

Chapter 761 - Expecting Something Else

Expecting Something Else

Back at the estate, Sally was rather startled when she saw Yang Chen descend from the second floor. She did not know that he was home but did not think too much of it.

“Mr Yang, what can I do for you today?” Sally asked with a wide grin on her face. Every time she recalled the million-dollar reward that Christen awarded her with, she would try to present herself to Yang Chen in hopes of doubling or tripling her current earnings.

Yang Chen casually flexed his arm and reached for the white teen’s backside. “Bring me the best food in the house, I’m starving.”

Sally expected Yang Chen to have eaten prior to this. The only reason she approached him was to fulfil his desires and nothing more. She was quite surprised when she received an actual household order.

While Sally was off to the kitchen, Yang Chen went to the landline telephone by the couch and dialed a number.

Once it connected, Makedon’s voice could be heard from the other end of the phone. “Ever since that night I lost contact with you, where have you been, Your Majesty Pluto? Wait... this country code, are you in the US right now?”

Yang Chen hummed his reply before continuing, “You don’t need to know the details. I called you today because I need you to dig up some data on a particular person. It would be best if you could have it reported to me after my dinner. This fellow is no stranger to Mossad so I don’t think it’d be much of a problem for you.”

“Who is it?”

“Robert Mueller.”

“The commissioner?” Makedon was caught off-guard. “Your Majesty Pluto, are you attempting an attack on the US? Isn’t involving yourself with politics against your principles?”

“It was that old bag who has been plotting against me. I’m only targeting him, not the country. Your job is to understand and carry out your orders. Are we clear?”

Makedon let out a sigh of relief, as he returned to usual jovial self. “It is my pleasure to serve you, Your Majesty Pluto. Rest assured, it will not be too much of a hassle. Do proceed with your dinner, milord.”

Since Christen was off to work and was likely going to miss dinner tonight, Yang Chen finally got some alone time.

Sally might be young, but to be the one-and-only personal butler of a world superstar, she naturally had a certain degree of proficiency in the culinary arts. Otherwise, she would not have been chosen out of all the potential candidates. Within a few moments, she had laid out a whole spread of food ranging from appetizers to desserts.

Yang Chen ate two full platters of perfectly grilled beef steak, then a quarter chicken along with several strings of Russian sausages topped off with half a bottle of champagne.

Throughout his dinner, Sally stayed by his side to serve him. Slicing meat, filling wine, everything here and there, occasionally even intimately brushing against him.

Yang Chen, on the other hand, was licking his fingers clean after finishing his dessert, before he ominously dropped a question. "Little Sally, are you expecting something else?"

Sally turned bright red as she heard his question. She never thought he would be so straightforward about it, as she awkwardly mumbled, "If it's what Mr Yang wants, I'll gladly comply..."

"What if she's not paying this time?"

"Huh?" Sally was caught off-guard as she avoided his gaze. She embarrassingly replied, "Nah, she will."

Yang Chen graciously chuckled before he slammed on the table and replied with a tinge of sympathy. "It seems like you are out of luck today. I still have some matters that need tending to. Perhaps another day."

Once his sentence was done, he brushed past the now dejected Sally and went straight up to the second floor.

The truth was Yang Chen felt that there was still a considerable difference between her physique with that of Xiao Zhiqing's silky-smooth skin and soft, supple body. But it wouldn't be nice of him to point that out so blatantly.

Meanwhile, over at Washington D.C, stood a building shaped like a fortress. That was the Hoover building—the headquarters of the FBI.

The building was fully functional since the 70's and have been the center of many wide-eyed American dreams. But the truth was, everyone in that building was just like every other white-collar man. They received income from the public sector ranging from thirty grand to a little more than a hundred grand a year. They usually drove affordable Japanese cars and worked standard hours.

As the current commissioner of the bureau, Robert was a middling superior, neither important nor insignificant.

It was close to ten at night over at the Hoover building but it was still lit as though it were daytime.

All around the perimeter were dozens of American soldiers patrolling around. These men were not your standard run of the mill soldiers. They were handpicked from the special forces. The best of the best.

Hidden within a bunker located within the building, the sound of a man's anger and profanities could be heard echoing the hallways.

"Talk, I'm asking you dipshit! You're telling me that the two squads of SEALs assigned were all dead on site, but there isn't a single drop of blood to be seen?!"

Down in the basement under the blinding white light, Robert's bald head shone brightly. His two hands slammed onto the bulky office desk, causing a thunderous roar.

Several FBI commanding officers and military officials stood several meters away from him. They were silent with their heads hung low.

Just about half an hour ago, the Los Angeles ambush task force coordinator reassured that the target had been lost, along with every single member of the task force including the Japanese squad Takamagahara.

A result of this devastating magnitude was unprecedented and unforeseen.

It would've been understandable if Yang Chen escaped as circumstances varied from time to time. But for every member of their task force to disappear without a trace, it was just unheard of.

"Sir, I would suggest for you to calm down. We might not have found the bodies of our members, but that does not mean that the mission has failed. If that scoundrel really has lost his abilities, his escape would be a minor inconvenience on our side," one of the commanders said.

Robert glared at him in response. "Are you braindead? Do you think I'm not aware of that? That's exactly why I am rushing to put him behind bars! If any other global superpower found out about the revelation that he has lost his abilities, they would start a war just to get him in their hands. Are you even aware of the ramifications that would have on the planet?

"Whoever gets their hands on him would be awarded unimaginable wealth. But you halfwits somehow managed to lose the pathetic scum from the palms of our hands!"

The highly ranked officials were clearly in an unpleasant mood. After all, they weren't the ones who led the charge—they had appointed two members from Blue Storm in their stead. It was a conservative method which ultimately caused the failure of the mission.

Just when Robert was about to continue with his fury, a technician ran up to the official entrance. In cold sweat, he exclaimed, "Sir, pardon my interruption, but our systems seemed to be attacked by an unknown hacker! The entire server is now out of our control!"

"What?"

Right that moment, every official in the building started to look around in confusion.

Robert turned pale as a ghost while his body started trembling. "Damn it. Looks like we've got another problem on our hands. Follow me."

He brought along a group of subordinates and rushed to the externally located underground control center.

It was a huge basement roughly the size of a few basketball courts. It was filled with state-of-the-art technology and gadgets, with countless screens manned by hundreds of technicians and professionals around the clock.

That was the true heart of the FBI.

What was once a pristine and respected organization, had instantly become crowded like a wet market, with technicians and professionals slamming and hitting on the keyboards, only to no avail.

The screens were shown playing late-night talk shows and the evening news from all around the world, making the atmosphere noisy and disconcerting.

“What the hell do you think you are paid for? How can the headquarters be hacked by just anyone? Our national intel is at stake!” Robert was enraged. This was an ultimate slap in the face to him as the commissioner!

All this while, he managed to claim the commissioner seat through the emphasis on precision and prevention. Unless and until a situation was guaranteed to go their way, he would not take the initiative to take action.

But this time, the one time he decided to act first turned out to be his only and final act as commissioner.

“Sir, rest assured, the mastermind of the attack seems to be uninterested in our confidential intel. It would seem like they have hacked into our channel frequency to broadcast us something,” the head technician cautiously explained.

Robert grunted. “We’re already infiltrated and you dare tell me this? If anyone on this planet can hack into our system, do you know what this means?”

“Sir,” another technician spoke, “I seemed to have discovered the source of this hack.”

“What? Say it!”

“It appears that Mossad from Israel is behind this.”

Robert was astonished. *“Mossad? They’ve always been the closest ally with the US among the four elite global spy organizations. Why would they risk a breakaway with the US to infiltrate our intel?”*

Chapter 762 - Like a True Man

Like a True Man

Before everyone could process what Mossad’s intentions were, a video came up amidst the noise and filled every single screen in the room.

Just when everyone started to pay attention to the screens, the jaws of everyone present in the room fell to the ground.

“Ahh... lighter... Baby... Ugh... You’re hurting me...”

“You’re a horny bitch aren’t you, Mommy. You’re just like a horny pig...”

“It’s all because of you, you cheeky little bastard... Ugh!”

Shown on the screen was a softly lit living room. And right in the center of the space was a couch, occupied by a fine middle-aged Caucasian woman with a young Caucasian chap roughly in his twenties. They were coiled up together on the couch.

Amidst the sexual proclamations and the dirty talk, everyone was clear of their relationship. But for something this obscene to be displayed in one of the most prominent places in America, it was quite the shock to most of the occupants in the room.

Amongst them, some were seen gulping down their saliva while others had looks of sympathy on their faces. Nevertheless, everyone's eyes were glued onto the screen.

But there was one person in particular who was paling from shock as he held onto the rails by his side to keep his legs at bay. It was none other than Commissioner Robert himself.

Several of his closest officials gradually realized who the mother and son in the video were.

"Sir... that's your... Is that your..."

As soon as the words left the mouth of the officer, everyone suddenly understood why the commissioner was particularly affected by it.

Robert was left petrified, unable to process what he was witnessing. He did not know what to think of his employees' judgemental stares. All he could focus on was the incestuous couple on the screen.

Witnessing the situation at the commanding platform, several technicians managed to gossip about the gist of the incident.

As the scene unfolded, the technicians engrossed in it were left in astonishment.

Among those who knew Robert personally, they were aware that the mother and son were not actually blood-related. Ever since his divorce, Robert took hold of his son's custody, and just two years ago, Robert decided to marry that voluptuous woman in the video clip, which later turned out to be his son's stepmother.

However, despite their lack of blood relations, the exposure of this scandalous affair was a huge slap in the face for Robert. It would have been bad if it were shown to him privately. But for it to have been broadcasted to the entire FBI was nothing short of the worst humiliation one can suffer.

