

Foxs' Wuxia

Wuxia Fan Translation

SDXL Chapter 13



Chapter 13 – The Chancellor of Wulin

Translated by Noodles



Yang Guo's five fingers then gently waved out, a slight smile on his face; it was a stance of "Dressing of Li Hua" from the Jade Maiden. Yang Guo's smile infected Da Er Ba, he followed and smiled. Yang Guo's face was handsome and striking, when he smiled, he was even more so, Da Er Ba's cheekbones were high and his cheeks deep, when the crowd saw him follow Yang Guo and smile, all of them shivered.

Jinlun Fawang's eyes sometimes opened and sometimes closed, it was as if he didn't care about what happened in the battle but in actual fact, he saw everything clearly. When he saw Huo Dou was losing he suddenly called out, "A gu si jin de er, mi ma ha si

deng, qi er qi er hu!” The crowd didn’t know what these Tibetan sentences were but Huo Dou knew, his master was reminding him not to defend so tightly, he needs to start using the “Ferocious Wind Rapid Thunder Skill” against the enemy, Huo Dou started to whistle, the fan on the right and his sleeve on the left created a strong gust of wind, rushing forwards to Zhu Ziliu.

The force of the wind was very strong, the crowd who were watching couldn’t help but move backwards slowly, they heard him making thunderbolt like noises with his mouth, they all thought that apart from using weapons, fists and kicks, this “Ferocious Wind Rapid Thunder Skill” also uses the surprising calls of thunder to subdue and control the opponent; it is a very powerful technique. Zhu Ziliu’s sleeve took flight, he carried himself proudly and matched him.

The two of them went back and forth for over a hundred moves, Zhu Ziliu had finished writing the ‘Zi Yan Tie’, the intention of his pen changed, his moves were slow and delayed, the pen strokes were fine and stiff, overflowing with ancient intent.

Huang Rong soliloquized, “There’s an ancient saying: ‘The fine and obstinate direction leads to the soul’, this “Stone Carving of Commending the Wrong Path”, never has there been such a display.”

Huo Dou continued to use the “Ferocious Wind Rapid Thunder Skill” but because the opponent’s strength was strong, the power in his fan increased as did the volume of his shouts and calls. The people who were watching the fight in the main hall could not stand still; step by step they retreated to the courtyard.

Huang Rong saw Yang Guo and Xiao Longnu were sitting shoulder to shoulder by the pillar, they were only about ten feet away from the battle, deep in conversation, completely ignoring the battle. The wind that Huo Dou generated had completely no effect on them. She saw Xiao Longnu’s belt floating in the wind but Xiao Longnu was unmoved, she just stared lovingly at Yang Guo. The longer that Huang Rong looked, the more curious she became, in the end, she was concentrating on these two more than the battle between Huo Dou and Zhu Ziliu, she thought, “That little girl looks like she possess advanced martial arts, Guo’er and she are so close, I wonder which eminent master is she a disciple of?”

Xiao Longnu was now twenty years old, she had lived in the ancient tomb all her life, avoiding the sunlight, her skin was especially soft and delicate, her internal energy was high, from her appearance, she looked like a sixteen or seventeen year old. Before Xiao Longnu met Yang Guo, experiencing happiness, anger, grief and joy was a rare thing

for her. Emotions have the greatest harmful affect on the body and its appearance; and she had spent the last two years like a normal person. If she actually followed her master's teachings and practiced with a clear mind, not only could she meet her hundredth birthday, but when she reaches that age, her appearances would be the same as a normal fifty year old. Because of this, in Huang Rong's eyes, Xiao Longnu looked younger than Yang Guo, her childlike and innocent air was even more obvious than Guo Fu, no wonder Huang Rong thought that she was a little girl.

Now, Zhu Ziliu's pen was becoming unsightly, but its power was becoming stronger, the delivery of the pen was like a spider web, strong yet soft. Huo Dou was secretly alarmed; it was gradually becoming harder for him to grasp his kung fu.

Jinlun Fawang shouted, "Ma mi ba mi, gu si hei si." No one knew what those eight words meant but the words shook everyone's ears, leaving a ringing sound in them.

Zhu Ziliu was getting impatient, he thought, "If he changes his technique again, I don't know when this battle will end. I am fighting in Dali's name for the Song in this first round, I must not lose. Otherwise shame will be bought onto our nation and school." He suddenly changed his calligraphy style again, the pen didn't appear to be writing words, it now resembled a hatchet hacking into rocks.

Guo Fu managed to see what was happening and asked her mother, "Uncle Zhu is carving words?"

Huang Rong smiled and said, "My daughter is not stupid, the finger technique he's now following is the 'shi gu' script. This is the scriptwriting that one uses in the spring and autumn period; it's the characters that can be seen when one uses a hatchet to carve words on a stone drum. See whether you can recognize the words that Uncle Zhu is writing."

Guo Fu followed the pen but saw that every word he wrote was windy and twisty, all looking like a small painting, she didn't know one word. Huang Rong smiled and said, "That's an ancient style of calligraphy (used in Zhou dynasty c11 to 256BC), no wonder you wouldn't know any of them; even I can't recognize all of them."

Guo Fu clapped and said, "Naturally, it'll be even harder for that Mongolian idiot to recognize them. Mother, take a look at him, his head is full of sweat and his legs and arms are all over the place."

Indeed, Huo Dou could only recognize a word or two of this ancient style of calligraphy. Since he doesn't know what the opponent is writing, of course he will not be able predict where the pen will attack. It was now difficult for him to respond.

Zhu Ziliu kept on producing word after word of this ancient calligraphy, the characters were profound with an ancient air, and the power of the "Solitary Yang Finger" which the calligraphy style uses as a base also increased.

Huo Dou's fan waved out but he was a bit too slow to take it back, Zhu Ziliu's pen moved and scripted an ancient character on his fan. Huo Dou took a look and asked uncertainly, "Is that 'net'?"

Zhu Ziliu laughed and said, "Wrong, that is 'you'." He then wrote another character on his fan.

Huo Dou said, "Most probably that's 'moon' isn't it?"

Zhu Ziliu shook his head and said, "Wrong, that's 'hence'."

Huo Dou was discouraged, he shook his fan to shake off the pen tip and stop Zhu Ziliu from writing on his fan but he didn't predict that Zhu Ziliu would suddenly sent out a left palm to attack. Huo Dou sent out a palm to block this but this allowed Zhu Ziliu in and he wrote another two characters on his fan but because there wasn't much time, the characters were not written in the ancient calligraphy style but cursive calligraphy. Huo Dou recognized these characters and called out; "Barbarian!"

Zhu Ziliu laughed and said, "Correct, it is 'You are hence a barbarian'."

Everyone hated the Mongols for invading their country and killing their citizens, hate and anger was in their hearts; when they heard Zhu Ziliu insulting Huo Dou by saying 'You are hence a barbarian', they all cheered and shouted.

Huo Dou could not handle Zhu Ziliu's "Solitary Yang Book Finger" with the cursive and ancient calligraphy, he was already afraid. When he heard the cheers and calls, he was even more disturbed. He saw Zhu Ziliu's pen shaking and waving, writing three ancient characters in a row in midair, how could he think about trying to recognize these characters?

He could only force himself to fight on; he raised his fan to try to protect his vital points on his chest when suddenly he felt his knee go numb. His pressure point had been

sealed by the opponent's pen as it turned. Huo Dou's knee felt numb and wanted to collapse, but he thought if he kneels, he would have no face. He took a deep breath and surged a current of chi towards the pressure point in his knee. He wanted to leap away and admit defeat when Zhu Ziliu's pen came in like lightning, sealing his pressure point again. Zhu Ziliu used his pen to replace the finger, using the tip of the pen to make use of the "Solitary Yang Finger" technique, continuously attacking. Could Huo Dou defend against this? His knee became numb and he eventually knelt down onto the floor, his face was devoid of colour.

All the heroes cheered with thunderous noise. Guo Jing said to Huang Rong, "Your ingenious plan worked." Huang Rong gave a slight smile.

The Wu brothers were watching from the side, when they saw the boundless changes of their Martial Uncle Zhu's "Solitary Yang Finger", they were both in awe, and were thinking, "Martial Uncle Zhu's internal energy is profound and strong, embedding itself into calligraphy, there are many ingenious and masterly aspects within it. I don't know when I will be able to reach such a stage."

One called out, "Brother!"

The other called, "Little brother!"

The both of them were thinking of the same thing and were about to say something in praise of their Martial Uncle's martial arts. Suddenly Zhu Ziliu called out, 'ah', they quickly turned their heads and saw that he had fallen.

Everyone was shocked at this sudden change of events. After Huo Dou had admitted defeat, Zhu Ziliu had come over to unseal his pressure point. The technique of sealing pressure points using the "Solitary Yang Finger" is completely different than conventional pressure point sealing; it is extremely difficult for others to unseal it so Zhu Ziliu went over to him and tapped his sides a few times, circulating his chi to unseal his pressure point. He couldn't have known that as soon as Huo Dou's pressure point was unsealed, there was an opportunity for Huo Dou to take advantage of him. He gave a grunt and before he stood up, he activated a booby trap in his fan; four poison nails flew out from the fan's spine, all of them hitting Zhu Ziliu in the body.

When skilled fighters duel, when a win or loss is declared, they cannot act again. Never mind that everyone was watching, who could have guessed that that he would suddenly launch an ambush? If Huo Dou had launched his projectiles in the middle of the duel, even though the booby trap was ingenious, he would not have succeeded in harm-

ing his opponent. When Zhu Ziliu was unsealing his pressure point, he was only an inch away from him. The weapon was activated close to the body, even if one's skills were higher, it would have been difficult to avoid this attack. The poison on the nails was produced from the snowy mountains of Western Tibet and is very lethal. As soon as Zhu Ziliu was struck with the nails, his body broke out in unbearable pain; it was difficult for him to stand up properly.

Everyone was shocked and angry, they were all pointing at Huo Dou, insulting and cursing him, saying that he was a brazen scoundrel and despicable.

Huo Dou laughed and said, "The 'Little Prince' has turned defeat into victory, what shame is there in that? Before we started, we did not forbid the use of projectiles. If that brother Zhu succeeded in using a projectile against me, I would have admitted defeat."

Though not everyone agreed with what he said, they did not have a reply to his words, but the insults and curses kept on coming.

Guo Jing dashed over and picked up Zhu Ziliu, he saw the four nails sticking out of his chest, his face looked strange. Guo Jing knew that the poison on the nails was extremely exotic, he quickly sealed three main pressure points to slow down the blood flow, the veins were completely sealed stopping the poison from reaching his heart. He asked Huang Rong, "What should we do?"

Huang Rong frowned without replying, she knew that if she wanted to cure this poison, the antidote must come personally from Jinlun Fawang or Huo Dou. For the time being, she paced back and forth without an idea.

When Diancang Yuyin saw that his apprentice brother was poisoned, he was worried and angry; he tucked in his gown, wanting to dash forward and fight Huo Dou.

Huang Rong was still thinking about the plan, she thought, "The opponent has already won a match, if Brother Fisherman goes, Da'erba will be the one who will be sent out to meet him, and we won't have a way to win." She quickly said, "Brother, please wait!"

Diancang Yuyin asked, "What for?"

Though Huang Rong was wise and clever, she couldn't give a reply, they had already lost the first match, and there will be some difficulty in the last two matches.

Huo Dou used a trick to beat Zhu Ziliu and he stood at the front of the hall pleased with himself, he took a look all around and felt that he was on top of the world. In the corner of his eye he saw Xiao Longnu and Yang Guo sitting shoulder to shoulder on a stone base, holding each other hands, engaged in conversation. They completely ignored his victory as if nothing had happened; he couldn't stop himself from getting angry and pointed his fan at Yang Guo, shouting out, "Bastard; get up!"

All of Yang Guo's attention was on Xiao Longnu, though the world is a big place, there was nothing that would distract him. Because of this, the heated battle between Huo Dou and Zhu Ziliu was nothing to him; he didn't see or hear it.

In the years he lived with Xiao Longnu in the tomb, he didn't know that he had etched Xiao Longnu deep into his heart and soul, in life or death. That day when Xiao Longnu said she wanted to be his wife, it was such a sudden event, he had never thought about this before and, startled, he could not think of a reply. After Xiao Longnu had disappeared, he repeated in his heart hundreds of times, "I want her, I want her. Even if I die immediately, I want Gu Gu to be my wife."

The love between he and Xiao Longnu bloomed unconsciously, after they departed, the love kept on flourishing without stop. Yang Guo wasn't afraid of anything, Xiao Longnu was blind to the world and its ways, they just knew that if they desired to love, they loved, if they desired happiness, then they'd get happiness, what had it to do with other people? One didn't care and the other didn't understand, in the midst of a thousand people in the middle of a heated battle, the two of them were holding hands talking to each other, wrapped in love.

When Huo Dou cursed him, Yang Guo was still oblivious of him. Huo Dou wanted to curse him further when Jinlun Fawang ordered, "Our side has won the first round, and we can now proceed onto the second round."

Huo Dou glanced at Yang Guo with hate and then returned to his table and said clearly, "We have won the first round, my apprentice brother Da'erba will fight in the second round, which hero from the other side will come out to meet him?"

