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Chapter 310 Pursued to the End of the World and Killed

Come, let's duel!

It was only when all the big bosses of Jiangnan, who were in the stands, heard Lin Fan's arrogant challenge that they finally came back to reality.

Oh my God, Grandmaster Lin defeated Blood Wolf in just one move!

Whoa!

In an instant, all the big bosses in the stands became keyed up.

"Grandmaster Lin!"

"Grandmaster Lin!"

"Grandmaster Lin!"

Every single one of them raised their arms and cheered for Lin Fan. Their faces red with exhilaration, glowing with admiration and fervor.



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Even Old Master Bai jumped up from his seat and cheered alongside the crowd, his arms held high, imbued with fervour. “How strong! Among the three Grandmasters of Jiangnan, Grandmaster Lin is strongest of all!” He was jubilant. Although he hadn’t yet seen Lin Fan’s face until now, that didn’t undermine his heartfelt adulation for Grandmaster Lin.

Deafening cheers reverberated in the stadium.

When Blood Buddha saw this, the murderous aura on his unsightly face emanated across the stadium. “It looks like they’re all cheering in adulation for you! Unfortunately, after today, they can only give eulogies in tribute to you!”

A murderous intent surfaced, and almost everyone could feel a horrifying sense of bloodthirstiness from his words.



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Just after he finished saying that, he abruptly stamped his foot.

Bang!

With that stamp, the hard marble ground instantly shattered, sending shards of broken stone flying.

Under the blowback force, Blood Buddha's figure flashed, and he lunged at Lin Fan in an attack. "Kid, leave your life here!"

An ominous murderous intent radiated from his fist. His offensive stance was like a ferocious tiger pouncing on a lamb.

Even the crowd could hear the blow whistling through the air, making it apparent that this blow contained a shocking amount of force.

"Watch out!" Leng Aotian and He Lanshan's expressions changed



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drastically.

They were both certain that even if they were to join forces when they were in their prime, they were no match for Blood Buddha's Blood Slaying First. Great apprehensiveness clouded their faces. When they sensed the daunting force of his blow, a shiver ran down their spine.

However, something mind-boggling transpired.

"A good one!" There wasn't any panic when Lin Fan was confronted with this terrifying Blood Slaying Fist. Instead, excitement radiated off him. He fisted his hand and swung out a fist at Blood Buddha as well.

Whoa...

This sight had Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, and all the big bosses of Jiangnan in the stands shocked to the core.



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A fist against a fist? Is he mad?

Graveness and apprehensiveness were etched on the faces of all the big bosses of Jiangnan.

After all, this was Blood Buddha. According to the legends, his Blood Slaying Fist had attained such a fearsome force that with a blow, even a Master would die. And now, while Lin Fan had indeed defeated Blood Wolf in a single move, he was still merely a newly-advanced Grandmaster, so how could he stop a fist with a fist?

In an instant, everyone's heart sank.

Meanwhile, when Blood Buddha saw this, the sneer on his face deepened. "You're just seeking death, kid! Blood Slaying Fist, explode!"

Whiz!

Then, Blood Buddha converged even



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more of his Vitality Qi at his fist, and the whizzing of the wind became even more violent before a flash of red appeared on his fist. He struck Lin Fan with a crushing blow like a thunderbolt.

However, a sight that had him floored transpired.

Whiz!

After he had converged his Vitality Qi, to his surprise, he realized that a flash of red was also radiating from Lin Fan's fist.

In the blink of an eye, their fists that were both radiating scarlet light collided.

Boom!

A dull boom resounded.

Blood Buddha felt an overwhelming blowback force rushing up his fist and

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enveloping him. As he was unable to maintain his balance in that instance, he stumbled back three steps.

On the contrary, Lin Fan stood as still as a mountain, not stumbling back even a single step.

Silence.

When the crowd saw this, the entire stadium plunged into dead silence once again.

The eyes of Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, and all the big bosses of Jiangnan almost popped out. They never thought that Lin Fan could counter a fist with a fist, yet remained unmoved while forcing Blood Buddha back three steps.

How... is this possible?

Gasp!

The sounds of gasps echoed.



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Every single big boss of Jiangnan felt their hearts pounding wildly, their faces flaming, and exhilaration so great that they almost couldn't control themselves.

He had truly withstood it, and his blow was even more fearsome than Blood Buddha's!

Whoa!

They all went up in cheers when they finally came back to themselves.

"Grandmaster Lin is mighty!"

