

Chapter 741 - The True Laws of Space

The True Laws of Space

By the time they heard it, the silhouette was already standing before Yang Chen and Christen.

Christen's beautiful eyes flashed with worry. She hurriedly exclaimed, "Neptune, there has been a misunderstanding. Hades was not the one who broke the treaty."

Poseidon ignored the woman and opted to focus his attention on Yang Chen. At the same time, Yang Chen was staring curiously at the king of the oceans.

Although he had received his powers from Hades, he hadn't had much experience with the other gods. When he first met Christen, the mention of Zeus and Athena made him very excited.

Something that shocked Yang Chen was this powerful god's mortal form—he... was a chef?!

He wore a white chef's attire with a pair of dirty boots and a tall chef hat on his head. There were a few English words stitched onto the front of his uniform, indicating it was from a seafood restaurant in Honolulu.

He looked no younger than fifty years of age. He had salt-and-pepper sideburns and some wrinkles, a strong muscular physique with grey-blue eyes. All in all, he was the definition of an average American man.

So the legendary Poseidon, king of the oceans, was a chef in this lifetime?!

"You look surprised," stated Poseidon coldly.

Yang Chen covered his face, stifling a laugh. Then, he said solemnly, "I have heard great things about you. It is great to finally meet."

Yang Chen's brain wasn't working. He didn't know how he should make conversation, so he finally settled with a few 'canned' phrases.

Christen couldn't help but laugh. "Poseidon, Hades is shocked at your form. How many times do I have to tell you. Even if you choose not to be a general, why become a chef of all things?"

Poseidon turned to the woman, an ethereal beauty, without a change in expression. "Aphrodite, please stand back, I don't want to hurt the innocent."

Christen's face froze. She thought she could break the tension with her jokes, so that the men wouldn't fight. Angrily, she declared, "Poseidon, do you have to do this? As I said, it wasn't Hades! Don't you believe me?!"

"I know what I saw. As for the truth, I will know once I have verified it for myself," he answered coldly.

Christen wanted to say something, but Poseidon wanted to end the conversation!

A strong force blasted across the seas, brewing a thunderstorm that raged across hundreds of nautical miles!

He'd unleashed his rage!

Upon seeing what he did, Christen didn't bother to continue. Instead, she gave Yang Chen a look of 'save yourself' then used her spatial powers to teleport out of the area!

"Damn it, why aren't you giving us time to explain ourselves? You're worse than Ares!" Yang Chen yelled.

Yang Chen looked uncertain. When he fought Ares, both of them had unleashed their powers at the same time but it wasn't nearly as powerful as Poseidon himself!

If it weren't for miles of ocean, this force could've flattened a large city!

As expected, even among the main gods, the difference in power could differ so absurdly!

Unfortunately, his opponent obviously didn't believe Yang Chen and wanted to 'test' him. Yang Chen knew he had to do something. His eyes flashed, then let loose a relatively weaker, smaller radius of force. It was barely comprehensible compared to Poseidon's!

"Hmmp, you are far weaker than the last one!" mocked Poseidon.

When he spoke, his blue eyes became two orbs of light, as if a soul was about to leave his body!!

Yang Chen struggled to push Poseidon's force back, feeling like a sphere was closing in on him. Very soon he would be squeezing himself into a very small space!

Yang Chen did not hold back, using his most powerful moves to defend himself. He made a gesture and a line of cracks formed on the wall of the sphere!

He was shocked. This was a spiral-type space!

It was like wrapping a flat space into a ball, then turning it into a spiral. This ensured that the space around would suck the person in instead of just containing them!

Although Yang Chen's spell opened a crack, there were several more layers he had to go through. To make matters worse, the crack was also moving around the spiral!

From afar, you would see a mountain of seawater forming a huge ball of water and wind right above the Pacific Ocean!

The ocean pounded wave after wave. Water didn't just come from the ocean, so much more seemed to have poured in from mid-air!

With the manipulation of space, more than a hundred layers of waves surrounded the spiral, swallowing the tiny human inside!

And because it was night time, it looked like a black ball covering the sky and the moon—an angry sea monster!

Other than his angry, glowing blue eyes, Poseidon didn't have to move much. He made it seem like it was completely effortless.

On the other hand, Yang Chen, who was trapped in the ball, was struggling more than usual. No matter how he attacked the sphere, he couldn't escape. It would only get more and more powerful!

Yang Chen felt like his blood was boiling inside him. He was forcing himself to hold a protective shield, albeit only having about ten feet of space left!

At this point, the sphere had become a water vortex, as if joining the sea and the skies. It looked like a dragon had awoken from the depths of the ocean to pierce the clouds!

Yang Chen could only manipulate space by bending and folding it.

He'd never imagine, by using the laws of space, hundreds of pockets could be manipulated at the same time. And this time, it was not just a simple fold. It was distorted into different shapes of varying sizes!

It was a simple concept, but it required true godly wisdom for full control. Poseidon and Yang Chen's levels were as different as the clouds in the sky and mud on the ground!

Space was like a thin sheet of paper. One sheet can be broken easily. However, it would take a ton of strength and skill to tear through tens of thousands of layers!

Then again, this space was in constant motion. The ions in the air were charged and getting more powerful!

He felt some of his vessels bursting now. Ignoring everything around him, he invoked the True Yuan of Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture. A force collected above in the skies at full speed!

The True Yuan forcefully filled his vessels. Yang Chen roared, invoking a True Yuan shield. He wasn't going to use spatial powers anymore. He brought his hand up, then pointed in front.

A powerful ray of True Yuan, like the first ray that bursts through a layer of clouds, pierced through tens of layers of space.

It worked! Yang Chen was delighted. True Yuan was much stronger than True Qi after all. It shattered many layers of space at once!

Poseidon, far away, wasn't provoked. His lips curled. "You're too naive."

Once he finished, without waiting for Yang Chen's next wave of True Yuan, the spiral changed!

The entire spiral was initially spinning one way. But within the blink of an eye, more spirals started to form, spinning in opposite directions!

This sudden change created great friction between the layers of space. Ions and atoms knocked against each other, forming electricity. The space within the sphere cackled with shards of lightning. They cut through space like sharp knives, all coming straight at Yang Chen!

Yang Chen had his True Yuan to protect his body, but he felt an immense amount of pressure nonetheless!

He started to get mad at that woman Christen. How could she just casually say there was a some difference in power between the main gods? It was more than just a small difference. It was the difference between heaven and earth!

It was no wonder that Apollo and Diana said the both of them couldn't defeat Athena. If Poseidon could almost kill him with the flick of a wrist, then how scary was Athena?!

And Christen had thought he was far weaker than the siblings!

While pondering on the matters, he dared not put down his hands. The lightning and fire still went on. He let out a stronger arrow of True Yuan, which lodged itself on to the space prison!

Very soon, Yang Chen paled.

His strongest wave of True Yuan couldn't even pierce through half the layers before disappearing!

Before, he could use True Qi to break free from Ares' spatial powers. This was completely different! That was because Ares didn't utilise multiple layers like Poseidon. Poseidon could fold a hundred layers with a wave of his hand. In what world was Yang Chen strong enough to fight it?

A steel knife could easily pierce through a piece of paper but when you put a stack of a hundred sheets, even the sharpest blade could face issues. Even if you managed to cut the top few sheets, once the layers moved, it would have been the same as doing nothing! These were charged molecules in the air, so they could recover far quicker than sheets of paper.

He was too confident in himself, even believing what Yan Sanniang said about him, that he wouldn't be affected by the elements of the mortal world. What a bunch of bullshit!

He wasn't sure if Yan Sanniang was wrong in believing Hongmeng's assistant, or she herself misunderstood something.

Although True Yuan could travel beyond space, it didn't mean it used up little energy!

No matter how experienced a cultivator was, as long as they were in this universe, everything was still made of atoms.

If no one could rise above and beyond this universe's elements, then where would the powers for universal destruction come from?!

Yang Chen started to prepare for his death now. It was awful. Yan Sanniang was basically the cause of his death! Now, Yang Chen truly believed that in the millennia of wars—the main gods had never been the weaker side!

Just Poseidon alone would turn countless humans to dust! The masters of ancient times were still humans, and their powers were probably weaker than Yang Chen, so Poseidon must've crushed and shattered their souls with his tremendous power!

Chapter 742 - Not Enough Time

Not Enough Time

At this point, Yang Chen didn't have time to ponder about the past. Instead, he cursed Poseidon for belittling him like this. It was not him who broke the treaty but Poseidon had attacked without hearing him out. Was he really trying to ensure that Yang Chen would no longer be able to reincarnate?!

A few hundred nautical miles away, Christen was struggling to hold up a spatial shield to block the rain of charged ions. She wanted to get closer to stop Poseidon, but there was no way she could charge through his force. She thought Poseidon's 'test' would stay a test. Who knew he would flex like this?!

“Poseidon! Are you mad?! Yang Chen might not be like our last Hades, but he is still one of us! Do you want our twelve-man team to lose another member?!”

Poseidon’s majestic voice had a tinge of annoyance laced within it. “Aphrodite, you are too naive. He has Hades’ divinity, but he’s far from replacing Hades!”

Aphrodite paled as she watched helplessly. She bit her lip, but she could only shake her head as she hoped for Yang Chen to save himself.

Watching Yang Chen struggle to break free, Poseidon’s deep voice echoed across the spaces. “Now, will you admit that our spatial powers are far superior to the likes of your Chinese martial arts?!”

Yang Chen’s blood pressure almost hit the roof.

This old man flexed his powers so hard all for this affirmation?

When Yang Chen remained silent, Poseidon asked again, “Break free, then I will recognise the powers of your Chinese martial arts. Don’t think you’re the heir of Hades just because you defeated that incompetent Ares. I personally think your capabilities are far from his! If you yield now and admit your mistakes, I’ll make you suffer less. After all, Hades did choose you.”