Robert was left without the option of executing them as a form of hiding this horrendous reveal, which was what left him in the state of dumbfoundedness and perplexity.

Right at that moment, the conversation of the mother and son was once again audible to the spectators.

"How did I fare, you slut? I'm much stronger than my father don't you think?"

"Ugh... Dear, don't you dare bring up your father. That man hasn't been behaving like a true man for more than a year now! If I knew, I'd never have agreed to marry him. What's worse, who knew it doesn't pay well to be the commissioner of the FBI!"

"Uh-uh, there's another way to think about it. If you hadn't gotten married, how would I have met you, slut?"

"You naughty little boy... Stop calling me that." The seductress giggled. She seemed to be enjoying this form of name calling.

The employees were all awkwardly shuffling in their seats, trying to contain their laughter.

The highly ranked officials looked unfazed, but deep down, they were trying their absolute best to not burst out into laughter.

Robert had both hands gripped onto a metal rail. His face was as red as a tomato and his veins were bulging in rage. "Break them, break every one of the monitors!"

Witnessing his rage blown in full force, his assistant instantaneously came up and held him by his shoulders. "Sir, you have to calm down. We cannot let the enemy mess up our pace!"

"Screw off!"

Robert then went ahead like an unleashed beast as he dashed down the stage, grabbed a tall stool, ran to the nearest monitor screen, and flung straight at it!

Bang!

Sparks flew as the monitor was split in two.

"Stop the commissioner! His rage is getting the better of him." One of the commanding generals instructed security to pin him down. After all, the information held within this room and displayed on that screen was internationally significant data.

Several bulkier agents went up and held Robert down. The repercussions of their actions were less important than what might happen if Robert lost control.

"Let me go, let go you dimwits! Do you still want to keep your jobs?! I'm Robert Mueller, your boss!"

Robert's overweight body struggled to break free from their grasps but to no avail, as he eventually gave up while huffing and puffing on the ground.

Several other officers came down the podium steps and surrounded him.

"Sir, I know this is a huge blow for you, but I would suggest you take your actions into consideration. This is not time to wallow in personal pitfalls. We must uncover why Mossad attacked us in the first place. We have to regroup and plan on how to proceed forward."

Hardly anything of that matter went into Robert's head as he was shaking his head in disbelief. "That's not real, that can't be real. Why would they do that to me? I raised that boy. Why would he do that to his own father..."

Whilst he was dwelling in his sorrows, his hands held to his face as tears started raining down, prompting many by his side to sympathize for his wellbeing.

Even though this might very much be a family disgrace, it might mean that there would be a change in leadership in the near future if this affects his capabilities as commissioner.

But, from the perspective of a father, a husband or a man, it was a brutal scene to watch. It would've been less painful if someone just drove a dagger through his heart.

Just went everyone was silent from sympathy, the security alarm was triggered throughout the entire headquarter building.

RING! RING!

A sharp noise of the alarm resonated in the ears of everyone present, coupled with the signals of emergency.

“How’s the situation?”

“Shit, are we being attacked?”

Just moments ago they were in deep discussion on how to counter cyber attacks moving forward. Now, they were being physically attacked by the enemy.

Before the agents and the commanding officers could proceed with defensive procedures, they heard a huge rumble on the walls of the headquarters’ north corner.

BANG!

A dull crumpling noise was heard before the huge wall of the north side was blown open, revealing a huge aperture.

Amidst the dust and debris, one man trotted past the brittle ground, as he marched towards the high ranking officials.

As the dust cleared, everyone got a clear glimpse of an ordinary-looking Asian man in leisure clothing as he emerged from the smog.

Nearly most of them were terrified and confused, but several highly ranked officials were haunted by his presence as they were glued to their spots, unable to make a move.

“Pl—Pluto?!”

“How is that possible? How is he unscathed?!”

The intruder was unsurprisingly enough, Yang Chen.

He took a good look at the screens across the base. He noticed they were all synced with the intense ‘actions’ between the mother and son. Yang Chen nodded in satisfaction. The men of Mossad under Makedon’s leadership sure were efficient in their work. They knew full well how to cripple an opponent permanently.

Since it was Robert who was trying to scheme his demise while he was at his lowest, there was no way Yang Chen was going to lose to him.

That was why when Makedon revealed that Robert’s current wife was in an incestuous relationship with her stepson, Yang Chen did not hesitate to lay cameras all around the scene. As for the exact scene, a little hallucinating drug would do the trick.

As he leisurely strolled towards Robert and his ragtag team of officials, Yang Chen greeted them with a smile. “My apologies for the delay, I know that all of you have been looking for me all this while. Unfortunately, I was a little preoccupied with dinner before I came. Oh yeah, how did you guys enjoy the little present I brought with me?” Yang Chen proclaimed as he pointed at the intense scenes of all projected screens.

Robert, who was being clamped down by his agents, taunted and cursed as he tried to break free. "You satanic being, how could you do such a disgusting thing?! You demon!"

Yang Chen chuckled lightly. "Commissioner Robert seems to be rather unwelcoming towards the relationship between the mother and son. But to think of it, a wife as hot as she is sure is pleasant to look at. Too bad I'm only here for a couple of days. Otherwise, I wouldn't mind taking a trip down to his house for a visit. I'm sure she'll be more than happy to receive me."

"Shut the hell up!" Robert curled in fury as he yelled at the agents by his side. "What are you daydreaming about? Shoot him!"

But his direct order did not gather the prompt response he was expecting.

Everyone present including the staff and the defense agents were frozen to the ground. What kind of joke was that? This dude broke into the FBI Headquarters, through a wall laid out with tens of layers of reinforced steel and cement. He strolled into the underground base like it was his neighborhood. Why would they pick a fight with a man who was clearly not human! An enemy of this degree was clearly not one for them to pick a fight with!

Robert didn't take long before he got a grasp of the situation as his face went dark as coal.

He then turned towards him and grunted, "You... didn't lose your cultivation I see."

Yang Chen shrugged. "Are you disappointed?"

"Why... how... General Prandelli had no reason to lie to us. I swear I heard him say that you were powerless. Why..." Robert was sulking from his defeat.

Yang Chen appeared rather unamused as he continued, "That, you have to ask him yourself. I understand why he'd said that, but I never said I lost my ability to kill."

Robert cracked a smile from utter devastation. "If that's the case, I assume Seidel and Stark, along with the entire SEALs ambush team are ceased from existence then?"

Yang Chen scanned his surroundings before he chuckled. "The members of Blue Storm don't seem to be here. Why don't you gather them? They are your ace team, are they not? I'm alone, I don't mind waiting for their glorious presence."

Staring right at Yang Chen's ominous laughter, everyone present felt a haunting chill resonating through them. Was he there to turn the FBI headquarters into a bloody war zone?!

Chapter 763 - Predicament

Predicament

After noticing that the entire room was still frozen in time, Yang Chen frowned and asked with a tinge of agitation, "Are you guys paid to daydream when your top secret facility has been breached? Or perhaps my accent is a little too heavy to understand?"

Robert at that moment finally calmed down a little. "Your Majesty Pluto, would you be so kind as to overlook our misconduct just this once?"

“As a person of your status, I believe generosity is something you have in spades. Since the people sent to put you down are dead, could you spare the people in this room?”

Yang Chen replied with disgust, “Well what do you know? You plot my demise but I survive. Now that I’m here to return the favor, you want me to let you go scot-free? Is this some kind of joke to you?”

“Your Majesty, you should know clear and well that the FBI is the core of the American homeland security. Starting anything here is basically declaring war against the USA. I believe your intuition is strong enough to prevent you from worsening the situation,” a military general proclaimed.

Yang Chen did not even flinch at his statement. He lifted an arm and pushed it outward.

THUMP! THUMP! BANG!

Soon after, several monitors in the room started to twist and bend at odd angles. Some even started to cave in on themselves after being hit by an incomprehensible force.

The sparks flew all across the room and scrap metal stood where what was once state-of-the-art technology.

The flames triggered by the explosion led the entire underground passageway to be decorated with immense red flames. The blinding white light soon gave way to a blanket of smoke coming from the burnt plastics and wiring.

Within seconds, the entire underground base was engulfed in tiny explosions which filled the air around them. And as soon as it came, it was gone.

Yang Chen shoved his hands back into his pockets. “If I hear any more diplomatic answers coming from you guys, I’m aiming for your heads next.”

The agents and soldiers were stupefied by the show of power as they remained frozen in their spots, unsure of what to do next.

Robert as the commissioner had no opinions at that moment. His hatred for Yang Chen had skyrocketed but he had no way of taking revenge. A sense of helplessness engulfed him alongside shame and fear.

After a moment of silence from the room, a big-sized black commanding officer in a neat bespoke suit stood up and started to reason. “Sir, it was our mistake to go against you. So I believe the correct question to ask is not if you would stop but what do you want from us. How can we make things right from here on out? If you were looking to slaughter every member from Blue Storm, I’m afraid we can’t authorize that. We would be losing an edge over other countries. That act alone might make us high-profile targets.

“We are completely aware that we are living under the generosity of your great presence, but I am also notified that the main gods have agreed to live under a condition where they do not interfere with mortal endeavors. Henceforth, I request a ceasefire from now on. In turn, we will do our best to provide you with compensation to the best of our abilities.”

Yang Chen, thinking in consideration, asked, “You. What’s your name?”

“Anti-terrorist special operations commander, Mario Balotelli,” the black man replied with pride.

Yang Chen seemed to be intrigued by his actions. “You do realize that your lives are only intact because I have willed it to be, don’t you? I could end them all at any time and no one would be able to defy me.”

“I’m aware of that. But if I am to die anyway, I would never forgive myself for simply accepting such a fate without speaking up.” Balotelli was stern-faced.