"Grandmaster Lin is mighty!"

The look in their eyes when they gazed at Lin Fan was akin to looking at a hero.

Meanwhile, Blood Buddha was stunned. "Blood Slaying Fist? Impossible! How do you know Blood Slaying Fist?"



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He couldn't believe it for he knew that Blood Slaying Fist was one of Crimson Hell's mystic techniques, which no outsider could ever decipher. Be it the method of circulating Vitality Qi or the wielding of the blow and the method of unleashing strength, they were all unique.

But now...

It wasn't just Blood Buddha, for even Blood Wolf climbed out of the massive hole with all his injuries upon hearing his master's words.

He stared at Lin Fan, the look in his eyes as though he had seen a ghost. "How is he using Blood Slaying Fist? Didn't Master say that this super mystic technique is only known to those in that place? But this fella..."

Blood Wolf was flummoxed. At this moment, he suddenly realized that Lin Fan was not as simple as he thought

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him to be. When he was a Master, Lin Fan defeated him in three moves; when he was a Grandmaster, he defeated him in a single move.

And now, even when his master was battling him, Lin Fan could defeat him, too. Lin Fan's approach was like an abyss that one couldn't fathom; he could continually adjust his state according to his opponent's strength.

This was utterly inconceivable.

"Blood Slaying Fist? Of course, I know it! It's not the only one I know, but there are still... many more!" Lin Fan stared at Blood Buddha, his lips curved into a roguish smile.

When he uttered those words, Blood Buddha trembled slightly. "How dare you? You... you know all of Crimson Hell's mystic techniques? My king had once decreed that anyone not of Crimson Hell practicing Crimson Hell's



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mystic techniques must be pursued to the end of the world and killed! Hence, you should die!”

Blood Buddha was utterly infuriated by Lin Fan’s declaration at this time, and a murderous aura emanated from him.

His figure flashed.

Swoosh!

A flash of red glimmered, and he disappeared right where he was standing. That was Blood Shadow Pursuit, another Crimson Hell’s mystic technique.

However, just as Blood Buddha had disappeared, Lin Fan’s lips curved up. Similarly, a blast of red light emanated from him as he also disappeared in the same mind-boggling way.

Then, a sight that blew Blood Buddha away transpired.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

At this moment, two figures that resembled bolts of lightning were fighting vigorously on the elevated platform.

They disappeared and reappeared, exchanging blow after blow.

They were like two wild beasts battling, and every time they exchanged a blow, they used the same mystic technique.

Blood Slaying Fist!

Blood Shadow Pursuit!

Soul Stalking Hand!

Blood Deity Leg!

Shock pervaded.

After seeing that Blood Buddha and Lin Fan's every move and technique was

exactly the same, Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, Blood Wolf and all the big bosses of Jiangnan below couldn't believe their eyes.

"Oh my God, who is this Grandmaster Lin actually? How is it that he knows all the mystic techniques Blood Buddha knows? Plus, he's even stronger than Blood Buddha!"

"Exactly! Could it be that they have a relationship of some kind? Otherwise, this is just implausible!"

"How strong! Blood Buddha is completely subjugated by Grandmaster Lin! No matter if the mystic technique involves the fist, hand, leg, or foot, he is no match for Grandmaster Lin!"

The many big bosses of Jiangnan below were sporting faces that were red from excitement, wildly debating and conjecturing.



Chapter 311 He Looked Just Like Lin Fan

Meanwhile, on the elevated platform, Blood Wolf managed to struggle out of the massive hole. When he saw that Lin Fan had completely subjugated his master, a soul-wrenching fear pervaded him.

“He’s incredibly strong! If he wanted to kill me, though I’ve advanced to become a Grandmaster, he could have killed me in a single move!” Blood Wolf finally understood that if Lin Fan had truly wanted to battle him, he wouldn’t only be defeated, but killed in a single move.

Bang!

While the crowd was abuzz with speculation, Lin Fan’s roundhouse kick and Blood Buddha’s roundhouse kick collided.

Thud, thud, thud!

Blood Buddha was sent flying back five meters and only came to a stop by

stamping his feet hard on the ground.

“You... are you from Crimson Hell?”

At this moment, he could clearly sense that Lin Fan was holding back, and that he wasn't unleashing his full strength. Instead, each of his blows was merely a test as if he was trying to evaluate his strength.

Crimson Hell! That's right!

