeing this, Xie Nian laughed: "Ling Mianxi, leave him alone, you know you can run on your own, just leave him alone."

Ling Mianxi didn't say a word, firmly following Xie Nian's attacking move.

Their internal energy collided, air currents moved sideways, and there was a bursting sound in the air.

Xie Nian's attack was frantic.

And finally, Ling Mianxi found an opening.

She raised her hand and slapped Jiang Yan's back, sending him directly across the river, "Jiang Yan, go!"

At the same time, she took another hard slap from Xie Nian and a mouthful of blood spurted out, falling in drips and drops.

Jiang Yan's expression changed greatly; "Sister!"

Ling Mianxi took a deep breath and her eyes were stern: "Jiang Yan, go! I repeat, leave! Do you want to die here too?"

"Have you forgotten what I said to you? A man is a man, it's never too late for a gentleman to take revenge, you still have to hold up the Ling family!"

Jiang Yan gritted his teeth, a choke emerged from his throat, turned around and ran.

He used his fastest speed and ran towards the Ling family.

Jiang Yan held back his tears, his eyes red, “Sister, wait for me, hold on, I’m going to find someone!”

The guards waiting by the side asked Xie Nian, “Eldest Miss, should we settle this together?”

Xie Nian glanced at Jiang Yan, who was running towards the distance, and didn’t care too much.

She was indifferent and sneered contemptuously, “Let him run, let him go and bring in help, I want to see which of the help he brings in dares to make a move on me.”

Of course, with the Ling Family’s Old Ancestor’s cultivation of around two hundred years, it would be easy to kill her.

But did the Ling Family’s old ancestor dare?

How could the Ling Family Ancestor ignore the lives of hundreds of people in the Ling Family and go up against Xie Huanran for the sake of Ling Mianxi?

Even if she were to kill the direct descendants of the Lin and Yue families today, the two families wouldn’t dare to say a word.

In the ancient martial world, there were too many ancient martial artists with higher ancient martial cultivation than Xie Nian, but no one dared to kill her because no one could afford Xie Huanran’s insane revenge.

Even Cheng Yuan had at most beaten her until she was seriously injured.

If Cheng Yuan really killed her, not a single person in the Martial Alliance would be able to survive.

Xie Nian hooked her lips, no longer hiding it, and attacked even more viciously.

Each move went straight for Ling Mianxi’s vitals.

Jiang Yan didn’t dare to turn back, he ran desperately, covering his mouth to keep from crying out.

He only hated himself for being too weak, for not having the strength to fight Xie Nian.

Ling Mianxi slowly wiped away the smile at the corner of her lips, her back still erect: “Is that all you’ve got?”

Xie Nian’s eyes sank bit by bit.

She was a half-step Ancient Martial Arts Master Patriarch, and her Ancient Martial Arts cultivation level had now broken the eighty-year mark.

Ling Mianxi wasn't even seventy years.

It was amazing that she could still last so long.

Even though Xie Nian held the idea of a cat playing with a mouse, she didn't have that much time to play.

She smiled grimly, "Ling Mianxi, this is the end, I will send you to the Western Paradise."

Xie Nian gathered all her internal energy and attacked Ling Mianxi's heart.

Ling Mianxi gritted her teeth and swallowed back all the blood.

She raised her eyes and Jiang Yan had already returned to the city.

Ling Mianxi let out a sigh of relief, her tense body relaxing, followed by an overwhelming tiredness.

At least her brother was okay.

She could rest easy.

At that moment, an angry roar rang out.

"Xie Nian!"

"Sister!"

Xie Nian glanced at the Ling clan elders and old ancestors who had hurriedly arrived not far away, wiping a handful of blood belonging to Ling Mianxi from her face.

She licked her lips and giggled, "Count yourself lucky!"

Xie Nian clapped her hands and had the guards throw the seriously injured and dying Ling Mianxi onto the ground casually.

Then, in front of all of Ling's family, she left in an open and arrogant manner.

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"Xie Nian!" The Ling Family's old ancestor's eyes were wide with anger, "You seek death!"

The unprecedented anger caused his speed to rise again and he struck out directly at Xie Nian.

Xie Nian's heart skipped a beat and there was a moment of panic.

She then calmed down and faintly glanced at the guards.

The guards clenched the cold blades in their hands and gritted their teeth.

When they followed Xie Nian on her mission today, they knew that there was an 80% chance that they would not be able to return alive.

The Xie family treated the guards like slaves.

For the safety of their families, they had to listen to Xie Nian's orders as well.

The guards looked at each other and all gathered around them.

The Ling family's old ancestor's cultivation level was so much higher than theirs that they completely used their flesh to give Xie Nian time to leave.

Jiang Yan then watched Xie Nian sail away as he roared, "Xie Nian!"

In the distance, there fell her arrogant laughter.

"Come on, I'm waiting for you to kill me at the Xie family, as long as you dare, as long as you dare to take the lives of seven hundred and thirty-four people from the Ling family!"