Da'erba took out a weapon from his Buddhist robe and went to the middle of the hall. When everyone saw his weapon, they were all shocked; it was a long coarse golden rod. The "Golden Demon Subduing Rod" was around four feet long, the ends of the rod were thick and rough, and the body of the rod glittered with a golden light. It appeared that the weapon was made out of pure gold; it was a lot heavier than an identical rod made out of steel.

He went to the middle of the hall and bowed to the heroes, and then threw his metal rod up in the air. The golden rod fell down and with a crash sound; two of the large jade flower bowls on the floor were smashed. The rod buried itself one foot into the floor. This was meant as a warning; he was a shriveled and skinny monk but he had the ability to use such a weapon, indicating the level of martial arts he had.

Huang Rong thought, “Brother Jing can subdue this rude monk but Fawang will fight in the third round, then our side will have no one to fight him, the match will be over. This is unspeakable; I’ll go and force myself to fight using masterly kung fu to battle him.” She raised the Dog Beating Stick and said, “I’ll go!”

Guo Jing was extremely shocked and quickly said, “You can’t...you can’t. Your body is not well, how can you fight?”

Huang Rong felt that there was no other way to achieve victory, if they lost this round then there will be no need for the third round. Just as she was hesitating, Diancang Yuyin called out, “Chief Huang, allow me to fight that evil monk.” When he saw the condition that his apprentice brother was in after contracting the poison, his heart was burning and he wanted to take revenge. Huang Rong had no other good ideas, she thought, “We can only struggle on, if he beats the monk, brother Jing will fight Jinlun Fawang to settle this.” So she said, “Please be careful apprentice brother.”

The Wu brothers took the pair of metal oars that their Marshal Uncle used to him. Diancang Yuyin held them under his arms and went to the middle of the hall. His eyes were red with fury as he circled Da’erba. Da’erba didn’t know what it was about, when he saw him walking around him, he turned with to him. Diancang Yuyin suddenly called out, his oars waved out as he hacked down towards his head. Da’erba’s movements were extremely fast; he quickly picked up his Golden Subduing Rod and raised it up in response. The rod and oars met, the clashing sound rang in everyone’s ears. Both of them felt a slight pain and both knew their opponent’s power was strong, and then they both leapt backwards. Da’erba said a sentence in Tibetan while Diancang Yuyin insulted him in a Dali dialect. Though the two didn’t understand the other, they suddenly came close to each other again, the oars and rod came out at the same time, another clashing sound of gold and metal colliding was heard.

This battle was completely different to the graceful and civil fight between Huo Dou and Zhu Ziliu. The two of them fought like copper versus iron, brute force against brute force, the two of them fought with advanced external hard kung fu. The oars and rod created gusts of wind; the onlookers were shocked and astonished.

Diancang Yuyin's natural strength was already high; when he was serving Reverend Yideng he lived in secret in Xiangxi, he used his iron oars to row upstream against the current everyday, his arms became like steel. He is the first disciple of Reverend Yideng and was under his teaching for the longest time. Because he was simple and crass, Reverend Yideng had always treated him with care and love. His natural ability was lacking, his internal energy couldn't compare with Zhu Ziliu's. However, his external hard skills were extremely powerful. Right now, the two were competing with their external hard skills, his strong point; his oars flew up and down as he attacked. Each metal oar was about fifty kilos (110+lbs) but he lifted them up as if they were light, he was as fluid as normal people with sabers or swords that weighed a few kilos.

Da'erba has always thought his natural strength was unbeatable; he couldn't have guessed that he would meet a man with such divine strength in the central plains. Not only was the opponent's strength high, his stances were also profound, he needed all his efforts to use his golden rod. The rod attacked the oars, the oars attacked the rod; the two of them attacking more than defending.

When Zhu Ziliu and Huo Dou were fighting, the people who were watching were forced backwards because of the great gusts of the winds they generated. Now, three extremely heavy weapons were clashing; along with resisting the wind generated by the weapons, the loud noises created by the clashing of the weapons was also extremely hard to endure. Most of them covered their ears as they watched.

Under the candlelight, the golden rod glittered, the two steel oars were like two streaks of black, the weapons swirled and tangled with each other; the fight was becoming more and more spectacular.

The crowd had never seen such a battle in their lives. Of course there had been even more dangerous and perilous situations, but when skilled fighters compete with internal energy one with another; the effects are on the inside. From the outside, it looks very ordinary. When it came to the stances and the countering techniques of weapons and fists, it had ingenious and refined aspects but it couldn't compare with the ferocious aspects of the stances. It is extremely rare to see someone with Diancang Yuyin's kind of divine strength, but it is even rarer to see two people with the same kind of divine strength engaged in such a heated battle as this one.

Guo Jing and Huang Rong watched with sweating palms. Guo Jing said, "Rong'er, do you think our side will win?"

Huang Rong said, "I can't make it out right now."

In reality, how would Guo Jing not know what was happening in the battle, but he hoped that his wife would say 'Yuyin can win' so his heart could be comforted.

Tens of moves passed but their energy didn't decrease; instead it became even more vigorous. Diancang Yuyin called out as he attacked with his oars to increase his clout.

Da'erba asked, "What did you say?" He spoke in Tibetan, how would Diancang Yuyin understand?

He too called out, "What did you say?" Da'erba didn't understand either.

The two of them assumed that they were insulting each other, they fought fiercely, the chairs and tables in the hall flew up. The crowd was worried that the one of them would lose concentration and hit one of the pillars in the hall, causing the hall to collapse.

Jinlun Fawang and Huo Duo were both secretly alarmed, if this battle continued on for much longer, even if Da'erba gains victory, he will be severely injured. But how could the fight stop with the two battling so heatedly?

The two of them leapt and jumped around, calling out as they fought violently, the yellow glow and dark trail forced the candlelight to darken; suddenly, a ferocious heaven shattering noise was heard, the two of them called out and leapt away at the same time.

When the oar in Yuyin's right hand collided with the golden rod, the two of them were using all their strength, the handle of the oar was narrow and not as firm as the golden rod, hence, the oar snapped in half. The blade part flew away and a 'dang' sound was heard as it dropped in front of Xiao Longnu.

Xiao Longnu was completely absorbed in conversation with Yang Guo, she was unaware and the oar blade part struck her on the toes of the left foot. She gave out a cry of 'ai ya' and leapt up. When she called out in pain, Yang Guo was alarmed and quickly asked, "Are you hurt?" Xiao Longnu rubbed her toes, the wincing at the pain that could be seen on her face.

Yang Guo was furious; he turned around to look for the person who used the metal slab to hurt his Gu Gu. He saw Diancang Yuyin holding the handle of the broken oar in his right hand and was disagreeing with Da'erba; he wanted to use his single oar to fight him. Da'erba shook his head; he knew that the enemy's strength and stamina compared to his was six of one and half a dozen to the other. If they continued, it would be diffi-

cult to get a result, since now he has the advantage in weaponry; the winner of this round is himself.

Huo Dou stood up tall and said clearly, “We have won two rounds out of the three; the position of the Chancellor belongs to my master, everyone...”

Before he finished, Yang Guo said to Yuyin, “How did your steel oar break, how did it fly over and hit my Gu Gu?”

Yuyin said, “I... I...”

Yang Guo said, “Your steel oar is poorly made, quickly go and apologize to my Gu Gu.” Diancang Yuyin saw that he was a little boy and didn’t pay him any attention. Yang Guo suddenly stretched out his arm and snatched the broken handle out of his hand and called out, “Quickly go and say sorry to my Gu Gu.”

Huo Dou was interrupted by him and was furious, he shouted, “Little bastard! Get out of the way!”

Yang Guo called out, “Little bastard is insulting who?”

When Huo Dou heard him say ‘Little bastard is insulting who’ he replied without much thought, “Little bastard is insulting you!” How would he know that boys from the south had always talked in this manner to argue, he wasn’t concentrating and fell into the trap.

Yang Guo laughed out loud and said, “Correct, it is a little bastard who’s insulting me!”

Everyone in the main hall was very worried and anxious, but after hearing this young man’s sudden comment, everyone broke out in laughter. Huo Dou was furious; he took out his folded fan and attacked Yang Guo’s head.

Everyone had just seen Huo Dou in action and knew that his martial arts were terrific, if the fan lands on Yang Guo’s head, if he didn’t die, he would be severely injured, they all called out, “Hold it!” “You can’t bully someone younger.”

Guo Jing darted out and was about to snatch the fan away when Yang Guo ducked down and darted underneath Huo Dou’s arm. The handle of the oar swirled round; Yang Guo used the “Dog Beating Stick Technique’s” ‘coil’ formulae and tripped up Huo Dou’s legs. Huo Dou could not stand up properly; he stumbled and almost fell onto the

floor. Huo Dou was highly skilled, he changed the stumbling force into a leaping force, he leapt into the air and came down steady.

Guo Jing was startled, he asked, “Guo’er, what’s the matter?”

Yang Guo laughed and said, “Nothing. He doesn’t respect Hong Qigong’s “Dog Beating Stick Technique”. I wanted to use the “Dog Beating Stick Technique” to trip him up; it’s a pity that he managed to jump away.”

Guo Jing was surprised and asked, “How do you know this technique?”

Yang Guo lied and said, “Just now when Chief Lu fought him; I learned a few stances after watching him.”

Guo Jing knew that he wasn’t the sharpest tool in the box, he knew that there are a lot of people who were cleverer than him, and he believed what Yang Guo said without any doubts.

Huo Dou assumed that it was his fault for being careless and this allowed Yang Guo to make him stumble; how would he know that a teenager like Yang Guo would possess such great martial arts? The most serious matter now is fighting for the position of the Chancellor of Wulin, it won’t be too late if he first completes the serious task and then punishes the punk. So he took a large step towards Guo Jing and said, “Hero Guo, it is we who are the victors in today’s duel, my master Jinlun Fawang is the Chancellor of Wulin. If there is anyone who doesn’t agree with this...”

Before he finished, Yang Guo sneaked up behind him, he sent the oar handle forward and used the “Dog Beating Stick Technique’s” fourth stance of the ‘poke’ formulae, suddenly poking Huo Dou’s backside. With Huo Dou’s abilities, how would he not know when someone was sneaking up behind to ambush him? However, the “Dog Beating Stick Technique” is extremely ingenious and masterly; though he realized what was happening, his sudden dodge was not perfect and there was still a chance to hit him. A ‘pu’ sound was heard as he was hit in the backside. Even though his internal energy was profound, the buttocks are an area of the body with a lot of flesh, the attack was very painful, and was coupled with the shock of getting hit. He thought that he would definitely avoid this attack but the attack managed to get him, and he couldn’t stop himself from giving out a ‘ah’ call.

Yang Guo shouted, “What was that? I don’t agree to this!”

In a flash the hall was filled with laughter. The heroes all thought not only is this teenager naughty, he was extremely bold, the Mongolian Prince was twice undone by him.

Now that it has reached this point, how could Huo Dou not be angry? He turned his hand and wanted to smack him across the face to vent his anger before doing anything else. This was a casual palm but the force behind the palm is derived from the main theories from the school of Tibet. This palm was meant to knock the young man unconscious.

Guo Jing knew that this palm was powerful, he stretched out his left arm and hooked it up, grabbing Huo Dou's palm. Guo Jing said, "How can you mess around with a little kid?"

When Huo Dou's arm was grabbed, he felt half his body going numb, he couldn't stop his shock and anger from rising.

Yang Guo took the opportunity and swept the oar handle across, striking him heavily across the backside, he called out, "Disobedient bastard, father's going to spank you!"

Guo Jing shouted, "Guo'er, get back, don't make trouble." But the crowd all laughed.

The Mongolian warriors on the other side were all calling out, "Two versus one?" "You don't want face!" "Does that count as dueling?"

Guo Jing was startled, and released Huo Dou's hand.

Huang Rong saw Yang Guo's trip and poke that he just used were definitely the stances of the "Dog Beating Stick Technique"; she was very suspicious. "Where did he steal this technique from? Could it be that in the past few months that I've been teaching Lu Youjiao, he has been spying on us? But each time I start teaching, I've searched around, how could he hide from me?" She called out, "Brother Jing, come back."

Guo Jing returned to this wife's side but he was worried that Yang Guo would suffer, his eyes did not leave the two people in the middle of the hall. He saw Huo Dou sending out palms and kicks, attacking Yang Guo.

Yang Guo was dodging and calling out at the same time, "I'm going to spank you, spank you!" The oar handle kept on attacking Huo Dou's backside, but Huo Dou's movements were quick, each hit met thin air. Huo Dou wanted to use his folded fan to hit Yang Guo

on his head, but Yang Guo kept on using the oar handle to hit his backside. The two were chasing and rushing around; the two of them circled the hall very rapidly but neither of them could hit each other. At first, the onlookers just felt something weird was going on, but when they saw the two of them circling around the hall, they were extremely shocked. Though Yang Guo is of a young age, his footsteps were light and his movements were swift and nimble, there was no difference between him and Huo Dou. Huo Dou attacked him a few times but each time, Yang Guo managed to escape cleverly.

