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"He's not one of ours."

The three men in black denied it immediately when faced with Meng Wanjun's query.

However, they sounded grim in their replies.

It was apparent that the appearance of the man in the dragon mask had spooked all of them.

"Unus, maybe he's the man in the dragon mask?" asked one of the three men softly.

However, the leader of the group shook his head and replied, "I doubt it. His mask is different. Furthermore, the man in the dragon mask has been injured by Mr. Chu a few days ago. This person, on the other hand, is so overwhelmingly powerful. Does he look like he is injured?"

"Then who can it be? We aren't aware of anyone like this from War God Castle. If he is someone that our head has sent to back us up, he would have notified us beforehand." The three men were very puzzled.

"If this person has nothing to do with us, then he must have been after the Meng family," said one of the men suddenly, and he turned to look at Meng Wanjun.

"Other than the Zhang family, have you

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offended other martial artists?”

Hearing the accusatory tone, Meng Wanjun panicked and explained hastily, “Impossible! Everything that we have done is in accordance with Mr. Tang's orders. During this time, our only target is the Zhang family. We have never offended any other fighters.”

Meng Wanjun slapped his chest to show his sincerity and give his assurance.

“I sure hope so! If we find out that you have been acting recklessly and offended others, you should be aware of the consequences.”

It was an explicit threat from the man in black.

Meng Wanjun kept reassuring them.

Meng Chuan, who had been standing by the side, looked uncertain.

Obviously, the actions that Meng Chuan had taken against Ye Fan were definitely unauthorized.

However, as far as Meng Chuan was concerned, going after a nobody would not have affected their plan.

The main issue right now was to figure out the identity of the person who came.

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Just as Meng Wanjun and the others were cracking their heads, the laughter of Lu Ziming could be heard coming from the stone pillar behind them.

“Haha! Meng Wanjun, stop guessing. Let me tell you who that is! It's Mr. Chu. The god-like man has returned. Meng Wanjun, you are done for. Zhang Zixi is the woman that Mr. Chu likes. She was supposed to be his queen and bears children for him. Now that you have annihilated her entire family, you're done for. Mr. Chu will surely kill all of you. Hahaha!”

Lu Ziming controlled his pain and laughed arrogantly.

In order to scare Meng Wanjun, he had concocted the story that Zhang Zixi was Ye Fan's woman.

“Mr. Chu? Which Mr. Chu? I have even defeated Zhang Jiuling. I don't believe that there is anyone who is my match in the entire Jiangbei.”

It was apparent that Meng Wanjun had no idea which Mr. Chu Lu Ziming was talking about.

Instead, he took a step forward, and his majestic voice reverberated in the entire Westlake.

“I'm Meng Wanjun, the head of the Meng family.

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I wonder who you are and why you have come.”

As Meng Wanjun spoke, everyone saw the figure getting nearer.

The lake was like a mirror that reflected the gleam in his eyes.

He took his time to walk on the Westlake.

With each step he took, the whole Westlake became frozen. Even the air had turned into frost.

Then, snowflakes began to fall.

Spring was already here, but this man had turned Westlake into winter.

At that moment, the icy tension was causing intense uneasiness in Meng Wanjun.

Seeing that there was no response from the oncoming figure, Meng Wanjun asked again, “Please state your name and your intention. If you are a guest, I will be more than happy to welcome you. If you are here for some other purposes, I hope you can come again another day. Today, the Meng family is hosting a banquet to commemorate the day when we hold the ultimate control in Jiangbei. I hope you will be kind enough not to make a scene. It will make our future interactions in Jiangbei much

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more cordial.”

At that moment, Meng Wanjun started to sound more domineering and with a hint of threat.

However, it was as if the other party did not hear him. The thin figure continued walking on the frozen lake toward him.

The frigid wind turned the frost into snow.

Although the figure was very thin, he exuded an air of imposing aura.

As he got nearer, the crowd could barely breathe.

Meng Chuan could no longer stand the ominous feeling coming down at him. He rushed up and advised his dad, “Dad! Stop wasting your time with him. I think we should order our men to kill him. He's here with malicious intentions. Maybe, he's from the Zhang family and has come here for revenge.”

He wanted his dad to make a quick decision to eliminate that intruder completely.

Meng Wanjun's expression was grim too.

Even his son had sensed that this person came with ill intentions. Naturally, Meng Wanjun had already known that much earlier.

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Then again, the intruder was strange.

Meng Wanjun was worried that once he made his move first, there would be no turning back.

“Don't worry. Just do what you need to do. With us around, there is nothing the Meng family needs to be afraid of. Don't forget that the greatest power is standing right behind you,” said the man in black.

With the assurance from the trio, Meng Wanjun's worries dissipated.

“That's right. With your protection, the Meng family has nothing to be frightened of! Anybody who dares to challenge the Meng family and threaten the well-being of my family deserves to die!”

Meng Wanjun smiled all of a sudden. Confidence and arrogance appeared on his face once again.

Without any further hesitation, he gave his commands.

The snipers, who had been hiding along the lake, fired.

Thousands of bullets flew across the peak of Westlake. There was no way for the intruder to get away unscathed.

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“Haha! You deserve it! How dare you provoke the Meng family! You deserve to be bullet-ridden.”

Meng Chuan laughed out loud when he saw the intruder being totally engulfed by the bullets.

However, his happiness was short-lived.

The very next moment, something shocking happened.

The thousands of bullets paused in mid-air when they were within meters from the man.

Just like that, all the bullets fell to the ground.

“This-This... How is it possible?”

Meng Wanjun and the rest of them were utterly flabbergasted.

Before that, Lu Ziming and the others were not afraid of bullets because they could avoid them with brute force and evasion.

On the other hand, the man in the dragon mask managed to stop the bullets without moving a muscle.

It was as if there was a terrifying field around him.

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Within that field, there was no need for him to defend himself. No weapons could touch him.