These words brought the Ling Family's old ancestor's footsteps to a raw halt.

Jiang Yan's heart also went cold.

Was there anyone in the ancient martial world who could beat Xie Huanran?

"Go back first." The Ling Family's old ancestor picked Ling Mianxi up with his wide sleeves and was silent for a moment, "It's imperative to save Xiaomian first, if we can't, let's raise our family and leave the Ancient Martial Realm."

Jiang Yan pursed his lips and clenched his fists.

He carefully shielded himself next to Ling Mianxi, and froze for a moment as his eyes glanced over.

In the hand of Ling Mianxi, who had fallen into a heavy coma and was already unconscious, was still holding an object in a dead grip.

Her mobile phone.

The shattered screen was stained with blood, and one could vaguely make out the page of WeChat.

**

The Ling family.

Ling's mother was chatting idly with Ling Chonglou and Jiang Zuoping, all three of them with smiling faces.

That is, until the Ling family's oldest ancestor hurriedly returned with Ling Mianxi in his arms, "Quickly go and invite Duke Fu Shen."

He had already sealed Ling Mianxi's acupuncture points, but there was still blood constantly left behind.

If he didn't treat her in time, I was afraid her life would be in danger.

Ling's mother just took one look at her and instantly fainted.

Jiang Zheping held her in time, and her heart trembled.

Ling Mianxi's injuries were too severe.

The young girl's skin was pale, like a broken rag doll.

Ling Chonglou's face sank, "What the hell is going on here?"

"Dad, it's me,," Jiang Yan whispered, "I was cut off by Xie Nian."

Ling Chonglou frowned, "Xie Nian?"

"Let's not talk about that right now." Jiang Zheping shook his head, "Save Xiaomian first."

The Ling family's subordinates scrambled, and the butler immediately went to ask for Fu Shen.

Fu Shen had been stationed at the Ling family's home, and his medical and ancient martial arts skills had improved considerably over the past few months.

But this was the first time he had seen such a serious injury.

After stopping Ling Mianxi's bleeding and then bandaging her head, Fu Shen was silent for a moment: "I'm sorry, I'm not a good doctor, there's a domineering internal energy in her body, I'm too low in cultivation to force it out."

Ling Chonglou immediately decided, "I'll try."

“Uncle Ling, you can’t.” Fu Shen shook his head, “You have to be an ancient doctor to do it, the internal energy of ancient martial artists is too overbearing and will directly cause her meridians to be ruptured.”

Jiang Yan turned around, “I’ll go and find the old ancestor of the Fu family.”

“Can’t go.” The Ling Family’s Eldest Elder’s voice sank, “Just a moment ago I’ve already been to the passage between the Ancient Medicine and Ancient Martial Realms, the Xie Family has two ancestors blocking it, both with Ancient Martial cultivation levels of three hundred years, they simply can’t get through.”

Obviously, the Xie family had been planning for a long time, just waiting for this day.

Fu Shen was anxious: “What about Miss Ying?”

“Father Ying, she, she is still outside.” Jiang Yan pursed his lips, “She’s gone to the war zone, it’ll take her more than ten hours to get back, is it still too late?”

“.....”

Everyone fell silent.

The Ling family’s old ancestor’s body swayed, his expression disheveled.

Could it be that it was really just a matter of watching

The door was pushed open at that moment, and a familiar voice rang out.

It was cold and clear and possessed a reassuringly powerful force.

“Fu Shen stay, the others go out.”

Jiang Yan turned his head sharply, surprised: “Father Ying!”

“Miss Ying!”

“Ziggy?!”

Ying Zidian wiped the thin sweat from his head and took a slow breath, “Speed, don’t drag out the time.”

The Ling family’s oldest ancestor was the first to react and immediately used his inner strength to take everyone out, closing the door in the process.

Ying Ziji sat down by Ling Mianxi’s bed.

Her fingers trembled as she looked at the young girl who didn't even have blood on her lips.

This morning her premonition had become stronger and she had seen some new images.

The image was of a forest, and the location of Ling Mianxi's accident was in the Ancient Martial World.

So instead of going to the war-torn area, she changed to another plane mid-flight to turn back to China.

But she was still a step behind.

Ying Ziji took a slow breath, put on her medical gloves and suppressed the hostility she hadn't felt in a long time: "Scissors."

Immediately, Fu Shen handed over the scissors.

The silent chamber was the girl's methodical, cold voice.

"Gold needles."

"Tweezers."

"Seven inch long silver needles."

Fu Shen handed them over one by one, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Xie Nian's methods were extremely vicious.

She had left her own internal energy inside Ling Mianxi's body, and this residual internal energy was pounding Ling Mianxi's internal organs all the time.

It was obvious that she wanted to turn Ling Mianxi into a vegetable.

Fu Shen let out a sigh of relief.

But fortunately, with his master, there was no one in this world who could not be saved.

**

Ling Chonglou and the others had been standing outside the door waiting, not even daring to sit down.

Every minute and every second was a torment.