Diancang Yuyin and Da'erba were originally arguing about their weapons and staring angrily at each other. One would want to dash forward and fight again; the other was completely prepared in case the opponent suddenly attacked. When they saw that Huo Dou couldn't handle such a young man, they both were extremely surprised; one of them opened his mouth and laughed loudly, the other shouted out insults in Tibetan.

In the blink of an eye, Huo Dou and Yang Guo had circled around the hall three times; Huo Dou could see that his opponent's lightness kung fu was terrific, if he continued to follow and chase him like this, he might lose. He suddenly turned around, his left palm came out in front of him to grab the oar handle, the fan in his right hand came out to seal the 'Looping Jump' pressure point of the side of his leg.

However Yang Guo did not want to meet him face on, he swerved his body around the fan and kept on hitting out with the oar handle, calling out, "Father wants to spank you! A day doesn't go past without three spanks, I have spanked you twice, there's one more!" To use such a method to ridicule your opponent in battle without danger, your kung fu must be a lot better than the opponent's in all areas. Although Yang Guo had learned many advanced martial arts, his kung fu still could not compare with Huo Dou's; acting like this would definitely result in trouble. However, the crowd was watching with passion, they all cheered, called out, and they applauded to urge him on.

When Huo Dou heard this, his mind was disturbed; if his backside is struck once more by this child in front of these people, even if he killed this boy, he still will have lost a lot of face. Because of this he concentrated on dodging and evading and forgot about attacking; Yang Guo was able to avoid danger for now.

By now, Huang Rong could tell that an eminent master had instructed Yang Guo, his kung fu really was terrific. She also remembered the day when he passed on his internal energy to her to help her recuperate; the internal energy he had developed was not ordinary. She thought that by allowing him to stir up trouble for a while, attention had actually been drawn away from the two defeats, so she called out, "Guo'er, go and fight him, I don't think he's your match."

Yang Guo stuck his tongue out at Huo Dou and said, “Do you dare?” He stood still and pointed to his nose.

Although Huo Dou was furious, he couldn't allow a little thing like this get in the way of the mission. Their side had now won two rounds; they have taken the position of Chancellor of Wulin. Why should he get involved with a little kid? He said, “Little bastard, I'll take my time in teaching you a lesson. Right now, the Chancellor of Wulin Jinlun Fawang will say a few words, everyone listen to his orders.”

All the heroes made a hue and cry, disagreeing, clamoring and shouting.

Huo Dou said loudly, “We agreed before hand, two wins out of three. Doesn't your word count?”

All these heroes are famous people of the Jianghu world, they all knew what his words meant, he wanted them to go back on their words, this would never happen; but they had lost the last two rounds in a unjust way. The first round they lost due to an ambush, in the second, only the weapon was broken, they haven't really lost that round yet, and it was difficult for them to accept that justice was done. When Huo Dou asked them this question, they didn't have a reply.

Yang Guo said, “Look at that old monk, look how tall and skinny he is, he looks weird, how can he be the Chancellor of Wulin? I don't think he's worthy.”

Huo Dou angrily said, “Who's the Master of this child? Take a control of him. If he continues to cause trouble, I won't hold back.”

Yang Guo said, “My Master is worthy to take the position of the Chancellor of Wulin, what skill does your master have?”

Huo Dou said, “Who is your Master? Please invite them out.” He saw Yang Guo's martial arts weren't ordinary; he assumed that his master must be a skilled fighter so he used the word ‘please’ in his sentence.”

Yang Guo said, “Today, the disciples are representing their masters to fight for the position of Chancellor of Wulin, isn't that it?”

Huo Dou said, “Correct, our side has won two of the three rounds, because of this, my Master is the Chancellor of Wulin.”

Yang Guo said, "Fine, even if you beat them all, so what? You won't be able to beat my Master's disciple."

Huo Dou asked, "Who is you Master's disciple?"

Yang Guo laughed and said, "Donkey! My Master's disciple is of course me." The crowd listened to his words with amusement and broke out in laughter. Yang Guo said, "We'll compete for another three rounds, if you can win two rounds out of the three, I'll recognize that monk as the Chancellor of Wulin. If I win two rounds, then sorry, the position of the Chancellor of Wulin goes to my Master."

When the crowd heard him say this, they all thought, "Could it be that this boy's master is some eminent master, and has come here to challenge the position of Chancellor of Wulin with Hong Qigong and Jinlun Fawang? They didn't care who the master of this boy was; at least they are Han. The young man cannot beat Huo Dou; however victory to the Mongols will allow them to take the position of Chancellor. Our side has already been defeated, a new complication might bring about a reversal of fortunes so they all said, "Correct, I agree, only if you Mongols gain another two victories." "That young brother is correct." "The central plains have many great fighters, you were lucky in gaining those two rounds. Who cares about that?"

Huo Dou pondered, "The opponent's two strongest fighters have already lost, what's there to be afraid of in fighting two more rounds? I'm only afraid that after two comes another two." He said to Yang Guo, "Your Master has a right to challenge for the position of the Chancellor of Wulin, however, there are thousands and thousands of heroes in this world, after one round comes another, when will it stop?"

Yang Guo raised his head and said, "My Master doesn't care about who takes the place of the Chancellor of Wulin, but when she saw your Master, her anger flared up."

Huo Dou said, "Who is your Master? Where is Senior?"

Yang Guo laughed and said, "Senior is in front of your eyes. Hey, Gu Gu, he asks how Senior is." Xiao Longnu gave an 'en' sound and nodded to Huo Dou.

Everyone was startled at first but then burst out in laughter. They saw that Xiao Longnu was beautiful, she was younger than Yang Guo; how could she be his master? The young man must be joking, trying to make a fool out of Huo Dou. Only Hao Datong, Sun Bu'Er, Zhao Zhijing and Yin Zhiping knew that he was telling the truth.

Though Huang Rong was intelligent and wise, she could not believe such a pretty, delicate, young girl could be his master.

Huo Duo was furious, he shouted, “Little bastard is talking crap! There are many important matters to be resolved today at this heroes gathering, how can I allow you to make trouble here? Crawl away.”

Yang Guo said, “Your Master is ugly and dark, his words are gibberish, it is extremely hard on the ears. Look at how beautiful my master is, graceful and elegant; if she is the Chancellor of Wulin, won’t that be a lot better than your ugly monk Master?” When Xiao Longnu heard Yang Guo praising her beauty, she was delighted, she revealed a smile, it really was like a flower blooming, a halo of beautiful jade, unparalleled elegance.

The crowd saw that Yang Guo was becoming more and more daring in his attempt to make a fool of his opponent, they felt great delight; a few experienced people were secretly worried that Huo Dou would take his life.

Indeed, Huo Dou could no longer take it and called out, “All the world’s heroes, please can I have your attention; when the young Prince kills this little punk, he will only have himself to blame, it is not my fault.” His folded fan moved, he was about to attack Yang Guo’s head.

Yang Guo impersonated his voice and stuck out his chest, he called out, “All the world’s heroes, please can I have your attention, when the little punk kills this Prince, he will only have himself to blame, it is not the fault of the little punk!” In the midst of the laughter, he suddenly swept the oar handle towards Huo Dou’s backside.

Huo Dou moved out of the way and sent his fan out along with a lightning left palm, straight towards his head. The fan was a decoy, the palm was not; all his strength was behind that palm, his intention was to split open Yang Guo’s head in one stroke. Yang Guo slanted his body and moved away, along the way, he pushed out a table towards him, a ‘ge’ sound was heard as Huo Dou’s palm landed on the table; splinters flew everywhere as the table was split in half.

The onlookers gulped as they saw Huo Dou’s frightening strength.

Huo Dou kicked the table out of the way and immediately afterward followed it up with another attack. Yang Guo saw that his palm was ruthless and didn’t dare to take it easy anymore; he used the “Dog Beating Stick Technique” with the oar handle to fight him.

Hong Qigong personally taught him the stances of the “Dog Beating Stick Technique” that day on the peak of Mount Hua. He had performed the technique’s most ingenious and masterly aspects for Ouyang Feng; he had now also heard the formulae and changes of the technique from Huang Rong when she was teaching Lu Youjiao. When the two aspects were combined, he was able to use the technique properly. But the oar handle was too heavy and too short, it wasn’t very convenient, after another ten moves, the oar handle was trapped to one side by Huo Dou’s fan.

Huang Rong saw that he really was using the “Dog Beating Stick Technique”, though the stances weren’t smooth and not fully utilized. When he used it, the techniques he used looked proper and like the real thing, she knew that his weapon wasn’t convenient for him so she went into the middle of the hall and stuck the stick in between the two and said, “Guo’er, to beat dogs you need the Dog Beating Stick. You can borrow Chief Lu’s Dog Beating Stick. After you’ve finished beating the evil dog, return the stick.”

The Dog Beating Stick is the property of the Beggar Clan’s Chief; it had to be clear that it was being borrowed.

Yang Guo was delighted and received the stick. Huang Rong whispered into his ear, “Force him to give up the antidote.” As soon as she said this she returned to her place.

Yang Guo had not paid any attention to Zhu Ziliu falling victim to a concealed weapon; he didn’t know what antidote she was talking about and was slightly startled; Huo Dou’s palm chopped down. Yang Guo raised the Dog Beating Stick and pointed towards Huo Dou’s belly. The bamboo stick was strong and sturdy, the length and weight was perfect; using the Dog Beating Stick to perform the “Dog Beating Stick Technique” can only result in an increase of power. Huo Dou had sent out a palm that was chopping across his neck when he saw the bamboo stick come out, it was aiming for the ‘Sealed First’ pressure point three inches below his navel. This was an important pressure point to the movement of the veins; this little punk’s ability in recognizing pressure points was so precise that Huo Dou couldn’t help being shocked.

As he had tangled with Yang Guo, he thought that Yang Guo was just a nimble young man who had been advised by a great master; after he saw this stance of piercing towards his pressure point, he began to treat him as an opponent who could match him. He didn’t dare to take it easy; he returned his palm and used his fan to protect his chest. The onlookers saw that he had changed his stance into defense showing that he was worried about Yang Guo, they were even more surprised.

Yang Guo said, “Wait, this little punk does not fight for no reason, there has to be a wager.”

Huo Dou said, “Fine, if you lose, kowtow to me three times and call me Grandfather three times.”

Yang Guo again used a trick that children from Jiang Nan used to take advantage of others, he pretended he didn’t hear and asked, “Call what?”

Using this trick makes it very easy for the other person to fall into the trap. Huo Duo had grown up in Mongolia and Tibet and had always been surrounded by honest people, how would he understand the craftiness of Jiang Nan kids, so he casually replied, “Call grandfather!”

Yang Guo responded, “En, good Grandson; say it one more time.”

The crowd broke out into laughter again and Huo Dou knew that he had again fallen for a trick; he clenched his teeth, with the fan in his right hand and his left palm, he attacked like a violent storm.

Yang Guo used all his strength to repel him and said, “If you lose, you need to give the antidote to me.”

Huo Dou angrily said, “I’ll lose to you? Stop daydreaming bastard!”

Yang Guo raised the bamboo stick and shouted, “Little bastard is scolding who?”

Huo Dou said, “Little bastard is scolding...” As he got up to this part, he suddenly became aware; at least he managed to rein back the horse from the cliff, the last word ‘you’ was held back.

Yang Guo laughed and said, “Little Prince, I’ve taught you a few things, remember it.” Though his words were said easily, it was becoming more and more difficult for his hands to cope.

Huo Dou is Jinlun Fawang’s proudest disciple, he had received the important aspects of the Tibetan school, and he was able to exchange almost a thousand stances with Reverend Yideng’s strongest disciple. His internal energy was profound; he and Yang Guo should not be mentioned in the same breath.

At first, Yang Guo was able to get an advantage by making him angry; Huo Dou had not fought with his full strength, now he really was fighting. After twenty moves or so, the comparison between he and Yang Guo was clear; Yang Guo was definitely inferior. The crowd saw that he was of a young age yet he managed to last so long against Huo Dou, they all praised him and said, "This child is amazing." They all asked each other whose tutelage is this young man under.

Huo Dou saw that his opponent was weaker than him and sent out stronger and stronger palms. The "Dog Beating Stick Technique" that Yang Guo was using is ingenious and inspired, Huo Dou's fan and palm techniques could not match it; but all Hong Qigong taught him was the stances, he had heard the formulae and principles from Huang Rong. He was clever and managed to force himself to combine the two and use it, but it was impossible for him to understand and comprehend everything immediately, so of course the power of the technique cannot be fully utilized. After a while, Yang Guo was dodging and flashing around, but it was difficult for him to attack.

Ever since the first fight started, Guo Fu and the Wu brothers had been watching intently, quietly talking to each other. When Yang Guo came out and started to fight, they were shocked and surprised. The Wu brothers said that he was rash and impudent, he's just asking for trouble, Guo Fu was on the opposite side, she praised Yang Guo, saying that he was daring and ardent. When the Wu brothers heard this, their hearts ached with an uncomfortable feeling. When the two brothers first saw the closeness between Xiao Longnu and Yang Guo when she first arrived, the two of them glanced at each other and were able to relax. When they heard Yang Guo say that she was his master, though they didn't know whether this was true or not, their hearts sank. Now, they saw that Yang Guo was forced onto his back foot (as sign that he is losing) by Huo Dou, the two brothers knew that they shouldn't wish that the enemy would win, but deep in their hearts, they hoped that the more he suffers the better. Because of the trouble in their hearts, the two experienced many different emotions in the blink of eye.

