

Jiang Ning looked at the simple and elegant furnishing of the study. It didn't look like the study of a martial artist that was usually filled with manuals and other books related to martial arts, but actually had a bit more poetry and literature.

"You've done a decent job this time round."

Fang Qiu shook his head helplessly. "Master, you don't have to console me."

He knew that he hadn't done a good job and Jiang Ning was just trying to console him.

He knew what Jiang Ning expected of him after taking over the Fang clan, but he hadn't completed that mission.

He had worked very hard, but he still wasn't there yet.

"I'm not consoling you. Look at me. Do I look like the type who consoles others?" Jiang Ning laughed. "If I say you've done a good job, then it's a good job. If it was a bad job, then I'd say so."

"I haven't been able to get the cemetery caretaker to reveal who he is," said Fang Qiu. "I'm still thinking of how to ask him."

It was clear that the identity of the cemetery caretaker was very important. It would be a turning point for them.

But till now, nobody knew exactly who this cemetery caretaker was.



Fang Qiu was getting a little anxious.

Jiang Ning walked to the bookshelves and flipped through a few books randomly. He laughed and said, "When it's time, we won't have to ask and he'll tell us himself."

"When will that be?" asked Fang Qiu.

"When he feels it's time to tell us." Jiang Ning glanced at Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu was a lot more mature than he used to be, so he was no longer that hot headed youth who didn't care about anything else.

But it was still a long to go before he became truly mature.

Fang Qiu wasn't just a disciple to Jiang Ning, but also the son of his Master, so he had the responsibility and obligation to groom him and help him to grow.

"Don't be so anxious and consider all things calmly, then you will be able to make the right decision," said Jiang Ning. "It's the same for everything."

"I can tell that you're getting anxious.

Fang Qiu opened his mouth to explain himself but didn't say anything because he knew Jiang Ning was right.

Jiang Ning could see the change in his emotions very easily.



“We still have a long way to go, understand?”

“Yes, Master.” Fang Qiu nodded.

“Alright now, we’ll put this aside for now, no hurry. The more important thing is to update me on how far we are into cracking the code behind the Extreme Fist Technique Manual. Professor Lu Jing has reached some conclusions and we have to compare notes.”

Fang Qiu walked to the bookshelf, pressed a button somewhere and one of the shelves moved aside to reveal a hidden shelf.

He took a box out from inside and passed it to Jiang Ning. His expression was particularly stern and solemn.

“The characters that the eight reclusive clans have inherited from our forefathers and the results of our research are all here.”

There were two more pages out there, but they had already solved the seven pages on hand. Once their notes were compared to Professor Lu Jing’s, then it was possibly to reach a final conclusion.

Jiang Ning took the box and opened it to read all the materials inside carefully.

As he read through everything, his eyebrows began to slowly furrow...

Meanwhile.

Back at the Salo castle.

Reagan only felt alive after he returned to his own home.

That feeling of going through hell and coming back out again was really difficult to describe in a few words.

“Mr Hei.” Reagan was sitting on the chair reserved for the clan leader, but he didn’t look sharp nor arrogant. Instead, he looked rather humble. “What do you need me to do next?”

He was smiling, but his expression was stiff and unnatural.

He looked at Mr Hei seated before him while wearing a mask. He knew that beneath the mask was definitely an extremely cruel looking face!

“A friend is here,” said Mr Hei calmly. “We might have to check with him on what to do.”



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A wind blew through the room.

Before Reagan could figure out where the wind was coming from, a man suddenly appeared in the main hall.

He had seen this man before!

He had seen him when Jimmy came to visit him the last time.

Why was he here?

“You...” Reagan was about to speak when Mr Hei waved a hand to motion for him to keep quiet. Reagan immediately shut his mouth again and didn’t dare to say anything.

“You followed us all the way from Mount Zhongnan, so it seems that what you want is with us.”

Mr Hei eyed Fang Yin.

Fang Yin didn’t bother being polite and scoffed quietly. “What you want is also with me.”

This was pretty much their bargaining chip, and they put it on the table early. Both sides had something that each other wanted, and they looked like they were going to fight if they couldn’t reach an agreement.

He looked at Mr Hei and knew that this man was Mr Hei, so he said, “You left the cemetery caretaker for me, so I take that as a show of your sincerity. But unfortunately someone else got to

him first.”

Mr Hei laughed loudly.

“So why are you here today?”

“I want us to join hands!” said Fang Yin directly.

“Join hands? Then where’s your show of sincerity?”

Mr Hei shook his head.

“I’ve already shown my sincerity, but you haven’t. I’ve also not seen what you have to offer either. Or are you referring to the one page of the manual that you have? I don’t care for that.”

He spoke very nonchalantly.

It was as if one more page of the manual really didn’t mean anything to him.

He had one page, and that was enough.

Fang Yin narrowed his eyes and his heart pounded wildly as he finally understood what was happening.

It seemed like the letter he was holding was right. Just one page of the manual was enough to count as an entrance ticket to the mountain.

“So it looks like there’s no chance to work together,” Fang Yin scoffed.

“There’s still a chance,” said Mr Hei. “I know what



you want, but if you want these things, you have to pay the price.”

Their eyes met and it felt as though two beams of laser had been shot through the air and hit one another, creating a very frightening atmosphere.

Reagan didn't even dare to breathe too loudly.

He thought that he had gone through a lot of big storms in life and seen many things, but in front of these two, he still felt incomparably tiny!

He didn't even dare to make any noise now.

He was just filled with anxiety and uneasiness.

The air seemed to have become very thin, so there was a strange suffocating feeling around him now.

“What price?” shouted Fang Yin.

He stared back at Mr Hei and his gaze was equally sinister.

“I want you to kill someone!”

Fang Yin's eyelid twitched. “Who?”

Mr Hei didn't answer him directly, but the eyes beneath his mask looked even more terrifying than before, and they seemed like a deep abyss that one would fall into if you looked into his eyes.

It felt like one would suddenly drop thousands of meters off a cliff!

Even someone as tough as Fang Yin couldn't help but feel a chill down his spine.

That gaze didn't look like a normal human being at all!

"You will know what you need to know at the right time," said Mr Hei. "You just need to know one thing. You're not worthy to partner me, but you can choose to submit to me."

He spoke these words very casually.

In the past, Fang Yin would have immediately attempted to kill this person because he would not allow anyone to speak to him like this.

But now, he didn't even think of arguing back.

The faint pressure coming from all sides seemed to be even more terrifying than when he was standing before Jiang Ning!

"Deal." Fang Yin clenched his teeth and nodded. He was reluctant, but made this choice anyway.

The atmosphere in the main hall became a little strange.



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