In that domain, he was God!

After a moment of silence, the three men in black smiled and said, "Finally, we have met a worthy opponent. Get your men to retreat. The subsequent battle is not something that the lot of you can handle."

It was as if a lonely undefeated king had finally met his match.

As soon as they stopped talking, the three of them walked toward the intruder.

"Unus, Duo, there's no need for the two of you to fight. I alone will be enough to take him on!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Just as those three black shadowy figures prepared to head into battle together, one of them, the slightly portlier one, suddenly held his two companions back.

Though he professed that he alone would be up to the task, the leading one amongst them clearly had his reservations.

“Knowing so little about this person and the unorthodoxy of his training, we are yet able to ascertain the extent of his abilities at this time. Perhaps then, Tres, it might be advisable for us to proceed with greater caution. As the adage goes, a lion would use its full strength even when hunting a rabbit. Hence it might be best for the three of us to strike together, so that we may finish him off in the most decisive manner,” the leading one amongst the black-clad men said dourly.

However, the most junior one amongst them shook his head and responded with a chuckle. “You’re too reserved, Unus, just like when we dealt with those two runts from the Zhang family. In the end, they weren’t able to counter even a single one of our moves, in spite of me only expending thirty percent of my potential. As you can see, there’s absolutely nothing for us to worry about.”

He then continued, “Think about this. Not just in Jiangbei, apart from those few from Mount

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Yan's War God Castle, who was there now in all of China that could rival me? Besides, it's obvious that this chap is more show than substance. What can he do besides walk on water? Mere trickery to impress these fools below, that's all. This, I'm equally capable of as well!"

The eyes of the sneering Tres brimmed with confidence, but he, of course, could not be faulted for his haughtiness either.

That was chiefly because the martial arts world in China was in regress. It had suffered from such a dearth of talent in contemporary times that only those three from Mount Yan could boast of possessing incomparable might.

With Sword Saint and the others kept preoccupied with concerns about the military deployment by the Chu Sect for some time now, their focus would naturally not be on what was happening here.

In any case, apart from the few Hall Masters from War God Castle, there was probably only one other who they feared in China back in the day.

Regrettably, that individual had already perished in Eastsea at the hands of the fighters from War God Castle three years ago.

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Hence, it was in their esteem that there was really no one else in the entirety of China who could so much as cause them to bat an eyelid.

“Tres has a point, Unus. I suppose we could leave such a trivial matter to him, for should word go around at the sect that the three of us had to all dip our hands into such a petty fight, it’ll make a laughing stock of us all. Besides, with both of us keeping watching at the side, it wouldn’t be too late to intervene even if Tres were to run into trouble,” the other black-clad man, too, helped to persuade at the side.

Eventually, their leader relented with a nod.

“Hahaha... Finally, I get to have some fun.”

Receiving the green light from their leader instantly delighted Tres, who went on to stretch his limbs and send his joints crackling all over.

At this moment, his eyes burned with an insatiable lust for battle.

“Wherefore is the head of the Meng family?” this stout and portly man in black abruptly hollered while he kept his hands behind him, sending his prideful inflection echoing all around.

Meng Wanjun hurried over in deference. “How may I serve, Master Tres?”

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“Heed this well and have the wine warmed up. I want it ready for my enjoyment for whence I return with that man's head!”

Amidst his boisterous voice, the black-clad figure strode forth with his saber, and in a single step, he charged all the way up to Westlake's peak.

“T-This...”

Recovering from his brief moment of shock, Meng Wanjun exclaimed aloud, “My word, such awe! In antiquity, Guan Yunchang traversed five passes and slew six generals along the way. This day, there's Master Tres bringing his wine glass to the slaughter! Marvelous. This is just marvelous. Men, bring me the hundred-year-old brew. Heat up the wine and watch alongside me while Master Tres claims his victory!”

The fear and trembling that gripped Meng Wanjun before had doubtlessly been dispersed leading up to his utterances of these auspicious words, with the certitude of the fighter from the Chu Sect a major boost to his own assuredness.

With all eyes on him, that black-clad figure forged ahead and took himself straight to the top of Westlake.

“Treading upon water and turning it into ice?”

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Such petty trickery! Now, observe as I crush your thousand miles of frost into smithereens underfoot!”

Without foreshadowing or preparation, this man went on to channel all the strength in his body onto his legs.

First, this black-clad man leaped high into the air.

Then amidst his ebullient howl, he spread his arms wide in the sky like the wings of an eagle before the masses and stomped down ferociously upon the surface of Ye Fan's frozen Westlake.

“Magnificent!” Meng Chuan slapped his thighs and lauded in jubilation.

Just as everyone awaited for this boundless stretch of ice to crumble beneath this man's feet, what was to transpire confounded all of their expectations.

Nevermind shattering, that expansive lake of frost merely quivered slightly under that man's feet, with nary a scratch appearing on it.

The entire icy mass remained as cold and resilient as steel per se.

“T-This...”

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“How is this possible? At his explosive best, Tres was comparable to an elite Grandmaster, capable of smashing a fifty-meter mountain range with one kick. So how could such stupendous power be unable to break that down?”

By the shore, the masses all reacted in astonishment.

In particular, the other two black-clad men's eyes had narrowed close to a slit as they were totally shocked to their core.

All they felt then, was pure incredulity.

“Could it be that Tres had yet to unleash his full potency? Let's wait and see.”

The leader of the black-clad trio did not respond hastily but stood his ground and continued to wait from afar for the man in the dragon mask to strike so that he may assess his opponent's true strength.

They might be able to keep their wits about them but immersed in battle, the nerves of the portly Tres had already started to fray.

He knew well how much power he had put behind that kick just now, and how he was how, in spite of it, unable to penetrate the ice formed by his counterpart's aura.

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“Who are you, really? What manner of sorcery is this? How am I unable to break through this layer of ice even after throwing everything at it?”