Guo Fu didn't have any good feelings towards Yang Guo but she didn't loathe him either; she just treated him as a down on his luck, incapable person. He was insignificant, but when she heard her father wanted to betroth her to him, she was angry. But she still thought that this would never happen so she didn't take it to mind. Later on, she saw that his martial arts were anything but ordinary, she was just surprised and nothing more; yet when she saw that he was in danger, she couldn't stop herself from worrying about him.

Yang Guo knew that if this continued, within ten moves he would succumb to his opponent. He had glanced over and saw that although Xiao Longnu was still sitting on the

stone base, her back was no longer leaning against the pillar. She was paying close attention, at any moment she would leap out and help him. He had an idea; he suddenly waved the stick and flew across, leaping over Xiao Longnu's legs.

Huo Dou shouted, "Where are you going?" He followed after him.

Xiao Longnu's legs raised slightly, the tip of her left foot aimed towards Huo Dou's 'Descendant's Arrangement' pressure point on his right ankle, the tip of her right foot kicked towards his left foot's 'Surging Spring' pressure point.

At least Huo Duo's skills were profound and refined, he saw what was happening, there was a nimble change, Xiao Longnu's legs had risen a little, and the bystanders didn't think anything of it. He himself knew that Xiao Longnu had used a lethal attack, in the midst of this he used a stance of "The Mandarin Duck's Looping Kick"; his legs kicked thin air in a loop and avoided the motionless pressure point kick by Xiao Longnu.

When Yang Guo went by Xiao Longnu's legs, he knew what was going to happen; he didn't wait for his opponent to fall to the ground and attacked with his Dog Beating Stick.

Huo Dou stretched out his fan and supported it against the stick and used the force to move faraway from Xiao Longnu. He couldn't stop himself from glancing over at her, thinking, "Indeed there are many able people in the central plains, that boy and girl are still in their teens, how come they are so good?"

With the advantage of an extra stance, Yang Guo kept on attacking with the stick technique, he used three critical stances in a row, and Huo Dou was scrambling about, using all his strength to repel the attack. However, Yang Guo did not have an ingenious fourth attack to continue the chain, he slowed down momentarily and allowed Huo Dou to counterattack, and was on the receiving end again.

The onlookers did not understand the stick technique and it went by them, Huang Rong however kept on calling out "What a pity" in secret, she couldn't hold in her thoughts and said, "The stick returns across the ground under the clever hand, striking the twin dogs without return." This was one of the formulae of the "Dog Beating Stick Technique", though Yang Guo knew the stances and formulae, he didn't know when to use them; when he heard Huang Rong recite this, he immediately brushed the stick across the ground and attacked forward without returning.

The direction and force of this stick was weird, though he used it, he didn't know what use it had. How could it be that as soon as the stick attacked forward, it happened just at the same time as the opponent raised his fan? Huo Dou had not finished using this stance but knew something was wrong, he hurriedly jumped up and moved away.

Huang Rong continued, "When the dog leaps over the wall how can it be beaten? Quickly hit its backside and chop its tail." This stick technique had been passed from generation to generation in the Beggar Clan. Beggars aren't the most elegant and cultured, the words of course would be vulgar.

The bystanders thought that Huang Rong was ridiculing him by calling him a dog; they didn't know that she was giving martial arts advice to Yang Guo. Though the "Dog Beating Stick Technique" wasn't taught to anyone other than the chief; but firstly, Yang Guo had already learned it, and secondly, this match was extremely important, victory was needed. Huang Rong couldn't care about the clan's rules anymore, when she saw the two of them advancing and retreating, attacking and defending, she kept on calling out pieces of advice.

Every phrase she called out was ingenious and what was needed, and along with Yang Guo's intelligence, he was able to unleash the stances power. After he gained the upper hand many times, he didn't wait for Huang Rong to finish the line before he continued, he just needed the first few words and was immediately able to use right technique. The power of the "Dog Beating Stick Technique" was indeed strong, even with Huo Dou's level of martial arts, a bamboo stick was able to run circles around him, and he had no chance to attack. Everyone saw that after a few more moves, the skilled Prince of the other nation would lose. The heroes' surprise and delight rose. The hall was filled with cheers.

Huo Dou quickly unleashed two stances with his fan forcing Yang Guo away a few steps and then called out, "Hold it!"

Yang Guo laughed and said, "What? My Grandson admits defeat?"

Huo Dou's face was angry and said firmly; "You said you are challenging for the position of Chancellor for your master, why are you using the martial arts of Hong Qigong? If you say you are representing Hong Qigong, we've just had two rounds. Are you people trying to cause confusion, deny it or not?"

Huang Rong didn't think wrongly, these words were difficult to refute, she was about to argue with him when Yang Guo interrupted, "This time you are speaking like a person,

indeed this stick technique is not my Master's, even if I beat you, you won't take it. If you want to test out my skills, it's not hard. Just know I used another sect's kung fu because I was afraid that when I unleash my own sect's kung fu, you'd lose even more tragically." When he heard Huo Dou's words, he looked over towards Xiao Longnu and realized something, "Luckily that Prince woke me up. If I use the "Dog Beating Stick Technique" to beat him, how will I be able to show off Gu Gu's abilities? How could Gu Gu not be offended if I've forgotten her great kindness in teaching me martial arts?" In reality, Xiao Longnu was really innocent and naïve, her heart was filled with love and passion for Yang Guo. As long as she could see him, she was fulfilled; she didn't care about anything else. If he wins that's great, if he loses there's no harm, it doesn't matter. And when it comes to whether he uses their sect's kung fu or not, or whether he'd listen to Huang Rong's advice, she didn't take any of that to heart.

Huo Dou thought, "If you don't use the "Dog Beating Stick Technique", how hard will it be to take your life?" So he chuckled and said, "Fine, I'll experience your Master's great stances."

The most refined techniques that Yang Guo had learned under Xiao Longnu were swordplay, so he faced the crowd and said, "Please can I borrow one of you Senior's sword." Within the two thousand or so people in the hall, three hundred of them carried a sword, when they heard Yang Guo's request, they all agreed and offered their swords.

Before Hao Datong and Sun Bu'Er entered the tutelage of Wang Chongyang, they were patriotic people; after they were nurtured by Wang Chongyang; their desire to repel the barbarian invaders was even stronger.

They were of course angry with Yang Guo, who expelled himself from the Quanzhen sect, but now when they saw that he was helping China to fend off the enemy, they flung their sect's feud with him to one side.

Sun Bu'Er was the weakest of the Quanzhen Seven Masters, before Wang Chongyang died, he gave her Quanzhen's sharpest and most precious sword to help compensate for her weak kung fu. She saw that Yang Guo was requesting a sword to fight off the enemy so she dashed forward to the front, her hands holding a glittering, precious sword and said, "Use this sword!"

Yang Guo saw that the sword was like a clear autumn river, he knew that it was a weapon which could cut through gold and jade, if he used it to fight Huo Dou, he would definitely be able to gain some advantage. But as soon as he saw the Taoist gown that

Sun Bu'Er was wearing, he immediately thought about the suffering that he had in Quanzhen, and also remembered how Grandma Sun died under the palm of Hao Datong. He rolled his eyes and didn't take the sword, he instead turned around and borrowed a dark and rusted iron sword from a Beggar Clan member and said, "I'll borrow this brother's sword." He left Sun Bu'Er standing there like a corpse; she couldn't advance forward or go back. Though she practiced Taoism, it is hard to cleanse the fiery nature of martial artist; this young man dared to throw back her good intentions of lending her sword, she couldn't stop herself from getting angry. She wanted to scold and curse him but the enemy was here, it wasn't convenient to start another argument, she forced herself to endure her anger and returned to the crowd.

Yang Guo's character was too determined and stubborn, he loved and hated in the extreme; originally he would have taken this opportunity to repair some of the damage between him and Quanzhen, but his reaction deepened the hatred between the two sides.

When Huo Dou saw that Yang Guo didn't take the precious sword but chose a rusty iron sword instead, he was worried. When one reaches an extremely high level in martial arts, flowers and leaves can be used to harm people, not needing the sharpness of weaponry. He pondered about the opponent taking such a blunt sword, was he really that strong? He opened his fan and fluttered it twice; he was about to open his mouth to signal the start of the battle.

Yang Guo's sword pointed to the four words written by Zhu Ziliu on his fan, he laughed and said, "You are hence a barbarian, everyone knows that, there's no need to spread it everywhere."

Huo Dou's face went red, a 'pai' sound was heard as the fan close and became a short stick, he pointed the fan towards Yang Guo's 'Shoulder Well' pressure point, his left palm came chopping out with the force of a strong wind, ruthless and swift. Yang Guo's iron sword moved as he used the "Jade Maiden Sword Technique" in response.

Years ago when Lin Chaoying studied bitterly in the stone tomb, she didn't leave the tomb again after she developed the "Jade Heart Manual" kung fu. She passed this skill onto her maid, who imparted it to Xiao Longnu who in turn passed it onto Yang Guo. Not only did the maid not take a step into the world of Wulin, she never took a step off Mount Zhongnan. Though Li Mochou is Xiao Longnu's senior apprentice sister, she was not taught the advanced and profound sword techniques of her master. She gained fame throughout the Jianghu world through the use of her projectiles, fly whisk and palm techniques. Right now, he used the Ancient Tomb sect's sword techniques, many

skilled fighters from various schools and sects were amassed in the hall today, but apart from Xiao Longnu, no one knew this sword technique.

The martial arts of the Ancient Tomb sect was developed by a woman, the next two generations were also women, it was unavoidable that the martial arts developed too much lightness and softness, and there wasn't enough power and fierceness. When Xiao Longnu taught him these stances, the stances carried thirty percent of this gracefulness and elegance. After he understood it completely, automatically he removed the femininity from the stances and turned its nature into a swift, at ease and airy style. The Ancient Tomb's lightness kung fu is unparalleled; Yang Guo was now moving around the main hall, before a stance was finished, a second stance arrived.

When the sword stances were first unleashed, the body was on the left, when the stances were repelling the enemy the body had turned to the right, it was as if the sword and user were completely separated. The two of them had nothing to do with each other; he only used around ten stances of this sword technique. Everyone was startled and watched in admiration. Huo Dou's fan techniques were also a great skill; it had swipes, strikes, thrusts and pierces, and this too relied on swiftness, lightness and softness to overcome the enemy. But now it had met up with the Ancient Tomb's matchless lightness kung fu and he was unable to unleash his moves. Plus, he was ridiculed by Yang Guo because of the four words written by Zhu Ziliu, he didn't want to open his fan again and so the 'swiping' aspect of his fan technique could not be used.

When Guo Fu and the Wu brothers saw how excellent Yang Guo's sword techniques were, their six eyes were opened widely and they didn't have anything more to say.

The happiest person in the crowd was Guo Jing, he saw that the son of Yang Kang had learned such a good level of martial arts; even he couldn't see what the origins of these techniques were. When he remembered the deep ties between the Guo and Yang families, he couldn't stop sadness and joy from stirring in his heart. Huang Rong glanced over at her husband, she saw that his eyes were red, a smile was on his lips; she knew what he was thinking and stretched out her hand and took his right hand.

When Huo Dou saw that he couldn't handle his enemy, he began to get impatient; he thought that if he loses to this young punk today, his name will be in ruins, how could he make his name in the central plains? He saw Yang Guo's sword pointed at an angle, the sword tip dispersed and he attacked three places in quick succession; if he only was able to dodge them, he would be on his way to losing, so he opened his fan and blocked these three attacks. He called out again and used the "Ferocious Wind Rapid Thunder Skill" again to counterattack. With his status as a skilled fighter of Wulin, he should not

use all his abilities and effort in fighting a young man. He'll lose all face if he wins in such a manner. But all he cared about right now was winning, how could he care about such things? He kept on calling out; a ruthless stance followed by an even more ruthless stance.

Yang Guo's sword was light and lively, the stances kept on coming without stopping, and it really was graceful, elegant and leisurely. This set of "Beautiful Maiden Sword" overcomes the opponent through grace and subtlety, and in contrast with the opponent's calls and shouts, Yang Guo's gracefulness and exquisiteness was even more emphasized. Though Yang Guo was wearing a torn and ragged garment, the sword technique's elegance and grace became clear in the eyes of the crowd; they felt that he was handsome and striking, and must be a fine son of a well to do family.

However, as Yang Guo prioritized in achieving the elegance and gracefulness of the stances, the power of the sword technique became difficult to unleash. Huo Dou fought without care for his life, he fought more and more fiercely; Yang Guo's strength gradually started to drain away.

Guo Jing and Huang Rong saw that he was on his way to losing and their eyebrows creased. They then saw the gusts of wind created by Huo Dou's sleeve and fan becoming stronger and stronger, they couldn't stop themselves from calling out in their hearts, "Oh no!"

Suddenly Yang Guo held his sword up and called out, "Careful! I'm going to use a projectile!"