Yang Chen initially considered yielding to keep his own life. He hadn’t spent every last drop of his powers—even if he did, he wasn’t sure if he could defeat Poseidon. It might not be worth it.

However, upon hearing Poseidon’s arrogance, a surge of anger exploded within Yang Chen!

Fuck it. I’ve never been afraid of death anyway!

He’d wanted to admit defeat because he still had women waiting for him at home. It looked like he’d have to let them down now.

“Hehe, I’ll never give you the satisfaction of admitting defeat! What now? Let’s go. You’re just a cook. The only way I’ll be afraid of you is if I was a fish on your chopping board!

Yang Chen let out a deep laugh at the skies, not holding back anymore. He drew from all the True Yuan from within him, and True Yuan poured out of his body like roaring waterfalls. Power surged through him.

It was as if his entire being was used to focus all the True Yuan. His muscles and veins started to bulge. Even his body was stretched a foot with this much force!

A green vein bulged at his temple, and Yang Chen’s eyeballs soon showed patches of red—but they soon glowed gold!

“Aaaaaargh!!”

Yang Chen let out a deep roar of pain, feeling every vein expanding like never before. This was the reckless power of True Yuan. He’d never gone to this extreme before, causing his blood vessels to explode. Patches of red appeared under his skin from all the force.

However, the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture’s formidable healing powers aided his body to undergo rapid recovery under extreme stress!

“Hmph, it’ll take more than that!” Poseidon sensed a force pushing back within the spatial sphere. His eyes glowed a brighter blue as he stacked more layers of space onto Yang Chen!

Among the tumultuous waves and starry night sky, there was a tear in the fabric of the universe!

Amidst the crazy storm of charged atoms, Yang Chen was like a tourist trudging through a blizzard. In the face of a shower of attacks, he bravely made a step forward!

This one step held the weight of a thousand tonnes. Christen’s eyes flashed with shock as she watched him take the single step forward amidst the battle!

A wave of True Yuan rippled under his feet, rapidly expanding to wipe out every charged atom!

Yang Chen wasn’t thinking anymore. His focus was put solely on his will to fight!

Yang Chen wrapped himself with pulsing True Yuan energy, transforming himself into a rainbow. He barreled himself into the spiral, whose layers were still rotating in different directions.

Like a high-speed drill, once the tiny metal tip touched a surface, sparks flew!

Boom!

Thunder rumbled and shook the sky. Violet electricity shot across the sky!

Yang Chen felt his body shake like it was about to shatter, but he was also sure that Poseidon couldn’t have easily defended such a strike. This was a protest!

Poseidon, who was watching from afar, grew solemn. It brought him back to a time ten thousand years ago, when he was fighting Hongmeng’s ancestors. That attack was something he was all too familiar with!

Poseidon’s powers were at their limits. He could no longer add more space layers. Yang Chen was breaking through faster than he could mend them. Soon, he was about to break free from the tornado so huge it connected the sea to the sky!

“Hmph!”

Poseidon huffed heavily, his eyes now ablaze with a blue fire. Since this trick wasn’t working anymore, he decided to rip apart the spherical storm.

Yang Chen felt a sudden release with his surroundings suddenly becoming stable again. He knew Poseidon was getting weaker, so he generated a force as mighty as the tides, and with a fist, brought all of it down on Poseidon!

Poseidon didn’t dodge either. He also raised a fist. Before it touched Yang Chen, the space around them distorted into blurry, bent shapes!

Yang Chen’s heart fell. Something was wrong!

The fist, packed with powerful, surging True Yuan, was met with Poseidon’s fist—wrapped with a hundred layers of space!

That True Yuan force could barely pierce through such a dense stack of space. What's worse was his fist was trapped within it!

Poseidon's lips curled into a cruel sneer. "Let me present to you our differences... Spatial explosion!"

Without waiting for Yang Chen to save himself, a terrifying explosion rippled from within the dense layers!

It was as if every layer of space had a nuclear explosion at the exact same point—all around Yang Chen's one arm!

This was a method of spatial manipulation Yang Chen could have never imagined was possible. It was an explosion caused by friction between stacked layers of space!

It utilised the most basic atomic principles, but far exceeded anything the humans were capable of or could even comprehend.

Yang Chen's face contorted as he screamed in agony!

He felt pain like never before. The arm stuck in the trap felt like it was ripped apart by an unimaginable force!

He roared until his throat was dry. Sweat started to fall from his head like a waterfall.

"Mmm..." Poseidon was shocked. "It would seem like a powerful force like that was not enough to shatter your arm. Your body's resilience isn't just from that divine light. Looks like the Chinese cultivation technique you've been practising have had some use. Interesting... interesting!"

"Bullshit..." Yang Chen didn't know what he was talking about either, but he felt wronged.

Thud! Thud!

Yang Chen's heart was pumping vigorously!

His eyeballs soon glowed red and he felt his very soul shudder in his core. This familiar feeling entered what was left of his consciousness.

That awful side effect he got after bathing in the divine light was happening again?!

Yang Chen had attained Xiantian Full cycle, then survived the transition into a god. He had assumed that he was cured from all that!

Unfortunately, Yang Chen realized it wasn't that he was cured in the past—his subconscious had just been suppressing it. After all his True Yuan had been unleashed, he didn't have any energy left to suppress the symptoms. On top of the immense stress, he felt the effects starting to rise again!

His aura was now as dangerous as a demon's claws. True Yuan engulfed Yang Chen. It was initially faintly golden, but now, it was like black silk—bringing with it a tinge of red as it heated up.

Poseidon was a little hesitant. "I feel your threatening power now. No wonder Hades would pass his powers to you. You both are similar like this!"

“Leave...” Yang Chen said through his pain. His gums were bleeding and blood dripped from the corners of his mouth.

“Leave? Haha! Do you think your frightening aura alone would scare me away?! I am only controlling one arm of yours now. If you still don’t yield, I wouldn’t mind putting your entire being through the same process,” huffed Poseidon.

Yang Chen didn’t care what he said now. His voice was hoarse, and he shrieked in pain, “Go! Far away!! Danger... Leave now... there’s not enough time...”

Chapter 743 - Tai Qing

Tai Qing

A few hundred nautical miles away, Christen was panicking where she stood. She cursed Poseidon for being so hot-headed. She then started cursing Yang Chen and his stubbornness. *“Wouldn’t everything be over if you’d just surrender?! Do you really think Poseidon is like Ares?!”*

At this point, two powerful beings flew over from the east!

One had a blue glow while the other was red. It was the siblings Stern and Alice. They had also just received news about someone breaking the Treaty of Gods. Since it involved this new Pluto, they’d rushed over without delay. However, they didn’t expect to be this late.

Watching the electrical storm above, Stern and Alice had to ask Christen, “Aphrodite, what’s going on? Why is Poseidon attacking him?”

Seeing the twins arrive, Christen found some degree of hope. “Apollo! It’s great you’re both here! Stop Poseidon now! Yang Chen said something Poseidon didn’t like. Then he wanted Yang Chen to ‘experience’ the true powers of the laws of space. From that, a fight broke out. Yang Chen still refuses to admit defeat. If they go on like this, Yang Chen’s arms and legs would all be blown off!”

“What?!” Alice rubbed her neck worriedly. “Hades... This idiot really thinks he’s the shit after that fight with Ares.”

Stern sighed, then grabbed the air solemnly. “Helios!”

A red, fiery dragon twisted around Stern’s arm, finally forming a white-gold, burning bow!

“I’ll see what I can do. Poseidon is way more powerful than the both of us. The pressure in there is too strong so it’s almost impossible for us to pierce through it,” Stern said before drawing the bow to allow a burning arrow to form in the air!

Scorching heat from the burning arrow twisted the space around it, accumulating an increasingly terrifying amount of energy as he continued to compress layers upon layers of space on it.

While that was happening, Yang Chen was unaware of the appearance of the siblings. He was too busy focusing on the battle before him

The True Yuan around Yang Chen’s body was flickering irregularly as if something was about to be unleashed.

“Go... go!!!” shrieked Yang Chen painfully, seeing as Poseidon was still there. Yang Chen used his last bits of consciousness to suppress the manic side of him.

Poseidon slowly realised there was something wrong with Yang Chen. His words did not seem like they were words of mockery.

Boom...

A rumble of thunder echoed around them across the magnificent skies.

This thunder was unusual because it sounded like the deafening roar of an ancient monster, calling souls to their demise. It was also highly peculiar that it was contained within the area that Yang Chen was in!

Poseidon was starting to get a little bit afraid now. “Yo—you’re...”

Yang Chen could barely hear Poseidon. Amidst the mania, he knew the True Yuan in his body had more than doubled!

It felt like raw, burning energy that manifested from his desperation near death. The arm that was trapped in Poseidon’s high-pressure spatial trap clenched into a fist!

Boom!

The distorted space shattered into pieces!

Poseidon was shocked to his core. He couldn’t believe that Yang Chen, who was just now struggling to defend himself, had suddenly become so powerful! The True Yuan within his body now was far from what he had a few moments ago!

Although this level of True Yuan wasn’t enough to scare Poseidon, he was still puzzled. Where did this sudden explosion of energy come from?!

Yang Chen’s bloodshot eyes were now glowing red. They met with Poseidon’s bright blue eyes. Suddenly, he lifted a foot, kicking Poseidon’s chest with all the force he could muster!

In shock, Poseidon didn’t have the wits to stop the kick. He felt an extremely strong surge of True Yuan force, and with a thud, his body flew miles away in a ray of light!

Poseidon roared in fury as his body was hurled through the air. He could barely stabilize himself!