Gruntled, Yang Chen continued, “Alright, I’ll give you a chance to redeem the lives of all these people here. The only reason I’m here is to make sure your precious commissioner doesn’t leave this place in one piece. As for everyone else in this room, I have no interest in sacrificial lambs. Now that Mario has brought up a rather interesting proposal, I will fulfill my end of the deal.”

Yang Chen spoke while staring at the gun strapped onto Balotelli’s waist belt. In one swift look, he retrieved the gun from Balotelli’s belt into his hand.

The subtle act hardly raised any brows in a venue where the most talented and quirky were common guests.

Balotelli held onto the bulky gun as he asked in confusion, “Your Majesty Pluto, what do you mean by this?”

“Kill him,” Yang Chen replied without hesitation.

Balotelli was caught off-guard. The others present seemed to be fazed into shock by the turn of events.

Yang Chen’s intentions were clear. He chose not to make a move and instead left it up to the hands of Robert’s subordinate. He wanted to ensure that Robert’s death ended up in the most brutal way possible—betrayal at the hands of a trusted partner.

Conflicted, Balotelli turned towards Robert who was riddled in fear and agony.

Yang Chen then said, “You have two choices. One—pull the trigger and kill him, after which everyone in this room will walk out unscathed and alive. I believe that most of you here had no idea or did not play a role in plotting against me. Two—don’t pull the trigger, and make me do it. But in the name of loyalty, every single one of you in this room will follow your ‘beloved’ commissioner he marches through the gates of hell.”

After listening to his words, one of the officers who was scared shitless, reached out to grab the gun!

“Give it to me you idiot. It’s either he dies alone, or we all die with him!”

Balotelli tightened his grip on the gun.

The rest of the commanding officers and technicians were furious. They might have always been wary of Robert, but now in such tense circumstances where their lives were on the line, it seemed that leaving their hands pure would mean the destruction of the entire base!

Robert started taunting in rage. “Look, dickhead, are you really going to defy your direct superior’s orders and kill me? Are you even aware of the consequences? Balotelli, listen to me. Why should we be afraid of this bastard? He’s in our headquarters! He’s not the only main god. If he wreaks havoc in this place, there will be others after him!”

His words were still fresh when Balotelli took a quick turn in his facial expression, as he held up the gun and pulled the trigger.

BANG!

After a flash and a loud bang echoed, Robert's chest caved in as a bloody pit emerged from his flesh.

Robert's eyes were wide open as he felt his life slip away. With his last few moments of energy, he raised his hand. Who knew what he had to say? But one thing was for sure—he lost whatever chance he had at survival.

Pools of bright-red liquid engulfed the ground around him. The atmosphere was exceptionally tense as most of the officers in the room were still trying to wrap their heads around what had just happened.

Right then, Balotelli gradually made his way to the corpse. With one foot on Robert's head, he said, "We're your subordinates. Not your goddamn servants, you bastard."

The spectators were filled with complex thoughts and emotions while Balotelli made his proclamation.

Yang Chen clapped in satisfaction as he too made his way towards the dead body. He patted Balotelli on the shoulder. "You have saved the lives of your colleagues and the FBI headquarters. If you really get to be the commissioner one day, don't make the same mistakes Robert did."

Balotelli was startled as he turned back towards the jovial Yang Chen. It was then that he realized Yang Chen had given him the opportunity of a lifetime.

Nonetheless, the spectators, notably the technicians were immensely grateful towards Balotelli. The man who single-handedly thwarted their premature death.

Yang Chen could not be bothered by the strange expression of the African-American man. He squatted right in front of the corpse of the late commissioner, searching for something.

Just when everyone was shocked by his subsequent actions, Yang Chen rummaged through Robert's suit pocket.

When Yang Chen withdrew his hand, a golden-copper metal watch was in his grasp.

A few closer associates of Robert knew instantly that it was Robert's favorite watch from his collection.

Yang Chen saw the perplexed looks on the faces of everyone present, as he awkwardly grinned. "I'm not here to rob the dead. I'm not that kind of person."

"The only reason I'm doing this is that I borrowed Christen's Porsche GT. Somewhere in the mess caused by Blue Storm, I lost the car. So in the interest of repaying my debt, I'm hoping to find something of value. This watch might not match the cost of the car but it sure would make up for something."

Everyone in the room smiled bitterly as if they were emotionally in line with his thoughts.

Yang Chen caressed the watch before he reached out to search Robert's other pockets. He soon found a pack of Marlboro cigarettes.

“The heck?” Yang Chen didn’t hold back as he flung the cigarettes on the ground. “A bloody commissioner and he couldn’t afford anything better? What a disappointment! Not even a wallet in his pocket. What kind of awful predicament have I gotten myself into?”

Chapter 764 - Disgusting Presence

Disgusting Presence

At that moment, everyone got speechless. If it wasn’t for Yang Chen’s show of power, they would have been glaring at him for the audacity of his words.

Yang Chen kept the watch in his shirt pocket and took a look around. “Alright, my job here is done. Oh yeah, it should be clear by now that the sinking of that American battleship was not my doing. With a little bit of investigation, you will be able to prove that I was not the one behind it.

“I’ll be anticipating a results-driven leader to knock on my door someday in the future, but I’m satisfied for now. Alright, it’s getting late. Take the day off. As for all you female agents, you should go home and sleep. Staying up late will make your skin wrinkle.”

After he was done he turned around and went out from the cavern he had bored earlier.

A few steps later, his figure was nowhere to be seen. It was as if a nightmare had just ended.

Everyone in the entire base breathed a sigh of relief. Staring at the damage caused by Yang Chen, everyone felt a certain tinge of emptiness and grief, but not rage.

... ..

Meanwhile, over at the opposite side of the globe within the compounds of the Ning residence, something entirely different was happening.

A huge trailer was parked outside of the building as several bodyguards in shades patrolled the vehicle under the scorching sun. They were making sure that no one entered the compound.

Deep within the clan estate was a tranquil row of modest houses. It was much cooler on the inside than it seemed on the outside.

Within the container was Luo Cuishan, all washed up and dressed in decent clothing. Seated on a long bench with a cup of ginseng tea in her hands, she appeared solemn and sorrowful.

Opposite her was Cripple dressed in a well-ironed shirt and trousers. He, on the other hand, was looking at his surroundings out of curiosity.

He ultimately succumbed to the insufferable silence. He awkwardly mentioned, “Hey... who are those people who brought us here? Are they your acquaintances?”

Luo Cuishan lifted her head as she stared at the young man, far easier on the eye than his days as a homeless man. She stared at his bright yet anxious pupils, which prompted her to let out a faint smile. “Are you worried?”

“Worried? Are you kidding, of course not!” Cripple appeared boisterous. “I’ve been in far worse situations than this one. There was even a time when I had to run from wild dogs with my crippled legs! If I can stand my ground against chaotic animals, what are a couple of men to me?”

Luo Cuishan replied with a bitter smile, “Animals can be chased away. Humans, on the other hand, are unpredictable and wild. The truly chaotic is the ones who should never be allowed to live.”

Cripple stared at her for a while. “Hey, did something happen to you? Why do you look like your entire family just died? There isn’t a gun to your head, nor is there any looming threat! Live a little.”

Right at that moment, the lavishly chiseled wooden gate was pushed open from inside.

A profound middle-aged man in a white shirt, accompanied by two armed bodyguards came into the trailer.

Luo Cuishan looked towards him before they stared at each other for some time. But their gazes were anything but warm.

Cripple meanwhile saw the entrance of new people and was decidedly enthusiastic.

“To be brought back to Beijing like this, I’m sure you hate me for doing so.” Ning Guangyao ultimately took the initiative to break the ice.

Luo Cuishan gave out a pathetic smile. “The fact that you are even willing to meet me makes me think I should be the grateful one.”

Ning Guangyao kept his silence before eventually letting out a long sigh. “You... shouldn’t have messed with Yang Chen.”

Luo Cuishan sneered as she sarcastically replied, “Hindsight is a real bitch, you know that? You might as well say that I shouldn’t have taken action against that little bitch.”

“You...” Ning Guangyao frowned but felt slightly guilty. “How could you call her that? She’s my child. Also your son’s half-sister...”

Luo Cuishan furiously stood up. “Your child? Hahaha! So what? What does that have anything to do with me? All I know is that this little wrench is the wicked product of your disloyalty. If it wasn’t for that old bastard Lin Zhiguo shielding her all these years, I’d have made sure she never made it past three!”

Ning Guangyao, however, was unfazed by her reply. Calmly, he replied, “Cuishan, looks like you really do have a bone to pick with me this time.”

“You’re damn right I do!” Luo Cuishan was teary-eyed as she blurted, her face nonetheless stern and uncompromising. “Because I know if I don’t say what I’ve always wanted to say now, I’ll never get the chance to do so.”

“Decades of marriage only for it to end up like this.” Ning Guangyao felt disdain for himself. “Had you continued to hide your hatred for me, it would’ve been fine. Lying to each other’s faces for the rest of our lives would not be as bad as the situation right now.”

Luo Cuishan cleared her throat, biting her lips to force her tears in. "I knew... I've always known that you know darn well what kind of person I am, including what I've done behind your back.

"You have no idea how much I wished I could pop the facade I hold around you. At least when that happened, I wouldn't hate you for anything anymore. No masks, no schemes, just the genuine Luo Cuishan. But I guess the past is the past, isn't it?"

Her voice cracked until the end. Her woes could be understood without words.

Ning Guangyao turned around and took a deep breath. "I know and regret the things I have done behind your back, which was why I ignored the person you were in my absence. But never would I have thought that you would resort to such violence.

"Nevertheless, it's punishment for your wrongdoings. And as of today, I have been left with no choice."