Huo Dou had used his fan's poison nails to injure Zhu Ziliu; when he heard Yang Guo say this, he knew that the iron sword was like his fan, there is a secret weapon hidden within. No wonder he didn't pick the sharp sword and instead chose the rusty one. Since he used such a method to gain victory, the opponent could do so too. When he saw Yang Guo's sword pointing to his front, he quickly leapt away. But all he saw was Yang Guo's left hand leading the sword, thrusting forward; what projectile?

Huo Dou knew he had fallen into Yang Guo's trap and cursed him; "Little bastard!"

Yang Guo asked, "Little bastard curses who?" Huo Dou didn't reply and pressed forward with his palm.

Yang Guo's left hand rose up and he called out, "The projectile is coming!" Huo Dou quickly dodged to the right, the opponent's sword was coming in exactly from the right;

Huo Dou quickly pulled back and turned his waist, the sword tip brushed past his ribs from the right. This sword was extremely vicious, when it missed; the crowd all called out, “What a pity!”

The Mongolian warriors secretly thought, “Shameful!”

Though Huo Dou managed to escape from death, his back had broken out in a cold sweat due to fright; he saw Yang Guo’s left hand rise up again and call out, “Projectile!” He didn’t take notice of him anymore and advanced forwards with his palms, indeed, the opponent was using a trick again.

Yang Guo’s sword pierced thin air as he attacked forwards, his left hand rose up a fourth time and loudly called out, “Projectile!”

Huo Dou scolded, “Little....”

Before the second word was said, a flash of gold suddenly appeared in his eyes; he was now close to his opponent and after all the false calls by his opponent, he was completely off guard. He quickly leapt up but felt his leg pricked by a very small and fine projectile. Although a projectile hit him, he thought it was small and wouldn’t do much; furiously, his fan slashed forward and his palm chopped out, he wanted to kill that crafty kid right there and then.

Yang Guo had now achieved his aim, why should he continue to fight so hard; he just used his sword to defend, he laughed as he said, “I warned you on many occasions about launching a projectile, and you didn’t believe me. I didn’t lie, did I?”

Huo Duo was about to attack with his palm when he suddenly felt his leg go numb and itchy as if a large mosquito had bitten him. He tried to endure it and finish attacking but the numbness and itchiness became stronger and stronger. He was alarmed, “Damn, that little bastard’s projectile has poison on it!” After this quick thought, the numbness and itchiness became unbearable, he didn’t care about the situation he was in and stretched out his arm to scratch it. But after only one scratch, he felt his heart starting to feel itchy and irritated, he couldn’t stop himself from calling out and falling down onto the floor.

The potency of the poison on the Ancient Tomb’s Jade Bee Needles was rarely seen in the world, just one little needle would cause unbearable pain. Never mind the fact that in the middle of battle, his blood was flowing around quickly and he was struck by several needles.

Da'erba took a large step forward and picked up his apprentice brother and placed him in his master's arms. He turned around to Yang Guo and said, "Little kid, I've come to fight you!"

The golden rod swept forwards, aiming towards Yang Guo's waist.

A golden light was carried forward with this sweeping rod. The golden rod was extremely heavy, as soon he used it, the golden light could be seen; his natural strength was great, his movements were quick. Yang Guo's legs didn't move, he bent his waist in a few inches and the golden rod brushed past him. Who could have known that Da'erba wouldn't wait for the golden rod to finish the sweep, his wrist used some force, and the sweeping force of the golden rod turned into a thrusting one, moving towards Yang Guo's waist. With such a heavy weapon and such heavy and fierce stances, the ability to suddenly change direction midway was completely unexpected by everyone, Yang Guo too was shocked, he quickly pushed his sword against the rod and used its force to fly away.

Da'erba didn't wait for him to land, he followed up with another attack; Yang Guo's sword landed on the rod again and he flew away for a second time. Da'erba called out, "Where can you run?" The golden rod attacked again. Yang Guo's body was in midair, it was not convenient for him to do anything; he saw that he was in an extremely dangerous situation and decided to test his luck and take a risk. He stretched out his arm and grabbed the golden rod, hacking down with his sword at the same time. If he had the strength of Diancang Yuyin, then the opponent would have definitely let go. The reality was that Da'erba was much stronger than him; he pulled back and quickly retreated. Yang Guo took a chance and landed lightly on the ground. He was forced into the air three times in succession; his life really was within a space of a breath, though he didn't manage to take away the opponent's weapon, he had escaped the danger. The crowd all breathed out a sigh of relief.

Da'erba saw that his lightness kung fu was excellent and his stances lively, he said, "This kid's kung fu is not bad at all, who taught you?" He said this in Tibetan, of course Yang Guo would not understand. He had assumed that the monk was insulting him, and so copied what he said. The tone was perfect, there wasn't a mistake in the order of the words, in the ears of Da'erba, he heard, "This kid's kung fu is not bad at all, who taught you?" So he replied, "My Master is Jinlun Fawang. I am not a little kid; you should call me big monk."

Yang Guo didn't want to suffer or be the receiving end of anything, he thought, "I don't care how you insult me, all I've got to do is give back what I get and I won't lose out to

him. You call me a bastard, a pig, a pig in another language; I'll do the same to you." He concentrated on what he said and when he finished, he repeated in Tibetan, "My Master is Jinlun Fawang. I am not a little kid; you should call me big monk."

Da'erba was surprised, he looked up and down at him, he's definitely a little kid; how could he be a big monk? And how could your Master be Jinlun Fawang? So he said, "I am Fawang's first generation disciple. What generation are you?"

Yang Guo repeated, "I am Fawang's first generation disciple. What generation are you?"

In the Lama schools of Tibet, they had always talked about reincarnation, especially the reincarnation of the Da Lai and Ban Chan (religious figures of the lama Buddhists) back into this world; the disciples of the lama schools all believed in reincarnation without any doubts.

When Jinlun Fawang was young, he had taken in a disciple; that disciple died before he was twenty. Da'erba and Huo Dou had never seen him, they just knew about this matter. Da'erba is Fawang's second disciple, and Huo Dou the third, that was it. When Da'erba heard these words, he knew that it was his apprentice brother reincarnated, and he thought that if it wasn't him reincarnated, then how could this young kid have such high martial arts? Anyway, how would a young central plains kid know such good Tibetan? He slanted his head and studied him for a while; the more he thought, the more likely it seemed to be true. He suddenly flung his golden rod away; he lowered his head and bowed to Yang Guo, he said, "Senior apprentice brother, junior apprentice brother Da'erba greets you."

Yang Guo was surprised with what just had happened, he thought that the monk couldn't beat him verbally so lowered his head in defeat. He saw that the monk was extremely respectful to him and his words were definitely not insults. They were words of respect, there was no need to copy him and so he nodded and smiled, showing that he accepted Da'erba's words.

The crowd was even more surprised, they didn't understand Tibetan; they didn't know what Yang Guo and the monk were jabbering on about. After talking for a while, he actually managed to tame this monk of terrifyingly divine strength.

Only Jinlun Fawang understood what was happening, he knew that his disciple, always straight and simple, had fallen into Yang Guo's trap; so he loudly said, "Da'erba, he's not your reincarnated apprentice brother, go and fight him."

Da'erba leapt up in shock and said, "Master, I think he must be apprentice brother, otherwise, at such a young age, how could he have such a high level of martial arts?"

Jinlun Fawang said, "Your apprentice brother's martial arts were much better than yours; that kid is not a match for you."

Da'erba shook his head, not believing him. Jinlun Fawang knew that he was very simple, he wouldn't understand straight away so he said, "If you don't believe it, go and test him out."

Da'erba has always treated his Master's orders as orders from above; since he said that Yang Guo was not his apprentice brother reincarnated then most probably he was not. But he had such high martial arts at such a young age, and said that he was his apprentice brother; it was difficult for him to not believe, but he followed his Master's orders to go and test out the kid's kung fu. The truth would be revealed by whoever wins or loses so he raised his hand to Yang Guo and said, "I'm going to duel with you, victory will decide whether this is the truth or not."

Yang Guo saw him stand up and say a few words, he looked very respectful. The words must be of a polite nature so he repeated what he said flawlessly, Da'erba heard, "I'm going to duel with you, victory will decide whether this is the truth or not." When he heard those words he felt very frightened, "Master said senior apprentice brother's martial arts were much better than mine, I definitely won't be able to compete with him."

Yang Guo saw that there were signs of fear on his face, he thought, "I'll give him another scare and send him away." So he said, "You have five disciples, they are called the 'Five Clowns of the Tibetan Border'; a few days ago they were rude towards me on the top of Mount Hua, and I crippled their kung fu. Are those punks still alive?" He spoke in Chinese, of course Da'erba would not understand, so he got one of the Mongolian warriors to translate for him. When Da'erba heard this, he was even more frightened. After the 'Five Clowns of the Tibetan Border' had their bodies' crippled by Ouyang Feng and Hong Qigong, when they returned to him, they weren't even able to speak. When Da'erba examined their injuries, he thought that even his master Jinlun Fawang didn't have such high internal energy to destroy the five's veins yet still keep them alive. The thing that did this must have the ability to move heaven and earth; it could only be a god or a demon. How would he know that Ouyang Feng and Hong Qigong's internal energy was not below his master's; with the two combined, the internal energy would be twice as strong as Jinlun Fawang's. When he heard this, his fear flourished even more, he turned around and looked at Jinlun Fawang. He saw that there was an angry expres-

sion on his face, he didn't dare to not exchange blows with Yang Guo, he could only say, "Please hold back."

Yang Guo copied his Tibetan and said, "Please hold back."

Guo Fu saw the two of them speaking in Tibetan without pause, she went over to Huang Rong and said, "Mother, what are they saying?"

Huang Rong knew that Yang Guo was just copying what Da'erba had said, doing what children do to annoy other people, but she didn't understand why Da'erba had bowed to him. When she heard her daughter ask about this, she just gave an 'en' sound and said "Brother Yang is joking with him!"

Just at this point, Da'erba suddenly swept his golden rod out towards Yang Guo; he thought that since he's made it clear, the opponent would have been prepared. But Yang Guo had seen that he had a respectful expression on him, he didn't predict that he would suddenly lash out; this attack almost hit him, he leapt back urgently to avoid it.

He quickly retreated and hurried forward, immediately unleashing three strokes with the sword. Fear was in Da'erba's heart, he was afraid that his apprentice brother had learnt frightening martial arts from his master, and now that he's reincarnated, he would have even greater abilities. He just defended with his golden rod, not daring to make a single mistake. Many moves passed and Yang Guo could see that he was just defending and not attacking. Though he didn't understand what was meant by this, he launched himself forward; he floated and darted around, a thrust from the east, an attack from the west, the "Jade Maiden Sword Techniques" were used with a clear gallant air and a flourishing beauty.

Over a hundred stances were exchanged, Jinlun Fawang was becoming impatient with the events and shouted, "Da'erba, quickly counterattack, he's not your senior apprentice brother!"

Da'erba's martial arts were well above Yang Guo's but because there was fear in his heart, he only used half of his abilities, whereas Yang Guo took the chance and fought with everything he had. One of them wanted to take the upper hand, the other kept on retreating and allowing the opponent to attack. Though Yang Guo had the advantage, he was unable to harm him; this convinced Da'erba further and he thought that his apprentice brother was holding back.

Jinlun Fawang was furious and loudly shouted, “Counterattack now!” This line was said with a surprising ferociousness, it caused ringing in the ears of the people watching. Da’erba didn’t dare to defy his Master’s orders; he straightened his golden rod and immediately attacked ferociously.

This ferocious attack forced Yang Guo to go on the defensive; he kept on dodging and darted around, the weaknesses in his stances were gradually beginning to show up. Da’erba saw that his sword stances were slightly loose and flung his rod towards it, Yang Guo couldn’t pull back in time and the two collided. In a duel, weapons clashing were a regular event, but the rod was too heavy, Yang Guo’s sword had kept its distance, not daring to collide with the golden rod. Now when the weapons collided, he felt a sudden surge of a great force, shaking and causing him pain, a ‘pai’ sound was heard and the iron sword was snapped in two.

Da’erba called out, “I’m the victor!” He pulled back his rod and placed it on the ground vertically, his arms folded and bowed to him. Though he won, he didn’t dare to lose his manners in front of his senior apprentice brother.

Yang Guo also used Tibetan to say, “I’m the victor!” He shot the broken sword towards him.

Da’erba moved his body to avoid it, he was alarmed, “How did senior apprentice brother win? Could it be that stance was a decoy, a trap? He saw Yang Guo dashing forward empty handed moving his hands; Da’erba didn’t dare to hesitate and quickly used his golden rod to protect his body.

In the ancient tomb, Yang Guo learned palm techniques from Xiao Longnu; he reached a state where his two palms could keep eighty one sparrows within his control, not letting one fly away. This “Force of Nets Above and Snares Below” is a secret skill of Lin Chaoying’s; it had never left Mount Zhongnan one-step. Now as it was used, indeed it was extremely soft, continuous and unyielding, though he was empty handed, the power of it was not inferior to the power he had when he was equipped with a sword. Da’erba’s golden rod created gusts of winds as he used it, but Yang Guo used extremely high lightness kung fu to move around within the spaces of the rod. Though danger was always within a hair’s breadth, the golden rod was not able to touch him at all. He clawed, hacked, slashed and chopped, within his little trapping hand stances as he used the “Force of Nets Above and Snares Below” for attack after attack.