However, when he stopped, Poseidon realised that although it was a cruel kick, the force was meant to distance himself, not to harm him!

Does he want me to stay away? Why?!? Poseidon thought.

At this point, far away, Stern had just shot his fiery arrow from his magical bow.

A long ray of red light broke the night sky, piercing through space like thin paper. It brought with it full forward momentum, directed straight at the core of the charged space!

It was impossible for this arrow to hurt Poseidon or Yang Chen because it wasn’t flying fast enough. It was supposed to be a distraction for the both of them.

However, before the arrow had reached them, there was a sudden change among the spiralling grey clouds!

Everyone watched with gaping jaws as the grey clouds formed a huge spiral, and at the eye of the storm, lightning flashed.

They stared as a mighty silver-blue flash of lightning, flew through the clouds like a dragon who was forcibly woken from slumber!

It was only a few seconds after when a deafening roar of thunder echoed in their ears.

The skies flickered a bright blue.

Blinding sparks flew between the skies and the seas.

Christen, the Cromwell twins, and Poseidon suddenly understood what was happening.

The magnificent godly ray had swallowed Stern's fiery arrow, which was an accumulation of his immense divine powers, without so much of a spark!

"Yang Chen!!!"

Christen let out a chilling scream while tears started flowing from her eyes. She thought Apollo's arrow would be enough to drag Yang Chen out of danger but she was sorely mistaken.

"Brother, it's... the one the cultivators always talk about—Nine Heavenly Lightning?" asked Alice curiously, still stunned.

Stern nodded solemnly. "You're right. It is the punishment of the heavens—Nine Heavenly Lightning. This is the first one called the Tai Qing."

"But... hadn't he just completed the Xiantian Full Cycle the last time we met him? How did he suddenly get into Soul Forming stage, and now Tribulation Passing?!" Alice was very confused.

"Why are you still blabbering around? Yang Chen doesn't know a thing about this practice. He was just struck by the Nine Heavenly Lightning, how could he survive?" sobbed Christen. "No, I must save him!"

She dashed into the mass of dark clouds and lightning.

Alice quickly grabbed her arm, stopping Christen from moving any further. "Aphrodite! Are you mad?! That's the most powerful punishment of the heavens! With your capabilities, you'd be seriously hurt! Even Zeus and Athena wouldn't try to defend against it! Rushing towards it would be suicide! Who knows if you could still reincarnate after being struck by that!"

"But... Diana, the few people at Tribulation Passing stage tens of millenia ago had protective treasures. Even then their souls were still destroyed. Yang Chen doesn't have anything on him now. He'll... he'll..." Tears flowed from Christen's eyes as she spoke.

Stern sighed softly. "Damn it... Why didn't he just study the laws of space properly? Why did he have to focus all his energy on Chinese cultivation? This breaks so many universal laws. The more powerful the practitioner is, the easier their soul shatters upon the heavenly tribulations. Also, it looks like he isn't likely to achieve rebirth this time." Stern didn't think that Yang Chen could be saved.

At this point, a point deep within the grey clouds flickered. Another ray of Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning struck down upon him!

Then, at the same time, a bright blue silhouette suddenly appeared near the clouds!

Stern's eyes brightened with recognition. "That's Poseidon?! Is... is he trying to help Yang Chen block the heavenly lightning?!"

"How is that possible?! Poseidon might be many times stronger than us, but even he wouldn't be strong enough to stop the strike!"

"No... Perhaps he is strong enough to block one. But that's all he can do." Stern clenched his jaw, then turned to Alice next to him. "Let's go, dear! Since there's more lightning brewing there, it means Hades isn't dead yet. If he hasn't died from the first strike, then with us blocking the next two bolts, he might be able to recover!"

Alice nodded. They transformed into a blue and red ray respectively before dashing to Poseidon among the storm clouds.

There was already a gleaming trident in Poseidon's hand. It was etched with ancient symbols, and you could almost hear the rumble of tides echoing deep within.

"Don't burden me. If you get hurt and have to be reborn, it won't be on me," huffed Poseidon coldly.

"Oh look, someone's thinking straight again. I thought you really wanted to kill Hades," said Stern smilingly.

"I didn't mind him dying initially, but he did save me before the lightning struck. I obviously can't owe him for the rest of my life."

"I knew you were just tough on the outside. Enough talk, let's go!" Stern said with a bitter smile. In his mind, he cursed, *?Look at you, passionately helping to block the strikes now. Why did you have to force us all to walk down this path? Yang Chen's resilience has revealed his true capabilities. Without your stupidity, the heavenly lightning wouldn't have come.*

However, thinking of that now wouldn't help. The three of them, under Poseidon's lead, manipulated the laws of space at the same time to form a wall several thousand layers thick between Yang Chen and the lightning!

The cloudy skies were already a no-man zone with energized atoms recklessly bouncing around. Sparks flew as the wind roared brought shards of ice as sharp as daggers!

Poseidon's trident in his hand glowed a bright blue, and with a shout, the tip shot three rays of blue-white light! The rays passed right through the space walls. Not only were they allowed through the walls, the rays even gathered the parallel spaces all in one area!

Chapter 744 - The Last Attempt

The Last Attempt

As the beam intensified, a thousand layers of space stacked on top of one another. From the bottom, light from the heavenly lightning barely passed through.

Boom!

The second bolt of Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning struck the inter-spatial wall with a resounding thud!

Alice was startled at the outcome. "It worked?!"

"No..." Stern and Poseidon denied at the same time.

"Oh no!"

They watched as the inter-spatial wall shake violently upon contact. It took the effort of three main gods but in the end, it was still all in vain!

Cracks started to appear on the wall!

"Let's go, we've done our best!" Poseidon forced a warning through his teeth. Without waiting for the rest, he fled the scene immediately!

Stern didn't have time to deal with Alice's shock. He grabbed his sister's arm, then teleported away from the scene.

The moment the three left, the wall was pierced through like a diamond drill through a block of concrete. When the layers of space shattered, the bright bolt struck right into the ocean.

A few hundred nautical miles away, Poseidon's expression darkened. With his eyesight as sharp as an eagle's, his gaze was focused on Yang Chen's location.

Stern cursed violently, "Damn it, how is it possible? I know it's the Nine Heavenly Lightning, but Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning is only the first one. You mean the three of us aren't even strong enough to block one?!"

"No, even the Nine Heavenly Lightning differs from case to case. The more a person goes against the laws of the universe, the stronger the lightning will be. The last heavenly lightning we've witnessed ten thousand years ago was three or four times weaker than this one. Unless Athena uses her shield, Aegis, no one can stop it," said Poseidon.

Christen was still in a daze. She couldn't believe it was real.

"Then Yang Chen..." Alice's face had lost its usual grace. She leaned on her brother's chest and started to grieve. She couldn't bear to watch.

Stern grabbed his sister's delicate shoulders. "There's still one more bolt. After everything has settled, we'll look for him... or what's left of him." There was sadness in his words.

At this point, beneath the storm clouds, Yang Chen was already several meters deep in the ocean. He didn't have the luxury to think about anything happening outside.

Before he kicked Poseidon away, Yang Chen had vaguely felt an immense aura of fury, between the heavens and earth, lock upon himself!

He didn't know what it was, but he had a bad feeling about it.

This insufferable manic condition was one of the side effects of the divine light, which would at the same time unleash all subconscious potential. It meant that all his cultivated abilities would be released in one burst without any form of restraint.

Why did he spend his last ounce of sanity kicking Poseidon away? Perhaps it was his pride that made him do it or the fact that he vowed to destroy Poseidon by his own strength and not rely on the heavens to aid him!

Soon after he kicked Poseidon away, he lost control of his actions. The surging force expanded his blood vessels, and a chilling roar forced its way out of Yang Chen's throat like the sound of grinding gears.

His entire being was squeezed by True Yuan to its limit like a compressed rubber ball right in the path of the heavenly lightning—aimed straight at his head!

Unfortunately, there was great disparity even between all the True Yuan in his body and the heavenly lightning.

Yang Chen felt like all of the True Yuan in his body was sucked out within a matter of seconds. Even his Qi was spilling out his pores!

The blue bolt was stagnant for a moment, engulfing his entire body!

Yang Chen had forgotten what true pain felt like. It was nothing short of being tormented by the fires of hell. All he was thinking of was that death could not come sooner!

This indescribable agony, even when compared to the times he was experimented on as a child, was at least a hundred times more intense!

The force of heavenly lightning not only caused severe physical damage, it heavily impacted the soul too!

It was no longer about letting go of this physical body. Yang Chen was aware that rebirth might not be a possibility after this!

His clothes had already vaporized before the lightning had struck. When Yang Chen himself was hit, he fell into the icy waters.

The ocean swallowed his body whole. It felt like the full force of the bolt had passed through the waters into every single cell in his body!

Other people going through Tribulation Passing stage, after facing the wrath of the Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning, often had their souls evaporated!

However, Yang Chen's body was once exposed to divine light. And it had been fortified with long periods of Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture practices. His body wasn't regular by any means, even when compared to the greatest of masters!

The most peculiar thing about the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture was that it was the most powerful at times of utter desperation and hopelessness!

When the body and consciousness came into contact with the bolt, the scripture was already functioning at speeds a thousand times faster than normal. It rapidly converted the magical powers of the heavens and earth into True Yuan powers within his body. This meant that his wounds were mended as quickly as they were formed!

However, the speed of his recovery was a little slower than the speed of destruction dealt by the bolt. It was barely keeping Yang Chen alive!

A flash of lightning only lasted seconds, but Yang Chen's suffering felt like centuries of agony.

His body was bathed in electricity, burning into blackened ash. His blood was boiling while his flesh started to melt. It was unimaginable suffering!