The black-clad man had his counterpart firmly locked within his hostile death stare, for the inscrutability of the man in the dragon mask really had him stumped.

“Enough talk, Tres. Just get it over with, and quickly. Employ your most favored saber technique to wipe him out!”

The urgings that sounded out from behind himself ultimately banished Tres' apprehensiveness.

“Not going to talk, huh? Then you shall bring your secret to the nether realms and forever hold your silence.”

In the next second, Tres' expression grew frigid as he ventured forth with his saber in hand.

The wintry glow from the keenness of the blade cast chilling rays upon the surface of Westlake as scintillating as the sun itself.

Twisting and weaving, the haphazard and violent whirling of the saber conjured up waves upon waves of a terrifying tempest.

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“Apocalyptic Saber Dance!”

Once the man's energy had converged to a point, a near thousand meter-long sword beam was abruptly unleashed, cleaving down upon the body of the man in the dragon mask with devastating force.

Whoosh!

In that instant, the man in the dragon mask was devoured by that beam that shorn out a vast valley of a rupture into the icy river beneath his feet.

By that single cleave, the man in the dragon mask was sent hurtling into the depths of the Westlake below.

“Phew. It's over!”

Standing upon the ice, the black-clad man regarded the vacant space before him and let out a long exhale.

A single blow that might have been, it seemed to have taken every ounce of energy out of him.

Tres heaved vigorously where he stood but at the same time, the corner of his lips lifted into a victorious smile upon his grizzled visage.

“Well done, Tres! I'm surprised that you've

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managed to attain the sixth level of Apocalyptic Saber Dance. Perhaps even I would not have to be able to withstand that last blow from you myself.”

To the rear, a chorus of cheers erupted from Meng Wanjun and the rest of the Meng family who was full of adulation for their Master Tres.

“It’s time to celebrate. Invite Master Tres over for a drink!” yelled Meng Wanjun in absolute exhilaration.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"H-How is this possible?"

"How could Mr. Chu have lost? How could he?"

"Mr. Chu is number one in the Sky Ranking, and the most fearsome fighter there is in the world bar none. H-How could he have been defeated?"

On Heart Island at this moment, many were cheering on the Meng family and that black-clad fighter.

But one man's pleasure is another's pain.

Bound to the stone pillar, Lu Ziming was left devastated inside. The sight of Ye Fan being plunged under Westlake by a single strike from that black-clad elderly had doused those initial flickers of hope in his eyes like candles in a storm.

His shock and despair were beyond words!

Lu Ziming's distress was compounded by a myriad of emotions while he struggled to come to terms with this outcome.

He could scarcely believe how the man he revered like a god could have been defeated once more, just like that.

"It's still hopeless, isn't it?"

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Between the trembles on her red lips, the moribund Zhang Zixi could not help but somewhat lament, and tears, too, flowed from her eyes.

Though surprised at this outcome, she had nonetheless contemplated this possibility before, as no matter how formidable Ye Fan was, it was all in the past.

He was, at present, nothing more than one who had managed to cheat death by some stroke of good fortune.

Even though he had managed to preserve his own life through various means, his abilities must surely have been severely diminished as could be expected of someone who had previously been on the brink.

The reason why Zhang Zixi did not pin much hope on Ye Fan before was in consideration of the fact that the prowess of those mysterious fighters was not something that any pedestrian person would be able to contend with.

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Chu... In the end, I still became a burden to you..."

With her heart full of remorse, Zhang Zixi's tears fell like rain.

She felt that she had done Ye Fan a disservice

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and that her own family was responsible for his death. If not for a desire to save them, Ye Fan would not have to drag his own battered body into battle with these mysterious fighters and would not have been sent to the bottom of Westlake by that heavy slash from them.

But as Zhang Zixi and the others were wallowing in despair...

Boom!

A sudden loud explosion rocked the entire scenic zone of Westlake like an earthquake.

"W-What's going on?"

"What's happening here?"

"Is it an earthquake?"

This sudden and peculiar phenomenon naturally seized the attention of everyone present.

Those three black-clad fighters, especially, variously turned and cast their sights into the distance.

"Curses!"

"What's happening?"

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"Could it be..."

Upon Westlake, the tightly furrowed Tres seemed to have noticed something amidst his own perturbation.

When he reflexively turned in the direction where he had condemned Ye Fan to the bottom of the lake, a most ominous premonition arose within him.

Boom!

Yet another deafening sound rang out amidst the bewilderment of the crowd.

The surface of Westlake had gashed open as though struck by lightning, and everyone watched as the previously settled waters started to churn once more, akin to having been brought to a boil.

Huge waves gushed from the depths of the lake and alongside those white foams, millions of tons of water were sent spiraling skyward.

From a distance, it resembled the ascent of a dragon.

Such was its awe that it had everyone breaking out in cold sweat!

"The Dragon King... It's the Dragon King! This

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time, it's for real!"

That tycoon in the crowd who saw the emergence of the water dragon before started to howl once more, with greater certainty than ever of himself.

"Like hell it is!" Chu Wenfei cursed before he consigned that fool to the space underneath the table with his boot. "The only thing these morons know is the Dragon King. How about the damned Madam White Snake, why don't you?"

Rendered speechless, Chu Wenfei nearly pissed himself.

"Mr. Chu! It's Mr. Chu!"

"Mr. Chu isn't through yet!"

"Haha. I just knew that Mr. Chu could not have been taken out that easily!"

Upon spotting that slender silhouette above the whitish glow that shimmered through the thick of the mist, Zhang Zixi and Lu Ziming squealed in delight like a pair of drowning people that caught onto that last life-saving tuft of reed. Perhaps their voices were not loud enough, or perhaps no one there could hear their shouts, but the state of agitation they were in from catching a glimpse of hope in the face of utter

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despair once more, was indescribable.

"T-This... How could this be! It's impossible! Everything I've put behind that could have leveled even a small mountain. So how could he have managed to survive that?"