After another while, Da’erba’s strength increased, Yang Guo too got quicker and nimbler. During his time in the ancient tomb, he had refined his internal energy on the

chilled jade bed, now in the middle of battle, the internal energy he spent years refining surged forward and showed itself.

Xiao Longnu sat on the stone rock next to the pillar with a slight smile on her face as she watched the two fight. She saw that Yang Guo had fought for a long time without losing, from her pockets, she took out a pair of snow white gloves and called out, “Guo Er, catch them!” Her right hand waved out and shot the gloves towards Yang Guo.

The pair of white gloves was made from very fine and very strong white gold silk, though it was thin, no type of precious blades or sharp swords could harm it.

When Hao Datong saw the white gloves in the air, his face changed slightly. Years ago at Chongyang Palace, Xiao Longnu wore these gloves to break his sword, forcing him to almost commit suicide. When he saw them again, he couldn't stop himself from being disturbed.

Yang Guo caught the gloves, retreated a step, and he quickly put them on. He used the Ancient Tomb's sect most ingenious and exquisite kung fu the “Beautiful Maiden Fist”. He had used a few stances from this fist technique before to help Lu Wushuang against her enemies; forcing the Beggar Clan members to retreat. Every stance of this technique is meant to take on the aura and impression of a famous beautiful woman of the past. Originally, when a male uses it, the stances do not look elegant at all. But when Yang Guo was studying this technique he had changed some of the appearance of the stances; the names and fist techniques were the same, but in the interval between palms and kicks, he changed its delicate and enchanting air into something graceful and stylish.

The heroes who were watching became even more perplexed; they saw him suddenly move and then suddenly stop; his expression and aura changing, it was extremely mystifying.

A woman's state of mind goes through many things, many changes. Along with the different extraordinary characters of each of the famous historic woman, came laughter, as brows were knitted, joy with worry; it was even more difficult to understand and surmise. Incorporating the hundreds and thousand year old feelings of these beautiful woman into martial arts, and then adding stances that reflect the beauty of goddesses, the mystery surrounding angels; how could ordinary people understand it?

Yang Guo used a stance of “Hong Yu Beats the Drum” his two arms attacking one after the other; Da'erba raised his rod and attacked. Yang Guo changed into “Hong Fu

Hurries in the Night”, unexpectedly he charged forward. Da’erba pushed his rod down vertically to block it. Yang Guo suddenly used “Luu Zhu’s Falling Building”; he threw himself onto the ground and attacked his lower body.

Da’erba was shocked and thought, “How come senior apprentice brother’s stances are so hard to comprehend?” He quickly leapt up and avoided his left palm’s hack. Yang Guo’s palms kept on attacking downwards without stop; it was the stance of “Wen Ji Returns to Her Man”, in total there were eighteen palms.

Every stance of his had a background to it; Da’erba is a Tibetan monk, so how could he know about these histories of the central plains? In a flash he was forced to suddenly go high and then low, east and then west, his arms and legs were all over the place. With the Golden Silk Gloves, whenever Yang Guo had the chance he would use the stances “Hong Xian Steals the Box”, “Mu Lan Curved Bow”, “Ban Ji’s Poem” and “Chang E Steals Medicine” to snatch away Da’erba’s golden rod, forcing him to roar incessantly, looking embarrassed. The heroes were delighted and called out and cheered to support him.

Jinlun Fawang saw that his disciple’s martial arts were definitely better than this young man’s, but because he was afraid, he kept on allowing the opponent to attack and was forced back embarrassingly. He shouted with a stern tone, “Quickly use the “Supreme Strength Rod Technique”!”

Da’erba replied, “Yes!” He held the rod’s handle with one hand and started to move it around. Using one hand to move the rod was already frightening, now he used the strength in his two hands and the strength in his waist at the same time; the gusts of winds created by the rod were even louder.

The “Supreme Strength Rod Technique” does not have many variations; there are only eight sweeping stances, and eight thrusting stances, sixteen stances in total, but when the sixteen stances were used repeatedly, sweeping and thrusting, it forced Yang Guo farther away as he avoided it. He didn’t dare to meet the gusts of wind created by the rod let alone meeting the rod itself.

After Diancang Yuyin’s oar broke, he had refused to accept his defeat, but when he saw the power of the “Supreme Strength Rod Technique”, he pondered on the fact that his oar stances did not contain anything as fierce and wild as this, he couldn’t help but give his respect to him.

After another period of fighting, several candles in the main hall were extinguished by the wind created by Da'erba's rod. Yang Guo just used his lightness kung fu to leap and jump around all over the place, just dodging and evading, but now that he was concentrating on avoiding the rod attacks, how could he attack? All of the heroes of the central plains were afraid and didn't make a sound, the Mongolian warriors all cheered thunderously.

Yang Guo was faced with no other choice but to keep on retreating, in a short time he was forced into the corner of the hall. He wanted to change his stances but there was no way for him to do so.

This "Supreme Strength Rod Technique" causes one to carry some degree of blind fury, once this became evident in Da'erba, he forgot that he was fighting his reincarnated senior apprentice brother. He saw that Yang Guo had nowhere else to retreat, and then shouted out, "Die!" The golden rod swept across, a ferocious explosion noise was heard, smoke and dust filled the air, and a large hole was made in the wall of hall.

In this extremely perilous situation, Yang Guo managed to leap over his head and even in this extreme situation he did not forget to repeat what he said in Tibetan, "Die!" That leap was a technique from the "Nine Yin Manual". He and Xiao Longnu had studied the markings of the manual left by Wang Chongyang on the ceiling of the stone chamber in the ancient tomb. They had learned some of the fist, kick and sword techniques but there was no one to advise them on practicing the internal aspect. They practiced it but they did not know if they practiced properly, right now he was facing a formidable enemy, how could he dare use it? He would never have thought that in the face of such a danger, he would use it naturally, saving his life in the process.

The crowd all thought that Da'erba would definitely hit his target with this stance; Guo Jing did not wait for the sweep to hit its target and dashed out, wanting to grab his back. He saw a red flash in front of his eyes; Jinlun Fawang's palm was coming towards him. Guo Jing saw that the palm was coming in extremely fast so he quickly used a stance of "Seeing the Dragon in the Field". The two of them did not make a sound as the palms clashed; two flashes were seen as the two separated.

Guo Jing took three steps back while Jinlun Fawang stood his ground steadily. His strength was much stronger than Guo Jing's and his internal energy was profound, but the proficiency of his palms could not compare with Guo Jing's. Guo Jing took the steps back to disperse the enemy's force and avoid injury. But Jinlun Fawang was too proud; he forced himself to meet this palm solidly, enduring the pain in his chest, as he stood there without moving. Even great fighters such as Guo Jing and Jinlun Fawang thought

that Yang Guo would definitely meet danger, so one of them flew out to save him; one of them came out to hinder the help. Who would have known that Yang Guo would use such an extraordinary stance, escaping in the space where the golden rod was sweeping next to his body. When the two of them saw that he avoided danger, both were surprised, one was comforted, the other lamented, and both of them retreated.

Da'erba didn't turn around after this failed attack; he swept the golden rod backwards fiercely. Yang Guo saw that this stance was coming in extremely quickly and automatically, he brushed across the floor like a sparrow gliding, he was a foot or so off the floor, going across it evenly, avoiding the golden rod with a few inches to spare. Again, this was kung fu from the "Nine Yin Manual".

Huang Rong was surprised and said, "Brother Jing, how come Guo'er knows the "Nine Yin Manual"? Did you teach him?" She thought that Guo Jing had taught Yang Guo the "Nine Yin Manual" on the way to Mount Zhongnan out of his feelings and memories of the past.

Guo Jing said, "No, if I did teach him, why would I keep it from you?"

Huang Rong gave an 'en' sound; she knew that her husband had always told the truth to other people, towards her he was even more truthful. She saw Yang Guo shifting and moving, every time he was in danger he would rely on the martial arts of the "Nine Yin Manual" to protect himself. But he showed that he had yet to completely master it, he didn't know how to counterattack according to the manual to achieve victory. Though he was able to protect his life, as the battle continues, he would still end up losing.

Huang Rong sighed to herself, "Guo'er is really an extraordinary talent, if he followed me for a year or so and learns the "Dog Beating Stick Technique" and "Nine Yin Manual" completely, how on earth would this Tibetan monk be a match for him?"

At this troubled time, she glanced over at a space and saw the Beggar Clan traitor Elder Peng in the midst of the Mongolian warriors, his face full of joy. She suddenly had an idea and called out, "Guo'er, "Soul Altering Spell", "Soul Altering Spell"!"

The "Nine Yin Manual" has a technique called the "Soul Altering Spell", using the power of the heart and soul to subdue the enemy and achieve victory. Years ago at the Beggar Clan meeting on Mount Jun, Huang Rong had used this technique to subdue Elder Peng's hypnotizing "Fearful Heart Art"; because of this, when she saw this person she thought of it.

Yang Guo remembered the method of using the “Soul Altering Spell”; he didn’t have the confidence to completely focus on the enemy and subdue them to gain victory so he had never practiced it. But he was conscious of Huang Rong’s abilities, he thought, “Since Auntie Guo mentions this, there must be a reason, anyway, defeat is already definite so I might as well give it a try.”

So his body continued avoiding the attacks, in his mind however he was purging his thoughts, following the method stated in the manual, from ‘controlling the limits of the mind’ to ‘the limits of the real body’; everything became one, there weren’t any other thoughts in his mind. At this time, he relied on his natural reactions, when he heard anything he leapt and darted, when he felt the gust of wind he hurriedly dodged it, his eyes fixed on the opponent.

More stances passed, Da’erba suddenly felt something was wrong with Yang Guo’s movements; he glanced at him and then sent his golden rod forward fiercely.

Yang Guo used another stance of the “Beautiful Maiden Fist”, “Man’s Fine Waist”, his waist swung lightly to avoid the attack. As he’s using the “Soul Altering Spell”, his body and mind have become one, whatever stances his hands and feet are using, then the face will reflect whatever feeling and aura the stances exude.

Da’erba saw that his face suddenly seemed to look like a scroll of literature, how on earth could he know that Yang Guo was copying the posture of the Tang’s dynasty poet Zhu Letian’s concubine Xiao Man’ He couldn’t stop himself from being taken aback, the golden rod attacked forward towards his head. Yang Guo moved his head to avoid it, he spread his five fingers and brushed it through his hair, his five fingers then gently waved out, a slight smile on his face; it was a stance of “Dressing of Li Hua”. Zhang Lihua was Li Hou’s favorite imperial concubine, her hair was seven feet long, its light could reflect people, because of her, Li Hou abandoned his political duty and let the country go to ruin; her beauty was immensely enchanting.

Yang Guo’s smile infected Da’erba, he followed and smiled. Yang Guo’s face was handsome and striking, when he smiled, he was even more so, Da’erba’s cheekbones were high and his cheeks deep, when the crowd saw him follow Yang Guo and smile, all of them shivered.

Yang Guo saw that he was taken aback and stretched out his finger, jabbing out; it was the stance “The Divine Needle Ping Ji”. Da’erba slanted his body and moved away, his face copied Yang Guo’s in making an expression that one has when concentrating on sewing.

Huang Rong saw that Yang Guo understood her and managed to affect the opponent using the “Soul Altering Spell”, she was delighted; she whispered to Guo Jing, “Guo’er is extraordinary; when you were his age you didn’t have such a level of kung fu.”

Guo Jing expressed his joy, he nodded his head and concentrated on the two people in the middle of the hall without blinking.

The “Soul Altering Spell” uses the power of the heart and soul to affect the opponent; if the opponent’s mind and will was strong and still, it would not be effective. If the opponent’s internal energy was higher as well, the attack would be reflected back towards the user and they, instead, would fall under the control of the other person. When two people are dueling, if the user’s martial arts were better than the other person’s, then they could defeat them through weaponry, fists and kicks. There would be no need to resort to this technique. If on the other hand the user’s internal energy was weaker, they wouldn’t dare use this technique hastily. Though this technique is deep and profound, it didn’t have much use when facing a superior enemy.

Da’erba had heard Yang Guo speak a whole lot of Tibetan and had believed with some certainty that he was the reincarnation of his senior apprentice brother, but because there was fear in his heart, he was affected very quickly by this technique. Yang Guo was able to succeed in one go; if the target was Huo Dou, Yang Guo would definitely be in danger because he had never practiced this technique before and his internal energy could not match Huo Dou’s.

Yang Guo performed the “Beautiful Maiden Fist”, whatever he did, whether his steps made lotuses or he moved like a willow, Da’erba copied. The watching crowd was startled and amused.

Guo Fu had felt this was extremely amusing, she said to her mother, “Mother, this technique of brother Yang is really something, why don’t you teach me?”

Huang Rong said, “If you learned the “Soul Altering Spell”, heaven and earth would definitely be turned upside down; it would be trouble, you would suffer and so would others.” She held her hand and said seriously, “Don’t think this is fun, brother Yang and that monk are fighting with their lives; this is much more dangerous than fighting with sabers and swords!”