When the first bolt disappeared, Yang Chen came to the realization that he wasn't dead yet. At the same time, the mania, caused by the divine light back then, in his brains had disappeared. The heavenly lightning was itself the most purifying energy between the heavens and earth. With a whiff of its explosive energy, his mania would've cleared instantly!

Yang Chen, with his last hint of consciousness, was about to cry!

Why was he suddenly in the Tribulation Passing stage?! Time wasn't certain on the path of cultivation, some people couldn't make spiritual advancements even after a few hundred years, while others advanced a thousand miles in a day.

However, wasn't his advancements coming a little too quickly even for him?!

All Yan Sanniang had done was give a vague explanation. Am I so smart that I've gone beyond her understanding?? Yang Chen thought.

Advancement in cultivation is great. But I have no experience, nor do I have any protective treasures with me. How the heck am I supposed to survive the heavenly tribulations?!

If only Yang Chen knew that the heavenly tribulations awaiting him weren't the regular type, but the most difficult, agonizing 'Nine Heavenly Lightning', he'd probably collapse from rage or at the very least vomit blood.

He thought he'd survived the worst, that he'd lived through the disaster, but Yang Chen suddenly felt another heavenly lightning about to strike again!

Damn it! It looks like the heavens are really out for blood.

Yang Chen felt the mania creeping back in. If another bolt struck within such a short amount of time, then his chance of survival was slim to none! At this point, his consciousness wasn't fully recovered either. Reincarnating at this point was nothing more than a fleeting dream!

And... there were so many people waiting for his return. If he died, what would happen to his women?!

When Yang Chen started to lose hope, Poseidon, Apollo, and Diana had built an inter-spatial wall shielding him mid-air!

Yang Chen vaguely felt the presence of the three beings. He initially thought that there was hope, but they could barely contain nothing more than a few seconds of its force before letting it crash on him again!

“Why must you give me false hope...” This was his last complaint when Yang Chen hit rock bottom.

After another strike, Yang Chen could no longer keep himself awake. He was completely unconscious, and amidst the raging storm and the rolling waves, he was tossed about like a lone boat at sea.

If it weren't for the inter-spatial wall, which did save him a few seconds for the scripture to mend a significant portion of his physical body and consciousness, this bolt would've decimated his very soul!

The storm clouds did not disappear. It seemed to have sensed that Yang Chen wasn't completely destroyed just yet. And as if the heavens were raging over the fact that he was still alive, it concentrated all its power into one final bolt. It was the third and last Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning, much more powerful than the previous!

Yang Chen's soul had sealed itself within the body, so he couldn't sense the terrifying bolt brewing above.

At this point, the scripture's True Yuan within Yang Chen's body was functioning without his control. It hadn't given up on protecting its owner. It watched the next bolt approach, and its power wasn't something his recovery powers could fix. The Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture's True Yuan decided to begin 'the last attempt'!

As if giving up on all defense, the scripture functioned autonomously to bring all the True Yuan protecting the body to the dantian. This meant that his body would be completely exposed to the strikes. It floated, fully exposed, at the surface in preparation for utter destruction from the next strike!

Chapter 745 - Little Fresh Meat

Little Fresh Meat

Everyone stood a hundred nautical miles away, without the slightest idea of what to do next. They closed their eyes in silence as they heard the last, deafening strike of the three bolts of lightning.

Within the depths of the bone-chilling ocean, Yang Chen was completely numb to it. For all intents and purposes, he was basically dead. Other than the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture's rapid workings within his dantian, the rest of his body only held what could just pass off as life.

Boom! Boom Boom! Rumble...

Finally, among the clouds, a bolt of Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning many times more powerful than the last roared like a thunder dragon. It opened its bloody jaws, then bit down upon the tiny body a thousand leagues under the sea.

This bolt triggered shock waves strong enough to uproot a small island. The ripples created waves a hundred feet tall, sucking in water from shores a thousand miles away!

At this moment, the Pacific Ocean was grey-white.

It was dead silent.

...

About a minute later, the waves and winds calmed.

The storm clouds in the sky quietly dispersed, revealing the bright, full moon.

Amidst the light breeze, no one would've imagined the terrifying scene that just happened a minute ago.

"It has ended..." said Poseidon mildly, standing mid-air.

Christen, who was already sobbing on her knees violently looked up, then glared daggers at Poseidon.

"It's all because of you! Look at what you've done! Why did you attack without listening? Even if you don't recognize him as Hades, will you only be satisfied when he's tossed back into rebirth?! What good would it bring you?!"

Poseidon took the tall chef's hat off, revealing a head of grey-brown curly hair. He threw it into the ocean, allowing the waves to swallow it whole.

Facing her, Poseidon said calmly, "Aphrodite, mind your language. I am only using my abilities to let this man know that the laws of space would never be beneath Chinese cultivation. As for attracting the heavenly tribulations, that's his own doing. Since his cultivation had already reached the peak of Soul Forming stage, he would have to face the heavenly tribulation to achieve the Tribulation Passing stage. The tribulations would've arrived at any moment. That has nothing to do with me."

"He wouldn't have attracted the tribulations if you hadn't made him go all out," raged Christen.

"Hmph. If he'd just admitted defeat sooner, none of this would have happened. Then again, how would I have known his cultivation had reached such a level?"

"Alright alright!" said Alice, hurriedly breaking up the fight. "We've known each other for tens of thousands of years now. I can't believe you both can fight at a time like this. Let's see what happened to Yang Chen."

"What else could have happened? He'd just been struck by three bolts of Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning. Even the masters equipped with protective treasures back then were severely wounded. At this point, we could only pray that a rebirth is still an option for him," said Poseidon coldly.

When Christen and the rest arrived at the exact point the lightning struck, the four of them were speechless.

They watched as a body floated up to the surface of the water. At this point, it looked like he had just been roasted in an oven. His skin wasn't just wounded—it was burned black.

"His body... is still intact?!" exclaimed Poseidon, shocked.

Realistically speaking, they weren't sure if they could find his body or find if they did, in how many pieces.

The four of them were there when the huge war broke out ten thousand years ago. Although they never cultivated Chinese techniques, they were familiar with their abilities.

However, after an attack by such powerful heavenly lightning, they could not believe that Yang Chen wasn't pulverized.

"That's odd..." Stern frowned. "Why do I sense... like there isn't any form of energy in his body..."

"You're right." Poseidon's grey-blue eyes flashed with confusion. "There is still life in him, he's not dead but he seemed to have lost his cultivation."

"That's not right. If his cultivated powers are lost, then that would mean he'd become a normal person. But his body is obviously recovering on its own," said Alice, pointing urgently.

"Recovering?"

Everyone looked at the body closer. Indeed, although his body was burnt black, the structures under his skin were alive and changing at a pace detectable by the naked eye to replace dead cells with new tissues.

"What's going on? I can't feel any energy waves, but his body is recovering. Is his body undergoing some changes we cannot sense?" wondered Stern aloud.

Christen wasn't panicking anymore. She landed on the ocean's surface, gently lifting Yang Chen's body with both arms and hugging him tightly.

When she felt his pulse, Christen's eyes filled with tears. Smiling, she scolded gently, "I knew you were too stubborn to die. You've suffered so much."

Yang Chen was still unconscious in the beautiful blonde's arms. Half of his face was already starting to recover, revealing a new, fair face. He looked at peace.

Christen looked at the familiar face, then smiled. "You're unlucky you know that? You don't look any more handsome than you did even after being struck by lightning."

Stern and his sister walked up to her. They looked at the unconscious Yang Chen, puzzled but still smiling. They were so relieved at the fact that this man hadn't died.

"Aphrodite, you've fallen for Hades, haven't you? I didn't know you like little fresh meat," joked Alice.

Christen cocked an eyebrow. "I'm not like you, Sister Artemis. Not me."

"Hmph!" Alice wrinkled her nose, grabbing her brother's arm like a little bird coming closer to a man. Obviously, she was ignoring Christen's teasing.

Stern gave off a dry laugh. Patting his sister's silver locks, he asked, "Say... there are only a few of us here. Other than Ares, why aren't the rest of them awake yet?"

"Who knows? Then again this is near the USA. Even if they were awake they'd probably be too lazy to come over. We already have this heartless man with us here, so it'd be meaningless for the boss to be here." Christen narrowed her eyes at Poseidon behind them, her tone full of venom.

Poseidon was still staring at Yang Chen in Christen's arms. *How could such a miracle happen??* he wondered.

“Aphrodite, where do you plan to bring Hades? We can’t bring him back to China like this,” asked Stern.

Christen nodded. “I’ll bring him to the place I’m staying. We’ll talk more when he awakes.”

“The... the person who destroyed the fleet... Is it...” Alice hesitated, not sure what to say.

“Not him.”

This time, Poseidon spoke up. “The characteristics of his space law techniques were different from the person in the video. His aura and qualities are different too. He willingly risked his life to fight me with all the powers he had. That meant he couldn’t be someone with some ill-intentions. He clearly understood that he wasn’t in my league.”

“Not him? Then who? Why did he look exactly like Hades? As for the people who understand spatial laws, isn’t it just the twelve of us?” asked Stern.

Poseidon shook his head. “I’m not sure either.”

Christen clenched her teeth, exclaiming, “Poseidon! What do you mean?! You mean you’ve always known it wasn’t Yang Chen, and you still had to fight him to this point?!”

Poseidon shook his head, looking like he was too lazy to explain.

Stern quickly broke the fight. “Aphrodite, calm down. It has been tens of millenia. Aren’t you familiar with this man’s temper yet? Other than Zeus and Athena, he would never listen to anyone. You should bring Yang Chen back to rest now, maybe even wash him. There’s still not an ounce of energy in him, I don’t know how he’s making his body recover like this. Hopefully, there won’t be any side effects.”