The only possibility Blood Buddha could think of was that Lin Fan was from Crimson Hell. Furthermore, he must be of a higher rank than him, or else he wouldn't have been able to master so many Crimson Hell's mystic techniques.

Excitement rose.

There was no grief on Blood Buddha's face due to his defeat. Rather, his eyes were fixed on Lin Fan, and he was trembling with excitement. The look in



his eyes was like a wanderer who had seen his family.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

At this moment, everyone's gaze was pinned on Lin Fan's back. The many big bosses below couldn't see his face. But from his back alone, they felt that he was infinitely majestic.

"That's right!" Lin Fan nodded and smiled at Blood Buddha.

His throat moved slightly, and his voice turned menacing, carrying a trace of chilliness. "Blood Vassal, it's been a long time!"

Boom!

When this menacing and chilly voice fell into Blood Buddha's ears, his eyes instantly widened.

It sounds so alike!

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It sounds like the voice that haunts his dreams.

Is... is this really him?

Blood Buddha's eyes welled with tears. Staring at Lin Fan, he said in a trembling voice, "You... you are..."

Seeing his emotional state, Lin Fan smiled, then covered the lower half of his face with his palm, leaving only his eyes showing.

When Blood Buddha saw this, he felt as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

Drip!

Drip!

The tears in his eyes fell and streamed down his cheeks.

For countless days and nights, he had

dreamt of the Caribbean Sea, his fellow soldiers who were as ferocious as beasts of prey, and the man who resembled a divine being. That was his ardent life; from the beginning, when he witnessed a young man wearing a demon mask ascending onto the Dark throne, his life had changed completely.

He followed the young man and waged war in all four corners of the world, killing countless people. He had witnessed the young man conquering one formidable hero after another, and, finally, establishing the Crimson Hell Legion that was feared by countless forces in the world.

When he left Crimson Hell, he was like a lone wolf that had left its pack, forlorn and bleak.

Until now, never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought that he would be able to see his idol—his king—once again.

Thud!

At this moment, under everyone's shocked gaze, Blood Buddha went on bended knee, tears pouring down his face. He then placed a hand at his heart. "Blood Vassal at your service, Your Majesty!"

What?

When his voice rang out, the voices of everyone in the entire stadium once again died out.

Staring at the figure on bended knee, tears streaming down his face with an earnest expression, everyone couldn't believe the scene.

"Your Majesty? Could... could it be that he's the man whom Master mentioned time and again?" Blood Wolf trembled, and his heart leaped to his mouth.

What had he done? He had dared to

make a move against the King of Crimson Hell and had even wanted to kill him time and again.

Idiot! At this moment, he felt that he was truly an idiot.

Quickly, he imitated his master and went on bended knee with a thud before speaking to Lin Fan's back in a panic-stricken voice. "Blood Vassal's disciple at your service, Your Majesty! I was reckless and have offended you greatly without knowing your real identity. I beg your pardon, Your Majesty!"

After saying that, Blood Wolf didn't even dare to lift his head to look at Lin Fan's back. Instead, he hung his head low, and tears poured down his cheeks like a faucet that had been turned on.

Upon seeing this, Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, and all the big bosses of Jiangnan shook like a leaf.

“Oh... oh my God! Am I dreaming? Grandmaster Lin is Blood Buddha's... king?”

“Crimson Hell? Could it be that fearsome force that is legendary in the entire nation? But how could Grandmaster Lin be... the king of that daunting force? How could this be?”

“No wonder Grandmaster Lin's mystic techniques even surpassed Blood Buddha's! So, this is the reason! Oh my God, I never dreamt that there would be such a formidable dragon hidden in Jiang City.”

All the big bosses of Jiangnan were shaking in their boots, and they hurriedly lowered their heads before Lin Fan. After all, this was Blood Buddha's king, and he might even be the legendary... King of Crimson Hell! The conjecture was a shock to the system.

While Old Master Bai had also lowered



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Chapter 312 That Lin Fella's Real Identity Was...

At this moment, the atmosphere in the stadium was extremely bizarre.

Blood Buddha and Blood Wolf were on bended knees before Lin Fan.

Meanwhile, Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, and all the big bosses of Jiangnan in the stands had their heads hung low; no one dared to look at him. It was as though he was the master of this stadium, evoking mixed feelings in the crowd, striking both fear and awe into them.

However, Lin Fan didn't care a whit about all this.

He helped Blood Buddha up, then said, "You must be tired of wearing this mask. You may take it off!"

What?