When Ye Fan's silhouette made a reappearance, the sneering Tres was indeed scared shitless.

A pair of old eyes became engorged from staring in sheer disbelief at that figure who shot back out from within the Westlake and into the sky.

Seeing how his strongest attack was unable to harm Ye Fan in the least had him in utter denial, and the disconnect between his projections and reality itself was so pronounced that it ripped right through that black-clad man's pridefulness.

He began to panic, and all the will he had to fight instantly evaporated.

The only impulse he had in his mind at this moment, was to take flight!

Seeing how his opponent was impervious to even his strongest attack, there was to be no alternative.

Under these circumstances, it was meaningless

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to persist in this fight because to continue would only lead to certain death.

Like dashing an egg against a rock, the rock would come away unscathed while the egg would be expectedly smashed to bits.

Certainly, he was not the only one who had noticed how the tide had turned.

On the shore, his other two companions were gesticulating anxiously, for they too had also realized the gulf between him and Ye Fan.

“Hurry up and get out of there, Tres!”

“Run, Tres, run!”

Was there to be any chance of escape for him?

Boom!

The heavens and earth continued to reel while the reemerged Ye Fan stood tall, suspended in the air with his dragon mask and flowing robes.

The water in the lake beneath him meandered like a slithering dragon before it swiftly turned to ice, then just as rapidly shattered to pieces.

Yes!

In the presence of Ye Fan's might, the length of

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the frozen Westlake was splintered into a million shards of ice.

Finally, upon the peak of Westlake, everyone witnessed the man stretch his arms out wide as though to embrace the entire world.

In the next second, the man's shout of "to me" echoed the judgment of the divine upon the mortal realm.

Those million shards of ice then seemingly came to life, rising into the air and enveloping the skies.

From a distance, the atmosphere behind the man seemed to have been transformed into a sea of blades, as densely packed as the stars.

Reflecting the rays of the sun, they became so blinding that those people present refrained from gazing directly upon Ye Fan's splendor.

That glorious sight before them left the people present utterly transfixed.

Zhang Zixi was astounded, as was Lu Ziming. It was no different with Chu Wenfei who also stood hypnotized.

In that very instant, they felt that the figure levitating in mid-air was no mortal, but a god!

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Just like that, everyone watched as that godlike figure raised his arm up and swiftly brought it back down.

Behind him, those millions of icicle blades were guided with pace and infinite menace toward the fleeing Tres.

“Stop, you bastard!”

“How dare you mess with Tres!”

On the shore, the eyes of the remaining two black-clad men were already reddened as they barked and cursed, and then rushed forth with reckless abandon.

“Tres, Duo! With me!”

“Prismatic Eclipse!”

Perhaps it was the looming threat of death that prompted the trio to go all out this time.

With their palms pressed up against one another's, their auras fused in a way that seemed to have the three of them simultaneously merge into one unified entity.

Following that, the trio transformed themselves into a harrowing lance capable of splitting heaven and earth in this one final showdown against Ye Fan's river of blades.

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The battle for the ages that the masses envisioned did not take place, for the trio did not manage to wade beyond a mere meter into that tsunami of swords before they were overwhelmed by it.

All their defenses were penetrated by the million shards of icicles that tore into them like a knife through butter.

In full witness of all present, that previously insufferable trio was shot into like a sieve and diced into a million shreds by those blades of ice that swallowed up the skies.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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A moment later, a blood mist seeped into the ground, turning the earth red.

The three fighters in black didn't even get the chance to scream out loud, for they were already dead.

Their bodies, full of wounds, dropped to the ground like kites without strings.

Silence ensued.

No one dared speak a word.

The entire Westlake was deathly silent.

Everyone could barely hide their shock.

The billionaires gaped in disbelief as terror gripped their throats.

All it took was one move.

No one knew that the man in the dragon mask was capable of killing others a few hundred meters away with just a wave of his hand.

Of course, they found it more shocking that the man in the dragon mask was capable of destroying anything in his path.

He froze the entire Westlake and caused a heavy snow.

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They could never forget how he controlled the blades of ice.

Right there and then, the billionaires, who used to claim that there were no swordsmen in the world and trusted in their guns, cannons, and bullets, felt like their take on the world was distorting and crumbling.

Chu Wenfei is right. Snow exists in the world, but we've never seen it before. After all, the world is limitless. No one has ever seen everything the world has to offer. There is definitely something you've never seen before in a corner of the world you've never been to.

"It's him! Yes, it is! He was the one who descended upon Westlake in a drunken state to suppress Jiangbei with his terrifying force! He's back. I can't believe he's back..."

While the crowd was still in shock, the old boatman who sent Chu Wenfei here started yelling in excitement.

He jumped off his boat and went on his knees on the frozen surface of the lake as though he were Ye Fan's most devout worshipper with unshakeable faith.

"Please accept my obeisance! I pray that my son will get good results in his exam, and that my wife will be healthy!" the boatman said as

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he banged his head against the ground repeatedly.

To him, Ye Fan was a real deity.

Following his actions, some of the billionaires on Westlake got on their knees, too.

Some wished for happiness, while some apologized profusely.

In an instant, it seemed as if the world belonged at his feet.

“O-Oh, how amazing. Is he as powerful as God?”

When the ordinary humans assumed they were in presence of a God and were bowing at his feet fearfully, Zhang Zixi, who was tied onto the stone pillar, was busy casting a besotted gaze at him.

After training for twenty years, she assumed she was a talented being in Jiangbei.

However, after witnessing what the man was capable of, Zhang Zixi finally realized that one could be that mighty.

She knew that the man would continue to impress her for her entire life after she watched the fight.

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Meanwhile, a commotion had erupted on Heart Island.

Some were shocked, some afraid, and some had nothing but pure respect for Ye Fan.

However, Ye Fan couldn't care less about the commotion.