Chapter 746 - Why Hasn’t He Picked Up

Why Hasn’t He Picked Up

Upon hearing Stern’s words, Christen sighed.

She held Yang Chen in her arms, scanning his body and in an attempt to get a better understanding of his situation. Although his recovery was proving to be faster than any normal human being, she was not able to detect the slightest hint of energy within him. It was highly likely that he would not be able to practise space laws anymore. As for his True Yuan, it had completely vanished. He was basically back to square one.

“Although I wish for him to recover, living without any form of energy might just be a fate worse than death.”

Christen furrowed her brows, looking depressed. However, she did not dwell on it. Signaling a goodbye with a quick glance towards the Stern siblings, she turned on the spot and disappeared.

Once she was gone, Stern hugged his sister. He said, “Poseidon, I know you detest Yang Chen’s methods of doing things. You treat it as a massive disrespect towards our kind. But what’s the point? It’s been so long, I think it’s about time to let go of that belief.

“Live on Earth and observe the humans’ ever-expanding population. The people in China now aren’t aware of the feud tens of thousands of years ago. They are innocent. We decided to treat this place as

our home when we signed the Treaty of Gods. Why care about whether Hades is training with Earth's energy or if he is discovering the more complex space laws?"

"Apollo, do not be arrogant. If I were still thinking of reviving our legacy, I would not have become a chef." Poseidon turned his back on them, watching the moonlit waters. "I'm merely preserving the last shred of pride in me. As for the young man, it was never my intention to destroy him. He was unclear of his own power, offending Nine Heavenly Lightning without considering the consequences. It was not my problem."

Stern shook his head, his smile turning bitter. "Whatever, we are leaving."

The siblings' bodies shimmered, and they were gone from the night sky.

Poseidon stood silently for a moment, then took a step forward. And as quickly as he arrived, he was gone.

... ..

It was now midnight. All around, silence ensued.

Moonlight shone through the sliding door leading to the balcony outside of the mansion. The pool of dazzling light hit the bedroom floor, refracting to the feminine figure curling by the mattress.

The woman was wearing a silk nightdress while her hair flowed down her face like a velvet curtain. Her knees were bent and she sat on the icy floor, her body shivering from time to time.

She held a cell phone in one hand. The light emitted from the screen revealed a depressed-looking face.

She had lost count of just how many times she had dialed his number. Ten times? Fifty times? A hundred? Or more?

Mo Qianni did not know, neither did she want to recall.

All she heard was the consistent beeping tones and nothing more.

Few hours had passed since he abruptly hung up on her. Every second that passed was as painful as a needle being stuck into her body.

She had thought, He only had something urgent so he couldn't pick up my calls, but it's been an hour...

Mo Qianni noticed the lack of movement from the house next door. Nobody has left, he must still be in the house.

But...why hasn't he picked up?!

Does he even know half the things I want to say to him?!

Why is it when I need someone the most that he can't even voice a word...

Sorrowful sounds of muffled crying were issued from Mo Qianni's nostrils. No matter how strong she tried to be, her emotions got the better of her.

Her tear ducts must've had dried up in the hours she had cried. She collapsed against the bedside, tired from the emotional torture. Somehow in all that turmoil, she managed to fall asleep.

... ..

White light illuminated the interior of the underground military research base, making it look clear as day.

The place was filled with advanced research equipment. In the hall connected to the tunnels, Yan Buwen stood staring intently at the huge screens.

The complex figures displayed on the screen could stun even the greatest scientists. Yan Buwen was the only person who understood all of the information.

When he was pondering some questions, the graceful shadow of a woman appeared out of nowhere. She stood facing his back.

It took a few moments before Yan Buwen felt anything odd about his predicament. A cool chill spread throughout the chambers of his heart. An enormous amount of pressure flooded his body, making him temporarily paralyzed.

Turning very slowly around, he saw the woman who had entered the laboratory.

She had extremely long hair that reached her backside, and her face was one that Yan Buwen had been thinking about all day long. The elegant, laced black dress exposed her fair-skinned legs, making her a successful impression of a black lotus that had come from another world. Her gaze, however, was none too welcoming.

"You... Why are you here..." he asked, his insides jumping with delight. Albeit feeling numbness all over his body, he attempted to comb his messy hair with his hands. His gaze did not leave her face.

She turned her body to face a wall of large glass tubes.

If someone else were to see what she was seeing, they would have fled out of fear!

Swimming among the fluid within the giant tubes were naked bodies of grown men!

Furthermore, these men looked the exact same with one another!

Clones! They were clones of a single human being!

Underneath each of the tubes was a screen showing the vitals of the inhabitant, indicating their health and conditions.

Yan Buwen observed the woman while she took in the sight of the tubes. He said rather cheekily, "What do you think? I didn't disappoint you, did I?"

Upon hearing this, she turned her head to throw him an icy cold glance. "I told you not to touch Yang Chen without my instructions. You seem... to be unable to follow the simplest of instructions."

He looked away, trying to avoid her intense gaze. "I'm only... testing out some bodies. I'm trying to investigate the functions of space laws exhibit after the fusion..."

“Hmph,” grunted the woman. “Yan Buwen, don’t act cocky with me. You want to test out the space laws, you have other options to do so. Why bother destroying the American ship that Yang Chen recently interacted with?”

“I—I’m just... Ahh!”

He still wanted to explain himself, but without finishing his sentence, a terrible scream erupted from his mouth!

The bones beneath the muscles had been crushed to fine dust. The lower half of his white coat was stained with red!

Yan Buwen fell on to the ground and curled up into a ball!

On the floor, a pool of blood was spreading.

The lady did not even bother looking at his crumpled state. “This punishment is a small one for you. After all, you can heal your own body, so it can serve as a reminder.”

“Y—yes... It—it’s my fault...” muttered Yan Buwen with effort, his eyes full of fear and resentment!

No matter how hard he modified his own body, it was no use against this woman!

She shuffled toward the tubes. The corner of her lips curled into a vague and mysterious smile. This malicious beauty would drown anyone in their desires for her.

“Yan Buwen... you must remember, I’ve harvested so much divinity from divine weapons for you. It’s not meant for your personal use. If you happen to waste any of it without waiting for my signal... it would displease me greatly.” She turned around to face the pathetic excuse of a man on the ground. “Let me tell you, this world is full of smart people. If you believe that you are worthy of my time, it’s best you dispel those thoughts! I can destroy you as easily as I breathed life into you! If you try to be sneaky again, I will replace you as soon as I hear about it...”

Yan Buwen crawled toward the woman hastily, ignoring the blood still seeping through the fabric of his coat. He made a kowtow with his head heavily knocking against the hard ground...

Chapter 747 - It’d Be Much Faster

It’d Be Much Faster

Golden and orange hues of light covered the whole city, making it look like one enormous crystal.

Los Angeles was breathtaking. It wasn’t overpopulated with metal skyscrapers like New York, nor was it always scorching hot like Miami.

It was the perfect blend between the city life with the peace that came only from suburban areas.

Toward the west of this very well-known city sat Beverly Hills, the area lining the Pacific Ocean. Its residents were mainly comprised of the rich and famous.

Many people had believed it to be an insignificant plot of land. However, it was a city made up of its very own mayor, police officers, medical practitioners, and firefighters.

Due to the complete set of facilities available, Beverly Hills was the city of cities. Topped with the captivating view and the convenient geographical location, multiple Hollywood stars and foreign billionaires were more than willing to make it their home.

At right in that instance, was a young man lying naked atop a big, comfortable bed lined with white sheets. His surroundings were decorated with colorful, bright ornaments.

It was unclear how long he had been asleep.

Not long after the sun had risen, he opened his eyes. He stared at the room, at the domed ceiling painted with florals. He seemed to have recalled something, which resulted in the long sighs slipping out of his mouth.

“Dear Yang Chen, you’re finally awake. I’d thought you were going to lay there forever.”

A woman leaned against the doorframe, sporting a laced up dress tied around her neck. She smiled at Yang Chen, her eyes betraying happiness.

The corner of his mouth twitched, then he slowly moved to the edge of the mattress. He bent his neck, seeing his exposed groin. With his lips pursed, he asked, “Christen, must you be such a devil? Why didn’t you give me a pair of trousers?”

“This is my house at Beverly, and I had never brought a man home to my bed before. Why would I own any trousers?” said Christen as she smirked.

He rolled his eyes and scratched the back of his head. Words had almost left him when he suddenly remembered something, he slapped his forehead. “Oh no!”

“What’s wrong?”

“I sneaked out of my house, so my family wouldn’t know of my condition and situation. It’s already daytime in America which means that a full day has passed back in China!” sighed Yang Chen. “I’m finished, and my phone is still in my room. My mother must be worried sick!”

Christen chuckled. “Don’t worry, Mr Yang Chen. I’d already known that you’re not very bright. I already made an international call to China yesterday afternoon.”

“Really?” His heart relaxed. *‘I’m sure Ruoxi would handle everything for me. It would seem like I have some time to deal with my remaining issues.*

Taking in the silly look on his face, she became speechless, her smile faltering. “How do you feel? You were charred black the night I brought you home. Although you seem to have recovered, you...”

“My True Yuan has gone, and my power is no more, right?” laughed Yang Chen. “I just checked my body, I’m still healthy, don’t worry.”

“You still dare to laugh?” uttered Christen, her voice rising in pitch. “Think about it. You have made many, many enemies throughout the years. Now that your powers have left you, what if someone decides to take their revenge!?”

Yang Chen replied, “Well, we can’t cry about it. It’s already a miracle that I’m still alive.”

“Sigh, I’m too lazy to care right now.” Christen shook her head, then shouted in the direction of the doorway. “Sally, take the clothes and get Mr Yang dressed.”

A crisp voice drifted in from the outside. Soon enough, a white girl with curly, light brown hair stepped over the threshold with clean clothes in her hands. She was wearing a black-and-white maid uniform.