When they heard his words, everyone, including Blood Wolf, Leng Aotian, and





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Chapter 312 That Lin Fella's Real Identity Was...

He Lanshan, was startled.

Mask? Could it be that Blood Buddha's horribly unsightly face is... a mask?

But how could this be?

Blood Wolf was stupefied. He had been with Blood Buddha for many years, but he had never noticed that his master had been wearing a mask. This was implausible.

Nonetheless, a sight that stumped everyone transpired.

Upon hearing Lin Fan's words, Blood Buddha bowed in acquiescence before placing his palm at the base of his ear and pulling lightly.

Rip!

A paper-thin face mask was then ripped away, revealing a remarkable and persevering face of a warrior.





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Chapter 312 That Lin Fella's Real Identity Was...

This was a middle-aged man in his 30s or 40s. He had a square face and thick eyebrows that were set straight, his gaze piercing. His appearance gave off a sense of danger, striking fear in all who gazed upon him. This was Blood Vassal's true face.

"So, this is my master?"

Blood Wolf's lips curved into a bitter smile. He had never thought that after having been with Blood Buddha for so many years, this was only his first time seeing his real face.

"Perhaps Master would only remove all his disguise before his fellow soldiers of the days past and this man." He finally understood.

At the same time, he had an even greater yearning toward Crimson Hell because only by truly being a part of them could one be regarded as a warrior and a hero.

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Nevertheless, Lin Fan didn't know his thoughts.

At this moment, he gazed at Blood Vassal deeply and said in all complexity, "Go home!"

Go home!

When these simple words fell into Blood Vassal's ears, his body trembled at once, and more tears welled in his eyes.

Overwhelmed with emotions, he nodded firmly. "Okay!"

After saying that, he smiled; his smile was full of joy, as though he were a wanderer who was finally going to return home. That elation and jubilation had others sympathizing greatly with him.

Then, Lin Fan patted him on the shoulder before turning and walking down the elevated platform.

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Upon seeing this, Blood Vassal hastily asked, "Your Majesty, when are you returning home? Everyone must be missing you!"

That question halted Lin Fan in his tracks.

Traces of mixed emotions and reminiscence showed on his face, and he said placidly, "Sometime later."

He didn't tarry after saying that but walked down the elevated platform.

Whoosh!

At this time, Blood Vassal, Blood Wolf, Leng Aotian, He Lanshan, and all the big bosses of Jiangnan below bowed to Lin Fan's back.

When he walked into the stands, in every section he stepped foot, the big bosses of Jiangnan in that section would bow even lower.

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At that moment, Old Master Bai felt as though there were ants in his pants, and he couldn't wait to see Grandmaster Lin's true face.

However, he... dared not because everyone now knew that Grandmaster Lin was most likely the King of Crimson Hell; ants like them didn't have the privilege of even gazing upon his countenance.

Moreover, he also knew that if he did look, and he turned out to be someone else, then he might not even be able to leave the stadium as that would be an insult to Grandmaster Lin. Even if Grandmaster Lin didn't punish him, Blood Buddha and the others would never spare him.

Thud, thud, thud.

When he heard Lin Fan's approaching footsteps, he bowed even lower, and beads of sweat dripped from his

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forehead, feeling as though a terrifying beast was about to pass him by. He kept trembling as he was scared out of his mind.

After Lin Fan had walked past him, Old Master Bai breathed a long sigh of relief.

When he lifted his head, he could only see Lin Fan's back.

"Could... could he be Lin Fan?" His eyes were filled with a mixture of feelings and clouded with horror.

At the same time, when Lin Fan left via the exit, another black figure from the second floor hurriedly left through another exit. Everything was unbeknownst to everyone in the stadium.

It was an old man.

If Zhang Yichen were here, she'd

definitely recognize that person as the butler of her cousin, Zhang Lei—Mr. Li!

“Damn it! King of Crimson Hell! How could he be the King of Crimson Hell?”

Following Blood Buddha's trip this time, of course he needed to trail him covertly.

Uncertain whether Lin Fan would be killed, however, he left himself room for maneuver and chose to watch the battle in secret instead of sitting in the stands and showing himself.

Initially, when he saw Blood Wolf defeating Leng Aotian and He Lanshan, he was confident that Lin Fan would certainly die upon showing up.

However, events that had him shaken transpired time and again. First, it was Blood Wolf being defeated by Lin Fan in few seconds in a single move. Then, it was Blood Buddha being completely

subjugated by him.