Luo Cuishan sneered. "You're afraid I will drag the Ning clan down into the mud, aren't you? Worried that I'll single-handedly drag you off the premier position. Or should I say... that you hated the fact that you're sharing your wife with other people and that you're disgusted by my presence?"

Ning Guangyao kept his cool. "Regardless, you're still a government official. Your disappearance has been a real hassle to the rest of the cabinet. If you were to die now, it would raise too many flags."

"Then what do you want to do with me?"

"I got someone to bring a fluid injection. It's meant to imitate the conditions of heart failure," Ning Guangyao calmly explained as if the subject had no relations to him in any way.

"I will explain to the media that your position as a national servant and first lady led to severe fatigue. And during one of your out-of-state visits, your conditions caught up to your body, which caused you to die from heart failure. Your disappearance was our desperate measure to rescue you. But... there was nothing else we could do."

Carefully listening to his words, Luo Cuishan's face was as bleak as the overcast sky as she stumbled backward. "Who would have thought... my husband will be the reason I die? To hear those words flow so easily from your mouth, you truly are the protege of the Ning clan! Fighting for the greater good?"

"Haha! If I were to die from fatigue, my actions would leave no traces, and the name of the Ning clan wouldn't be tarnished in the process. Wow... even my death is a tool for you to trick the civilians' sympathy... How great!"

Ning Guangyao closed his eyes as he avoided Luo Cuishan's glare. "This medication, during the process of slowing your beating heart, might be unpleasant to bear.

"I truly want to make sure you die with the least pain inflicted possible, but to shield unwanted inconsistencies in narration, I have to do it, Cuishan. Rest assured, I'll take good care of our son. I promise."

"Of course you will. Not because you love him, but you need a successor to the Ning clan." Luo Cuishan disdainfully glared at the man she had shared a bed with for decades. "I've been thinking, had Xue Zijing given birth to a son instead back then, would you still hand over the clan to Guodong? In your heart, no

matter how much effort I put in, my son and I would still be inferior to the little bitch and her late mother, wouldn't we?"

Ning Guangyao kept his silence.

Luo Cuishan abruptly gave a wicked grin as she taunted, "Since today is when I die, let me reveal a little secret to you. To let you know how much of an idiot you have been throughout the years, Ning Guangyao."

Chapter 765 - Short-Lived

Short-Lived

Ning Guangyao frowned. "What secret?"

"All those years ago, Xue Zijing didn't die from leukemia..."

"What?!" Ning Guangyao exclaimed as he turned to face Luo Cuishan. "Yo—you mean..."

"I mean exactly that." Luo Cuishan proudly laughed. "You've never given it that much thought, have you? I bribed the doctor to fake her medical diagnosis. The real cause of her death is me!"

Ning Guangyao trembled at the revelation. Rage clouded his mind and shouted for him to slap the wrench right in her face. But instead, he steeled himself and coldly replied, "You demonic woman. Zijing made sure that she would never cross your path or hinder you in any way. She had never even dreamt of competing with you! Even when she was in Zhonghai, it was by my will that we met. How cold-blooded can you be?!"

"Cold-blooded? Perhaps. No one deserves to get what I can't!" Luo Cuishan brutally replied.

Ning Guangyao nodded. "Al—alright, what's done is done. I'll give you a few minutes for you to mentally prepare yourself before I send someone in to deliver the drug. I believe you can do the rest yourself."

As he spoke, he glanced over to a solemn Cripple by the corner before he sneered. "Since this cripple has been taking care of you all this while, I'll make sure he follows you down. If he refuses to consume the poison, I'll deal with him another way."

Ning Guangyao finished his sentence and with a stoic face and left the room along with his two personal bodyguards.

Once the door was closed, Luo Cuishan completely broke down where she sat. Staring right at that door, her tears fell uncontrollably.

"Who would have thought that you were the first lady of our great nation? I wasn't actually dreaming," Cripple remarked.

Luo Cuishan pessimistically jeered at him. "What does it matter? In the end, I'm just a pathetic human being who lacks a blissful married life."

Cripple frowned as he let out a sigh. "The last revelation you made was just to piss him off, wasn't it?"

Luo Cuishan stared at Cripple. "What do you mean?"

“Even though I wasn’t quite sure whom you guys were talking about, I’m fairly certain that you were lying about the whole bribing thing.”

Luo Cuishan was confused. “How did you know?”

“Blind guess.” Cripple smiled brightly. “I noticed, that although you might be feisty and hot-tempered on the outside, you still genuinely care about what your husband thinks of you. You created that story to make him truly believe that you were an undeserving monster. This way, when he finally sends you off, he won’t be left with much longing or regret.”

Luo Cuishan was amazed at his observation. Cracking a smile, she said, “Who would have thought that the only time I’d meet a person who understands me was on my deathbed.”

“Well it doesn’t matter now, does it? We’re both going to die today! Hehe, I guess my life got somewhat meaningful in the end. I get to die with the first lady!” Cripple seemed satisfied with the situation.

Luo Cuishan stared affectionately at him for a moment. “There is actually a way that you might get to live on...”

“Huh?” Cripple rhetorically asked in slight frustration, “Are you saying the premier would change his decision?”

Luo Cuishan shook her head. “Not for me. I’m no longer the co-head of the Ning clan anymore. My very existence endangers his entire clan and position in the nation. Only when I die, will he have the confidence to face the other clans.

“But you, your situation is different. You’re just a nobody in his eyes. He might spare your life if you show even the slightest bit of value to him. Your death is nothing more than him venting his anger.”

Cripple curiously followed up with another question. “Then how can I even put up any value to his cause? I’m just an orphaned beggar, an uncultured, untalented cripple.”

Luo Cuishan thought for a bit. After a while, she brought Cripple closer and whispered into his ears.

Cripple was astonished by the words that went into his head, his eyes flinging wide. He proclaimed, “What? Are you sure this is true? This is... madness! If this goes out...”

“All you have to do is repeat it the way I told you. He’ll believe you. As long as you keep this secret with you, he will have no choice but keep you alive. He might even protect you,” Luo Cuishan reassured.

Cripple was overwhelmed as he stared at Luo Cuishan. “Why tell me this? If you tell Premier Ning what you know, I’m sure he’d spare your life too.”

Luo Cuishan shook her head with a comforting smile. “No, he wouldn’t. From the moment he escorted me back to Beijing, I was already on death row.

“I’m telling you this because ever since I was young, I never had to think out my next meal or my money. But that left me with cold materialistic things that don’t provide any form of comfort. However, the few weeks I have spent with you on the streets made me feel warmth that no one has ever given me. No one has ever truly cared for me the way you did. So today before I die, I want to return the favor. You’re a smart kid. Given the opportunity, you wouldn’t stay a beggar for long.”

Disappointment flashed through his eyes. "You... Do you see me as a child ..."

Luo Cuishan was stumped but instantly seemed to have realized something as her face went red. "You're younger than my son. Of course you're still a child." She turned her head away as she spoke.

Cripple smiled bitterly. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Luo Cuishan appeared sympathetic for him as she bit on her lip. "If... you could live past today, promise me that you will challenge life head-on. Fight your way back to school and learn a thing or two. If you could make it, maybe get a doctor to treat your leg. With modern technology, I'm sure it's quite possible."

Cripple nodded in silence but nonetheless felt gloomy.

Luo Cuishan sneaked a peek at him before forcing her eyes shut.

Moments after, two huge men in lab coats came into the room and left two bottles of liquid for consumption on the table.

Luo Cuishan went straight towards one of the bottles, pulled out the cork, and then shouted, "You two, tell Premier Ning that this young man here has a secret that only I know. Tell him that this secret is something that will make him want to keep this boy alive, and that the only person dying today will be me."

Upon finishing the speech, she grabbed the bottle and gulped the liquid inside down her throat.

She had lived half a century in glory despite her short-lived life.

Fifteen minutes later, the door was opened.

Cripple dragged himself out of the room. He was passed to the bodyguard outside the door by the two men in lab coats.

Cripple turned back to take one last glimpse at the lifeless woman before the edges of his lips cracked open with a chilling smile.

"Damn beggar what are you looking at? Move!" The bodyguard had zero tolerance towards him.

Cripple immediately submitted as he pathetically tailed the bodyguard towards Ning Guangyao.

The scorching sun was bright and overbearing, and the warmth greatly contrasted the chilling turn of events that have just transpired.

... ..

Across the Pacific in Los Angeles, it was already nighttime.

The sky was decorated with thick, dark clouds while the wind was strong and unforgiving, leaving the streets desolate as a result.

The silhouette of a man emerged in front of a Beverly Hills mansion. It was none other than Yang Chen who had just returned from his business over at Washington DC.

Lifting his head, he stared at the dark clouds on the overcast sky. He sighed and mumbled, "God damn! All I did was a to-and-fro teleportation trip. Would I be bestowed upon lightning tribulations just because of that?"

While Yang Chen had survived the Tai Qing Heavenly Lightning, he was extremely afraid of this Nine Heavenly Lightning. If even the first round was that terrifying, who knew what the subsequent Shang Qing and Yu Qing would do to him?

Yang Chen scratched his head. He was slightly ashamed that he had developed a phobia for thunderstorms. But to him, it was better than being struck by lightning again.

Yang Chen believed that luck would not always be on his side—Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture wouldn't be able to save him every time.

It's not like my cultivation is lacking. Why should I go through tribulation again? Well I guess I'll just drive or take flights from now on. For the happiness of all my women, I have to stay alive! he thought.

Right at that moment, from the balcony of the mansion's second floor came a familiar mesmerizing voice. "I was told that the deaths of the members from Blue Storm and the entirety of Takamagahara are your doing. I wasn't quite sure but I guess I can confirm it now.

"To be honest, you did a pretty decent job in faking it. Even Poseidon and I were certain that you genuinely lost your cultivation. Turns out, you're just at a level imperceptible by us."