Seeing the bare body of Yang Chen, Sally’s cheeks reddened into a light shade of crimson and she turned shy as a result. She bowed, her head bent towards him, her hands arranging the fresh pile of clothes.

“Come down after you’re dressed, we have a lot to discuss. I’ll head downstairs first,” ordered Christen.

Sally had grabbed his attention, her shy-looking face muting Christen’s voice.

Her uniform was not rare for maids. However, it was uncommon to have an American lady sporting it.

That being said, the design had originated from England in the 19th century, according to the history of maid uniforms. But now, its sole purpose was leaning toward usage in sexual acts in Japan.

Sally seemed to be in her early twenties. She must’ve just graduated when Christen hired her as a maid. Of course, Christen was a person with privilege. Many people would fight for a spot under her employment.

Her face was round and adorable. The curves on her body were less prominent in relation to the rest of the American population, but in comparison to Asian women, she was much curvier. The black-and-white lace dress was stretched, enhancing the shape of her body. A deep cleavage could be seen through the lowered collar of the outfit.

“Mr Yang... would you want to wear the shirt first, or the trousers?” asked Sally timidly after sensing his eyes on her chest.

Given any other circumstances, she would have given him a tight slap across the face. But this was her employer’s VIP. This was someone her employer saw fit to bring into her own personal room. She was merely a maid. At that instance, Yang Chen recollected himself. He smiled innocently and answered, “Shirt first... shirt...” He had almost replied in Mandarin.

Sally immediately nodded her head. She helped him put on a stripped, white Versace shirt. She buttoned the top and sorted out the collar in a professional manner.

She was bending down to retrieve the pair of bottoms when he stopped her.

“Your name is Sally, right?” asked Yang Chen, smiling.

She dipped her head rather nervously. “Yes, Mr Yang.”

“Can you do me a favor? Well, as you know, I’ve just woken up from a very long sleep. Some parts of my body feel... unnaturally stiff.” He spoke with seriousness, like an uncle speaking to his niece.

Curious, Sally widened her greenish-brown eyes. “Please elaborate, Mr Yang.”

“Alright, Sally, could you help me test out if this organ of mine is still functional?” He had a solemn expression on his face, then pointed at his genital.

At that precise moment, his little junior shot up. The girth and the length made it particularly eye-catching.

Sally was caught off guard. She covered her mouth with her hands and proceeded to turn around from the horror of the situation.

“Mr Yang... yo—you mean...” Albeit having been in a few romantic relationships, she was rather dispassionate in her sexuality. Furthermore, since she became Christen’s maid, she had no more physical contact with men. His length made something in her stir up again.

However, there was not a hint of shame or embarrassment on Yang Chen’s face. He sat with his legs spread out, looking as confident as ever.

“Sally, I didn’t mean it like that. I would never deflower an innocent little girl. You might not have known this but I was involved in a major accident. I’m afraid that I may have lost the ability to reproduce. So, I just want you to help me out, to experiment with my ‘shooting capability’. I won’t ask for much, one round to test my firepower will suffice...” said Yang Chen earnestly.

Sally would give anything to strangle the shameless scum. *How is he a VIP? He’s worse than a beast! A thick-faced monster!*

However, he looked sincere and genuine. On top of that, who was she in the grand scheme of things? She was just a lowly maid.

“The—then I guess I can use my hand to experiment with it.” She was on the verge of tears. *Well, look at the bright side. It is not really big of a deal. I’m just lending a stranger my hand. It’s alright. Perhaps Ms Christen will reward me, maybe she will give me a cash prize!*

“Your hand?” He shook his head. “Sally, that’s not fair to you. It’d be tiring using your hand! What if I can’t get off after half an hour? Your hand muscles would be so sore!”

Surprised, Sally thought, *I must have misunderstood Mr Yang.* “Then... how would you want it done?” she asked, tilting her head.

He licked his lips and chuckled. “Use your mouth. It’s softer and warmer. Trust me when I say that it’d be much faster.”

Chapter 748 - Poor Little Girl

Poor Little Girl

Sally’s jaw dropped. There was nothing more she wanted to do than to criticize him for the audacity to ask such a request. *This man is not a human!*

However, Yang Chen raised his eyebrows as if it was a laughing matter. “Sally, hurry up. Your boss is waiting for me. You’re such an obedient girl, answering to all my needs. I’ll put a good word in for you later!”

She wanted nothing more than to disappear. *Why didn’t he cut to the chase? He could’ve said what he wanted from the start.* In a rich man’s world, even stars and artists were their sex toys. What gave her the right to refuse?

She flipped her curly hair, brushing it back. Kneeling down before him, she positioned herself between his legs. Unwillingly, she flashed him a dashing smile. Then, she parted her pinkish lips and took him into her mouth...

“Oh... oh... yes... Use your tongue... Yes, right there... Oh!”

After a long half an hour, Sally was panting from exhaustion. She sat on the floorboard like a deflated balloon. Her lips seemed to have swollen to a point where they were not able to close.

Satisfied, Yang Chen put on his underwear and trousers in a joyful mood. He then sent her a flying kiss and walked out of the room to head downstairs.

In the bright, polished living room was Christen. She was sitting at the dining table, a newspaper in her hands.

Without glancing back at him, Christen laughed lightly. “It seems like you’re adjusting well. It suits your style, making my maid do that sort of things right after you woke up.”

He dragged a chair back and sat on it, biting into a buttered bun. “Remember to give her a million dollars. I might’ve told her that she was going to receive compensation.”

“Why should I pay for your actions?” Christen put down the newspaper and pursed her lips, dissatisfied. “It’s not like you don’t have money. You’re so stingy.”

“Seriously? Money is nothing to you. It must’ve been hard for the poor little girl. She nearly choked, I can tell you that,” said Yang Chen, his tone pitiful.

“Ms Lin must truly be an amazing person to put up with you.” Christen had no wish to continue the subject. She was lifting up a glass of milk when she noticed the color of it, and immediately rested it against the surface of the table, frowning.

Delighted, Yang Chen crossed his legs. He shifted his gaze toward the huge glass window located several steps away. The stunning view of the hill and the city below could lift heavy stones off one’s shoulders.

“This place is fine. I shall ask Ron to buy out a unit here, and recruit some uninformed ladies as maids,” he said, his voice excited.

Christen snorted. “All the units are taken. That is unless you are looking for a unit at the foot of the hill.”

“I didn’t say I’d go through the standard procedure. Tell me, who wouldn’t trade up their home for their lives,” said Yang Chen light-heartedly.

Christen rolled her eyes and stayed silent. If she were to continue speaking, she was afraid she’d blow up the whole mansion.

Yang Chen gulped down orange juice, draining the glass and smacking his own stomach.

Christen turned solemn and asked, “You’ve already enjoyed one round of Nine Heavenly Lightning, you really don’t know this?”

Yang Chen chuckled lightly. “If I had known, I would’ve surrendered seeing as all of my power was on the line. I would rather get reincarnated than tasting how the thunder strike felt.”

Christen sighed and dipped her head to drown in her own thoughts. She seemed to be collecting herself, then spoke after a few long minutes. "Even though we're one of the few witnesses who had seen the battle between the Chinese cultivators and the gods tens of millenia ago, we never truly understood their methods. The best I can do is provide you with a rough idea of the whole thing. Furthermore, you seem to have misunderstood the war between us and those ancestors. Let me explain it to you in simple terms..."

Following her words, journeys untold by Yan Sanniang and the truth about tens of thousands of years ago finally presented itself before his eyes.

The truth was when the gods and goddesses realized the unsuitability of Mars, all of them had migrated to another planet—Earth. As per Yan Sanniang's words, they slaughtered most of the original occupants upon their arrival.

In their eyes, to make Earth their rightful home, it could only have one owner.

However, when they trudged into the land of China, the cultivators in the country could not bear their cruelty. They started protesting against the gods.

Back in those days, there were tens of thousands of gods. These days, there were only the twelve remaining ones. As for China, there was no Hongmeng back then. Thousands of cultivators existed all over China.

Normal cultivators of the Soul Forming stage, meaning the ones who had broken through Xiantian Full Cycle, had varying levels of potential. Some were beyond powerful, whereas the others did not yield high power levels.

But, this was not the case for the divinities. As long as they were able to grasp the concept and practicality of space laws, they were already far ahead of the normal cultivators.

And because of this particular reason, the gods had the upper hand from the start. They planned to sabotage all of the cultivators, wiping the planet clean. Earth could belong to them, and only them.

However, when the battle had reached its climax, the greatest masters appeared!

Mere gods were no match with these men!

Among the twelve main gods, only the most capable—Zeus, Athena, Poseidon, Hades, and Apollo—were on a par with the masters.

But, to bring an end to these men, only Zeus and Athena had the potential to do so!

Zeus's power did not follow the contemporary laws of space. It was multiple times stronger than that of Poseidon's. His weapon, Thunderbolt, could only be handled by himself!

If there was anything the cultivators were afraid of, it was the Thunderbolt!

While Zeus was busy bombing the gates of China with his weapon, Athena had hers stashed away. Her capabilities were not inferior to Zeus's. She was the only god with two divine weapons—the shield Aegis and the spear Pallas. Albeit not taking advantage of her weapons, she was not intimidated by even the

cultivators of the Tribulation Passing stage. She had an excellent understanding of the space laws, and to top it off, a shocking amount of brilliance and intelligence!

Whenever she faced an opposing warrior, she put her ordinary divination skills to good use, predicting the enemies' next moves. She still had a trump card called the 'Great Divination' up her sleeve.

Imagine, all your future actions could be foreseen by your foe; no matter how hard you tried changing the time ahead, it was useless! Hence, it didn't matter how competent you were, it was no winning situation.

