

Liu Fang moved as swift as lightning.

“He’s really fast!”

“Senior Liu isn’t showing Third Miss any mercy at all.”

“Third Miss is going to lose the fight again. Such a pity.”

The crowd couldn’t help but comment on the fight.

They weren’t truly sorry for Liu Qing. In fact, there was a hint of malicious glee in their voices.

They didn’t want anyone else to get ahead of them—especially someone like Liu Qing. She was simply someone who had had the fortune of being adopted by the sect leader. Why should she have access to better resources than they did?

They might not have minded as much if Liu Qing was an utter stranger. But she was someone whom they knew and lived with. The envy could drive one mad.

Jiang Ning was the only person who remained calm.

Wisps of steam rose steadily from the teacup before him.

Meanwhile, in the arena, Liu Fang was already right in front of Liu Qing. His fist flew towards Liu Qing’s shoulder.

He had Liu Qing cornered. No matter how she evaded, she wouldn't be able to dodge the attack.

"My apologies!"

He surged forward, his movement speeding up suddenly as he got within punching distance.

The crowd was stunned. Liu Fang wasn't showing any mercy at all.

He wasn't going to give Liu Qing a chance to retaliate or escape.

The image of Liu Qing's utter defeat as she was hit squarely by Liu Fang before flying out of the arena appeared in everyone's mind...

But!

Just as Liu Fang appeared right before Liu Qing and his fist was about to land on Liu Fang's shoulder, she moved!

Her shoulder shifted. The slightest of movement resulted in Liu Fang missing and hitting air instead.

Such incredible agility!

Liu Fang was stunned. He had no idea what had just happened. How...how had she managed to dodge his attack?

Her feet hadn't budged a single inch. How had she managed to dodge his attack with a slight shift of her shoulder?

This...this was impossible!

Before Liu Fang could make his next move, Liu Qing's arm shifted, shooting up and sending a swift uppercut that smashed squarely into Liu Fang's jaw without any warning.

BAM!

The blow landed forcefully.

She attacked like a ferocious lioness. The full force of her fury which she had repressed for so very long was injected into her punch.

A loud scream of agony pierced the air. The attack sent Liu Fang flying into the air, spinning a few rounds before landing heavily on the ground.

PFFT...

His jaw was misshapen and the bone had split. Blood sputtered from his mouth and splattered everywhere.

A deathly silence descended upon the crowd.

Everyone gaped. Some started to rub their eyes. They couldn't believe what they had just seen.

Had they...just experienced a hallucination?

Had Liu Fang truly been defeated?

He must have been defeated since he was lying prone on the ground with his body spasming as blood streamed from his mouth. He couldn't even

scream. His face was almost twisted out of shape.

Luo Heng and his fellow disciples were dumbstruck. They were well aware of Liu Fang's abilities. The three of them should have been the only ones who could have defeated him so effortlessly.

How did Liu Qing manage to achieve such a drastic improvement in such a short period of time?

Her first dodge had been extremely fluid. It had been a fine display of her agility. They were overcome with emotion as they carefully recalled the details of that particular move.

Zhang Heng was equally shocked. He couldn't believe it. In fact, he wasn't sure if he could have accomplished such an evasion.

Suspicion flickered in his eyes but he crushed it instantly. It was impossible. She couldn't have improved so much within such a short period of time. Not even if Liu Chuandao instructed her personally.

Was it because of him?

Zhang Heng's eyes fell on Jiang Ning.

He watched as Jiang Ning sipped calmly at his tea and frowned slightly. He had not paid any attention to Jiang Ning since the man had first appeared in the sect. In fact, he had disregarded him completely. His disregard had remained even

after Mr He had told him that the sect leader was eying to have Jiang Ning as his son-in-law.

It appeared that he might have underestimated Jiang Ning.

Jiang Ning seemed too young to be that dangerous though. He wasn't a member of the Qingshan Sect either. Who exactly was this man?



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“It’s impossible.”

After some thought, Zhang Heng concluded that this couldn’t have anything to do with Jiang Ning.

How could such a young man have the power to transform Liu Qing so dramatically within such a short period of time?

“This must be one of the sect leader’s tricks.”

He looked up and glanced at Liu Chuandao. Liu Chuandao looked as composed as Jiang Ning, as if he had known the outcome of the fight before it had even started.

He must be right.

“Humph. What a pity. Third Miss won’t have the chance to pass the test this time too.”

Zhang Heng glanced at the three disciples that he had picked out and felt better.

There was no way he could have known that Liu Chuandao’s composure was merely superficial. The shock that he was experiencing was likely greater than anyone else in the crowd.

This was incredible.

How did Liu Qing manage to do it?

Had the brief training and the training techniques that Jiang Ning designed for her helped that much?

This was unbelievable.

The ordinary person might not understand what that signified but Liu Chuandao wasn't one of them. The instinct that she had displayed was far more powerful than your typical routine moves or techniques.

He glanced at Jiang Ning furtively. He could hardly believe how incredible the visitor who had come from beyond the mountain was.

This was far beyond what he could imagine.

He must be the one.

The crowd was silent for a full ten seconds.

"Liu Qing has won!" Mr He finally declared.

His cheeks were flushed and his ears were warm. If he were not the referee, he would have burst out into laughter.

Liu Qing had been simply amazing.

He had been the first person who had seen Jiang Ning's training equipment and he had not thought much of them. In fact, he had thought that they resembled toys meant for children. He would never have imagined that they could produce such an incredible result.

A sudden thought struck him. Perhaps they could get every disciple in the Qingshan Sect to train with that equipment.

The entire sect's battle prowess would improve dramatically.

This wasn't the time to consider such matters though. Mr He's announcement yanked everyone out of their stunned stupor.

"Third Miss won?"

"She was incredible! Her reflexes are out of this world. I can't believe that Senior Liu lost."

"That's simply amazing. Third Miss is simply amazing!"

Criticisms always came hand in hand with praises. Liu Qing didn't pay either much heed.

She remained silent as she walked out of the arena and headed back to where Jiang Ning was.

The tea was still steaming hot.

She reached out for the teacup but Jiang Ning smiled and said, "It's still too hot. Wait a little longer."

Liu Qing nodded and didn't say anything. Instead, she sat down quietly and watched as the steam rising from the teacup gradually dissipated. Then, she reached out again, picked her teacup up and drank her tea.

The crowd around her gaped at her. They were rendered speechless.

She had won the match before her tea had



cooled.

This was really insane.

Their eyes finally turned towards Jiang Ning, the man who had been seated there all along and whom they had not noticed all this while.

Who was he?

Third Miss seemed to listen to everything that he said. Why?

A series of questions popped up in their heads. Everyone started exchanging looks with one another but no one knew the answers.

They began to make wild guesses as they stared at Jiang Ning.

Jiang Ning became the center of everyone's attention suddenly but he didn't seem to be bothered by any of it. He paid no attention to the eyes on him and remained composed as he sipped his tea.

"Who is he?"

"Exactly. Who is this guy? He seems powerful."

"I can't believe that Third Miss listens to his every word. That's mind blowing!"

"Is he a Portico disciple? I've never seen him around."

A few Portico disciples standing in the distance

appeared equally surprised.

Jiang Ning lifted his head amidst the crowd's fixed stares. His eyes swept across the crowd calmly, a fleeting glance that passed everyone's faces without pausing.

The mild look in his eyes seemed more like he couldn't be bothered at all.

It appeared that no one deserved more than a fleeting glance from Jiang Ning.

"You have to keep on winning," said Jiang Ning. "Keep on winning. That's the only way to shut them up and make sure that they'll never doubt your abilities."



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