Chapter 766 - The Hades I Know

The Hades I Know

Christen held a glass of wine in one hand and had the other on a pillar. Her translucent silk nightgown wrapped nicely around her mesmerizing body. All in all, her body was nothing short of heavenly. Paired with a killer smile, she was a combination that mortals would die for.

Yang Chen felt his nether regions heat up after looking at her for no longer than half a second.

After a full afternoon of rolling in the sheets with Xiao Zijing, it was reasonable to believe that his needs had been satiated and that he would have no interest in engaging in those activities again. However, the enticing figure of this superstar had left his hormones hungry for more.

Trying his best to avoid her gaze, Yang Chen said, "Neither of you bothered to ask. I felt no need to tell. I hardly faked anything."

Christen sneered as she took a sip of wine. "But honestly though, why can't I sense energy flow within you now?"

Yang Chen pouted. "I wouldn't have hidden it from you if I knew. Even I myself haven't quite figured it out just yet. I can control my energy in a totally natural manner now and it's not something I can put into mere words.

"I'll put it this way. I used to initiate the True Yuan within my body. But now, I'm not even able to feel an ounce of True Yuan within me. Everything just feels so... empty. I'm not even sure in what form the Endless Resolve Restoration Scripture exists in my body. I can't see it but I can feel it."

Christen seemed slightly confused, remaining silent for a bit. She then shook her head and allowed her hair to flutter in the wind. "That's weird. Your condition doesn't match what I know of people who have reached the Tribulation Passing stage. Your power should still revolve around your True Yuan, and not in the absence of it..."

Just then, a few bulky clouds brushed into one another, leading to a series of thunder strikes, as flashes of lightning burst through the night sky.

Yang Chen took a huge sigh, visibly uncomfortable.

Christen noticed his subtle reaction and burst into laughter. "Hahaha! Oh the great and mighty Pluto is afraid of a little thunder!"

Yang Chen rolled his eyes. "Why don't you try getting hit by lightning too?"

Christen let out mesmerising smile before throwing her wine glass off the balcony. She then hurled herself effortlessly off the second floor and elegantly glided on to the ground.

During the process, her thin nightgown was flung up by the wind. And right before Yang Chen, her fair and smooth legs were revealed in all their glory. In the middle of them was a seductive pair of panties.

Yang Chen's gaze locked on to the scene before him as the single string of laced clothing bit into her mesmerising 'patch'.

Christen tidied her hair before walking towards Yang Chen in big strides. She shot out her arms and held on to Yang Chen's shoulders. Revealing a teasing grin, she said, "Oh my beloved Yang Chen, I can tell from your eyes that your heart has moved."

Yang Chen pretended as if he wasn't listening and turned away, but his throat betrayed him as he gulped down some saliva.

Christen blew into Yang Chen's ear, giving off a sensual feeling. "Isn't it gorgeous down there?"

"I wasn't looking," Yang Chen awkwardly replied.

"I didn't even say what. How could you comment on something you haven't seen?" Christen naggingly replied.

Yang Chen was left speechless as he struggled to break free from Christen's grasp. "It's late now. Aren't you tired from a full day of recording?"

Christen however was not keen in stopping. She caressed Yang Chen's neck, before she slowly progressing down to his chest, and eventually to the centre of his trousers.

Yang Chen felt that something was slightly off but ultimately decided to watch and see. Her hands however reached out further as she held on to his nether regions.

An invigorating sensation ran through his entire body!

It was a feeling that could not be put into words. It resonated through his spine and gradually to his whole body!

“Dear, it’s so stiff that I can tell it’ll explode soon! I guess you were never able to resist your longing for me after all,” Christen proclaimed with a smirk on her face.

Yang Chen smiled bitterly, knowing for a fact that no ordinary man could resist her.

Christen saw that Yang Chen was intentionally resisting her advances. And with that, a sense of excitement rose in her as she popped open her juicy red lips and pouted slightly. She lifted her chest and brought herself right before Yang Chen’s face.

If it were anyone else in that scenario, they would never have resisted such temptations. They would rather die than give up on her!

But Yang Chen after his primal reactions instantaneously resisted his sexual urges as he sternly announced, “Aphrodite, stop the ruckus.”

Christen, upon hearing her real name, shivered and became solemn. “How could you... be so cruel to me?”

Yang Chen gently lifted her arms off his body and took a step back to recollect himself. “You have to snap out of it. If you were just Christen, a regular superstar, friend, lover, or a random stranger, I would have already jumped on you by now. I admit that your vigor and body leave even the likes of me thirsting for it.

“But deep down in your soul, you’re Aphrodite, not Christen. You’ve mistakenly passed your feelings to me, foolishly waiting for something that does not exist anymore. If I made love with you despite of that, I would be taking advantage of your feelings for someone else. Even I cannot stoop that low.

“I’m only doing this to you because you’re a trustworthy friend, and I would never want you to suffer from this brutality.”

Christen teared up when Yang Chen drew the line.

“You’re just like him... You’re indeed the candidate he had chosen to inherit his divinity. Why do you guys always take so much into consideration? So what if you were the bad guy for once? Just see me as a fool... Why do you always have to drag me back to reality?”

Yang Chen shook his head. “It’s because I don’t want to lose a friend like you. If we made love, it would ruin the dynamic of our friendship.”

Christen turned away as she took a deep breath. “Even though Ares, Apollo, Diana, and Poseidon call you Hades, I know that your body and soul have always been Yang Chen. Nothing has changed one bit... You’re not the Hades I know.

“But how could you expect me to accept the fact that Hades is not here anymore? How could he do this to me? To leave me all alone here...”

Yang Chen sighed. “Well, you can’t exactly put it that way. He made sure to make me promise that I would watch out for you whenever possible. I believe in his heart, you held a place no one could replace.”

“Then why isn’t he here to look after me?!” Christen emotionally yelled. “He’s just a selfish, lying coward!”

Yang Chen was astonished, unable to speak.

Christen seemed to have realized that she had gotten emotional. She scratched her head and dried her tears. “Sorry about that. I know this has nothing to do with you and I shouldn’t blame you for something you have no control over. But I just feel like that man was just... so self-centered. Why would I need to be taken care of, unless Hongmeng starts a war again?”

“Nah it’s fine. After all, women ranting at me is a common part of my life now,” Yang Chen joked.

Christen burst into laughter. “But honestly though, I was genuinely worried that you have lost your abilities. I’m relieved that you haven’t.”

Never did he imagine that a straightforward and fiesty woman like her would be worried sick behind his back.

Christen abruptly winked at him. “Yang Chen, let’s be honest here, you felt something towards my body didn’t you?”

Yang Chen awkwardly rubbed on his nose, admitting it through silence.

Christen laughed boastfully as she continued, “Well actually if you really want to try it out, I can always work towards loving you. That way, you will never have to worry about manipulating my feelings for someone else.”

To see a presence as divine as St Mary tease him in such a way, Yang Chen felt his little heart skip a beat. All he did in response was take a look at the clouds and say, “Oh looks like it’s about to rain any minute now. I should head back in and rest.”

Just before he left, Yang Chen was held on to by Christen as she exclaimed, “Stop running. I have tomorrow off. Why don’t I take you out? At least let me be a good host.”

Her words triggered something in Yang Chen’s head. “What’s today’s date?”

Christen didn’t expect that response. “Did you get dementia after getting struck by lightning? It’s past midnight now, so it’s the sixth.”

Yang Chen slammed his forehead into his hand and yelled, “Dammit, I nearly messed up my schedule. I gotta book myself a flight ticket to China and leave first thing in the morning!”

Chapter 767 - Dead

Dead

Christen frowned. “Do you really have to make excuses to stay away from me? Just tell me if you don’t want to spend time with me.”

“That’s not it,” Yang Chen explained with an awkward smile. “The seventh is the start of China’s National College Entrance Examinations. Zhenxiu has been working hard for the past few months ever since I pushed her to return to school. I must return to her to show my support.”

"I really should be there to support her regardless. If she complains about my negligence, Ruoxi as the elder sister is going to start a cold war with me again! I can't risk the chain reaction!"

Christen fixed her gaze at Yang Chen before teasing him. "Oh look who finally decided to be a family man. Not only is he worried about an exam of a non-biological sister, he's also constantly wary of his wife's reactions. If Takamahara found out that they were defeated by the likes of you, they would have rather committed suicide."

Yang Chen stroked his face. "Are you congratulating or insulting me?"

"The latter, without a doubt," Christen replied snidely.

Yang Chen was annoyed but remained silent.

"Oh yeah by the way, why are you still booking a flight? Just teleport back home."

Yang Chen scratched on his scalp as he avoided her gaze. "I thought about it. But if I exert too much power, I might face another heavenly tribulation, which frankly, I'd rather not. So with that in mind, I decided to travel like everyone else."

Christen blinked at his suggestions but nonetheless said, "Alright I get it... I'll get someone to get the tickets and passport ready. The sooner you get out of here, the less I will have to stress over you."

Yang Chen groaned in frustration. *Easy for you to say when you're not the one who was struck by lightning!* He pouted ever so slightly before running up the flight of stairs and back to his room, awaiting his ride back to Zhonghai.

As the sound of tempest wind blasted, Christen was left alone in the courtyard, silently watching the overcast sky. She let out a deep sigh.

... ..

On the other side of the Pacific, Lin Ruoxi, with most of her day off, was seen bustling around the kitchen preparing an array of dishes.

As the main protagonist of tomorrow's college entry exam, Zhenxiu sat awkwardly at the table as dishes of freshly cooked food were laid out before her.