Three hours later, the tightly closed door of the house finally opened.

The girl came out.

Ling's mother, who had not long woken up, immediately stepped forward and grabbed her hand, her voice choked with sobs: "Ying, Miss Ying, please tell me, I can take it all."

Ying Zidian didn't answer and let the door open, "Auntie, come in."

Ling's mother froze and stumbled a few steps before rushing in.

If Ying Ziji could say that, then Ling Mianxi was absolutely fine.

"Father Ying, you scolded me, hit me." Jiang Yan's eyes were scarlet and he flopped down on his knees, his voice hoarse, "It's all my fault, my sister did it to protect me"

If it wasn't for him, Ling Mianxi could have escaped unharmed against Xie Nian even if she was undefeated.

"Since when do victims also believe in victim guilt theory?" Ying Ziji's eyes were cold, "Are you suppressing yourself?"

"You really don't look like the school bully I know when you're like this, don't make me say it twice, get up."

Jiang Yan's eyes grew even redder.

He was able to protect other students at Qingzhi.

But in the ancient martial world, he was so small as to be unbearable.

"Uncle Ling, Auntie Jiang." Ying Ziji closed the door behind him and coughed, "Next, I have something important to say to you."

Both Ling Chonglou and Jiang Ping's expressions froze for a few moments.

This was the first time that Ying Ziji had spoken to them in such a solemn tone.

"Please take the Ling family and relocate to the secular world." Ying Ziji's voice was slow, "The Ji family has many villas, and a few hundred people will be able to live there, so it's definitely enough."

Hearing these words, the couple both froze.

Jiang Yan also froze, "Ying Dad?"

The secular world wasn't suitable for ancient martial artists to cultivate.

This was the reason why the Ling family hadn't moved away from the Ancient Martial Realm for so many years.

If they went to the secular world, their cultivation speed would be at least four times lower.

The Ling Family had indeed always had the idea of moving to the Secular Realm, only that it had never been executed.

"I'll explain later." Ying Ziji picked up his mobile phone and pressed a series of numbers.

It was the mobile phone number of the Judicial Hall Elders Group.

A few seconds later, the call was answered and she spoke, "Grand Elder, it's me."

"Oh, Miss Ying." The Grand Elder's expression was solemn, "Have you finished your business outside?"

The Ling family was hundreds of miles away from the Hall of Justice, and news of Ling Mianxi being seriously injured by Xie Nian had not yet reached them.

"Not yet." Ying Zigui paused, "It happened suddenly, and there's something that needs to be prepared by the Grand Elder immediately."

The Grand Elder nodded, "You tell me, as long as it is within my capabilities."

"Please, Grand Elder, take the entire Justice Hall out of the Ancient Martial World in seven days, to the Ancient Medical World or to the Secular World, but all entrances to the Ancient Martial World must be closed." Ying said, "After that, if you never hear from me, you should all be settled by the end of June when you rejoin the Ancient Martial Realm again."

Once the entrance to the Ancient Martial Realm was closed, even Wind Cultivators, without if, could not open the passage.

After all, Ancient Martial Arts was only widening the physical limits of humans, not the immortal cultivation in urban immortal novels with any talk of ascension.

Even the strongest human could not blow up the continent with one punch.

These words made the Grand Elder fail to react immediately.

He had a bad feeling in his heart and giggled violently, "Miss Ying, what are you doing?"

Evacuating the Ancient Martial World was the next best thing.

Ying Zigui raised her head and looked in the direction of the Xie family.

She stroked her sleeve, her voice faint: “I’m going to kill Xie Nian.

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“!”

The girl’s voice was calm, as if she was just going to have a cup of tea.

But the Eldest Elder knew clearly that by saying these words, Ying Zigui was prepared to die with Xie Huanran.

Otherwise, he would not have considered everyone in his words and actions, nor would he have acted as if he was explaining the aftermath.

Looking at the entire ancient martial arts world, Xie Nian’s cultivation level was definitely not even upper-middle.

There were countless people who could kill her.

Ling Chonglou, an Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster, had a higher cultivation level than Xie Nian.

Below the Ancient Martial Grandmaster, all were ants!

But behind Xie Nian stood Xie Huanran.

But behind Xie Nian stood Xie Huanran, and to Xie Huanran, all Ancient Martial Grandmasters were mere ants that could be destroyed at the drop of a hat.

No one wanted to kill Xie Nian, but they could not afford Xie Huanran’s revenge.

The Liu family was a lesson from the past.

The Eldest Elder’s heart leapt: “Miss Ying, what happened?”

They had already planned to formally strike at the Xie family when they found Feng Xiu.

But now, there was still no sign of Feng Xiu.

The Eldest Elder hurried, “Miss Ying, don’t be impulsive.”

“I am not impulsive.” Ying Ziji repeated again, this time in a smile, “I’m going to kill Xie Nian.”

Nie Yi had been born and died for Fu Yunshen and the people of Li, how could she stand by and watch Ling Mianxi live and die without knowing.