He was at the top and couldn't hear them at all.

Everyone watched as Ye Fan stepped out.

Years later, Ye Fan finally showed up at Heart Island again.

Boom!

When he landed, the frozen lake immediately melted in a blink of the eye.

The water in the lake surged and crashed against the shore in a turbulent manner.

"W-Who are you?"

The Meng family members had turned pale.

The shock was especially apparent in Meng Wanjun, who had no idea that the powerful fighters sent by the Chu Sect could be wiped out easily by this man.

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His face was as white as a sheet as he stared at the man in the dragon mask before him fearfully.

"W-What do you want?"

The man had been here for a long time, but the Meng family still didn't know his purpose.

Meng Wanjun couldn't figure out what was going on. *Since when did the Meng family offend such a vicious man? Despite being in Jiangbei for dozens of years, I've never heard of a man wearing a dragon mask. It seems like he had appeared out of nowhere. Is he really a deity from heaven?*

Fresh terror reared up within Meng Wanjun.

Finally, under the Meng family members' curious gazes, Ye Fan, who had been silent the entire time, turned back slowly.

His icy gaze swept over the crowd.

Chu Wenfei, Meng Wanjun, Lu Ziming...

Everyone who sensed his gaze trembled instinctively as though they were electrocuted.

He looked just like a demon who had emerged from the deep abyss to cull the likes of men.

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W-What's going on? Why is he giving out a strong murderous aura?

Lu Ziming felt a chill go down his spine as cold sweat flooded his pores.

He was all too familiar with this aura.

Back then, Ye Fan gave the same stare on Heart Island in the middle of Westlake.

That was because his son harmed Ye Fan's family and forced the latter to fly into a fit of rage and killed countless fighters in Jiangbei.

This time, he couldn't help but wonder the reason behind Ye Fan's rage.

Something dawned upon Lu Ziming, and he whipped his head around to ask, "Z-Zixi, have you gotten intimate with Mr. Chu?"

Ye Fan was someone who had always placed great value in relationships.

After being Ye Fan's rival for years, Lu Ziming knew that Ye Fan's biggest weakness was his family.

There was only one reason for Ye Fan's rage—the Meng family had messed around with Ye Fan's family.

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*I'm not Ye Fan's relative. Zhang Jiuling isn't, too.
The only possible person left is Zhang Zixi.*

Previously, Lu Ziming claimed that Zhang Zixi was Ye Fan's lover just to scare the Meng family.

However, it seemed that he had gotten it right.

"What do you mean by getting intimate?" Zhang Zixi responded curiously.

As she had spent most of her life cultivating, she was too innocent to understand the underlying meaning in Lu Ziming's words.

"I mean, have you gotten on bed with Mr. Chu?" Lu Ziming didn't want to be too straightforward, but the young lady was too innocent. She wouldn't understand him if he wasn't being direct.

"Mr. Lu, stop talking nonsense..."

Feeling embarrassed, Zhang Zixi flushed red despite being fragile and pale.

"A-Actually, it can be done. If you conquer him, the Zhang family can rule China for the next one hundred years! You'll get to plant the seeds for the future glory of the Zhang family," Lu Ziming muttered.

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However, Zhang Zixi merely lowered her head.

She had to admit that she felt differently about Ye Fan.

Nevertheless, she had no idea whether it was love or admiration.

Zhang Zixi knew well that either feelings were merely her wishful thinking.

Mr. Chu's prominence is legendary and above all. He had challenged the entire world single-handedly! Any description of him would be a type of emotion. My feelings would be a form of blasphemy to him. I'm satisfied to watch him from afar silently as he reigns the world once again.

When Zhang Zixi was lost in her thoughts, Ye Fan's furious voice rang out, "Why do you ask? I am here to kill everyone from the Meng family!"

Boom!

As soon as he said that, a strong wind started blowing.

The strong gust of chilling wind seemed to have formed a sword.

It then surged toward the Meng family menacingly.

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It only took one word from Ye Fan to create chaos in the world!

His domineering presence was like a tumultuous storm, suffocating the Meng family.

“Father, what should we do? Let’s run!” Meng Chuan exclaimed fearfully.

“Yes, Mr. Meng. Let’s run! The three masters ended up dead, and we’re not his match. Let’s escape!”

The Meng family members were afraid and wanted to flee the scene.

However, Meng Wanjun gave Meng Chuan a kick in the stomach. “Useless piece of sh*t! After running into trouble, all you can think of is running away. There’s nowhere to go! Even if you can leave Westlake, can you get out of Jiangbei?” Meng Wanjun roared as a menacing glint flashed across his eyes.

Tamping down his fear, he turned to face Ye Fan.

“Sir, it seems that you’re adamant in going against the Meng family. Even if you killed the three masters, it doesn’t mean that I’m afraid of you! You’ll regret your actions soon!” Meng Wanjun warned.

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Turning back, he bowed and clasped his hands together. "Fifth Elder, please save the Meng family!"

Following his lead, Meng Yilong also yelled out, "Fifth Elder, please save the Meng family!"

As their low voices resonated all around the area, a storm appeared over the horizon.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Fifth Elder, please save the Meng family!"

"Please save the Meng family!"

The Meng family pleaded pitifully.

Their pitiful voices and emotional pleas rose in a crescendo and reverberated through the air.

Everyone present, especially Zhang Zixi and Lu Ziming, were shocked by the turn of events.

"F-Fifth Elder? W-Who could that be? Don't tell me they still have a trump card. Whose coattails are they riding on?" Lu Ziming demanded in surprise.

Back when the Lu Clan called the shots in Jiangbei, they paid no heed to the Meng family.

No matter how rich or influential the Meng family was, they were nothing but a shell to the martial arts families.

For example, no matter how fat a pig was, a tiger wouldn't consider it a risk.

Alas, Lu Ziming never expected that a defenseless pig would grow to be a ferocious tiger.