"Zhenxiu, what are you daydreaming about? Eat while the food's hot. There are steamed fish and charbroiled pig trotters which are both good for the brain, don't be afraid to eat more!" Guo Xuehua noticed that the child was contemplating, so she used her chopsticks to fetch food into Zhenxiu's bowl.

Ever since Zhenxiu lived into the family, she had been well-fed and well-treated. Her skin had also become fair and supple as a result. Despite her age, she had several feminine traits deriving from her partial Korean heritage. Her high raised nose structure and rosy cheeks separated herself from the other girls.

It was also part of the reason Guo Xuehua and Wang Ma loved her so much. While one shouldn't only focus on appearance, good-looking people were naturally more adorable.

Zhenxiu silently stared at Lin Ruoxi who was scooping some rice and mumbled, "I just feel so bad. It's my exams and my problem but you all seem to care so much more than I do. Sister Ruoxi even took half a day off to come back and cook for me."

"Silly, your Sister Ruoxi did it willingly. Eat more if you don't want to disappoint her," Guo Xuehua replied as she lovingly pinched Zhenxiu on her supple cheeks.

Lin Ruoxi heard her name in their conversation before she put a chicken wing in Zhenxiu's bowl. "Eat up."

Eventually, Zhenxiu caved and started to happily enjoy the food.

The four women enjoyed each other's company but there was still something missing from the atmosphere.

Halfway through, Wang Ma couldn't help but ask, "Miss, when is Young Master coming back? Zhenxiu is about to begin her exams tomorrow. Must he really be gone for so long?"

Upon hearing Yang Chen's name, Guo Xuehua frowned. "This child of mine has never known his responsibilities to his family. Why is he even in the US? He did not even leave a message. I'll be sure to give him a piece of my mind when he returns."

Lin Ruoxi nibbled on her food before she stopped and explained, "Christen's house in America has a one-way line. He also didn't bring his phone along, so we have no way to contact him."

Zhenxiu's facial expressions turned grim and she sulked by her corner.

Nonetheless, it was hard for the people around her to not notice her dejection. After all, it was Yang Chen who had brought her back years ago, before encouraging her to continue with her studies. While they often argued, and Zhenxiu addressed Lin Ruoxi as her elder sister, Yang Chen was in fact closer to her.

For an orphaned child, Yang Chen's role in her heart was far greater than anyone would expect.

And in the final moments prior to her entering the examination hall, Yang Chen was nowhere to be seen. One could only imagine how much sadness she was going through.

Moments passed until Lin Ruoxi spoke out of nowhere. "Zhenxiu, Elder Sister will skip work tomorrow and fetch you to the exams hall, alright?"

Zhenxiu immediately shook her head. "No, no... I'm feeling guilty as it is already. I can go myself, it's no big deal."

Lin Ruoxi ignored her and nodded with determination. "Well, I guess that's set then. I'll wake up earlier to make breakfast before we leave to the exams hall together. I'll also pick you up after you're done."

Zhenxiu was emotionally overwhelmed as she bit her lips, unable to put her thoughts into words.

... ..

Meanwhile, in a secret research base deep within the mountains of Beijing, bright lights lit up a secluded room built with reinforced steel, simulating day time. There were numerous scientific apparatus lying around. Some were empty, but many filled with a strange luminescent fluid.

Right in the center of the room was an operating table, and on it, was a person.

The corpse of a middle-aged woman was lying stiffly on the bed. Her face was pale and lifeless. It was none other than Luo Cuishan who had died just moments ago from the hands of Ning Guangyao.

And next to her dead body was a tall man in a lab coat. He held a wicked smile, seemingly thinking of what he could experiment on.

“Sir, the woman is as dead as it gets. Why go through the trouble of swapping body bags when it’s of no use to us?”

Behind the man in the lab coat was another man in a white hazmat suit.

If Luo Cuishan was still alive and conscious, she would’ve realized that the man was among the two who were tasked with producing the toxins for her consumption.

The sturdy man naturally was Yan Buwen whose legs were previously seen severely broken by the woman before him, but had miraculously recovered in such a short amount of time.

Yan Buwen sniffled as he replied, “Who told you that this woman was permanently dead?”

The man was caught off-guard. “Are you implying that you can revive the dead? Her heart has stopped beating for hours now. Her brain must’ve died out hours ago as well.”

Yan Buwen stuck out a finger and drew a line over Luo Cuishan’s stiff face before he maniacally laughed. “In the world where I, Yan Buwen, exist, reviving the dead is nothing so long as their bodies are intact and their brain has but one functioning cell.”

Listening to his words, the other man couldn’t help but shiver from the thought of it as he forced a smile. “My apologies for doubting your capabilities, Master. You have always been an inspiration to me.”

Yan Buwen turned back to ask the man a question. “Has Yang Lie completed the errands I assigned to him?”

The man nodded. “I just recently received an update from the henchmen, Yang Lie has already met up with Ning Guodong. I’m sure he’s still certain that his mother is dead. He’s probably weeping at the degradable corpse we manufactured. I’m going to guess that he will only be willing to meet us sometime tomorrow.”

“If that’s the case, keep this corpse in the freezer for the time being. When Ning Guodong stops by tomorrow, we’ll prepare a reunion for them,” Yan Buwen demanded with an ominous smirk.

The man in the hazmat suit nodded in obedience.

Chapter 768 - Brute Force Doesn’t Work

Brute Force Doesn’t Work

Underneath the grey clouds, the city looked like it'd been covered by a thin veil.

At the international arrival terminal of Zhonghai International Airport, a man in a white shirt was seen standing around the lobby without any baggage on him.

He was Yang Chen, who'd just rushed back to Zhonghai. Christen was careful with her preparations. Her contacts had made him a new 'fake' passport and flown him back to China within a few hours.

Due to the weather, it was already half past seven when his plane had touched down on the runway. He was rushing to get back, worried that Zhenxiu might have already entered the examination hall.

Yang Chen was extremely cautious when it came to all things lightning.

Although he knew the weather didn't have anything to do with him, he still decided to lay low. Would the heavens really wait patiently for him to exert his powers and strike him once again?

When he recalled the fight with Poseidon, he'd stupidly ignored the warning against unleashing all his powers.

During the fight, he thought that if he was not killed by his opponent, the lightning would have killed him regardless. How could he protect his women at home like that?

Without him as a shield, everyone he loved would have been killed a long time ago. Yang Chen steeled himself. He had to be careful in the future. He swore to only use his powers in situations of emergency. This would not be easy if he was faced with a skilled opponent. Even if it was in his favor, he might attract the heavenly tribulations once again. Who was going to protect him then?

Part of his fears stemmed from the fact that he did not have a mentor to guide him. Now, even if the first round of Taiqing Heavenly Lightning had passed, the second Shang Qing strike was only a matter of time. Theoretically, with his speed of advancements, he shouldn't have to face the rest of the tribulations in this lifetime.

This was a world lacking advanced cultivators. The number of people who could advise Yang Chen was close to zero. That itself made Yang Chen fear the unknown even more.

Yang Chen got a cab at the airport and rushed home. Along the way, Yang Chen kept glancing at the time. There had been a massive jam, possibly due to the examinations.

With all the delays, it was already a quarter past eight when he pulled up at his home.

Yang Chen didn't have any Chinese currency on him to pay so he had the driver wait at the gates. Guo Xuehua was on her way down while Wang Ma was washing up in the kitchen.

Guo Xuehua's face lit up when she saw her son. "Ah, you child. Why didn't you tell us you were coming back? We've kept all the things for breakfast."

Yang Chen didn't care for breakfast. "Mom, has Zhenxiu left for her exams?"

She rolled her eyes. "Of course, I thought you'd forgotten about the child. Ruoxi just left to send her off."

Slapping his forehead in frustration, Yang Chen mumbled, "Mom, the cab driver is still waiting outside for my payment. Help me pay him, I'll go upstairs to get my phone. I need to at least call them."

At this moment, Wang Ma walked out of the kitchen with her rubber gloves on. Surprised, she said, "Young Master, you're back! Sigh, why didn't you call beforehand? Zhenxiu was sad the whole night."

Yang Chen smiled bitterly. He could imagine her looking very disappointed. It was he who had brought her to school during her final revision days but at the most important moment, he wasn't by her side.

Without a word, he hurried upstairs.

Guo Xuehua shook her head and sighed. "This child. He didn't even greet his elders upon entering the house but only asked his mother to pay for his ride."

Although she was complaining, her tone was still a loving one. To Guo Xuehua, she would be glad to receive more requests from Yang Chen to make up for her failed motherhood when he was young.

When Yang Chen arrived in his room, he took his phone out only to realize it had run out of battery.

He rushed to plug the phone in. He'd never taken notice of Lin Ruoxi's phone number, so he had to search for it in his call history.

But when it turned on, Yang Chen stared with his mouth open to see tens of missed calls from Mo Qianni!

Looking at the date, they were made a day or two after he had left for the US. He'd left because there was an emergency which required his immediate attention. How could he predict the chain of events that were about to take place after he had arrived in the US?

Mo Qianni had made so many calls. There must have been something urgent but she didn't look like she had much to say that night. Yang Chen was puzzled.

However, due to what Ma Guifang had said, he had already given up on his feelings towards Mo Qianni.

After the heavenly tribulation, he had a change of heart. Yang Chen didn't care about anything else. Regardless of how one looked at it, there would always going to be problems. The simplest and only solution was to break it off. This was the right move to make. But that made Mo Qianni sad. A man should never make a woman sad.

Disappointing his wife would be better than disappointing a group of lovers. Yang Chen felt that he was despicable for having that thought. Why couldn't he just stay loyal to one? In the future, it would seem like it'd do him some good to sit at home and just be obedient.

After he cheered Zhenxiu on for her exams, he had to meet Ma Guifang. No matter what she said, Yang Chen was determined that she would be one of his mother-in-laws.

