

## I Am Born With A Silver Spoon Chapter 672

“The Valley Master and the others are here.”

At this moment, the bodyguards of Herb King Valley who were at a standoff against the Zhuang Family outside the plaza shouted excitedly, reassured by the sight of their master coming.

More than sixty bodyguards of the Herb King Valley were sprawled on the floor, yelping in pain. They helped each other to stand up, though barely, and rushed toward Yao Yigu who had hurried over.

“Zhuang Hu and Zhuang Bao!”

Yao Yigu frowned slightly at once, his fists tightly clenched.

Zhuang Hu was the Valley Master of Zhuang Valley in the Seven Valleys Mountain. Zhuang Bao was his younger brother.

The Herb Valley focused on making pills, and the Zhuang Valley was skilled in martial arts. Years ago, the Zhuang Valley made pills as well, as the founder was a servant who had escaped from the Herb King Valley.

Due to this reason, the two families had held a grudge against each other for a very long time.

Zhuang Bao was the brother of Zhuang Hu, and he was extremely tyrannical. Yao Yigu was more afraid of him than his elder brother, as it was rumored that he was at the Intermediate Level of the Perfection Stage.

That was why Yao Yigu was assembling so many skilled fighters.

But to his surprise, they were powerless against Zhuang Bao.

He had really underestimated Zhuang Bao’s power.

The Zhuang Family had brought approximately sixty men here, and today, Zhuang Hu finally had an excuse to throw a tantrum!

Chen Hao came forward as well.

Focusing his eyes on a man in black kung-fu clothes and black canvas shoes, Chen Hao saw him standing in front of the master of Zhuang Valley. This person was in his forties, and he had a scar on his face which made him look ferocious.

“What’s the matter, Valley Master of Herb King Valley? It seems like you have specially invited a lot of skilled fighters to fight the Zhuang Valley!” Zhuang Bao took a step forward slowly and superciliously, looking at Yao Yigu with a faint smile on his face.

Yao Yigu was, after all, the master of a valley. Suppressing great shock, he said, “Zhuang Bao, Zhuang Hu, you two are unbridled today. How dare you injure so many members of the Herb King Valley?”

“The feelings are mutual, Valley Master. Do you remember this scar on my brother’s face? It was a gift from you that year. You used the pills of Herb King Valley to bribe assassins to ambush the two of us. I

was only saved because of my brother's sacrifice. Now, the scar on his face reminds us day and night of what you did," Zhuang Hu sneered.

The two families had been feuding for a long time, and Zhuang Bao's expression was particularly ferocious as he faced Yao Yigu. "Yao Yigu, cut to the chase. Apart from the grudge from years ago, your daughter has led a group of people to let go of the Invincible God of War who we took much pain to capture. Do you know how many people we lost just to capture that savage? Today, it's time to settle all debts, both old and new. Our families have been fighting for centuries, and today we'll end this once and for all!" Zhuang Bao said fiercely. As he spoke, the scars on his face danced menacingly.

Yao Yigu grew silent. It was true that he was the one who had sent assassins after the two brothers. Recently, the number of conflicts they had with the Zhuang Family had increased, and now the two brothers had come in the name of condemning his daughter for letting go of the savage. However, this was only their excuse. It seemed like they meant business this time.

Yet, if they were to fight, judging by the looks of it, the skilled fighters that he had trained for five to six years were no match for Zhuang Bao at all!

So Yao Yigu said in a low voice, "Don't think you can do whatever you like even though you are at the Intermediate Level of the Perfection Stage. We haven't been resting on our laurels for all these years!"

"Haha! Others might not know what power the Herb King Valley possesses, but the two of us do!" Zhuang Hu couldn't help but look at him and humphed. "I think you better not put up a fight and surrender to us. The skilled fighters that you invited are all puny and useless! Shisan, you go ahead. There's no need for your uncle to fight. You go and get rid of these allegedly skilled fighters of Herb King Valley!"

Zhuang Hu turned to look at Zhuang Shisan.

Seeing this, the seniors that had mocked Chen Hao just now looked extremely displeased.

They were renowned martial arts experts, and they had never been looked down upon before. How dare they send a junior over to challenge them?

Yao Yigu looked extremely embarrassed as well.

Inhaling, he nodded and shouted abruptly, "Master Cang, Master Jing and Master Kong! It seems like we need your help."

The three masters nodded slightly and said to the young person standing next to them, "Yang Ying, go and deal with Young Master Zhuang."

Nodding, the young adult in tight kung-fu clothes went in front of Young Master Zhuang and made an inviting gesture.

"Yang Ying is my eldest disciple and has been under my wing for more than ten years. Now, he is nearly at the end of the Final Level of the Concentration Stage, so there shouldn't be any problem for him to take care of Young Master Zhuang," the three masters said and nodded confidently.

They did not want to come down from their pedestal and fight with him.

“Are you sending this boy to his death?” Zhuang Bao sniggered disdainfully and looked at Yang Ying. “With his level, you dare let him challenge my nephew? Shisan, show no mercy!”

“Die.” Yang Ying was a young man who practiced martial arts everyday, and he couldn’t bear being insulted like this.

Then, he moved abruptly and charged toward Zhuang Shisan.

Zhuang Shisan crossed his arms and sneered.

The two silhouettes clashed and broke apart immediately. A body went airborne and crashed onto the wall, causing the entire pseudo-classic building to tremble.

“Yang Ying!” the three masters couldn’t help but cry out. Their expressions had changed drastically right after the two made contact.

Then, the crowd finally saw that the one who went airborne was Yang Ying.

There was a fist mark on his chest that had caved in. Yang Ying slumped against the wall like a pile of mud.

“Your disciple isn’t dead yet. My nephew is too kind. Now it’s your turn,” Zhuang Bao smirked, bloodlust flashing across his eyes.

The three masters’ blood went cold, and the confidence they originally had had disappeared. Yang Ying was the strongest of their disciples, but he couldn’t even take a punch from this person. Did this mean that his power was stronger than theirs?

But they had no choice at that moment and could only bite the bullet.

The three masters came out slowly and under the expectant gaze of everyone, they went up to Zhuang Shisan and warned coldly, “Don’t be so smug, you little brat!”

“You three old things, stop the pretense and make your move!” Zhuang Shisan said icily.

“Humph, you’re too pompous.” Although the trio knew that they were no match against him, they couldn’t help but feel furious and made their Inner Energy course through their body.

Smack! Smack!

The two instantly exchanged seven or eight moves, but the crowd could only see two dark shadows fighting in the open space in front of them. Each punch and each kick rippled through the air. Wherever the fight went, the furniture there would be torn into pieces.

How can the third generation of the Zhuang Valley be this strong? This is too horrifying, Yao Yigu thought as he broke out in a cold sweat.

He only knew now that he had been too narrow-minded. Having been entrenched in Seven Valleys Mountain for more than a decade, he thought that he was only second to the heavens. He did not know that in the real world, there were many who could squish him to death with one hand.

After this battle, I have to find a bodyguard that's as strong as Zhuang Bao even if it costs me a fortune. Or else, nobody would know even if I was killed, he thought, then prayed for the victory of the three masters. If they lose, he wouldn't even last through today.

Then, he heard a "Bam", and the crowd dispersed. A person was standing there steadily, but three others were staggering seven or eight steps back continuously, swaying unsteadily.

The crowd squinted and their blood went cold. The three who staggered back were none other than the three masters.