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“I have no choice but to take you away,” sighed Mr Lang. He tapped a foot on the ground flew towards the lake, then walked easily on the surface of the water to reach the bronze coffin.

He looked down at the person inside with gentleness in his eyes. “Don’t be afraid, we will meet again soon.”

Footsteps were approaching him from afar.

Mr Lang turned around to look and he could see Jiang Ning and the other two approaching.

He didn’t intend to fight Jiang Ning head on. It was not time yet.

He reached out to carry the person inside the coffin, then disappeared without a trace.

Splaaaaash...

Immediately after Mr Lang left the surface of the water, the bronze coffin seemed to lose its ability to float. It instantly fell back into the water and made a great splash.

The lake water splashed out and wet the land around the lake.

By the time Jiang Ning and the other two came over, they were already too late.

“He’s gone.”

Jiang Ning narrowed his eyes. Was Mr Lang carrying a human in his arms earlier?

They had all seen that bronze coffin and watched as it sank back into the lake. This creepy scene really shocked them.

“This is where Mr Lang hides himself?”

Liu Chuandao looked around. There was nothing else besides that shabby wooden hut.

What sort of life could someone living in such a place lead?

“He must be guarding something.” Elder Ting Feng walked to the lake and touched the water. “It’s very hot.”

The lake water was very hot?

Elder Ting Feng and Liu Chuandao exchanged glances. They could see shock in each other’s eyes.

What place was this? Why was it such an eerie place?

Mr Lang had put in so much effort into using this gray fog to cover up this place so that nobody would come near. Why?

This question seemed to be the real fog. Nobody had any answers to the question.

The two of them looked at Jiang Ning at the same time, but Jiang Ning remained silent.

He walked towards the wooden hut and pushed the door open. It was very simply furnished inside,

NH

and there was nothing else besides just a simple bed and table.

Not even a monk on a pilgrimage would live so simply.

He walked to the table and didn't have any expression on his face as he looked down at the mirror.

The mirror reflected Jiang Ning's face.

It was a bronze mirror, so his reflection wasn't very clear and his features were blurry. Jiang Ning noticed that there was a drawer, so he pulled it open and found an entire pile of masks made from human skin.

His expression changed slightly.

"What's wrong?" asked Liu Chuandao when he noticed the change in Jiang Ning's expression.

"These are all masks made from human skin." Jiang Ning's voice was filled with rage. "These were all peeled off from someone else's face while they were still alive!"

Liu Chuandao and Elder Ting Feng couldn't help but shudder. Masks made from the skin of living people?

Was Mr Lang nuts?

Wasn't that really cruel? He had actually peeled the faces of living people to use as a disguise for himself?

NH

“I’m afraid these are all the faces of those sects who perished.” Jiang Ning took a deep breath. “This asshole is really way too cruel!”

How painful and terrifying must it be for a human being to have the skin of his face peeled right off while he was alive?

“What is he trying to do?” asked Elder Ting Feng.

His voice trembled slightly, and it was filled with fury.

Till now, he still hadn’t figured out what Mr Lang was trying to do, or what motives he had.

Jiang Ning shook his head. “I have no idea.”

He couldn’t figure out what this Mr Lang was trying to do either.

Who was the person in the bronze coffin?

Everything was a mystery now.

“If we want to know, I’m afraid we’ll have to wait for Mr Lang to strike again.” Liu Chuandao frowned. “But every time he makes a move, we almost perish in the process.”

“That’s why we have to make preparations and get ahead of him,” said Jiang Ning.

He knew that Mr Lang was certain that Jiang Ning had the pages of the Extreme Fist Technique Manual, and knew that Jiang Ning had comprehended the technique too.



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Since Mr Lang knew all that, then his motives were possibly connected to the Extreme Fist Technique Manual. Perhaps it was more accurate to say that it was connected to the map on the manual.

Mr Lang definitely knew something about the legend behind this manual.

Jiang Ning looked at Liu Chuandao and Liu Chuandao reached the same conclusion.

He didn't say anything and just nodded slightly.

“Let's go back first. At the very least, we've solved the mystery of the gray fog, so everyone doesn't have to be so scared anymore.”

Without this deadly threat, the sects could breathe a sigh of relief and not become so desperate. As for the terrifying Mr Lang, it would take more time to figure out exactly what he was trying to do.

Jiang Ning brought the other two men along with him back to Qingshan Sect.

All the other sects were waiting for them.

Everyone had gathered within the main hall to discuss what they ought to do next. Nobody dared to take this matter too lightly, especially since they knew nothing about that Mr Lang.

The less they knew about this matter and that man, the more terrifying it was.

NH

This was especially after they had experienced how Mr Lang had managed to manipulate all the people within the mountain.

Li Xuan and the rest had somber looks on their faces.

“Everyone is in position according to our plans. If there are any changes, we’ll need everyone to think on their feet,” he said.

Alright. Everyone, keep in contact. Once there’s any movement anywhere, we must all know immediately so that we can adjust ourselves accordingly.”

They looked like they were going to war. Everyone was on standby and didn’t dare to let their guard down at all. Everyone had to remain on their toes at all times.

“I wonder how are things over at Jiang Ning’s side.” Geng Jianba was rather worried.

He was afraid that the fog was really dangerous. If that was really the case, then the three of them would probably never return.

“Tsk, that young fellow is so arrogant and audacious. Does he really think he’s invincible?” scoffed Yun Zhongke as he expressed his displeasure. Now that Jiang Ning wasn’t around, he dared to grumble. “Everyone knows how frightening that gray matter is. How could it be merely a cover?”

Luo Long glanced at him. “I think you should shut

up.”

“You...”

“I said, shut up,” said Luo Long. “If not for him, all of you would still be stuck inside the prison of Tianlian Sect and you wouldn’t see the light of day at all.”

Yun Zhongke was so angry that he nearly stood up, but Luo Long had already walked off.

He had to admit that Jiang Ning was truly impressive, and had completely surpassed his expectations. Without Jiang Ning, Tianlian Sect would have been destroyed by now.

All the other sect leaders were well aware of this. Yun Zhongke was grumbling away, but he knew this well too.

“Alright now, stop arguing. I believe in Jiang Ning,” said Li Xuan. “We can only place our trust in Jiang Ning now.”

Just after he said that, a voice called out from outside.

“Elder Ting Feng and the rest are back!”

Everyone immediately stood up and walked out.

The three of them were back and were completely unscathed.

Jiang Ning was leading the way and looked exactly the same as when he left. He didn’t look

hurt at all.

“How is it? What’s that fog about?” asked Li Xuan anxiously.

“It’s just a screen,” replied Ting Feng. “It’s not harmful to humans at all, and it certainly won’t kill anybody.”

Yun Zhongke’s face reddened. He just said that Jiang Ning was too arrogant for his own good and had walked into his own grave. But now the tables had clearly turned on him.

“All of this was created by Mr Lang. He’s hidden something deep in the northern region and doesn’t want anybody to know about it, so he used the fog as a cover to prevent others from coming close.”

Liu Chuandao nodded. “We’ve already confirmed this.”

“Humph. I knew it,” scoffed Luo Long before giving Yun Zhongke the side eye. He wasn’t going to give up any opportunity to mock Yun Zhongke.

Yun Zhongke didn’t say anything. What could he possibly say now?

“What about Mr Lang?” asked Li Xuan.

“He’s escaped,” sighed Jiang Ning. “I’m afraid we’re in bigger trouble in the future.”



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