Nonetheless, what had him scared out of his mind was Lin Fan's true identity. "Blood Vassal! King of Crimson Hell!"

Beads of sweat poured down his forehead. "No, I must report this to Young Master Zhang Lei. We can't offend that Lin fella anymore. Otherwise, great calamity will befall the Zhang family." He was shaking like a leaf.

While walking toward the exit, he fished out a mobile phone from his pocket with shaking hands.

Very quickly, when he had walked out of the stadium, the video call had already been established.

Young Master Zhang Lei of the Zhang family was clearly visible through the video. At this moment, he was in a hotel, wearing a bathrobe, and had an

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arm each around two foreign beauties, drinking and having fun.

He looked into the camera and said with a smug smile, "Mr. Li, why now only are you contacting me? How did it go? Have you gotten that scoundrel's head?"

Speaking of Lin Fan, he gritted his teeth in hatred. If it weren't for that b*stard, Zhang Yichen would've died, and the vast assets of the Zhang family would've fallen into his hands long ago.

Therefore, the thing he wanted to see most now was Lin Fan's head.

"Young Master, everything went horribly wrong! Blood Buddha and Blood Wolf had failed! Meanwhile, that Lin fella's real identity is..." Mr. Li was just about to advise his young master not to offend Lin Fan anymore.

However, before he could finish speaking, he suddenly trailed off. His

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eyes fixed pointedly ahead because unknowingly, someone had appeared before him!



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Chapter 313 Lin Fan Was Really Here?

“W...why are you here?” When Mr. Li saw who was there, he felt a chill run up from his spine as his hairs stood on their ends, for the person standing before him was Lin Fan. “Didn’t you leave from the other exit? So why...” Mr. Li was mystified. He knew how powerful and terrifying Lin Fan was, so he left using the opposite exit from what Lin Fan had used to prevent himself from being detected. But never in his wildest imagination could he foresee that Lin Fan noticed him and got in his way in such a short time. *How is this possible?*

“Surprised?” Lin Fan smiled. “You wouldn’t have appeared this soon if I hadn’t left.” Lin Fan knew Mr. Li was here when he was in the stadium. He had also guessed his identity and goal, but he only made his move now because he only had time for that now.

It was a shocking, hair-raising revelation for Mr. Li. *He did this on purpose!* Mr. Li finally realized Lin Fan exited that way because he wanted Mr. Li to expose himself as soon as possible.

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As they were conversing, Zhang Lei—who was video calling Mr. Li—was stupefied. “I...impossible! Blood Buddha is an ultimate Grandmaster, and he’s vicious! That Lin brat could never be his match!” Zhang Lei watched the video call in horror. *That’s Blood Buddha! The infamous menace in the northwestern district! How can someone like that fail to kill Lin Fan?* Zhang Lei noticed that the case wasn’t like that. It wasn’t that Blood Buddha couldn’t kill Lin Fan, and Mr. Li also looked like he was trying to tell him Lin Fan’s identity.

Just when Zhang Lei was still guessing, someone in the video call said coldly, “I shall claim your head as a warning for the Zhang Family.”

What? Zhang Lei was taken aback. In that fraction of a second, he noticed something red flashing past Mr. Li’s neck in the video call. “M... Mr. Li! Are you ok

ay? Get out of there, now! You're a part of the Zhang Family, that kid won't dare..."

Before Zhang Lei could finish his panicky message, he saw his butler, Mr. Li, widening his eyes as he stammered, "Y... Young Master, h... he's..." Mr. Li was trying to say something in the video call, but before he could finish it, blood spurted out from the line across his neck, drenching the screen in crimson.

Zhang Lei felt cold with fear as he saw a scarlet line appearing on Mr. Li's neck. After that, Mr. Li's head rolled off his neck, and as it fell with a thud, the screen turned dark, with nothing but the sound of a body falling down playing out.

"H... he's dead?" Zhang Lei's eyes were going to pop out of their sockets, but that wasn't the end. He noticed the screen turning around again, as if someone was picking up Mr. Li's phone.

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When it was finally stabilized, a handsome face appeared on the screen, and he was none other than Lin Fan.

“Lin... Lin Fan! You killed Mr. Li? How dare you kill someone from the Zhang Family? You’re dead!”

Zhang Lei sounded cold and murderous, but Lin Fan only smirked at that threat.

“This is the second time. If it wasn’t for Zhang Yichen, you and the Zhang Family would have been annihilated the first time you did this. If there’s a third time, not even God can save you.”