She said that Jiang Yan should not blame herself, but in her heart she was not blaming herself.

If she had returned a little earlier, Ling Mianxi would not have had to suffer these injuries.

The Eldest Elder blurted out, “Miss Ying!”

“Eldest Elder, the words have come to this.” Ying Ziji gave another light laugh, “My friend was injured, I’m only human and can’t do all the calculations, so I had to eradicate the root of the trouble.”

“Grand Elder, before Xie Huanran comes out of the gate, please bring everyone from the Hall of Justice out of the Ancient Martial Realm incomparably.”

The conversation between Ying Zigui and the Grand Elder was clearly heard by Ling Chonglou and Jiang Zuoping.

Both husband and wife were also startled.

“Ziggy, calm down, you must be calm.” Jiang Painting Screen spoke in a deep voice, “Xie Nian is good to kill, but Xie Huanran, he

If Xie Huanran succeeded in getting out of seclusion this time, his cultivation would break the four hundred year mark.

Completely invulnerable to swords and spears and invulnerable to all poisons.

Ancient martial artists at this level would not even have the ability to touch him as long as they didn’t want to.

From a distance of a hundred metres, he would be able to take the life of the opponent.

Xie Huanran doesn’t even need to show his internal energy outwardly all the time, his internal energy will automatically form a protective barrier.

Even colourless and odourless poisons would be detected by his internal energy before they touched his skin.

Many people believe that Feng Xiu is not dead for this same reason.

Because at this level of ancient martial arts cultivation, there is nothing that can kill them unless their life span is exhausted.

Of course, a dozen nuclear bombs could be used to move and level the Ancient Martial Realm, but the cost would be many lives.

Not everyone wanted to leave the Ancient Martial Realm.

“It’s okay.” Ying Ziji held the phone and spoke lightly, “I don’t have a clan, no worries, he can’t retaliate even if he wants to.”

After the passage to the Ancient Martial World was closed, Xie Huanran couldn’t get out.

What’s more, she had already prepared everything to kill Xie Huanran in seven days’ time.

In order to avoid Xie Huanran’s mad revenge after he came out, she had only asked the Ling Family and the Hall of Justice to move to the Imperial Capital en masse.

Jiang Ping opened her mouth and was about to say something else when Ying Ziji had already pushed open the door, “Take a look at Mianxi.”

Inside the house, Ling’s mother was unaware of the earlier conversation.

Seeing the girl enter, she got up, stumbled on her feet and was about to kneel down, “Miss Ying, thank you, thank you so much, without you, Xiaomian she might, might

“She’s fine, no need to worship me, I’m just doing my duty.” Ying picked up Ling’s mother with one hand and pressed the corner of the blanket for Ling Mianxi with the other, “Besides, you all don’t need to blame yourselves, Mianxi can say that she was blessed by the disaster.”

Ling’s mother wiped her tears again, “What does Miss Ying mean?”

“When she wakes up, she will be an ancient martial arts master.” Ying nodded slightly, “She may sleep for a few days, during this time you can just inject her with glucose.”

She sensed that apart from the internal energy in Ling Mianxi’s body, there was another Qi.

This Qi was protecting Ling Mianxi’s heart and veins, as well as other vital parts of her body, and was even slowly repairing her wounds.

Even if she returned ten days late, under the protection of this Qi, Ling Mianxi’s life was not in danger.

With this Qi, she used the golden needles to open up Ling Mianxi’s acupuncture points, causing Ling Mianxi’s cultivation to skyrocket.

“Ancient Martial Grandmaster?!”

These four words caused several people to be taken aback.

Ancient Martial Grandmaster was a hurdle that only one in ten ancient martial artists would be able to step over.

Ling Mianxi hadn't even turned twenty this year, and she was already going to become an Ancient Martial Grandmaster?

Ling's mother attached more importance to Ling Mianxi's health, and her hands shook as she hurried out the door, "I'll go get glucose."

The room fell silent again.

"Ying Dad, I see those hunters on the nok forum are saying that diviners are the most powerful existence." Jiang Yan scratched his hair and was grumpy, "Changing the eight characters or something so that Xie Huanran is finished?"

"It's not as simple as you think." Ying Ziyi let out a low laugh, "But it's true that you can do it in this area."

Jiang Yan froze.

"Go to the Hall of Justice and get a copy of the life and death battle agreement." Ying Zidian raised his eyes and knocked on the table, "Have Xie Nian sign it."

Life and death fights were not uncommon in the ancient martial world, most of them were about fighting to settle hatreds.

The two parties who signed the life and death fight agreement, whether they lived or died, could not hold any grudges, nor could they take any revenge afterwards.

This is making an oath.

For ancient martial artists, oaths cannot be made lightly.

Otherwise, if one violated it, there would be sinful power in return.

"I want her to die a painful death in front of everyone." Ying Zidian was faint, "Let her so-called name of genius be crushed into mud."

Jiang Yan understood what Ying Zidian meant and his expression lifted as he immediately got up, "Yes, I'll go now."