After thousands of casualties, gods and cultivators alike, the combat had turned white-hot.

The greatest masters realized, with a jolt, that Zeus and Athena were like indestructible steel!

Without any choice, they led the two gods to a battlefield dating from the Pacific time...

Since then, Zeus had gone off the grid whereas Athena seemed to have managed an escape after a warning from her gift of prophecy!

After her getaway, the other divine beings were made aware of the existence of masters with power levels way more significant than those they'd seen. These men were from the Pacific time, believed to be the ancestors of all cultivators.

Although they'd left the earth for an extensive, however unknown, period of time, their imprints remained till this day.

In the present, masters trained with methods acquired from those days.

At the same time, these predecessors had left a pronounced formation!

This was why the masters had tried to lead the two gods to the Pacific and into the trap.

However, Athena had secured her breakout by flourishing one of her two weapons; before the real deal was fully released, she slit open a gap to wriggle herself out of the situation!

Sadly, the only Zeus was never seen up till date!

Without Zeus, the gods did not have an upper hand. Even with Athena by their side, none could bring about the destruction to their rivals like Zeus. If the battle remained unchecked, they would have to live the rest of their lives in caution and worry.

Later on, they discovered the unsimilarities between the atmosphere on Earth as compared to that on Mars, which resulted in a low fertility rate. Hence, even if the cultivators were all killed, the path toward their very own extinction was inevitable.

Furthermore, the twelve main gods were the only ones that could reincarnate. This signified the unavoidable demise of the other gods.

As for the masters, the greatest of them all were vanquished in the air, their souls departing this life forever.

So, the gods were devastated over the disappearance of their kind in the time to come; the masters were helpless, without anybody to rely on.

No matter who won the fight then, it was meaningless.

Therefore, the remaining eleven divine beings had finally agreed to stop fighting and signed the Treaty of Gods.

The deal went both ways. The gods were not allowed to use space laws on a war outside of their own due to their destructive power. Undoubtedly, this did not apply to the masters. Those who disobeyed this particular rule would be forced by the other gods into rebirth.

As for the cultivators, they could not cross over to a territory outside of their country, and they were banned from attacking the gods without a valid reason.

There were multiple regulations on the treaty. Aside from the prohibition laid on the divinities, the masters seemed to have compromised a great deal. After all, the other countries belonged to the gods. And this was why they frequented these places. China was not unreachable, but it reminded them of a painful time in their history.

Of course, to ensure the effectiveness of the treaty, the parties made a special 'vow'. The gods' vow was under the restriction of the space laws and if found violating it, the ability to reincarnate would be taken out of the picture. The masters' vow was under the restriction of the laws of universe and if found violating it, they would face punishment by the heavens, stopping their cultivation from progressing, and their bodies to age faster, eventually to death.

Furthermore, all of them still had ego and pride. Who would humiliate themselves by breaking the rules?

Christen had reached this point in her story when Yang Chen interrupted, "Why do I feel like something is not quite right? Were all of them on board when the 'Treaty of Gods' was signed? It seems unlikely given Poseidon's temper. It doesn't seem like he'd be the type to give in to such demands..."

Chapter 749 - Just the Mouth

Just the Mouth

"Of course not," Christen sighed while shaking her head. "Three people disagreed. Athena, Poseidon, and you, Hades..."

"Ahem... I'd like to point out that it wasn't me. It was my predecessor," uttered Yang Chen.

Christen grunted as she appeared unconvinced by his words.

Yang Chen rubbed his chin. Then, he asked in a curious tone, "Why didn't you mention anything regarding God's Stone? What is it used for? Where did it come from? Surely it must hold some significance for the other gods to turn on each other for it."

Christen said, "Haven't I said? I have no clue where it came from and what it is used for. In fact, this item only emerged after the 'Treaty of Gods' was signed. As far as I'm concerned, it is highly related to our kind. Besides, it might contain the answers to our species' revival. But that's all it is—a possibility. Its

most successful application was on you. Without it, you might not have survived half the things that you have been through. You definitely would not have been able to practice your spatial powers.

“As for anything besides that, you have just about as much clue as I have. After all, I never stood much of a chance fighting for it. Most of the time, God’s Stone was either missing or being researched by Hades or Athena. I’m sure they are trying to revive our kind, but... the rest of us are not very confident.”

Yang Chen thought for a moment, then frowned. “Sigh, you still haven’t talked about the heavenly tribulations.”

Christen lifted her glass of milk, no longer disgusted by its color. She gulped down her drink and replied, “What’s the rush? I was just about to start on that...”

There were three stages to it.

The power levels among the cultivators of Soul Forming stage varied vastly. However, those of the Tribulation Passing stage were different. A person would not be able to achieve that stage just because of their own proficiency.

The Tribulation Passing stage distinguished the truly powerful masters from the rest. They had to be judged and approved by the universe before they were able to access that higher power.

Which meant, it was an inevitable path for the best of the best.

Heavenly tribulations were categorized into three kinds. Depending on how ‘heaven-defying’ a cultivator was, different kinds of heavenly tribulations would descend.

The first kind was the weakest, and the most common. It was the Three Yang Fire, consisting of three rounds striking three times each—Li Fire, Samadhi True Fire, and Ye Fire. They would descend from the sky, burning the cultivators. If even a hint of instability was present, they would be blasted to ashes!

The second kind was a little stronger and was extremely rare. It was the Six Frost Water, also consisting of three rounds with three times each. Kui Water, Ming Water, and Ruo Water would be coagulated between heaven and earth, attacking every inch of the cultivator’s skin and every little pore on its surface, soon corroding their soul.

The third kind was the rarest tribulation. It was formed after the interaction between Yin and Yang—Nine Heavenly Lightning!

This was without a doubt the one that the masters feared most. It was way more horrifying than Zeus’s Thunderbolt because it was the work of nature. It was the unholy offspring between the interrelations of Yin and Yang!

This was categorized into three divisions: Tai Qing, Shang Qing, and Yu Qing.

If one ended up at this stage, this person must’ve practiced a technique so heaven-defying that the heavens were provoked to bring an end to their life.

After explaining all three types, Christen continued, “About ten thousand years ago, we’d seen two incredibly skillful masters of the Tribulation Passing stage. Being the two strongest in China, they came

face to face with the Nine Heavenly Lightning. When they encountered the Shang Qing Heavenly Lightning, the first strike blew them to bits.”

Yang Chen swallowed his own saliva and laughed stiffly. “Surely you must be exaggerating.”

“Why would I lie to you?” Christen rolled her eyes. “Although this is not my area of expertise, I have seen enough masters go through it to understand the basics. My advice to you is to rest now and pick up your space laws once again. Forget about cultivation. Your modified body, thanks to the divine light, may really have protected you from the lightning. Anyhow, it could be your luck that your cultivation is gone.”

Yang Chen scratched at his head, then asked, “According to what you just said, if I have survived Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning with my power still intact, does it mean that I would’ve truly stepped into the Tribulation Passing stage?”

“That’s right,” answered Christen as she nodded. “You managed to challenge it, and at that, a very terrific one. If you were successful, I assume you’d be on a par with Poseidon.”

Stunned, Yang Chen exclaimed, “What?! Only on par with him?!”

Christen said feebly, “Do you really believe that Poseidon was using his powers to their full extent when fighting you? I’d bet it wasn’t even ten percent. Moreover, he did not brandish his weapon, the Trident. Had he reached his full potential at the start, you would’ve reincarnated without having a chance to encounter the heavenly lightning.”

Yang Chen inhaled sharply and laughed. “Well, then, do you know what happens if one survives through the last strike?”

Christen shook her head. “I have no idea. The strongest masters I’ve ever witnessed all only managed to undergo the first strike and their capabilities could compare with those of Poseidon’s. If they had survived then, I guess they’d be as competent as Zeus and Athena. As for the final strike, it is possible that they might have gained immortality.”

Joy flashed across Yang Chen’s eyes. “Immortal... Interesting, they’re actually called immortals.”

Seeing the funny look on his face, Christen waved her pale hand before Yang Chen’s dazed eyes. “Why are you zoning out? You don’t even possess a hint of True Yuan right now. Why are you hoping to become an immortal?”

Yang Chen blinked his eyes. “Fine, I think I have a fairly good idea of everything now. After I return to China, I shall do my best to find out as much as I can on this.”

“You still won’t give up?!” Christen furrowed her brows. “I’ve told you, the Chinese methods would lead you to your own destruction. Their acts are against the heavens!”

Yang Chen shrugged. “I’m alive and well now, aren’t I? Don’t you worry, why would I want to die when I have so many women to be loved and cared for?”

“Love?” Christen laughed it off, her expression was cold and disdainful. “Should I give Ms Lin a call and tell her all about how you displayed your love toward my little servant?”

“Hey, you’re such a blabbermouth!” Yang Chen blurted out, “Don’t you speak of nonsense! It was just the mouth! Just the mouth!”

Looking at his smug face made her feel dizzy. “Okay, you don’t have to describe it to me, I won’t mention it anymore. I can’t stand you... Really, I don’t know where your thought process comes from. Did the lightning strike you silly? You seem way more thick-faced now than before...”

Yang Chen did not feel ashamed, not even in the slightest. He smirked and said, “Blabbermouth, why did you let me rest in your room? Did you sleep with me?”

She threw her a flirty glance without hesitation. “Why, is it unfortunate for you if we did not do anything?”

“Huh? You really slept with me!?” He laughed bitterly. “I was just kidding, you’re really...”

Resentment flooded her face. “Why, is sleeping with me such a repulsive idea?”

“You know that’s not what I meant,” said Yang Chen, his smile vanishing and his face looking strict. “We’re just friends, the kind that can depend on each other. Moreover, I promised him to take good care of you. I don’t want the dynamics of our relationship to be messed up.”