Previously, Lu Ziming was already shocked by the presence of three Grandmasters.

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But now it seemed like he had underestimated the Meng family, for they still had a hidden trump card!

Following the Meng family's action, everyone at Westlake held their breaths in anticipation.

The vast place was absolutely quiet.

Chu Wenfei and the rest stared ahead anxiously.

Problems kept coming one after the other.

Initially, everyone thought that the chaos at Westlake would end following the death of the three fighters.

No one knew that the Meng family would still have a trick up their sleeves.

Right when everyone assumed a terrifying presence would show up, nothing showed up ahead ten seconds later.

The breeze created ripples all over Westlake as the sun shone on the swaying tree branches.

There was no powerful being in sight, and the lake remained calm as ever.

“What the h*ll? Is the Meng family messing around with us?” Chu Wenfei cursed with a dark

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expression.

Thinking that a monster was about to show itself, he was scared out of his wits.

It seemed that the Meng family was trying to delude them all, or that the Fifth Elder as mentioned by Meng Wanjun had been scared away.

“Father, there's no use depending on Fifth Elder and the sort. We should escape now! We're doomed if we were to remain here. I believe Fifth Elder had fled the scene. The man in the dragon mask is too terrifying. We're no match for him,” Meng Chuan declared impatiently.

He could no longer wait, especially when the person his father relied on refused to show up.

Fear clawed up his throat as he spun on his heels, ready to make an escape.

However, Meng Wanjun's gaze remained steadfast as he stared ahead devotedly.

He trusted that the Chu Sect wouldn't give up on the Meng family.

“He's here!”

Indeed, Lu Ziming, who was bound to the stone pillar, sensed something approaching.

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He then turned around abruptly.

Whoosh!

In response, a raging wind appeared from the depths of Westlake.

It was so ferocious that the entire Westlake trembled in its wake.

Before the man showed himself, his aura had already permeated the surroundings.

“Hurry, look! Look up into the sky!” someone yelled among the crowd.

Everyone looked up as told.

They saw a figure stepping out of nothing within the clouds.

His appearance caused the entire Westlake to surge as though it was boiling water. The water surged everywhere like a tumultuous storm.

Lu Ziming, Zhang Jiuling and the rest were stunned beyond words.

Lu Ziming couldn't believe his eyes. “Void Stand? Is this a supreme grandmaster? How could that be possible? It's impossible for another supreme grandmaster to exist in Jiangbei! That's entirely impossible!”

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Everyone in the martial arts world yearned to be a supreme grandmaster.

For the past few hundred years, there was only one in Jiangbei—Lu Songliang, whom Ye Fan killed previously.

Now that another Supreme had shown up in Jiangbei, no one could blame Lu Ziming and the rest for being astonished.

“He’s not from Jiangbei. I believe the Meng family got help from foreign factions.”

Zhang Jiuling was experienced enough to realize what was going on.

Three Grandmasters plus one supreme grandmaster.

In China, only War God Castle was capable of gathering them in one place.

However, the Supremes of War God Castle were superior and never interfered with the martial arts world’s fights.

Even if War God Castle wanted to help the Meng family, they didn’t have to take action personally. It would only take one order from them for the Zhang family to submit and give up on Jiangbei.

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Thus, there was only one explanation—the mysterious beings who helped the Meng family came from a foreign country.

*D*mn it! I can't believe the Meng family resorted to colluding with foreign factions. What do they have in mind?* Suddenly, Lu Ziming realized something was off.

Things are getting out of hand. Too many fighters had showed up. Is Jiangbei their only target?

Under everyone's stunned gazes, the figure who appeared from the void came to a stop above Heart Island.

Looming over everyone, he overlooked the tiny piece of land.

Under his gaze, Meng Wanjun and the other Mengs prostrated themselves and declared in unison, "Fifth Elder, please save the Meng family!"

At first, Fifth Elder said nothing and scrutinized the situation indifferently until he saw the bodies of the three men in black.

His eyes narrowed at the sight.

"Who did that? Who was the one who killed my disciples?" he demanded furiously.

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There was a hint of sadness in his voice.

“Fifth Elder, it was him. He killed the three fighters. Please take his life to avenge them!”

Meng Chuan, who initially wanted to flee the scene, promptly changed his attitude and dashed forward to point an accusing finger in Ye Fan's direction so the elderly man could take Ye Fan's life.

The Meng family members followed suit.

The mysterious elder was their only hope.

Hearing Meng Chuan's words, Fifth Elder finally noticed Ye Fan, who was standing a distance away.

“What? The man in the dragon mask?”

When he spotted the dragon mask, his face paled. The sight was too terrifying that even his heart skipped a beat.

Terror coursed through his veins as fear appeared in his eyes.

Clearly, Fifth Elder had suffered in the hands of the man in the dragon mask.

No, the mask is different. This man gives out a different aura, too. He's an imposter!

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Shortly after, Fifth Elder realized that the man in the dragon mask was an imposter.

He regained his composure and heaved a sigh of relief.

Back then, Fifth Elder had fought against the man in the dragon mask when the latter first showed up. He nearly lost his life to the man in the dragon mask. Thanks to the man in the dragon mask, he still had a menacing scar on his chest.

As the saying goes, "Once bitten, twice shy."

Perhaps the incident had traumatized Fifth Elder, for he instinctively wanted to flee the scene at the sight of the dragon mask.

Fortunately, it was just a false alarm.

He wasn't a match for the real man in the dragon mask, but it would be easy for him to defeat the imposter.

"As you're capable enough of killing my three disciples, you are obviously half a step away from being a Supreme. In China, besides the pillars of China, there is only one man capable of this achievement—Mo Wuya, son of the King of Fighters. If my guess is correct, you should be Mo Wuya, right?"

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Instead of taking action, the elderly man gazed at Ye Fan and posed that question in a low voice.

Ye Fan ignored him.