Ying Zidian nodded his head.

She also stood up and walked over to the table, looking at the broken phone she had taken from Ling Mianxi's hand, and her eyes stared.

Even though it was shattered, she knew who the message was addressed to.

With a soft sigh, Ying put the phone away and went outside to the repair shop.

**

This time of year.

The war-torn zone of Earth.

A new round of engagements began, and Nie Yi retreated behind the security line.

Resting in his spare time, he hurriedly took a few bites of bread and picked up his phone to reply to messages in the meantime.

Nie Yi

The three messages were obviously sent in a hurry, with some words reversed in order and others starting with just phonetic letters.

But Nie Yi was still able to spell the complete words down.

[It should be, I can't wait for you anymore.

[Please be sure to stick to your post, there are many people waiting for you to save them, that's the Nie Yi I like.

[Take care, I.]

Nie Yi's heart suddenly constricted, as if it was being squeezed by a hand so tightly that he couldn't breathe at all.

Above his head was the incessant buzzing of bombers.

In front of his eyes was the searing fire and thick black smoke.

In an instant, the sky was spinning and the ears were ringing.

Nie Yi didn't know why Ling Mianxi was sending him these messages, but he was able to guess the outcome.

"Chief!" To the side, a captain hurriedly held him up, thinking he was too physically exhausted, "Chief, you haven't slept for three days and nights, go get some sleep."

The ibi's help had just arrived and they were able to catch their breath.

"I'm fine." Nie Yi slowly calmed his breathing and pushed Captain One's hand away, his lips pursed, "Take a leave of absence for me, I'm going back to my country."

Captain One froze, "Captain?"

Nie Yi didn't say anything.

He put on his dusty tunic, put on his helmet, and left the bombing zone without looking back.

Home had to be guarded, the world had to be protected, and the people around him couldn't be lost.

**

Early the next morning, the Justice Hall's life-and-death battle agreement was handed directly to the Xie family.

At this time Xie Nian was eating and his mood was instantly spoiled.

"Who handed me the life and death battle agreement?" Xie Nian was impatient, "Tired of living?"

There was no way she would sign a life and death agreement.

"Nian Nian, it's Ying Zidian! That ancient medical genius!" The Xie family head was surprised, "Not some ancient martial artist, Nian Nian, this is a great opportunity!"

Xie Nian frowned, "Ying Zidian? She's an ancient doctor, how dare she?"

She had thought that someone from the Ling family would come to the Xie family to seek revenge on her for Ling Mianxi.

But she hadn't thought about Ying Zidian.

What else could Ying Zidian do besides playing with gold and silver needles?

An ancient doctor, she was also playing the ancient martial artist's game of life and death.

You are really tired of living.

"Very well, this Ying Zige, with her brain problem, has given me a chance to get rid of her." Xie Nian smiled scornfully, "To come to my door so bashfully, do you really think I will let her go."

"Bring the pen."

Mrs. Xie hurriedly handed over the pen and also said, "Nian Nian, since she sent it to me, then you should sign it."

Xie Nian had always been cautious and would never sign an agreement for a life-and-death fight.

After all, the Grand Elder of the Xie Family was a very strong trigonometer, and Xie Nian had grown up with his ears open, knowing that things like vows could not be made casually.

Otherwise, when the sinful power returned, it would be her and the Xie family who would be unlucky.

But even an ancient doctor dared to issue a life and death struggle to her?

Who gave her the courage?

Xie Nian snorted coldly and signed her big name without hesitation.

The vow was complete!

Xie Nian threw the pen away, "Let's go, let's go to Autumn Leaf Lake now."

Autumn Leaf Lake was the place where the life and death battles were conducted, and there were many corpses buried at the bottom of the lake.

She wanted Ying Ziyi to become one of the thousands of corpse bones at the bottom of the lake.

The Xie family head and Lady Xie looked at each other and both nodded.

"Go and get Feng'er, and the rest of the family." The Xie family head was overjoyed, "Today on the Autumn Leaf Lake, Nian Nian is going to kill Ying Zigu, it's an unmissable show, we mustn't miss it."

How could he have ever imagined that Ying Zidian would be stupid enough to send herself to their door for them to kill.

A great opportunity in the sky, definitely not to be missed.

**

The matter of Ying Zidian's one-paper agreement to fight Xie Nian spread throughout the ancient martial world in one morning.

Even before the battle officially started at two o'clock, the viewing platform by the Autumn Leaf Lake was already packed.

In the five or six hundred year history of the ancient martial arts world, there had never been a life and death battle with such a huge difference in strength.

How could an ancient doctor compete with the first genius of the younger generation of the ancient martial world?

Many people were murmuring in amazement.

Some wanted to stop it, but the agreement for the life-and-death fight had been signed and there was no way for anyone to change it.

On the Lin family's side.

“This Ying Zidian, teenage rashness.” Lin Jinyun shook his head and commented, “A little intolerance is a big mistake, and one can't achieve great things if one is impetuous.”