Upon hearing this, her complexion turned pale. She said indignantly, “I don’t understand what you’re saying. You are you, and you’re the one I want to sleep with!”

He sighed. “Why are you lying to yourself?”

“Shut up!”

Christen slammed her palms, hard, against the table. She got to her feet, tears filling her eyes and her breath quickening.

Yang Chen threw up his hands and gestured to abandon the argument.

Christen stared at him for a few long minutes and tilted her head to wipe the tears. “I’m sorry, I lost control. Well, I’m done here, I should head to the studio now. I have two events to attend, so I can’t keep you company. Make yourself at home, just let Sally know if you need anything. I’ll be off.”

She picked up her crystal sunglasses and stalked off. However, she stopped after a few steps and gave a low sigh. “A guest has arrived. I guess my leave will have to wait.”

Chapter 750 - Murky Lines of Morality

Murky Lines of Morality

The moment Christen had finished speaking, a black Cadillac ALADE SUV gradually steered into the compounds of the mansion. It was elegant yet solid, much like all the other iterations of the Cadillac family.

With a 6.2 displacement V8 engine, it was truly a rarity in China. But since it was an import from the US, it was only about 100 grand, which was rather affordable.

Down came two men dressed in dark colors. They hurriedly rushed to open the doors by the passengers seat, before a bald, middle-aged man hopped off.

Down came none other than Poseidon, but in a full marine uniform this time.

Poseidon came towards the entrance of the mansion. As he strode along the path, he lifted his head and glanced at Christen as a nod of respect.

Christen gave him the bare minimum as a response before moving her pupils, hinting to let them in.

The two bodyguards stood by the gate, while Poseidon took the bald man along into the house and made his way straight towards Yang Chen.

“Oh, old bag, I was quite sure you were a Hawaiian chef just yesterday, and immediately today you’re a US Marines commander?” Yang Chen burst into laughter.

Poseidon was unfazed by his joke as he stoically replied, “Yang Chen, my name is Prandelli. I am a lifelong accoladed admiral of the US Marine Corps. I’m not here to joke with you. Today, I’m here to settle this once and for all.”

The bald middle-aged man lifted his head as he modestly explained, “This must be Your Majesty Pluto. I am the current chief of the FBI, Robert Mueller. It’s my pleasure to meet you—”

“Alright cut the crap. Say what you must and make it quick.” Yang Chen was not having any of it today.

Robert grinned as he continued, “So here’s the thing, Admiral Prandelli has already proven that you’re not the culprit of the US Marines fleet ambush incident. I’m here to apologize on behalf of the US government for the inconveniences and misunderstandings that have come to past.”

Christen sneered at his statement. “What’s the point of an apology when Yang Chen has been reduced to this state?”

Robert was slightly apologetic as he awkwardly chuckled. “Miss Christen, I am aware that this was a mistake on our part, but we are only human after all. Given the circumstances that this situation was forged in, I believe that it would be best for you to calm down.”

Yang Chen knew then, that regardless if it was Christen or Prandelli, the true identity of the gods was clear to the Americans. Come to think of it, as the biggest superpower in the world, there was no way that they did not keep tabs on potential threats to their country.

Just like Stern and Alice of the Cromwell family, who were unilaterally known as the scum of the British society, never had any constructive strategies taken upon them, naturally, because the British government were well aware of who they were.

Nonetheless, the main gods were every national secret organization’s taboo. If it was not interfered by an incident on a magnitude as big as this one in the US, they would never interrupt the secluded lives of the main gods.

Even when the main gods were never bound to just one nation, the nation that their physical bodies were located in would ultimately have left a slight connection with them.

Christen turned her head away from the conversation, bored at how things were playing out.

“That’s all you’ve got?” Yang Chen frowned. “If that’s all you need to say then why would you come all the way here? A phone call would have sufficed.”

Robert awkwardly replied, “Well here’s the thing, our equivalent in China is currently searching for the culprit that made you his scapegoat. Your insight might help them track the culprit sooner. I promise it’d not last more than a few days. In at most 3 days, if we cannot come to conclusion I will play my part and let you go on your way. However, we might need you to stay in the US for this time being. Would that be fine?”

“Why’d you need me? Prandelli will be here to stay, no?” Yang Chen replied.

“I need to go back to Hawaii to try out new recipes, remember?” Prandelli was stoic as always.

Yang Chen thought for a moment before he nodded. “I’ll be in Los Angeles for the time being, you can go now.”

“I appreciate your assistance, Your Majesty Pluto.” Robert’s face glowed as he bowed.

Prandelli stood up and went straight for the door, but before he left, he did not forget to emphasize this. “Your current condition would mean that you’re unable to use the laws of space, and with the loss of your cultivation, I would recommend you to stay away from the spotlight for the time being.”

Yang Chen let out a sinister smile. “I can’t believe you care about my livelihood.”

“I just don’t want Hades to be gone forever.” Prandelli went straight to his car right after he made himself clear.

Christen watched as the Cadillac left. She then turned to Yang Chen and asked him, “Why’d you agree to Robert’s terms? You don’t look like the kind that would just blindly obey.”

Yang Chen was visibly excited that she asked. “Since I’m here, I thought I might as well stay for a bit to rest before going back to Zhonghai. With everything that has been going on for the past few weeks, I’m glad that an opportunity like this came by.”

“I get it.” Christen rolled her eyes. “You don’t get to mess around all that much back home, so that’s why you plan to get messed up here, don’t you? Since right now you’re single and ready to mingle.”

“Do I look like that kind of person to you? I love my women with all my heart!” Yang Chen sternly emphasized.

“You might actually be genuinely in love with every one of them because you worry and care for them. But that doesn’t mean your body holds any loyalty towards them.” Christen frustratedly shook her head. “Fine, it’s just who you are I guess. But what I was frustrated about is that you promised to turn a new leaf, to stop playing around seduction and lust.”

Yang Chen stood up, stretched for a bit, put both hands into his pockets before he strolled towards a floored window, staring out at the scenic view. “Letting go or otherwise doesn’t make a difference to me now. What’s most important is that I love my life and enjoy myself to the fullest, as long as it does not go against my personal values, right or wrong, yes or no, it’s all a concept in someone else’s mind.

“Not everything could go my way. Only I can truly understand the things that I love and those which I hate. Even if it’s sinful in the eyes of bystanders, as long as I treasure that, true love can last an eternity. So why should I care about the murky lines of morality?”

The back of that man seemed blurry in the sunlight of noon, as Christen quietly listened. All of a sudden, she felt as if she did not know who this man was despite being very familiar with him.

At this moment, the maid Sally who had just finished cleaning the second floor came by Christen’s side. In a soft and respectful tone, she asked, “Master, should I clear breakfast?”

Christen turned towards her as she smiled. “Sally, I’m going to pay you an additional one million as a reward. In return, I’ll need you to take good care of Mr Yang here.”

Sally, upon hearing her words, was visibly excited at the prospects of her request. Her face was red from the adrenaline, her pupils shifted towards the back of Yang Chen that was a few feet away. At this point she wouldn’t mind to give him as many blows as his heart desired.

What a pity. Had I been more daring and let Mr Yang play with me a bit more, I might have made more than a million...? Shellie contemplated with regret.

Christen was slightly suspicious of her facial expression. It was the first time she had ever seen the seductive side of this timid little maid of hers. *What’s modesty, innocence, in the face of money? All it took was a million to make Sally wish she has done more to Yang Chen.*

As Sally happily went to do the dishes, Yang Chen walked towards Christen as he whispered, “I actually didn’t know she had that in her. But at least now you don’t have to worry about me bullying her, right?”

Christen turned back to Yang Chen as she replied, “I guess you did change. Back then, you were always a little bit weird but I could always tell what you were thinking. But now, I might feel like I understand you better, but I can no longer read your actions.”

Yang Chen chuckled. “Oh, goddess of love, in your countless years of livelihood, I’m not sure if you heard for the book ‘Tower of Babel’.”

“What about it?”

“Everyone has many faces of themselves, just like what it says in the book. Every person has two hearts, the hidden heart is shielded behind the normal heart. We would put different masks on for different people. It’s only natural that my actions may seem strange to you.”

“And how does this have anything to do with you?” Christen asked, frowning.

“What you see here, right now, is me without a mask,” Yang Chen said softly.

Christen was slightly dumbfounded. She felt like she was opened to a new perspective on the same picture she had stared at for years but it was also the first time she lost the ability to think, in front of Yang Chen of all the people.

“Aphrodite, can I ask you for a favor?” Yang Chen’s proclamation came out of nowhere.

Christen came back to focus, rearranging her emotions before she earnestly replied, "What will that be?"

"Money."

"What?"

"Money, lend me some money," Yang Chen said in a slightly desperate tone.

What she assumed was a worthy conversation of ideologies and philosophy turned out to be nothing but a chunk of exposition for lending money.

Christen sighed as she calmed herself down. "Money for what?"

"Well, because I don't have money on me now, duh." Yang Chen stared at the exponentially gorgeous woman as if she was nothing but an idiot.

Christen raised her brows in confusion. "No, what I mean is, what do you need the money for?"

"Hehe..." Yang Chen awkwardly giggled. "I was thinking of buying some gifts for my women back in China."

Christen clenched her teeth as she glared at Yang Chen. "Go get it from your subordinates then. What I can lend you at the very most is my car and a place to stay. You want money from me? Scurry off."

Upon finishing, Christen put on her shades and took off.

"What a stingy ass..." Yang Chen shook his head in disappointment, but after some thought, he ran towards the kitchen and made Sally lead him to a garage where he took one of the cars out for a spin.

Soon after, a blue Porsche 911GT was seen speeding down the slopes of Beverly Hills.