What? Zhang Lei was flushed with anger when Lin Fan threatened him. *A threat? This b*stard threatened me again?* “I know you’re strong, Lin Fan, but you don’t have the power to go up against the whole Zhang Family all by yourself!”

Zhang Lei’s counter was full of malice, but Lin Fan didn’t bother to talk to him. He only looked at Zhang Lei calmly, as if the latter was nothing to him. “Don’t

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forget. There is no 'next time.'" After he said so, Lin Fan crushed the phone easily, turning it into pieces.

...

Bai Hai and Bai Yifan were waiting at the stadium's exit, their faces looking dark. When they thought of how they were embarrassingly thrown out, the flames of fury welled up within them. "D*mn it! How did this b*stard manage to get into the stadium?" Bai Yifan looked exasperated, as he couldn't believe Lin Fan could enter the stadium to watch the fight.

"Hmph! So what? We can ask your grandpa once he comes out. Besides, Leng Aotian and He Lanshan are inside. If they know Lin Fan is the culprit who ruined their grandchildren, that b*stard probably wouldn't come out alive!" Bai Hai was also disgruntled.

After he said so, the exit was opened,

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and all the bigshots came out. “Your grandfather’s here!” When they saw Old Master Bai among the crowd, Bai Hai and Bai Yifan went up to him with excitement. “Did you see Lin Fan inside, dad? That b*stard managed to get in there somehow!” Bai Hai wanted to know the answer to his burning question, so he went up to his father.

Oh no. Old Master Bai was drained of color when his son asked him about this. *Lin Fan is here?* Old Master Bai was wondering whether Lin Fan was the terrifying King of Crimson Hell, Grandmaster Lin, but now he was almost sure of it. His face darkened. “I saw someone who resembled Lin Fan, but I couldn’t be sure,” Old Master Bai replied.

When he got his answer, Bai Hai got angrier. “Dad! You should have exposed Lin Fan. Grandmasters Leng Aotian and He Lanshan would skin that brat alive!”

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Skin him? Old Master Bai's lips twitched. *If Lin Fan is truly Grandmaster Lin, Leng Aotian and He Lanshan would be lucky if they didn't wet their pants, let alone skin him.*

“Yeah, grandpa. That scumbag Lin Fan caused me and dad to be thrown out by the bodyguards! That was embarrassing!” Bai Yifan complained. “When we get back, I’m going to use all of Bai Family Group’s power to take revenge on Lin Fan!”

Revenge? The mention of vengeance drained Old Master Bai of more color, so he immediately gave Bai Yifan a tight, furious slap.



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Slap!

That slap had Old Master Bai's fury in it, so he didn't hold back. It didn't take a moment for a red mark to appear on Bai Yifan's face, but that wasn't the end. Old Master Bai was trembling angrily. "Shut your mouth!" he scolded. "Listen to me, you b*stard. Never find trouble with Lin Fan anymore, or I will skin you alive!"

What? Bai Yifan was stunned by the slap. When he and his father noticed the panic and fear on Old Master Bai's face, they were flabbergasted. Wh... what's going on? The old master still treated Lin Fan as trash before he entered the stadium. He was even waiting for Leng Aotian and He Lanshan to ruin him, making it easier for the Bai family to acquire the New Bai Family Group. It's just been an hour or so, so why did he suddenly change his opinion?

"What's wrong, grandpa? Why can't we find trouble with Lin Fan?" Bai Yifan

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rubbed his hand against his face, asking his grandfather in surprise. When he felt the pain on his face, the hatred he felt for Lin Fan intensified.

Bai Shan noticed something was wrong too. "Dad, did Lin Fan do anything in the stadium?" he asked Old Master Bai.

"Why are you so afraid of him? Bai Hai was incredulous. He knew his father looked down on Lin Fan, the live-in son-in-law, to the point where he tacitly approved all the bullying the Bai family did to Lin Fan, but now...

Old Master Bai's lips twitched at the sight of his confused son and grandson. "I cannot say. I truly can't." He sighed. "If Lin Fan is truly the person I think he is, then we have made a grave mistake. We have offended someone whom we shouldn't."

What? Bai Hai and his son couldn't believe Old Master Bai's cryptic explanation. *Lin Fan is someone whom we shouldn't have offended? How can this be? He's just a loser!* "Dad, I don't know what Lin Fan did in the stadium, but you shouldn't be deceived by that

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t a loser. Why else would he be a live-in son-in-law for three years?" Bai Hai still found this incredulous.