After a pause, he turned his head, “Qingjia, what do you think?”

Lin Qingjia's eyes held a few moments of contemplation as she slowly said, “No, this is a decision she made after thinking it over.”

Lin Jinyun froze, “Why do you say that?”

Lin Qingjia didn't say anything, just looked towards the ring in the centre of the lake.

Xie Nian had sat there cross-legged an hour ago and waited.

She had waited impatiently, but once she thought she could finish off Ying Zigui, she waited patiently.

“Why did Ying Zidian ask to fight Xie Nian? Does she have any strength?”

“An ancient doctor fighting an ancient martial artist, tsk, unheard of.”

Many people had come to watch the fight with the intention of seeing what was going on, no one would be surprised by the outcome.

The result would only be that Ying Zidian was killed by Xie Nian in one move.

When two o'clock arrived, Xie Nian finally became completely impatient.

She stood up sharply and sneered: “Ying Zidian, aren't you coming yet? You sent the life and death duel, I took it, why are you afraid?!”

Xie Nian spoke with internal energy, and the Autumn Leaf Lake all shook and rippled under her voice.

But suddenly!

“Buzzing—”

There was the sound of a biting wind, a fierce wind blowing, hardening the ripples on the lake and stabilising it alive.

Xie Nian's expression gave a pause as she looked up.

Not far away, Ying Ziji came down from the air step by step, as if she was walking on flat ground.

Her footsteps were light, and she stepped onto the lake without any external force.

“.....”

All the voices came to a screeching halt in an instant.

An ancient martial artist!

No, not an ancient martial artist, but a dual practitioner of ancient medicine and ancient martial arts!

On the silent Autumn Leaf Lake, amidst Xie Nian's gradually frozen expression, only the girl's icy and cold voice remained.

“Xie Nian, I've come to kill you.”

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“!!!”

On the viewing platform, the Xie family head stood up in a huo manner.

The movement was so great that he almost fell off the stage.

The Xie family head's eyes were wide, unable to believe what he was seeing.

An ancient martial artist!

Only an ancient martial artist could stand in the air with the help of internal energy, and only an ancient martial artist with over fifty years of ancient martial arts training!

How could this be possible?

Wasn't Ying Zigi just an ancient doctor?

The Xie family head's face changed again and again and he gritted his teeth, "No, I've been tricked!"

If they hadn't thought that Ying Zidian was an ancient doctor with no force value, how could Xie Nian have signed a life and death battle agreement?

Apart from the Judicial Hall Elders Group and Ling Chonglou and the others, who had been clear about it for a long time, the other forces were also shocked.

"Miss Ziggy is actually a dual cultivator of Ancient Medicine and Ancient Martial Arts!"

"Dual cultivation in Ancient Medicine and Ancient Martial Arts, I wonder who is stronger, her or Miss Qingjia."

"Hey, even Miss Qingjia wouldn't dare to issue a life and death fight to Xie Nian, based on that alone, I conclude that Miss Ziji's ancient martial arts cultivation is stronger."

Lin Jinyun naturally heard these words, and his face slowly sank.

All along, Lin Qingjia had held the name of being the first genius in ancient martial arts and ancient medicine cultivation.

Now, that name was hardily snatched away.

"They're right." Lin Qingjia didn't care, but instead took a few more moments of interest, "Her ancient martial arts cultivation is indeed above mine."

Butler Lin laughed, "What's the use of being stronger, she definitely wouldn't dare to kill Xie Nian, or else everyone connected to her would have to die, who would dare to mess with Xie Huanran."

The Liu family's bloodshed was still fresh in their minds to this day.

Lin Jin Yun's expression improved a lot this time.

Not bad.

No matter what the outcome of today's life and death struggle was, Ying Zigui would not be well off.

In the ring.

"Ying Zidian, you're hiding deep enough!" Xie Nian's expression slowly turned cold and gloomy, "I didn't expect, I didn't expect, that you were actually a dual practitioner of ancient medicine and ancient martial arts, impressive, really impressive!"

She said, suddenly bursting into laughter, “But so what if you are a dual practitioner of ancient medicine and ancient martial arts? Can your ancient martial arts cultivation be higher than mine?”

She, Xie Nian, was the first genius of the young generation in the ancient martial arts world!

Even the current Yue Fuyi was still a step weaker than her.

Even a dual practitioner of ancient medicine and ancient martial arts, no matter how talented, was not as powerful as her who specialized in one.

Who could multi-task and still be at the top of everything?

“Why am I talking nonsense to you.” Xie Nian’s laughter ended, “Still coming to kill me? I should be the one to take your life!”

Before the words left her mouth, she stepped on her feet and gathered her internal energy to attack.

The Xie family’s ancient martial arts techniques had always been ruthless, and Xie Nian was aiming at the girl’s head.

However, not only did her palm miss, but it was easily dodged by Ying Zigui.

“Bang!”

Xie Nian was kicked in the abdomen, and her body suddenly flew backwards.