However, after the elderly man appeared, Ye Fan's body began shivering violently underneath the mask.

An intensified killing aura took over Ye Fan's entire being.

It felt like he had encountered an enemy!

"Don't worry. I can kill you easily, but I shall spare your life for the sake of your father, the King of Fighters. Leave before I change my mind."

After guessing the man's identity, Fifth Elder changed his mind and released him instead of avenging his disciples.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"No, you can't do that! The man is unbelievably powerful. He might become a pain in the neck in the future if you were to release him! We must take his life to avenge the dead fighters and ward off any future trouble!" Meng Wanjun stated anxiously after hearing Fifth Elder's words.

He couldn't believe that Fifth Elder would allow Ye Fan to leave just like that. There were no martial artists in the Meng family, so if Ye Fan were to escape unscathed, he would be a huge threat to the Meng family in the future.

The Chu Sect might've promised to protect their family, but Meng Wanjun knew the protection was temporary.

If the man in the dragon mask shows up again, who will save us in time?

"That's right. Kill him. You must kill him and rip him into pieces!" Meng Chuan chimed in loudly.

Despite their pleas, the elder frowned and declared frostily, "Shut up!"

Boom!

The sound wave created such a strong Qi that sent Meng Chuan and his son flying backward.

"Mr. Meng, I have a piece of advice for you—

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know your place. You have no right to question my decision!”

Fifth Elder's voice sounded like a thunderous explosion.

In an instant, the Meng family fell to their knees and fell silent out of fear.

Alas, Meng Wanjun couldn't figure things out. I thought the Chu Sect wants to conquer the China martial arts world? As this man is a Chinese martial artist, why didn't Fifth Elder take the chance to wipe him out and diminish a great force in the China martial arts world?

They could never understand Fifth Elder's plan.

Mo Wuya, the Prince of Fighters, was a formidable martial artist to ordinary humans.

However, to Fifth Elder, he was still half a step away from becoming a Supreme, hence he was of no importance.

It would be easy for Fifth Elder to kill Mo Wuya now.

Now that the Chu Sect was about to take action, he didn't want to attract Mount Yan's attention before they carried out their plan.

Thus, it would be most beneficial to Chu Sect to

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spare Mo Wuya.

“It has been ages, but you're still as arrogant as before. Looks like you didn't learn a lesson from that incident.”

After hearing the elderly man's haughty words, the man in the dragon mask shook his head.

“Fine. Since we meet today, I'll demand some interest from you,” he declared icily.

His voice might be soft, but it was authoritative.

He acted like he had just sentenced Fifth Elder to death.

Hearing that, Fifth Elder broke into laughter.

He cast the man a mocking look and uttered, “Young man, should I admire you for your courage? Or should I call you an insolent fool? Don't you realize the gap between our abilities? Even if your father is here, he wouldn't dare to provoke me. Stop being arrogant, and flee for your life. I have no intention of killing you or becoming the enemy of Mount Yan's War God Castle. But if you continue provoking me, I don't mind letting your father suffer from the pain of losing his son!”

Fifth Elder shook his head as though he had heard a huge joke.

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However, Ye Fan couldn't be bothered to respond to his words.

Underneath the dragon mask, Ye Fan looked up, his gaze turning cold.

His energy started gathering within his elixir field.

Years later, Invoke the Celestial Cloud started yet again.

At once, powerful gusts of wind swept the clouds across the sky and churned the lake.

The elemental force of the sky and ground gathered in Ye Fan's hands as though he had summoned them.

Right when Ye Fan unleashed his wrath, Fifth Elder felt his brows twitching discreetly.

Strangely, he found the man's aura familiar.

Have I seen him someplace else? Could he be a Supreme from Mount Yan?

Fifth Elder furrowed his brows at the thought but quickly brushed it off.

The Chu Sect had kept all pillars of China under tight surveillance. Before coming here, Fifth Elder confirmed that King of Fighters, Sword

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Saint, and their kind were on top of Mount Yan.

Never mind. I shall stop thinking about it.

Sensing the increasing threatening force, Fifth Elder narrowed his eyes slowly as a murderous look finally flashed across his eyes.

“Young man, you won't give up, huh? I've made myself clear, but you insist on provoking me. Fine. You're allowed to launch an attack before I start attacking you. That way, you'll find out the gap between our abilities. Otherwise, you'll think you're invincible after becoming a Supreme. You're useless. Even if I stand here and do nothing as you attack me, I won't get hurt,” Fifth Elder uttered arrogantly.

He sounded arrogant as though he had already won the fight.

In fact, he even promised to let the man attack him first.

Everyone thought Fifth Elder was joking, but he landed on the ground and gave the ground a forceful stomp.

The ground cracked open, and an invincible aura escaped the earth to form an armor created by aura around Fifth Elder.

“Come on, young man! Attack me! Today, I shall

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show you that your energy is nothing before a real expert," Fifth Elder announced as he patted his chest.

Clearly, Fifth Elder wanted the young man to back down.

He had made a trip to China on a secret mission.

The head told him to avoid attracting War God Castle's attention so Sword Saint and the rest would remain on Mount Yan. That way, they could wipe them all out at once.

If something happened to Mo Wuya, the King of Fighters would be alerted for sure.

If the King of Fighters came south to seek revenge, the sect's plan would be ruined.

Thus, after careful consideration, Fifth Elder decided to avoid starting a fight and scare Mo Wuya away with his capability.

"Father, will this work? This elder seems too arrogant."

Meng Yilong and the rest were astonished by Fifth Elder's confusing actions.

Is this even a fight? He's merely showing off. Why would one stand still and wait for one's

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opponent to attack?

The corner of Meng Wanjun's eye twitched as he replied in a low voice, "He might be bold thanks to his powers."

In face of Fifth Elder's arrogance, Ye Fan didn't hold back.

He stepped forward and threw a punch.

Fifth Elder was indeed a capable fighter who was true to his words.