Yang Chen found Lin Ruoxi's phone number, then immediately called her. Even if he cheered her on over the phone, it was better than nothing.

The phone rang for a long time before it got through. When Yang Chen was about to speak, chaotic shouts came through.

“What do you want?”

“Are you trying to escape?”

“Go away! I’ll beat you up...”

Yang Chen furrowed his brows. He had a bad feeling. He quickly shouted, “Ruoxi! Ruoxi?! What’s going on?!”

Lin Ruoxi on the other side seemed to struggle to speak. She panicked for a moment, then finally said, “When are you coming back? I was sending Zhenxiu to her exams, but something happened...”

Her voice was tinged with panic. This was something that would never happen with Lin Ruoxi, that meant the situation was grave.

“What’s going on? Speak clearly!” exclaimed Yang Chen, concerned.

“We met an accident at the crossroads. They were the ones who broke the law, but they are insisting I pay them instead. I gave them cash but they said it wasn’t enough. They wouldn’t let us go.” Lin Ruoxi was almost crying now. She wasn’t afraid of schemes and tricks in the business world but with gangsters on the streets, she was still a fragile rich girl. Instead, Zhenxiu had mixed around in the streets for a while so she protected her sister immediately.

“Co—come quick... Zhenxiu is in an argument with them. If this goes on any longer, she wouldn’t make it for her exam!”

Yang Chen was furious. He couldn’t believe it. When he imagined Lin Ruoxi and Zhenxiu being bullied by a group of men in the streets, the fire in his heart burned!

After asking for their approximate location, he immediately threw his phone and ran downstairs.

Guo Xuehua had just paid the driver when she saw Yang Chen coming downstairs. She thought he’d wanted breakfast but before she could speak, Yang Chen ran out of the house again.

Guo Xuehua stood in shock, confused.

Yang Chen had just got into his BMW and was about to open the gates when he saw two women walking out of the house next door. What a coincidence!

Ma Guifang, wearing a plain flower dress, was about to leave for work while Mo Qianni, wearing a full black uniform, was talking to her sweetly.

When he saw the pair, he wanted to greet them and ask why Mo Qianni had called him. Maybe even casually bring up to Ma Guifang that brute force won’t work in separating them.

But at this point, Lin Ruoxi and Zhenxiu’s issue was more pressing. If she missed her exams, if they were bullied, then all would be lost. Yang Chen didn’t dare waste any more time.

Hence, he didn’t stop. Sat in his car, he waved at the ladies, smiling. Then he stepped on the pedal, rushing towards the school.

Mo Qianni was delighted to see Yang Chen. She thought Yang Chen had been deliberately hiding from her but since he was back this early, that meant they were fine.

However, before she could say a word, Yang Chen only waved and left at high speed!

Any third person would have guessed that he was trying to escape them!

Chapter 769 - The Head of the House

The Head of the House

Mo Qianni was rooted to the ground. Her beautiful face, which was originally lit up with happiness slowly fell. Her eyes went from hopeful to hopeless in a matter of seconds.

Raindrops fell on her fair face. It was cool. And wet.

Standing next to the road, Mo Qianni felt her heart fall.

*Why... Why did he leave so quickly? Does he really want to avoid me that much??*she thought.

She didn't want to believe what had happened but at the same time, she couldn't ignore the signs.

Ma Guifang initially thought there was going to be trouble. Yang Chen hadn't been around for the past couple of days. Although her daughter was very sad, time would've healed a broken heart. A fateful encounter might just bring forth their feelings once again.

However, Yang Chen didn't even roll his window down when he saw them. Instead, he just waved at them and sped off. It was as if he did not want anything to do with them!

Although she was uncomfortable with his attitude, it supported her cause which was more than she could ask for. It was time for her daughter to wake up.

Walking by Mo Qianni's side, Ma Guifang sighed pitifully. She reached out to pat her daughter on her shoulder. Gently, she said, "My silly child, can't you see? You were never destined to be together. The only reason you guys were together for as long as you were was that you couldn't see the truth."

"Yang Chen has finally listened to me. You're not like the rich girls. We're only a small family with little to show for. You'll suffer because of Yang Chen, and Yang Chen would worry for you. You have to let go when it is time."

Mo Qianni's eyes reddened. She didn't want to look at her mother. With both her hands clutching her bag, she said, "Even if I let go, we still need to talk about it. We have to settle things once and for all."

With that, Mo Qianni took her phone out of the bag, then dialed Yang Chen's number.

However, Yang Chen's phone was still charging in his room. Naturally, it was impossible for him to take the call.

When no one picked up, Mo Qianni angrily ended the call. Her bright eyes were now covered with a film of deathly grey.

Mo Qianni bit her thin lips, then clearly said, "Mom, go back inside. Today, I must wait till he comes back, I need to confront him. He can't hide forever!"

“You...” said Ma Guifang, panicking. “Are you crazy, child?! You would rather wait for him here than go to work? It’s raining for god sake. It might be drizzling but it’s still water. You can’t just stand there. No one knows when he’ll be back. What if you get sick?!”

“Mom!” screamed Mo Qianni. She turned, tearfully, towards her mother. “I beg you, I beg you, please. Please just leave me alone... Even if I have to give it up, I still need to talk to him before I give him up. Let me calm down, let me deal with it, alright?”

Tears and raindrops fell upon her beautiful face, dripping onto the ground. The ladies’ shoulders trembled under the grey skies. Their silhouettes exuded hopelessness.

Ma Guifang stared at her daughter, who’d just shouted at herself. She clenched her teeth and stepped back. Coldly, she warned, “Alright, since you’ve made up your mind, I’ll stop just this once. I’ll let you young ones deal with matters yourself. If you’re willing to do this, I have nothing else to say. But let me warn you, do not have hope. Men with power don’t take women seriously.”

When she finished, Ma Guifang returned into the house without another word. These days, due to the scuffle with Mr Zhou’s wife, she did not return to Aunt Xiang’s. She’d rather not affect Aunt Xiang’s business with her presence. Hence she could only stay at home to cook for Mo Qianni and Rose, and clean.

To Ma Guifang, doing this was not a problem. After her past struggles, she had learned to appreciate all she had. As long as her daughter was happy, she was happy.

On the other hand, Yang Chen drove at top speed on the highway, racing to his destination. Within ten minutes, he finally arrived at the place Lin Ruoxi described on the phone.

It was at a crossroad. The red Bentley stopped by the road while a crowd surrounded them.

Yang Chen stopped his car at a random spot, then rushed into the crowd.

As he entered, he saw a small figure step hard on a short, fat boy’s belly!

“Zhenxiu?!”

The angry girl, who was wearing casual attire, was indeed Zhenxiu. Behind her was a panicking Lin Ruoxi, biting her lip in fear.

“Brother Yang?!” Zhenxiu shouted in surprised.

When she saw him, Lin Ruoxi’s face looked like it had shed a huge weight. She ran to Yang Chen, happy but a little angry. She grumbled softly, “What took you so long!”

He grinned. “Better late than never. Now you see my importance as head of the house?”

She rolled her eyes. “Some ‘head of the house’ you are. Since you’re here, I’ll leave this to you. I need to bring Zhenxiu to her exam hall. She’s going to be late soon.”

“You wanna run?! It won’t be that easy!”

The fat boy, who was kicked onto the ground immediately had two rough men help him up. They approached the three of them, refusing to let any one of them go.

Zhenxiu shouted angrily, "You hit us on purpose! I've given you 2000 bucks and that's already too much. You think we're scared of you?"

Yang Chen surveyed the area. There was a twisted electric bike on the ground and Lin Ruoxi's Bentley had a deep dent on her back door.

It looked like the three of them were already prepared to hit her when her car slowed down at a turn.

It was extortion and not a very well-planned one at that.

And they'd chosen a date where everyone was bringing their kids for the exams. Everyone would be in a hurry. Good for business.

In this society, when a rich person's car and a poor man's bike collide, the first thing to consider wasn't whose fault it was but rather the rich person would pay for it to wrap the matter up.

Rarely anyone would investigate the truth.

They wouldn't talk online about how some rich man got conned of money. They would only share articles about how some rich man hurt, or killed someone in an accident and used their money to keep the matter under wraps.

When Yang Chen was selling mutton skewers, he would often see sellers purposely raise prices when the relatively richer ladies bought vegetables at the market. If they attempted to bargain, they would immediately spread rumors that the ladies were bullying the humble stall owners. However, when regular working-class folks bought vegetables from them, they would voluntarily give them a little more. This was very common.

The fat boy shouted back, "Everyone listen! My electric bike was ruined but I was lucky that I had only hit the back door. If I had hit the front of the car, I would've died on the spot! These two ladies not only refused to pay for my medical fees, but they also kicked me! How is this fair?!"

The crowd didn't respond, for everyone knew the truth. Although they knew it wasn't Lin Ruoxi's fault, they wouldn't say anything in fear of being accused of kissing a rich person's shoes.

Zhenxiu was furious. Lin Ruoxi had woken up early today to make her breakfast and send her to the exam hall. She had already felt guilty, but with this, she hated the three guys to bits. The street smart in her started to rise and she wanted nothing more than to beat up the guys who were in front of her!

Yang Chen quickly held her back, then said solemnly, "Stop, you're a girl. I'll take it from here. You and your sister can take my car. I'll deal with them for you, or you'll be late!"

Zhenxiu pouted but nodded obediently.

Yang Chen gave the car keys to Lin Ruoxi. "Honey, bring the child for her exams. I'll drive your car over to meet you there later. We'll have lunch together, then bring her for her afternoon paper."

"Alright. Then be careful." Lin Ruoxi gave the keys to her Bentley to Yang Chen. Although it felt unnecessary, she still couldn't help but say it. She'd also unconsciously gotten used to this nickname.

