

“Come and take a look, Mr. Nuo. Look at how pretty my daughter is.”

On a beautiful day that year, a cute crying baby was brought to the world.

She was a gift from God to them.

“Mr. Nuo, look over here. Look at the portrait I've drawn of you. It sure looks like you, doesn't it? This is the first picture I have ever drawn. Hence, I want you to frame it and hang it on the wall.”

That year, Angie had just entered kindergarten and managed to draw her first ever portrait.

When he saw the picture on the wall that looked like an obituary, Nuo didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

“Mr. Nuo, why don't they like me? Why don't they want to play with me? Instead, they always end up bullying me. Boohoo...”

Once, Angie, with a backpack on her back, came back from school with her eyes swollen from crying.

The sight of her crying simply broke Nuo's heart.

Just like a raging river, past memories flooded his mind.

Every single scene flashed across his mind like a vintage projector playing in his head.

Underneath the scorching sun, Nuo looked in the direction that Angie had fled in and broke out a

blissful smile.

*Boom!*

All of a sudden, a deafening rumble echoed through the land, as if a mountain had collapsed onto itself.

Simultaneously, Nuo slumped lifelessly onto the ground.

“Mr. Nuo... Mr. Nuo...”

Meanwhile, when the fleeing Angie saw Nuo's collapsing figure, she let out an agonizing cry.

With tears covering her face, she was overwhelmed with remorse.

*I shouldn't have escaped or gotten Mr. Nuo to help me. If only I had resigned myself to my fate, Mr. Nuo wouldn't have to die.*

In fact, Angie no longer wished for Ye Fan's return.

Given how powerful the Chu family was, she was certain that he was incapable of taking her away.

She would just end up burdening another person.

Just as she was deliberating upon the matter, the energy that Nuo transferred to her began to wane, causing her to slow down.

Finally, after fleeing for tens of kilometers, the momentum she had was finally gone.

As a result, Angie crashed onto the ground.

Having stopped running, she just stayed still and cried in silence.

“Ms. Jones, run! Nuo has given his life to save you. If you are recaptured, his sacrifice would've been in vain.”

Just when Angie was overwhelmed by anguish over Nuo's death, an anxious voice rang out from behind her.

A white-haired old man had appeared before her out of nowhere.

“Who are you?”

Teary-eyed, Angie gave him a curious look.

The old man didn't reply. Instead, he pulled Angie up and continued running toward the shore.

“Ms. Jones, it doesn't matter who I am. All you need to know is that I was sent by Young Master to receive you, and he will be arriving very soon. All we need to do is to hold out a little longer,” Han explained excitedly as he helped Angie flee.

“Can the Young Master you are talking about be...”

Puzzled by his words initially, Angie suddenly had an image form in her mind.

“That's right. My master is Chu Tianfan, also known as Ye Fan,” Han replied immediately.

In truth, Han had received instructions from Ye Fan the night before.

He was ordered to protect Angie as much as possible until Ye Fan's arrival.

However, he didn't expect a servant of the Jones family to conduct a heist on the wedding convoy mid-way.

Given that Angie's life was in danger, Han was cognizant that he had to come out of hiding and help Angie flee.

Nevertheless, just when they were about to leave the woods, Han suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"What is it?"

When she noticed the sudden change in Han, Angie grew nervous at once.

Furrowing his brows in silence, Han stared solemnly in front, as if to greet the impending arrival of a powerful enemy.

*Whoosh!*

Suddenly, the wind began to blow.

The next moment, rustling sounds that resemble crashing waves echoed throughout the land.

Initially, that was nothing but emptiness in front of them.

By the time Han raised his head again, he saw two figures appear in the sky.

One was dressed in white, while the other was wearing a black robe.

Looking as if they were demons who arrived from Hell itself, both of them stood still in silence, blending in with the surroundings.

“Th-They're the Demonic Duo!”

The moment he saw them, Han felt a chill down his spine.

He had not expected the Chu family to place such importance on the wedding to the extent of deploying the Demonic Duo.

In spite of that, he knew he had to buy as much time as possible.

Therefore, instead of clashing right away, Han turned toward Angie and gave her a push. “Ms. Jones, run toward the beach!”

After yelling at Angie to flee, Han's expression turned grim as he unleashed the culminated power in his body.

He was preparing to charge at their enemies to buy Angie more time.

Just when he sprinted forward, a massive pressure struck down upon them.

*Boom!*

Unable to withstand it, Han drop to his knees and was immobilized.

It went without saying that the weaker Angie suffered the same fate.

Evidently, the Demonic Duo were terrifyingly powerful given that their aura alone was enough to pin Han and Angie down.

“Quick, catch up with them.”

At that moment, Chu Qitian and his men had finally closed the distance.

When he saw the Demonic Duo, Chu Qitian bowed and greeted them respectfully, “Xuan, Ming, I didn't expect to see you here.”

“When Mr. Chu saw that you had yet to return, he sent both of us to check on the situation,” the man in white replied coldly.

Chu Qitian responded with a wry laugh. “Luckily, both of you arrived in time. Or else, my bride would have been stolen by someone else.”

Just as he spoke, Chu Qitian turned to look at Han, who was kneeling on the ground. He then walked over and stomped his feet on Han's face.

“You ungrateful dog! It's bad enough that you're not appreciative of the fact that I have spared your life, but how dare you collaborate with those thieves to disrupt my wedding? It seems to me that you have a death wish!”

Chu Qitian had recognized Han as Chu Zhenghong's longtime servant.

Considering how much animosity Chu Qitian felt for Ye Fan, there was no way he was going to forgive Han for trying to steal his bride.

Unsheathing his sword, he was about to chop Han down when Sixth Elder hurried over to stop him.

“Mr. Chu, you shouldn't spill blood on such an auspicious day, as it will bring bad luck. Anyway, the patriarch and the guests are getting impatient from waiting. Hence, you had better hurry back with the bride. Considering all the leaders of the martial arts world have gathered, it would be embarrassing for you to arrive late. As for this old fogey, let us deal with him,” Sixth Elder advised.

“All right. Help me teach him a lesson he will never forget and make sure he dies a slow and painful death.”

Realizing the truth behind Sixth Elder's words, Chu Qitian took his advice to take Angie back to Mount Chumen to continue with the wedding.

At the same time, Sixth Elder was responsible for tying up the loose ends.



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