Bai Yifan thought the same thing. He pointed at the bike, saying, "Grandpa, look. This is what Lin Fan was driving when he came. Everyone else came in luxury cars, but he treated this bike as a treasure! Why are you so afraid of this kind of loser?"

Hm? Old Master Bai turned to look at the bike, feeling surprised when he saw that. "Oh yes, did you see Lin Fan coming out?"

Coming out? Bai Hai and his son quickly shook their heads after a moment of puzzlement. "Dad, we've been keeping watch at this exit. Lin Fan couldn't have come out."

"Yeah, if he really did come out, we would have noticed him! Besides, his bike is still here!"

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Old Master Bai's brows furrowed as his son and grandson kept on explaining. He did see Grandmaster Lin exiting this way, but if Lin Fan didn't appear, could that mean he was not Grandmaster Lin?

Old Master Bai's eyes lit up when he thought of this, but when he was going to keep on asking, Bai Yifan gasped. "Look, grandpa! That kid came out from the other exit!"

What? Old Master Bai quickly looked to where his grandson was pointing, only to see Lin Fan slowly coming from another direction. When he came near them, he ignored Old Master Bai and the other bigshots, and go to his bike to unlock it before driving out of the parking lot. "So it's not him!"

Upon seeing this, Old Master Bai breathed a sigh of relief, denying the possibility that Lin Fan was Grandmaster Lin.

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To him, Grandmaster Lin and Lin Fan just looked similar from the back, or else Lin Fan would have come out from this exit first. He wouldn't have dilly-dallied around until now, only coming out from the side exit. Obviously, this kid watched the match while he remained hidden in the stadium's corner, only scurrying out from another exit after everyone had left.

"Hmph! I take back everything I said." Old Master Bai squinted coldly at the direction Lin Fan had left. "You two can keep on finding troubles with Lin Fan. Better yet, fan the flames between him and Grandmasters Leng and He. I want them to ruin this kid to ease the process of New Bai Family Group's acquisition!"

When they heard this, Bai Hai and his son agreed in excitement.

...

With the battle in Jiang City stadium

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coming to a close, everyone was shocked at the result of the fight. Everyone in Jiang City and Jiangnan thought the winner of this fight would either be the infamous Blood Buddha, Leng Aotian, or He Lanshan. They did not expect the hero who saved Jiangnan to be the newbie ultimate Grandmaster—Grandmaster Lin!

With the bigshots' announcement, almost everyone knew how terrifyingly powerful Grandmaster Lin was. Blood Wolf defeated He Lanshan and Leng Aotian with one blow and ten blows respectively. Even so, such a menace who defeated everyone in Jiangnan's martial arts world was still defeated by Grandmaster Lin in one blow. Even the nationally infamous Blood Buddha lost to Grandmaster Lin in ten blows.

It was something astonishing that fired up all the martial artists in Jiang City. Everyone was talking about Grandmaster Lin's fame and power

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while regarding him as the guardian of Jiang City, even the whole of Jiangnan.

But everyone was shocked that the bigshots who watched the match didn't speak a word about the speculation that Grandmaster Lin was the King of Crimson Hell. They even refused to talk about the relationship between Grandmaster Lin and Blood Buddha, as if all of them tacitly evaded this question altogether.

Aside from that, Grandmaster Lin's name, appearance, ethnicity, and identity was a big mystery that swirled among the people of Jiangnan. He was like a mysterious existence with no answers pointing to who he was. No matter how those curious people tried to pry for information, nobody knew who Grandmaster Lin really was.

When everyone was fired up for Grandmaster Lin, another piece of news was spread in Jiang City: the New Bai

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Family Group would hold its opening ceremony after a week. However, this piece of news didn't cause any stir in the city.

Everyone knew Lin Fan of the New Bai Family Group had offended Leng Aotian's grandson, Leng Bufan, as well as He Lanshan's granddaughter, He Jiaojiao. With that, everyone thought the New Bai Family Group was sure to be annihilated, so they couldn't care less about the opening ceremony of a group that would soon be destroyed.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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While everyone was guessing who Grandmaster Lin could really be, Lin Fan's life remained unperturbed.

There was one week left before the grand opening of New Bai Family Group. Bai Yi and Bai Shan were facing the busiest days of their lives.

Bai Yi was negotiating with the suppliers.