Yang Chen pinched Zhenxiu's face. "I had to take an early flight this morning just to wish you good luck. I'm not saying you must get great results, but I want you to take this seriously."

Zhenxiu stuck out her tongue. "You're not very good with your pep talks, you know that?"

Yang Chen glared at the girl while Lin Ruoxi hurriedly pulled Zhenxiu away.

When the three men saw the ladies leave, leaving behind a plain man, they became angrier. They patted the red Bentley and said, "What, are you staying to pay for your girl? Just from looking at your car, I've got a price for you. Nothing less than twenty thousand!"

Yang Chen walked up to the man and smiled. "You really want the money?"

"You think I'm joking? No shit!"

"I have no Chinese currency with me at the moment. Do you accept another currency?" asked Yang Chen, looking troubled.

The three men glanced at each other, "Don't pull any tricks with us. We're protected by our brothers in the streets. If you decide to trick us, we'll be back for you! We only take US dollars and Euros in exchange! We don't want twenty thousand Japanese yen!"

Yang Chen feigned surprised. "You know about that? Sigh... But you're lucky I didn't want to give you Japanese yen."

"Then what?"

Yang Chen's face darkened. "Hell dollars."

"Hell dollars?" The fat boy was stunned.

His partner shouted, "Heh, fatty, this guy is referring to 'dead man's cash'!"

Chapter 770 - Too Well

Too Well

At this point, it was safe to say that the three men were fuming with anger. All they wanted was beat Yang Chen up. Previously, when they were dealing with two women they were more cautious with their actions. Now that a man had come to take their place, they wouldn't mind roughing him up a bit.

Yang Chen wasn't planning on wasting any time on them. Even if he chose not to rely on his cultivation, the three men still did not pose a problem for him.

When he saw the three men approach him, Yang Chen immediately took a step forward and grabbed them by their shirt. He hurled the three men to the side of the road as if throwing pebbles. They flew for a while before eventually landing amongst the garbage in a garbage truck!

Negotiating with shady street characters would only waste his time. Violence, in this case, was a much better alternative.

When the crowds witnessed Yang Chen's strength, they immediately backed off and started to speculate his origins.

Yang Chen ignored the crowds and walked to the rubbish truck. With a single swipe, he lifted the three foul-smelling men and proceeded to dump them on the floor.

The moment the three men hit the ground, they immediately scrambled to their knees and started to beg for mercy.

Yang Chen squatted, then reached his arm towards the fat boy. "Stop playing dumb. Where's the money you conned from us?"

Even the flesh on the fat boy's face was starting to shake. He dared not argue with this scarily strong man so he slowly stuck his hand into his pocket and passed him a stack of cash.

The boy started to count the money but Yang Chen wordlessly snatched all of it.

"Ah! Brother! The—there's some of my money inside too!" exclaimed the fat boy, panicking.

Yang Chen's face darkened. He glared at the boy and said, "So what? You're allowed to go about scamming people but I'm not? Everyone's breaking the law here, so why can't I? Let me tell you, my wife's car door has a huge dent in it. Fixing it would take tens of thousands of dollars. Taking only a hundred or so more is mercy for you people. If we meet again, I'll bring you to the police station!"

After he was done speaking, he walked arrogantly out of the crowd. He then got into the Bentley and made his way to the school.

The crowd stood watching, in shock. What just happened?

The fat boy was furious. He looked up to memorize the plate of the Bentley. He cursed under his breath as if he wasn't about to back down.

Yang Chen didn't pay much attention to this event. He rushed to the school as fast as possible only to see Lin Ruoxi returning to the carpark from the school gates.

The skies were grey and there was a slight drizzle. None of this affected the woman's beauty at all.

She wore a Korean-style white shirt with a green matching singlet in addition a a similar white tulle skirt. Even the simplest of dresses would bring out the beauty in her.

Walking across the wet cement floor, Lin Ruoxi spotted Yang Chen. When she arrived at her car, Yang Chen was still gawking at her. She couldn't decide to laugh or cry.

Bending down, Lin Ruoxi knocked on the bonnet.

He finally came back to reality, then said, "Honey, it's been a long day for you. Let me take the car to the mechanic. You can wait for Zhenxiu here."

She shook her head, smiling. "I'll send someone to bring this car for repair. You're the director of a company. Why should you have to do someone else's job? Just leave it here for now."

"Well, you can't say that. This is my wife's car. It's not the same," he flirted.

She narrowed her eyes, then with a gentle voice said, "Alright, it's not like I don't know you. You suddenly left for America in that morning, and now you're acting like a saint. Zhenxiu's exam ends at eleven-thirty. I know a good cafe which we could wait at."

This man had suddenly left for America for a few days, and she was upset at that. However, he'd left everything just to rush to her side after arriving home. This caused her to forgive him very quickly.

It felt good to have him there with her again.

No matter how many bad habits he had, a man with dignity was still a lovable one. That was why her voice turned gentle.

Yang Chen didn't expect Lin Ruoxi to voluntarily invite him for a meal alone. But having a meal together was normal for a husband and wife. Perhaps it was him who was overthinking things. Lin Ruoxi wasn't the type to make the first move. This was rare for both of them.

He nodded, turned off his engine then proceeded to exit the car.

But when he was about to open the door, his gaze froze. He stared at something and then gulped.

Lin Ruoxi was puzzled. What was going on? Was it that surprising when she asked him for tea?

But she soon realized that something was wrong. She followed his gaze and found he was looking at... her chest!

Suddenly, her pretty face reddened while she glared at him. "This is embarrassing! Are you done yet?"

Lin Ruoxi was wearing a looser blouse today. It exposed her deep cleavage when she bent down to talk to him. Contrasting with the shadows, her snowy white skin was mesmerizing, to say the least.

She could have been a successful model but was reluctant to wear too revealing clothing. She'd already attracted enough attention as it was. Wearing provocative clothing would only make it worse.

That was why when Yang Chen had this rare opportunity to see her assets, he couldn't help but stare.

The cat was out of the bag, Yang Chen grinned as if nothing had happened. After getting off, he grabbed her hand and walked towards the BMW.

Since the professionals in charge of her car also had spare keys, they didn't have to wait for them.

After they got into the car, as per Lin Ruoxi's suggestion, they drove towards the same place Lin Ruoxi and Tang Wan had tea together. The situation was very tense the last time she was there so she did not have the chance to enjoy her tea. She did find the pastries to be delicious, and it was a pity she didn't have more. So she took this opportunity to come here again.

While driving, Yang Chen asked curiously, "Why aren't you asking me about what I did in America?"

Lin Ruoxi stared at the cloudy skies, then said mildly, "I don't want to know."

"Why?" he asked, puzzled.

Lin Ruoxi fell silent for a moment, then said, "If you were with another woman, I'd rather not know than worry."

Yang Chen was embarrassed, recalling the shady things he did with Xiao Zhiqing. Trying to be calm, he said, "How's that possible? Ruoxi, can't you tell how mesmerized I am by you? Can't you tell just how much I love you? If it weren't for me helping Christen deal with something, I would've grown wings just to fly back to your side!"

Lin Ruoxi's eyes flickered at him, then huffed softly.

Yang Chen wasn't sure. Did she believe him or not?

After some small talk, the rain outside grew heavier. Both of them arrived at the cafe, ordered some pastries and a pot of Tieguanyin tea. They found a table upstairs and sat opposite each other.

Rainwater fell from the roof like a curtain. Neither spoke as they listened to the rain and watched the world unfold around them.

After a while, her gaze pulled away from the scenery and fell upon the man opposite her.

He was eating a piece of green bean biscuit quietly while minding his own business. Half of the food on the table had already been eaten. He'd only slept on the plane and didn't get to eat when he arrived home. This was his breakfast.

"Why aren't you talking?" she asked calmly.

Yang Chen blinked, puzzled. "The scenery looks good here. Talking would only ruin the feeling."

She replied, "So you're the kind to like silence. I thought you'd want to talk."

He stuffed the pastries into his mouth and sipped on his tea. When he finished chewing, he sighed, "If it weren't for you, I might still be selling mutton skewers. As a stall owner, the only people I talk to were other vendors. I've never mixed with anyone else. I did not return to this country to get to know people."

Her watery eyes flashed thoughtfully, then she grunted softly. "Mm."

"What do you mean by 'mm'? Honey, you've been acting weird," he asked quizzically.

She shook her head. "It would seem like I don't know you as well as I thought. I thought you'd be the kind to attract drama."

Yang Chen smiled. "You're sorely mistaken. If people left me alone and kept their problems to themselves, I wouldn't have to care about them now do I?"

She looked at his delighted face, her lips curling into a smile. Perhaps she'd misunderstood him.

At this moment, two policemen in uniform were looking around the cafe. They spotted Yang Chen and immediately headed in his direction.

Both policemen approached their table and by their sides. "You must be Ms Lin and Mr Yang."

Lin Ruoxi frowned. "Is there a problem?"

The policeman nodded. "Someone reported that after Ms Lin and a few men had a conflict near the Qinghe crossroads, it seems that Mr Yang beat them up in front of witnesses and even extorted two-

thousand four hundred over yuan from them. You have broken the Public Security Administration Punishment Law of the People's Republic of China. Please come with us to the police station for further investigation.

"Two thousand and four hundred?" Lin Ruoxi peered at Yang Chen, confused. "Sir, I distinctly remember them demanding for two thousand only."

Before she could finish, she suddenly realized something. Her eyes lit up, and she glared at Yang Chen furiously. "You... You took their money too?"

Yang Chen's face froze. He said quietly, "I was avenging you..."

"You..." Lin Ruoxi almost fainted. She gave a steely glare at the man, then clenched her teeth, "I was wrong. I do in fact, know you very well. Too well..."