

Ting Chan didn't say another word. He wasn't sure what he was feeling.

All he knew was that the feeling he had was that of extreme unease.

Mr Lang wasn't an ordinary character. The revelation had just struck him. He had not noticed anything amiss when Mr Lang had spoken to the various sects, joined forces with Tianlian Sect and launched an attack on Qingshan Sect.

It wasn't because Mr Lang had concealed his presence extremely well then. It was because he had stopped concealing himself as much now.

Elder Ting Feng had no idea what was going on, but he could tell from the tone of Ting Chan's voice that this was serious. He dared not hesitate and immediately made arrangements to leave right away.

Evening crept upon them gradually.

Even though the skies were dark, Ting Chan insisted on leaving and journeying through the night.

He didn't care what the other sects did, but the sense of danger that remained on his mind unsettled him deeply.

"Are we ready?" asked Ting Chan.

"We're ready. A few of the injured have difficulty traveling. I've arranged for men to transport them in turns," said Elder Ting Feng. "Chief, must we

leave tonight?”

“Let’s go,” Ting Chan said curtly and with a nod.

“Yes, sir.” Elder Ting Feng passed the order down accordingly.

Buddha Sect were soon ready to leave the base.

The other sects stood in the distance, confused over Buddha Sect’s hasty departure.

“I heard Ting Chan say that they have some matters to attend to and have to hurry back. I wonder what the emergency is.”

“What other emergency could they have besides dealing with Qingshan Sect?”

“We should leave soon and restore our strength back in our sect. Two months later, we’ll be back to level the grounds of Qingshan Sect!”

Luo Qi sat cross-legged in one of the tents at the base. In front of him was Mr Lang.

Mr Lang’s eyes remained as unfathomable as the depths of an abyss, one that you would find nearly impossible to get out of once you fell in.

There was a slight pallor to Luo Qi’s complexion. His eyes looked lifeless, as if his soul had been sucked out of him.

“What are your orders, Mr Lang?” droned Luo Qi.

“I need you to do something for me.”

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Mr Lang's voice sounded hypnotic, like something that had wormed into Luo Qi's ear and enveloped his brain in a spell that made it impossible for him to refuse anything that Mr Lang wanted.

Luo Qi nodded mechanically.

He felt as if he were trapped in a vortex. His head was swimming and his vision was blurry...

The night got increasingly darker.

"Hurry up! We have to leave this place," barked Ting Chan.

The party raced through the forest with torches in their hands. This was extremely dangerous, but no one dared to defy Ting Chan's orders.

The group marched away from the base and headed back to where Buddha Sect was based.

Ting Chan couldn't help but feel an acute sense of unease, but he couldn't pin down what he felt uneasy about.

He turned around and stared. Even though he didn't spot anything, he couldn't shake off the feeling that someone was staring at him in the dark.

"What's wrong, Chief?" asked Elder Ting Feng with concern in his voice.

He had never seen Ting Chan behave in such a manner.

“Nothing. Be on your alert and protect our disciples,” said Ting Chan.

“Ah!”

A terrible scream pierced the air as soon as he said that.

Alarm flashed across Ting Chan’s and Elder Ting Feng’s faces instantly.

“It’s coming from the group of injured disciples!”

“Go take a look! Hurry!” Ting Chan said hastily.

“Yes, sir!”

Elder Ting Feng hurried over while Ting Chan remained at the front of the party. The disciples around him were principal disciples of the sect. Compared to the injured, they were of higher priority to Buddha Sect.

“Ah! AH!”

Another scream of agony rang out.

“Who is it?”

It was Elder Ting Feng’s voice. Sounds of a battle soon followed.

“Chief, we must go to Elder Ting Feng’s aid!”

A few of his principal disciples left in a hurry to aid the elder when they realized what was going on.

Ting Chan frowned. You couldn't avoid what was to come forever. But he had not expected it to arrive so soon and for his opponent to be so relentless in his pursuit. He had forgone sleep and rest in order to hurry through the night and return to the sect.