From what Lin Fan knew, New Bai Family Group's biggest supplier now was from a material company called Tiansheng. Most of Bai Yi's work now was related to deciding the details of the collaboration and reaching an agreement with Tiansheng Group, but all these matters were unrelated to Lin Fan. He went on with his everyday life of a househusband, going grocery shopping and doing some cooking.

But on this day, when Lin Fan was about to return from grocery shopping, he

suddenly stepped the brake on his bike. "That girl..." While his bike was parked at the corner of the market, Lin Fan looked ahead.

That place in the market was where everyone threw away the unwanted veggies. It was filled with discarded, almost rotten vegetables, but a little girl in tattered clothes and shoes were rummaging through the pile of rotten vegetables for some better ones.

The girl was around five or six years old, with her hair looking dry, and her figure looking gaunt. There were patches on her shirt, while a huge basket was on her back, filled to the brim with nearly rotten greens

It was a heartbreaking sight.

"It's her!" Lin Fan knew this girl. When they were back in the northern district, a car nearly crashed into her, but Shen Yumei saved her. After that, the girl

went along with Lin Fan as he defeated the northern district's bully—Iron Face Master Lang. Their third meeting was when Lin Fan was procuring some vegetables after defeating Jin Gang, but that time, he was also met with the girl's blind grandmother. "She's called... Xun'er."

As he frowned, he quickly parked his bike before going to the waste disposal area.

The moment he went near, a rancid smell belonging to rotten vegetables assailed him. "Xun'er," Lin Fan called when he went up to her.

Lin Fan noticed Xun'er's petite figure froze in place when she heard him calling her. As if recognizing who that voice belonged to, she quickly lowered her head. "Y... You got the wrong person, mister. I...I'm not Xun'er..."

Just like a startled rabbit, Xun'er didn't

dare look at Lin Fan as she carried her gigantic basket, wanting to run away from the place.

Lin Fan frowned. He noticed the panic within her voice, immediately obliging him to go forward and grabbed her hand. "Xun'er, you recognized me. Why are you trying to evade me?" Lin Fan remembered the affection and sweetness this little angel had whenever she called him Mr. Lin, but now, when she was asked this, Xun'er shivered again. She faced Lin Fan with her back, reluctant to turn over, or to be more precise, not daring to turn over.

Pitter, patter.

Pitter, patter.

Lin Fan saw her tears falling to the ground, making tiny splashes before they disappeared. The tears gave him a bad feeling about something. "What happened to you, Xun'er? Turn around! I

want to look at you!” Lin Fan turned Xun'er around with both hands.

When Xun'er was turned around to face Lin Fan, he felt thunderstruck, reeling from shock with the atrocity that had happened to Xun'er. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Scars!

Xun'er's angelic face was now filled with dozens of scars, all of them were red, looking as if the scabs were just formed. As they crisscrossed along Xun'er's face, her beauty was disfigured, looking as ugly as a toad.

With a single glance, Lin Fan noticed that all of the scars were knife scars. He couldn't imagine how cruel a person must be to disfigure a girl so young.

“P... Please don't look at me, Mr. Lin! I... I'm ugly! I... I don't want to scare you!”
When she faced Lin Fan, she quickly

covered her scarred, disfigured face. Crouching down on the ground, tears fell from the crevices between her fingers.

“P... Please leave, Mr. Lin. I... I’m fine! R... Really, I am! I’ll go and see you after my face is all patched up, okay?” The girl sounded almost begging. When she heard Lin Fan calling her, she knew he was the man who descended upon her like a god, but she dared not reply to him, nor did she want to. She owed him too much, so she didn’t want her hideous look to horrify him.

As he looked at the sobbing Xun’er who was on the ground, Lin Fan felt suffocated, as if something was cutting up his insides. He knew something horrible must have happened to Xun’er in the time they didn’t meet. When he thought of this, he gazed at Xun’er. “Alright,” he told her, “if you don’t want to see me now, I... I’ll be leaving then.”

He patted her frail shoulder before he turned around to leave.

Xun'er still had her head lowered as she crouched on the ground, her hand covering her face. It wasn't until she heard the sound of the bike driving away did her crying slowly stop.

A hint of guilt welled up in Xun'er's eyes when she looked up at Lin Fan driving away on his bike. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lin. I really want to see you, and I really want to talk to you again, but... but I'm too ugly now! I don't want to scare you!"

Xun'er wiped away the tears on her scar-filled face before she carried the bag filled with rotten vegetables with difficulty once more, stumbling back toward the northern district. But unbeknownst to her, someone was slowly following behind her, and that someone was... Lin Fan.