“Nian Nian!” The Xie family head was anxious, “Nian Nian, use the killing move directly, and finish it quickly!”

I don’t know why, but he always had a bad feeling in his heart.

It was as if something big was about to happen.

The kick didn’t hurt Xie Nian too much, but she made the face lose all her face.

Xie Nian steadied her body and her face sank even deeper: “Ying Zigui, you’re finished!”

She attacked again, harshly and viciously.

But every time, she missed the girl’s clothes.

Xie Nian was so used to being arrogant and unrestrained that she could not think seriously about many things.

In short, it was a case of developed mind and simple limbs.

She didn't consider that the girl was just teasing her, breaking her spirit little by little.

Xie Nian took it for granted that Ying Ziji's cultivation level was weaker than hers, or else she wouldn't have never attacked head-on, but only dodged.

But this way of fighting made her impatient.

"Ying Zigu, you are really annoying!" Xie Nian's eyes were gloomy, "Tricking me into signing a life-and-death fight agreement, what a good intention! How come you can't get killed?"

"Trick?" Ying Zidian easily blocked Xie Nian's attack, faintly, "Worry too much, you're not that important yet."

This sentence caused Xie Nian's blood to surge and his chest to heave with anger, "Fine, fine, I'll show you what your arrogance will bring you!"

In full view of everyone, Xie Nian took a fierce step back.

He then pinched out a brown pill from his sleeve and put it into his mouth and swallowed it.

It was at the moment when the medicinal power entered her body that Xie Nian's aura surged up.

The surface of the lake behind her vaguely fluctuated, emitting a "buzzing" sound.

"Not good!" Jiang Yan's expression changed, "This disgusting woman, she's even taking medicine!"

The other ancient martial artists were also astonished.

"What kind of medicine is that?"

"I heard that Xie Huanran left a pill for Xie Nian before he went into seclusion, condensing a portion of his internal energy, allowing Xie Nian to increase her cultivation by decades in a short period of time."

"Tragic tragic, that Ying Ziji is going to be finished this time, it's a pity in that she has no backstage, tsk."

Xie Nian sneered, "This is the end."

The strong internal energy fluctuated, causing the lake water to fluctuate once more.

There were huge waves of more than ten feet tumbling up, slowly coalescing into a huge wall of water.

Only the external manifestation of internal energy could change the shape of the water.

Lin Jin Yun sucked in a breath backwards, “This cultivation level of hers is already infinitely close to that of an Ancient Martial Grandmaster!”

Ancient Martial Grandmaster!

How could this still be fought?

Ying Zigui glanced at the huge wall of water, not slowing down, “Is that all?”

“What do you mean, that’s all?” Xie Nian laughed scornfully, “You’re still so arrogant at the end of your life, die!”

Her feet took to the air and she swept out.

The corners of her clothes rubbed against the air and made a popping sound.

In mid-air, Xie Nian flung out twenty more flying daggers, the cold blades of which were ice-cold.

However, the girl remained motionless, her voice calm.

“Infinitely close to an Ancient Martial Grandmaster?” Ying Zigui raised her head and smiled softly, “Unfortunately, you are not yet.”

Before Xie Nian could react, there was a tightening at her throat.

It was squeezed by a hand.

Her violent surge of internal energy was also suppressed, disappearing without a trace in an instant.

The sudden reversal caused the whole room to fall silent.

The Xie family head’s eyes widened and he lost his voice: “Nian Nian!”

It was also at this moment –

“Buzz!”

All twenty of those flying swords stopped in the air and

They did not move at all, not allowed to advance an inch.

Everything was clear.

Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster!

“!”

The whole room was shocked.

Lin Jinyun couldn't believe it: “She's actually an Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster?!”

Ancient Martial Grandmaster, ah, where was there an Ancient Martial Grandmaster under the age of twenty?

What a joke.

Xie Nian finally panicked, but more than that, it was disbelief, “How can you be an Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster?!”

Hadn't Ying Ziji been living in the secular world before?

Was anyone able to reach Ancient Martial Arts Grandmaster?

Xie Nian struggled, but could not struggle at all.

Her feet gradually left the ground, the air thinned out, and she screamed, “You let go, let go of me!”

It was the first time that Xie Nian was afraid.

She was now completely convinced that Ying Ziji was just going to kill her.

“So you're scared too.” Ying Zidian squeezed Xie Nian's throat, her voice was soft and she smiled faintly, “What are you afraid of?”

The intense pain forced a whimper out of Xie Nian's throat.

Her eyes widened and there was fresh blood dripping slowly down her lips, “Ying Zidian

“I told Mianxi yesterday that I wanted you to die a painful death in front of everyone in the ancient martial world.” Ying Zidian raised her eyes, “Let your so-called name of genius be crushed into mud and completely shattered.”

She flipped her hand, her fingers pinching seven silver needles.

“Click!”

“Ka ka!”

These seven silver needles came out at the same time under the effect of internal energy, and entered Xie Nian's body.