Guo Fu stuck her tongue out and watched Yang Guo, she still felt this was fun, when Yang Guo smiled, so did Da’erba, when Yang Guo was angry Da’erba was angry, so she copied him. How would she know how powerful the “Soul Affecting Spell” was, she

copied just two movements when her heart and mind became unclear and blurred, and she started to take steps towards the centre of the hall.

Huang Rong was shocked and quickly pulled her hand. At this time, Guo Fu was being controlled and used her strength to fling her mother away. Huang Rong twisted her hand and Guo Fu's wrist, turning her face around, stopping her from facing Yang Guo. Guo Fu struggled for a bit, the hold restricted her vein's movements, she fainted and fell unconscious into her mother's arms.

Right now, Da'erba was completely controlled by Yang Guo, when he saw Yang Guo use a stance of "Xi Zi Offers the Heart" immediately followed by "Dong Shi Knits her Brows", then another stance of "Descending Goddess' Subtle Step", he copied the steps and scurries, "Gliding like a frightened Crow, Slithering like a slippery Snake".

Jinlun Fawang had noticed something was wrong long ago, he had called out many times but Da'erba acted like he didn't hear. Yang Guo saw that time had come, he suddenly used a stance of "Cao Ling Slices her Nose", and he waved his hand and cut a palm across his face, a left palm cut across followed by a right without stop.

In ancient times, a man called Cao Wenshu had a wife whose last name was Ling, after her husband died; she cut off her nose, showing that she will never marry again.

This stance originally uses the cut across the face to repel an enemy's attack, however, Yang Guo had made the cuts closer to his face by a few inches, cutting across his cheeks, it looked like it was a very heavy blow but in reality he just lightly brushed across his face. But how would Da'erba know this, his palms attacked his own face with the great force. He possessed frightening strength, every palm had a force of over a hundred kilos (220lbs), over ten palms later, he couldn't stand it, and he knocked himself dizzily to the floor.

Yang Guo quietly retreated a few steps and sat next to Xiao Longnu, his right hand supported his cheek, his left waved out lightly; he gave a long sigh, a lonely feeling on his face. This was the last stance of the "Beautiful Maiden Fist", it's called "Secluded in the Ancient Tomb" but this stance was invented by Yang Guo himself, Lin Chaoying did not know about this and Xiao Longnu too, did not know it. When Yang Guo completed learning the "Beautiful Maiden Fist", he thought about how Ancestor Grandma excelled in beauty and grace, she did not lose compared to beauties of the ancient times, she was not in this fist technique, the beauty aspect is not really complete, so he devised his own stance. Though he said he invented this stance because of Lin Chaoying, the aura

and feeling of this stance was that of his master Xiao Longnu. When Xiao Longnu first saw this, she just gave a little smile and let him be.

The heroes all cheered out in delight and called out, “We’ve won the second round as well!” “The position of Chancellor of Wulin belongs to the skilled fighters of the Song!” “You Mongols better crawl out of here and don’t show your face again in the central plains!”

The Mongolian warriors dashed out during this commotion and carried Da’erba back.

Jinlun Fawang saw that his two disciples had lost but not because their kung fu wasn’t good enough, they lost in some stupid way. He was furious but his face showed no signs of emotion, he sat on the chair and called out, “Young man, who is your Master?” Apart from excelling in martial arts, he was also knowledgeable in many things; he even knew how to speak Chinese.

Yang Guo pointed to Xiao Longnu and laughed as he said, “This is my Master, come and bow down to the Chancellor of Wulin!”

Jinlun Fawang saw that Xiao Longnu was beautiful and delicate, she was younger than Yang Guo, he did not believe that she was his master and thought, “The Han of the central plains are very sly and crafty but can you trick me?” He suddenly stood up; a clanking sound was heard as he took out a gold wheel from his compartment. The golden wheel was a foot and a half in diameter, cast out of solid gold, the Tibetan scriptures were inscribed on the wheel, in the middle were nine little spheres, a shake of the hands and a prolonged noise was heard.

Jinlun Fawang pointed to Xiao Longnu and said, “Huh, how is that this little girl is worthy of being the Chancellor of Wulin? If you can withstand ten stances of my golden wheel I’ll acknowledge you as the Chancellor of Wulin.”

Yang Guo laughed and said, “I’ve already won two rounds, two out of three, and your side said that at the start, so why are you trying to deny it?”

Jinlun Fawang said, “I want to test out her kung fu and see if she has the ability to take this task on.”

Xiao Longnu did not know that Jinlun Fawang’s abilities are shockingly brilliant, neither did she know what the Chancellor of Wulin was, the thought of whether to take this on had never crossed her mind. When she heard him say that he wanted to test

whether she can withstand ten stances of his golden wheel, she stood up and said, “In that case I’ll have a try.”

Jinlun Fawang said, “If you can’t withstand ten stances, what then?”

Xiao Longnu said, “If I can’t, I can’t, what about it?” Though she treated Yang Guo with love and compassion, when it comes to other things she didn’t have a care.

The heroes of the central plains and the Mongolian warriors did not know that this was her character, and they saw that she didn’t give Jinlun Fawang any consideration; they thought that she really must possess deep and profound martial arts. After seeing Yang Guo use the “Soul Altering Spell”, others thought that she knew witchcraft and was a young witch. At that time, they all burst into conversation.

Jinlun Fawang really was afraid that she knew witchcraft, he started to chant a mantra, “ji li gu lu, ji li gu lu”, he recited the “Devil Subduing Mantra” from the Tibetan scriptures. Yang Guo heard this and thought that the monk was insulting his master in Tibetan so he quickly concentrated and remembered every single word clearly. Once Jinlun Fawang finished reciting the mantra, from the golden wheel a period of ‘lang lang’ noises was heard, he shouted, “Young man, I’m about to start!” He said these two words in Chinese.

Yang Guo shook his hand, he didn’t want to speak a word, he was afraid that once his concentration was disturbed, he would forget the passage of Tibetan he had just remembered, he then began to recite every word and tone of the passage.

Da’erba regained consciousness at this time, he saw that his master was holding a golden wheel and was about to fight someone. Then he heard Yang Guo recite the ‘Devil Subduing Mantra’ from the Tibetan scriptures, this was something that was kept within the school, and it was never passed on to outsiders. If Yang Guo wasn’t the reincarnation of senior apprentice brother, how would he know this mantra? He quickly jumped up in urgency and knelt down in front of his master, he called out, “Master, he really is the reincarnation of senior apprentice brother, take him back into the school!”

Jinlun Fawang angrily said, “Rubbish! You don’t even know that you’ve fallen into his trap.”

Da’erba said, “It really is, this is the truth, it’s definitely not a lie.”

Fawang saw that he was confused; he picked him up by the back and flung him away. Da'erba weighed about a hundred kilos (220lbs); the way he was tossed lightly aside was as if he weighed nothing.

The heroes had seen the frightening strength of Da'erba when he fought Diancang Yuyin and Yang Guo, but the toss by Jinlun Fawang showed that his strength was even stronger. They looked at the delicate appearance of Xiao Longnu, without even mentioning the ten stances, if he just used force to blow at her, she would be blown over, and they couldn't stop themselves from worrying about her.

Many of the Mongolian warriors have seen Jinlun Fawang display his abilities, his skill could hold back ten thousand men, and his strength exceeded that of nine bulls. Though Xiao Longnu was the enemy, they saw that she was childlike, frail and beautiful. Even if she did know witchcraft, she may not be able to defend against the mysterious divine abilities of Jinlun Fawang. They couldn't stop themselves from secretly hoping that Fawang would not be too ruthless.

After Yang Guo finished reciting the mantra, he whispered to Xiao Longnu, "Gu Gu, be careful of that monk."

When Jinlun Fawang heard that Yang Guo had not recited one word wrong, he had respect for him, he praised him, "Young man, only you."

Yang Guo said, "Monk, only you."

Jinlun Fawang looked at him and said, "Only I what?"

Yang Guo said, "Only you've got the courage to fight with my Master, she is the reincarnation of the Goddess of Mercy; she has the ability to move heaven and earth, the power to subdue dragons and tigers, you better take care." He saw that this monk was very powerful, he wanted to make him worry so he won't fight with his full abilities, then it would be easier for his Master to defend against him.

But Jinlun Fawang is a hero that Tibet had never seen before; he excelled in both martial arts and the arts, how would he fall into the trap; he called out, "The first stance is coming, little miss, show your weapon!"

Yang Guo took off the golden silk gloves and put them on his Master before stepping back. Xiao Longnu took out a white silk belt from her pockets, the belt flew out and met the wind, a golden sphere was tied to the white belt. Something was inside the golden

sphere, as the belt moved, the sphere rang like a bell, 'ding ling, ding ling', it was crisp and clear.

Everyone saw that the two's weapons were extremely strange, they thought that today they would really experience something, one weapon was extremely short, the other was extremely long, one extremely hard, the other extremely soft, and by coincidence, both weapons made 'ding dang' noises.

The golden wheel that Jinlun Fawang uses traps the opponent's weapon; no matter if it's a saber, sword, spear, lance, pike, whip or stick. When the weapon meets the wheel, they would be tangled up; when a normal person sends a stance over, the weapon in their hand will be lost. If he didn't see how impressive Yang Guo's martial arts were, he would never have said ten stances. In his life, very few people have managed to take three stances of his golden wheel.

Xiao Longnu's belt flew out, she was attacking first.

Jinlun Fawang said, "What is this?" He sent out his left hand to grab the belt, he saw that the silk belt moving gently and swiftly, he knew that there would be many variations. That grab he sent out covered all directions, up, down, left, right and middle, wherever the belt goes, it would not escape his clutches. He couldn't have known that the golden sphere would counterattack, ringing as it moved, it was heading for his 'Central Islet' pressure point on the back of his hand. Jinlun Fawang was extremely swift in changing his stance, his palm turned around and went for the sphere again. Xiao Longnu's wrist moved slightly, the sphere turned around, moving up and down, aiming to strike his arm's 'Combined Valley' pressure point. Jinlun Fawang's palm turned again, this time he stretched out his two fingers to catch the sphere. Xiao Longnu understood what he was doing, the belt rushed forward slightly, the sphere went for the 'Crooked Marsh' pressure point around the elbow area.

Those few variations were done within just the turn of a hand, Jinlun Fawang turned his palm twice, Xiao Longnu twisted her wrist three times; the two had exchanged five stances.

Yang Guo understood what was happening and loudly counted, "One, two, three, four, five... that's five stances!" There are five stances left."

Jinlun Fawang wanted Xiao Longnu to take ten of his stances, wanting her to defend against ten of his attacks. Yang Guo tried to be clever and counted the stances exchanged by both sides. Jinlun Fawang is a leading master of martial arts, why would he

allow himself to get into an argument over numbers with this crafty young man? His left arm went to the side and avoided the sphere, and then sent his golden wheel forward.

Xiao Longnu heard the urgent 'lang lang' noise and saw a gold flash in front of her eyes, the enemy's golden wheel was now only a foot or so in front of her. This move was sudden, she couldn't even think about repelling this move, evading this attack was impossible. In this danger she flicked her wrist again, the silk belt went straight forward, the sphere attacked Fawang's 'Wind Pond' pressure point on the front of his head. This is a fatal pressure point, even if you're martial arts were higher, once this point has been struck, your life would be at risk. She had no other choice but to use this risky stance of making both sides suffer great losses and to force the opponent to take back his wheel.

Indeed, Jinlun Fawang did not want to risk his life with her, he lowered his head to avoid the attack, but once his head was lowered, the wheel in his hand became slower. Xiao Longnu took this opportunity and summoned back her silk belt and a 'ding ding dang dang' sound was heard as the sphere collided with the golden wheel, neutralizing Jinlun Fawang's attack. All that happened in the blink of an eye, Xiao Longnu went from facing death to staying alive in a matter of seconds, she urgently utilized her lightness kung fu and retreated to the side, her face had a fearful expression.

Jinlun Fawang had just used one stance to attack but Yang Guo called out loudly, "Six, seven, eight, nine, ten... great, my master has received ten stances of yours, what more have you got to say?"

After that exchange, Jinlun Fawang knew that although Xiao Longnu's martial arts were high, it was no where near his level. If they exchanged moves properly, he would definitely defeat her within ten stances. He did not like Yang Guo stirring the situation from the side, talking rubbish, and disturbing his concentration. He thought, "I'll ignore the young man's rubbish, I'll intensify my attacks and beat the little girl first and then reason with them." His sleeve carried forward and the golden wheel flashed, it was another extremely lethal fatal attack.

Yang Guo called out loudly, "You don't want face! Ten moves have passed and you're continuing, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen..." He didn't care how many stances were exchanged in defense and attack by the two, his mouth kept on counting up.

After receiving one of his stances, Xiao Longnu was extremely afraid; she didn't dare to receive another attack head on. She utilized her lightness kung fu and flew around the

hall, the belt in her hand floating in the air, the golden sphere quickly turning, forming a streak of fog, a path of yellow light. The sounds that the golden sphere was producing sped up suddenly, slowed suddenly, lightened suddenly and loud suddenly, it was like a song. When she lived in the tomb, she studied the zither manuscripts left by Lin Chaoying and played the zither accordingly; she became rather wonderful with it. Later on, she started to practice with the silk belt and gold sphere, she noticed that the tones made by the sphere possessed a rhythm and tone, her character was still childlike then, and she managed to integrate music into this set of kung fu techniques.