But before he could give pursuit, a sudden wind lashed out at him.



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Ting Chan's back tensed instantly.

He whirled around and thundered furiously. "Who is it?"

His voice boomed like thunder. Ting Chan raised his staff, swung it sideways and held it before him.

He received no reply and was answered only by a streak of shadow charging towards him at lightning speed.

"HA!" Ting Chan yelled, swung his staff and smashed it into the shadow without hesitation.

BAM!

The collision resembled two metal bats smashing into each other mercilessly, resulting in a deafening thunder.

Ting Chan stumbled a few steps back, retreating more than ten meters. His face was colored in shock.

He could not discern the attacker's features clearly even though they had just exchanged blows directly. His attacker had blocked his staff with his bare fists. What a terrifying man.

Who could be so fast?

Could it be him?

Ting Chan's face darkened with solemnity. "All of you, stand back!"

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A few disciples wanted to step forward and help, but Ting Chan yelled at them immediately. “Run, now!”

He didn't waste time on talking after that. Tightening his fists around his staff, he charged forward again.

He attacked, stirring waves of fierce winds as he wielded the Vajra Staff, a staff that seemed to carry the weight of a mountain.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

But the shadowy figure that was fighting him showed no fear as he blocked and countered Ting Chan's attacks effortlessly.

Alarm and fear surged inside Ting Chan.

BAM!

A fist came flying at him suddenly. Ting Chan tried to block the attack with his staff, but he was a moment too late.

The fearsome blow landed squarely on his chest, the terrifying force of the blow smashing his chest in.

“The Vajra Fist!”

Ting Chan's eyes widened with anger and

incredulity. He couldn't believe that his attacker had tried to kill him with Buddha Sect's renowned technique!

He struggled to get to his feet, but the streak of shadow was too fast. In the next moment, before he could rise to his feet, another fist came smashing at him again.

The fist grew bigger and bigger as it approached and filled his entire vision.

"It's you!"

He saw it.

He saw his attacker's face. But their proximity meant that he had no chances of escape.

Those eyes...

BOOM!

With a thunderous boom, Ting Chan flew into the distance and landed heavily onto the ground, dying upon impact.

The shadowy figure didn't spare a glance at him at all. He turned and vanished without a trace.

"Chief! Chief!"

"Chief, please get up! Chief!"

A few disciples rushed towards Ting Chan, only to be greeted with the sight of blood staining their chief's face. His chest had caved in and he had

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stopped breathing. They couldn't tell how many of his ribs had been broken.

He was long dead.

“Chief!”

“Elder Ting Feng! Over here! Please, hurry!”

In the distance, Elder Ting Feng heard the cries of his disciples. He abandoned his chase and dashed back to his disciples.

His eyes turned red instantly when he saw Ting Chan fallen on the ground, dead.

“Who did this? Who did this?” He howled, his eyes red with fury.

He was overcome with regret. He shouldn't have left in the first place. If they had stuck together, perhaps the murderer wouldn't have been able to kill Ting Chan that easily.

Everyone began to cry. No one could have expected Ting Chan to be killed by someone else right in front of their eyes.

Elder Ting Feng took a look at the wound and gasped sharply.

“The Vajra Fist!”

He couldn't believe that the wound had been caused by the Vajra Fist!

Ting Chan had died from Buddha Sect's renowned

Vajra Fist. He had been killed by a technique that he had been a master of!

The first person that popped up in Elder Ting Feng's head was Jiang Ning.

Besides the members of Buddha Sect, Jiang Ning was the only other person who knew the Vajra Fist. He had displayed his proficiency in the technique before Elder Ting Feng.

"Elder, we must avenge the chief's death!"

"We must avenge him!"

"We must find and kill his murderer!"

The disciples howled inconsolably. No one could have expected Ting Chan to be killed and to die before their very eyes. Their eyes were filled with rage and hatred. How they wished they could find Ting Chan's killer and make him die an excruciating death!

"Let's go!" Elder Ting Feng barked out an order with a stern face. "Return to the sect immediately!"



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