

## Chapter 29

### The Whip with Eyes

Only to see the thin man's left hand hit the table, his body rise into the air, the wind breeze by, a shiny black whip appeared in his right hand.

He flicked his wrist, the long whip carried the wind through the heads of the people standing outside, only to hear sounds of ding ding dang dang, as over forty coins dropped to the ground.

These forty-some people are all very experienced in the martial world, yet none of them had ever seen such intricate use of a whip.

When the whip is in his hand, it seems to be alive, and has a pair of eyes.

Those forty-some people looked at each other, then immediately applied their lightness kung fu, some dashed down the street, some climbed over the walls, the sky filled with shadows of people. In an instant, everyone had left.

That yellow-robed old man's face became pale. He said angrily, "You took their Life Taking Coins. Do you wish to die for them?"

The one-legged man coldly laughed. "The God of Whips XiMen Rou's life certainly is good enough to replace those lives!"

He pulled out his crutch, standing on one leg, but it's as if that one leg is nailed to the ground, as it is solid as a tree trunk.

The yellow-robed old man stretched out his hands, an Official Brush appeared.

Anyone who uses this type of weapon must have incredible kung fu.

Four people surrounded XiMen Rou.

Only that one-eyed man retreated a few steps, opened up his robe, showing forty-nine spearheads, some long, some short.

The five people's eyes all fell on XiMen Rou's long whip, all seem weary of it.

The one-legged man laughed. "I'm sure you have figured out who my four friends are."

XiMen Rou said, "I figured it out a long time ago."

The one-legged man said, "From a fairness standpoint, the five of us really shouldn't fight you alone, but today's different."

XiMen Rou laughed. "I've seen way too many people in the martial world win through superior numbers. Do you think I care about that?"

The one-legged man said, "I didn't want to kill you originally, but you did break our rules. So how can we let you go? If rules are allowed to be broken, then we'd be considered liars, so I hope you understand."

XiMen Rou said, "What if I intend on leaving?"

The one-legged man said, "You can't leave!"

XiMen Rou suddenly laughed. "When I really do want to leave, the five of you certainly aren't going to stop me!"

The one-legged man grunted, his crutch slashing out.

Although this is a very simple move, its power is limitless!

XiMen Rou still kept his smile, his whip twisting even faster, as his person rose high above the ground.

That one-eyed man stretched his arms, thirteen spearheads came out, carrying the windy breeze towards XiMen Rou.

The longer ones were thrown first, but the shorter ones were faster, only to hear many clicking sounds, as the whip deflected all thirteen spearheads.

Like a tornado, XiMen Rou floated higher and higher, then twisted off into the distance, out of sight.

The one-legged man said, "After him!"

Hitting the ground softly with his iron crutch, the one-legged man also floated into the air, His lightness kung fu is amazingly better than most two-legged people, disappeared out of sight.

The other four yellow-robed men immediately followed, and suddenly the shop became quiet again, with only two dead bodies left.

If it weren't for these two bodies, Hunchback Sun would've thought that this was all a bad dream.

Only to see that old man somehow awaken, his look seemingly without a hint of being drunk. He looked at where the yellow-robed men disappeared into, then sighed. "No wonder XiMen Rou's Snake Whip is ranked ahead of Yi Ku's Green Devil Hand. From the moves he showed, he certainly deserves the title 'God of Whips'. Bai Xiao Sheng really does know what he's talking about."

The ponytailed girl said, "Is he really the best among the people who uses whips today?"

The old man said, "The skill he has shown is unmatched by any other practitioner of soft weapons in the past thirty years."

The ponytailed girl asked, "What about that one-legged man?"

The old man responded, "He's called ZhuGe Gang. The people in the martial world call him 'Sweep Across Thousand Soldiers'. His Golden Steel Crutch weighs seventy pounds, the heaviest of any weapon in the martial world."

The ponytailed girl laughed. "One is called XiMen Rou. The other is ZhuGe Gang. They really are born to be enemies\*."

\*Note: 'Rou' means soft. 'Gang' means Hard. As you can see, their names reflect the type of weapons they use.

That old man took out some silver, put it on the table, and then walked out the door with his granddaughter, into the night.

Hunchback Sun watched their backs as they left, then looked back, realizing that somehow, the drunkard had also awakened, and has walked over to the seat where XiMen sat. He picked up the letter ZhuGe Gang left.

Hunchback Sun smiled. "You really shouldn't have been drunk today, because you missed out on a pretty nice show."

That drunkard laughed, and then sighed. "The real show hasn't even begun yet, I'm afraid I'll be watching even if I don't want to."

Hunchback Sun raised his eyebrows. He found that these people have all been acting strangely today, like they all took the wrong medicine.

That drunkard took out the letter, looked at it for a second, then his face suddenly turned red, bent down and started to cough again.

Hunchback Sun asked, "What does the letter say?"

That drunkard said, "No...nothing."

Hunchback Sun said, "I heard they all came because of the letter."

"Really?"

Hunchback Sun smiled. "They also said something about some treasure. Whatever, they have got to be kidding me."

He then asked, "You want more wine? It's on me."

He didn't hear any response, turned around, and saw that the drunkard simply stood there, looking into the distance.

His eyes showed no sign of alcohol, but a strange elegance.

Hunchback Sun followed his line of sight, only to see a lone candle from afar, seemingly even further away because of the fog...

By the time Hunchback Sun returned to the backyard, it's already midnight.

It's always peaceful in the courtyard, the drunkard's light is still on, but the door is open, waving as the wind blows by.

Hunchback Sun went over to take a look, knocking on the door asking, "Hey, are you asleep?"

No sound came.

What's he doing outside at this hour?

Hunchback Sun walked inside, found out that the room in a mess, pieces of wood laying everywhere, but that little dagger is nowhere to be seen, half a jug of wine still sits on the table.

A crumpled piece of paper lay on the side.

Hunchback Sun recognize it as the letter ZhuGe Gang left.

He couldn't help but read it.

"September 15th. Happy Cloud Manor has treasure to show. Hope you can come take a look."

Just those three phrases, nothing else. The less written in the letter, the more mysterious and attractive it becomes.

The person who wrote this letter certainly knows psychology.

Hunchback Sun raised his eyebrows, a strange expression appeared on his face.

He knows that Happy Cloud Manor is the mansion across from him, but can't figure out just what kind of relationship that drunkard has with the manor.