Everything possesses a rhythm, from the way the world passes on, how trees and grass grow, to a person's heartbeat and pulse. Music is created by the natural manipulation of the sounds of nature by people; music pleases the ear whereas noise creates trouble in the heart. When kung fu and music is combined, it is performed even more smoothly and softly, the body following whatever the mind wants.

The lightness kung fu of the Ancient Tomb sect belongs to its own class, other sects' lightness kung fu cannot compare with it. When using it in the open plains, it is difficult to identify the strong points of the technique, right now, it was being used in the hall, the grace and ease of it was unparalleled, moving in thousands of different directions. She has practiced her martial arts in the rooms of the ancient tomb, within a radius of over ten feet, she really did move like a goddess.

Though Jinlun Fawang's martial arts were much superior to hers, as she hurriedly leaped and suddenly shifted, there wasn't anything he could do about it. He heard the 'ding ling ding ling' sounds of the sphere was like a song, after listening to it a while, he found himself fighting along with the music. He quickly swung his golden wheel to create a noise, mixing up the 'ling' sounds. In a flash the room was filled with the clashing of the two sounds, suddenly it was soft then loud, high then low. The sounds from the bell was crisp and clear, when one hears them they felt carefree and joyous, the sounds that Jinlun Fawang produced were like metal being forged, like a scraping of a cauldron, like killing a pig, beating a dog, many indescribable noises.

Guo Jing and Huang Rong were watching from the side and remembered how years ago they heard Hong Qigong, Ouyang Feng and Huang Yaoshi use the sounds of music to battle with each other on Peach Blossom Island. As they reminisced about it, it felt like it was lifetime ago. Though the martial arts of the two were masterly, when it comes to using music to fight, they could not compare with Hong, Huang and Ouyang.

Yang Guo had already counted up to, "One thousand and five, one thousand and six, one thousand and seven..." But Xiao Longnu had kept away from facing her opponent;

Jinlun Fawang had yet to use ten stances. Guo Fu was unconscious in her mother's arms but she was awakened by the sounds of the golden wheel, she raised her head, her face as dazed and she did not know what was going on.

Jinlun Fawang felt very impatient, he felt that with the status of a leading martial artist, if he was unable to beat this young girl after so long, and if the battle went on, he would eventually win but he would have lost all face. He suddenly stretched out his left arm, the golden wheel slanted across; his left palm pushed out low towards the left, the golden wheel went upwards towards the right. The two of them had fought for a long time, now Jinlun Fawang had grasped half of Xiao Longnu's lightness kung fu; those two attacks were meant to block her escape routes, only allowing her to move forward, escaping backwards was not an option.

In this danger, Xiao Longnu waved her silk belt and wrapped it around a group of white flowers, her body quickly flew up.

Fawang's golden wheel turned around, binding the silk belt. If it were a normal weapon, he would have taken it away long ago, but the silk belt did not have any stiffness, it just lightly slipped away from the hole of the golden wheel. Jinlun Fawang shouted, "That is the second stance, the third stance is coming!" He took a step forward; the golden wheel suddenly escaped from his hands, and was sent flying towards Xiao Longnu.

No one predicted that stance, the golden wheel spun urgently as it slashed towards Xiao Longnu. Xiao Longnu was extremely startled, she lowered her body and darted backwards, she suddenly heard a 'chi chi' sound, a yellow light passed her face within an inch, the gusts of wind created by the wheel hurt her tender face.

In the startled calls of the crowd, Fawang dashed forward and stretched out his arm, his palm gave a push on the wheel's rim, turning it in midair, heading towards Xiao Longnu again. Xiao Longnu saw that the force the wheel was spinning with was extraordinary, how could she dare to use the silk belt to trap it? She could only use her matchless lightness kung fu to jump to the side to avoid it.

Jinlun Fawang had missed twice and called out, "Great lightness kung fu!" He dashed forwards and stretched out his left fist, a 'dang' sound was heard as he struck the wheel, at the same time he sent out both palms, blocking Xiao Longnu's path forward, while the golden wheel flew with a 'lang lang' sound towards the back of her head.

The golden wheel wasn't extremely quick, but before the wheel arrived, the gusts of wind created by the wheel moved towards Xiao Longnu, it was an extremely ferocious force. When Fawang punched the wheel, he had already calculated where the opponent could escape to, that is why the wheel seemed to have grown an eye; after making half a circle in midair, the wheel returned and headed for Xiao Longnu's back. Xiao Longnu jumped and used all the skills that she had learnt in her life, but she still saw the Tibetan monk's palms opened in front of her, blocking her way. The heroes' ears were filled with calls, their eyes were dazzled, and all of them had fear in their hearts.

Yang Guo saw that Xiao Longnu was in danger; he was extremely concerned and picked up Da'erba's golden rod. He used all his strength and flung it upwards towards the wheel, a loud 'dang' sound was heard, the rod managed to go through the wheel's opening in the middle, but the force of the wheel was really ferocious, it shook his arms so much that his wrists split open, blood poured out, as he brought the wheel and rod crashing to the floor.

Xiao Longnu glanced over and saw that the wheel was on the floor, the threat from behind was taken away but her body was in midair, how could she avoid the enemy that was in front of her? She urgently waved out her silk belt, wrapping it around the pillar in the west and then pulled with all her strength, her body used this force to fly away towards the pillar, she smoothly and lightly slipped down behind the pillar, in the space of a hair's breadth, she managed to avoid Fawang's mountain shattering palm.

Jinlun Fawang had victory in his grasp but was again stopped by Yang Guo. Not only did the enemy get away, even his unbeatable weapon was knocked on to the floor by him; he has never experienced such a frustrating setback in his life. He originally was meticulous, wise and intelligent, yet right now he couldn't stop himself from reacting without thinking. He didn't wait for Yang Guo to get up and sent a palm chopping down on him.

According to his status as head of a school, what he was doing did not match how he had always thought of himself; Yang Guo was a junior, and he was on the floor when he sent out this palm, but in his great anger he couldn't care less.

Guo Jing saw him staring angrily at Yang Guo, his shoulder was raised and arm taken back, Guo Jing knew that he was about to kill him, he called out in quietly, "Oh no!" If he took a step forward, he would still be able to block this attack but Yang Guo would still suffer a serious injury. In this urgent situation there was no time to think carefully, he used a stance of "Flying Dragon in the Sky", his whole body leapt into the air, and attacked Jinlun Fawang's head. If Jinlun Fawang didn't take back this palm, though he

would be able to kill Yang Guo, his life would be taken away under the matchless lethal and swift Dragon Subduing Palm. The force of his palm quickly turned around, he gave a 'hei' shout, and exchanged palms with Guo Jing.

This was the second time that two great masters of the present time exchanged palms. Guo Jing was in midair and had nothing to brace against, he used the opponent's force and made a half somersault, landing backwards. Yet, Jinlun Fawang stood his ground steadily, his body didn't sway and his legs didn't shift, it was as if nothing had happened.

Hao Datong, Sun Bu'Er, Diancang Yuyin and the others knew about Guo Jing's kung fu; after they saw this they all were shocked, that monk's kung fu really is extraordinary.

In reality, Guo Jing was just following the orthodox rules of martial arts by retreating backwards, naturally dispersing the enemy's force.

After Yang Guo had interfered many times, Jinlun Fawang had lost face, he wanted to regain it back and so took Guo Jing's palm; he actually consumed a lot of his chi and internal energy, though he looked like he was superior, he was suffering on the inside. The two of them are outstanding men of the world; it would be difficult to separate the two in tens of moves. Jinlun Fawang forced himself to take this stance without moving, his chest throbbed with pain again, luckily the aim of the opponent was just to stop him and he did not continue to attack. He closed his lips and eyes and circulated his internal energy, unblocking the motionless chi in his chest.

Yang Guo escaped death and picked himself up, he hurried to Xiao Longnu's side, just as Xiao Longnu was about to come over and take a look at him. Both of them asked at the same time, "Are you okay?" The two nodded at the same time, a smile was on their faces, their hands held each other's with joy in their hearts.

Yang Guo picked up the golden rod and placed the golden wheel on top, he rotated the wheel and it made 'lang lang' noises; he loudly called out, "All you Mongolian warriors listen; I've manage to take the weapon of your country's great protector, how can you still talk about being the Chancellor of Wulin? Go and crawl back to Mongolia you Mongolian asses!"

None of the Mongolian warriors accepted what had happened, they saw that Jinlun Fawang was about to win in the duel between him and Xiao Longnu, the opponents came up with not only Yang Guo, but Guo Jing as well, they all called out, "It was Fawang who flung the wheel away himself, how could a little punk like you take it?"

“One versus one” and “without the help of others!” “Correct, fight again,” They all made a clamor but it was all in Mongolian, apart from Guo Jing, no one understood what they were saying.

The heroes of the central plains were all reasonable and understanding people; they felt that when it comes to martial arts, Jinlun Fawang was indeed superior to Xiao Longnu. But they cannot allow a Mongolian to take the position of the Chancellor of Wulin; otherwise, the central plain's Wulin would have lost all its face. Before it actually began, the spirits of the amassed heroes who planned to defend against the foreign invaders had been dampened. The younger members of the crowd also began to argue and shout. When they heard the clamor of the Mongolian warriors, they began to quarrel with them. Both sides raised their weapons; the situation was developing into a mass brawl.

Yang Guo raised the golden rod and golden wheel; he said to Jinlun Fawang, “You still won't admit defeat? You have lost your weapons, what face have you got left? How can the world have a Wulin Chancellor whose weapon can be taken away by someone else?”

Jinlun Fawang was secretly circulating his internal energy right now, he heard every single word that Yang Guo said but he didn't dare to open his mouth and speak.

Yang Guo looked at the situation and knew what was happening, quickly, he loudly said, “All the heroes please can I have your attention: I'm going to ask him three times, if he doesn't reply then that means he admits defeat.”

He was afraid that as time passes, Fawang will have finished circulating his internal energy, he didn't waste any time, he asked in one breath, “Did you or did you not lose? Are you still thinking about the position of the Chancellor of Wulin or not? If you don't say anything then that means you admit defeat, right?”

Fawang had just finished ridding the motionless chi, the pain in his chest had cleared up, he was about to reply when Yang Guo saw his lips move, he quickly got in ahead and said, “Fine, since you've admitted defeat we won't give you any trouble, you had better leave.” He then raised the golden rod and golden wheel and handed them over to Guo Jing. He actually wanted to hand them over to his Master but was afraid that Jinlun Fawang's fury will erupt again; Xiao Longnu would not be able to block the attack.

Jinlun Fawang was so angry that his face swelled and turned purple. He was worried about how excellent Guo Jing's martial arts were; his weapon has also fallen into the

enemy's hands. If he fights empty handed, it would be difficult for him to win. He also saw that there were many martial artists of the central plains here, if it became a mass brawl, their side would definitely lose. A good man doesn't endure the suffering that's in front of him, he could only retreat first and come up with another plan. He loudly said, "The barbarians of the central plains are crafty and sly, they win due to numbers, they are not heroes and good men, let's go." His left hand waved and the Mongolian warriors all headed towards the exit. He made a departing motion towards Guo Jing from faraway, he said, "Hero Guo, Chief Huang, today I have experienced your great skills. The mountains will remain green, the rivers will flow, and we will meet again."

Guo Jing returned the gesture and bowed, he said, "Reverend's martial arts are deep and profound, I respect your abilities deeply. Please take back the weapons." As he said this, he offered the golden rod and wheel back.

Yang Guo loudly called out, "Jinlun Fawang, you are thinking about taking them back, do you want face?"

Guo Jing shouted, "Guo'er, stop talking rubbish." Jinlun Fawang had already turned around with his sleeve floating behind, he didn't look back as he exited the hall.

Yang Guo suddenly remembered something, he called out, "Hey, your disciple Huo Dou has contracted my poison, quickly bring the antidote to his poison and swap it with mine."

Jinlun Fawang had always thought very highly of his own abilities; mysterious and divine martial arts, profound medical knowledge, he can cure any poison. He had an extreme dislike for Yang Guo because of his slyness and craftiness, he ignored what he said and left.

Huang Rong saw that Zhu Ziliu had his eyes closed and was asleep, she considered that many of the people here are experts in using poison projectiles, there would be someone who has the ability to cure this poison, and she wasn't too concerned with Jinlun Fawang's refusal.

Now, the Lu manor was filled with thunderous cheers and calls; all of it was for Yang Guo and Xiao Longnu defeating Jinlun Fawang. Hundreds of people were around the two, one word here and another word there. Some said that Yang Guo defeated Huo Dou in the way he deserved, dealing with a man as he deals with you. Others said that the speed and ease of Xiao Longnu's lightness kung fu was in a class of its own, actually managing to avoid the fierce and dangerous attacks of Jinlun Fawang. When it came to

Yang Guo using the “Soul Altering Spell” to make Da’erba knock himself out, many of them did not understand what had happened. When someone asked about it, Yang Guo just made up a reply.



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