“Ah...!!!” Xie Nian let out a heart-breaking scream.

A moment of pain that made the scalp almost explode.

Just by hearing it, one could imagine how much pain she was in.

“.....”

There was silence around the Autumn Leaf Lake, even the water waves stopped tumbling.

Everyone was stunned.

Even Jiang Yan, who had known Ying Ziguai for a long time, couldn't even come back to her senses.

She had never shown her anger in her voice, and had a calmness and strength beyond her peers.

This was the first time that Ying Ziji had been so brutal and direct.

With little expression, the girl took out three more golden needles and pierced several of Xie Nian's vital points again.

“She's gone mad!” Lin Jinyun drew a breath backwards as she came back to her senses, “She actually wanted to kill Xie Nian!”

At the very beginning, no one thought that the winner of this life-and-death fight would be Ying Ziguai.

So they just looked at it as a very ordinary fight to the death.

But now, the result was completely unexpected.

The people of the Xie family finally reacted and roared in unison.

“How dare you!”

“Ying Zidian, stop it!”

“Ying Zidian, you want to die!”

Seeing this scene, the elders of the Xie family were all furious, their eyes were red with anger.

Several elders all stood up, their internal energy unfolding as they immediately swept towards the ring in the centre of the lake.

The Grand Elder also rose up haughtily, “Xie Kongming, what do you want?!”

“My Xie family has always been very domineering, so what if we change the rules?” Xie Kongming sneered, “What, you guys don’t like it? If you don’t, then show your strength!”

“The ancient martial world only depends on who has the hardest fist!”

The Grand Elder’s face sank, “Xie Kongming!”

On the viewing platform, the steward subconsciously looked at Lin Jinyun: “Family Head, we?”

Lin Jinyun was indifferent: “What does the Xie family’s matter have to do with us, just take a look.”

The Lin family would not go toe to toe with the Xie family for an outsider, it was a completely unwise decision.

Even if Xie Nian didn’t die today, she was injured like this.

A few days later when Xie Huanran came out, he would be furious and many people would suffer.

Why would the Lin family want to get into a foul mood?

The Moon family thinks the same as the Lin family.

The Moon family is already low-profile and shunned, not getting involved in any fights, let alone bothering

Again, only the Hall of Justice was alone against the enemy, just like the scene that happened in the Liu family many years ago.

“Boom!”

A palm, across the centre of the ring, came up against each other.

Xie Kongming did not move, while the Grand Elder took a dozen steps back.

The Grand Elder had suffered a considerable injury and was no match for Xie Kongming.

He angrily shouted, “Xie Kongming, you dare!”

“Hahahahaha, I don’t care if you are the Hall of Justice, your Hall of Justice deserves what it gets, the Xie Family asked you to protect the Ancient Martial World now?” Xie Kongming let out another cold laugh, “You deserve so many deaths, I say you deserve it!”

Xie Nian’s gaze had a bit more hope in it, “Grandfather Kongming, save me save me!”

“Ying Zidian, if you dare to kill Miss Nian today, you won’t be able to leave here alive!” Xie Kongming turned his head, his eyes gloomy, “Don’t let go yet! Very well, if you don’t let go, I’ll kill you now!”

He let out a long whistle, his sleeves and robes vibrating with the wind.

With the help of his internal energy, he leapt fifty metres in one bound and arrived directly at the edge of the ring.

There were ancient martial artists present who were above Xie Kongming’s cultivation level.

The Lin and Yue families alone came with a few ancestors.

But none of them made a move, all choosing to watch indifferently.

“Ying Zigui, you can wait for death.” Xie Nian’s expression quickened, cruel and malicious, “You have no backstage and you dare to fight me, wait, don’t you value Ling Mianxi?”

“I’ll snatch her man and play it in front of her, and the Ling family, the Ling family I’ll have my old ancestors exterminate too ah-!!!”

The last word stuck raw in her throat and turned into an even more harsh and miserable scream.

Ying Zidian’s hand pinched a seven-inch long silver needle, this time it was Xie Nian’s head that was infiltrated.

More intense pain erupted, and Xie Nian rolled on the ground in pain, not even having the strength to shout.

“You are really looking for death!” Xie Kongming was furious, and his hand gathered even more violent internal energy, “If I don’t kill you today, my name is Xie in vain!”

The Grand Elder turned pale: “Xie Kongming!”

Xie Kongming laughed loudly, “I told you, no one in the ancient martial world can stop the Xie family! No one!”

He raised his palm and slapped it against Ying Ziji’s heart, about to shatter her heart veins.

But suddenly, an extremely cold aura enveloped Xie Kongming, as well as the other Xie Family elders who had followed him over.

“Buzz-!”

An invisible barrier of internal energy was erected, surrounding the ring in the centre of the lake.

In the next second, with a “bang” sound, the inner energy barrier directly blocked Xie Kongming back.

At the same time, an ice-cold voice fell with a cold chill and a cold laugh.

“I’ll see who dares!”