He didn't avoid Ye Fan's attack.

Boom!

A loud boom sounded as Ye Fan's fist landed on Fifth Elder's chest accurately.

As the terrifying Qi spread all over the area, the crowd shut their eyes in fear.

After the impact died down, they looked toward both men.

Fifth Elder stood rooted to the spot. He didn't even move an inch.

"What the heck? That was amazing!"

"Hahaha!"

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"It was a strong punch, but Fifth Elder wasn't affected at all. He's amazing!"

The Meng family members were impressed by the sight.

Meng Chuan guffawed smugly. "Son of a b*tch, see that? Hurry, get on your knees and beg for forgiveness!"

His menacing voice echoed all around them.

The moment he said those words, Fifth Elder shook violently.

He then spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with bits of his internal organs.

Crash!

The previously arrogant elder had dropped to his knees.

"Y-You... You aren't Mo Wuya. Who are you?" Fifth Elder demanded in a trembling voice.

He held his stomach as his entire being convulsed painfully.

The flaring pain in his stomach was so extreme that he nearly vomited his guts out.

His mouth stained with blood, Fifth Elder forced

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himself to look at the man in the dragon mask.

Initially, he had assumed that his power would be enough for the young man to back down.

Alas, he had never expected this to happen to him.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"You don't have to know who I am. What's important is that you know I'm the one who's going to kill you," uttered Ye Fan coldly.

The man's words were so fear-inducing that whoever heard them could immediately feel a shiver run down their spines.

However, the Chu Sect elder was not about to give up on his life just like that, so he gritted his teeth and swiftly jumped backward to distance himself from Ye Fan.

"You little punk! It seems I may have underestimated you. I admit that I made a mistake by showing you mercy. I intended to spare you so that you could see just how outmatched you were, but now I realize you're so much more than meets the eye. Hence, I'll no longer hold back. Not only did you murder my apprentice, but you also disrespected me, so believe me when I tell you that you won't leave here in one piece!" roared Fifth Elder with bloodshot eyes.

He's much more powerful than I expected, so I can't afford to underestimate him again. If I don't fight with everything I have, he could very well get the better of me.

With that, Fifth Elder readied himself to fight Ye Fan with all his might.

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The elder summoned so much Internal Energy in his elixir field that his body was immediately charged with power.

Like lightning, Fifth Elder charged toward Ye Fan and started assaulting his enemy.

Before that, the elder was worried that he might not be able to land his attacks.

However, it turned out that his concern was unfounded as the man in the dragon mask took every blow like a punching bag, from his neck to his stomach.

Fifth Elder's savage beatdown was like a machine gun firing non-stop at Ye Fan, eventually tearing the latter's shirt into a million pieces.

"What are you doing, Mr. Chu? Quickly fight back!" shouted Zhang Zixi.

At that moment, it seemed like the injured Fifth Elder had the upper hand in the battle.

To everyone watching, Ye Fan did not look as though he could withstand the assault any longer, much less retaliate.

As far as they could tell, it was not even a fight at all; it was more like a one-sided beatdown.

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Zhang Zixi's eyes immediately welled up with tears when she saw how brutally assaulted Ye Fan was.

However, because of how weak she was then, Zhang Zixi could not shout very loudly even though she tried her best.

"That must be the funniest joke I've heard in a long time. Does he even look like he's capable of fighting back, you stupid b*tch!"

After hearing Zhang Zixi, Meng Chuan rushed over to give the woman a hard slap on the face.

Instantly, the already sickly Zhang Zixi tasted blood on her lips.

"B*tch, if I were you, I'd drop all those meaningless fantasies because there's no way in hell anybody's coming to save you! You and your family are doomed, so you might as well just accept reality. That guy only managed to touch Fifth Elder because the elder underestimated him. But now that Fifth Elder's decided to go all out, nobody's going to be able to stand in his way. After the guy gets beaten to a pulp, I'll be sure to drag him over to you so that I can send you both to the afterlife together. I mean, you two are a couple, right? It's only appropriate for me to ensure that you're able to keep each other company in death. You don't have to thank me, though. I've always

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enjoyed granting people their last wishes,” added Meng Chuan before cackling.

Seeing the wretched state a beauty like Zhang Zixi was in gave the man pleasure unlike any he had before.

“What do you see in that guy, though? If you ask me, I think the dude's a complete idiot! He could've walked away in one piece, but for some reason, he just had to offend Fifth Elder. And where did that get him? Right in front of the grave he dug for himself!” mocked Meng Chuan.

Initially, the Mengs were worried that Ye Fan might become a pain in the neck in the future if Fifth Elder were to let the man go.

However, they never expected Ye Fan to play with fire by angering Fifth Elder, who then decided to do exactly what they wanted in the first place.

As the Mengs watched with gladness, Fifth Elder continued to deal out punishment like a madman.

Dishing out thunderous blow after blow, the elder seemed to have unleashed almost every move he had in his arsenal on Ye Fan.

“Die, worm! Die! You should feel honored to be

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killed by me,” sneered Fifth Elder.

After unleashing everything he had, the elder was convinced that he had completely destroyed his enemy's insides.

However, Fifth Elder knew that killing a Grandmaster was no easy task, not to mention a supreme grandmaster.

Hence, he dared not make the same mistake by holding back or giving Ye Fan a chance to recover.

Fifth Elder was ready to butcher his enemy without giving the man an opportunity to fight back.

“It's over. Let me end this fight with our sect's ultimate move!” shouted Fifth Elder before hitting Ye Fan with the Chu Sect Fatal Moves.

The combo of Wolf Dance, Tiger's Roar, and Ascending Dragon was brutally struck into Ye Fan's chest; its terrifying power was akin to that of an erupting volcano.

Immediately, everyone at the scene witnessed how the formidable force reduced Ye Fan's upper garment to shreds.

“Mr. Chu! Mr. Chu!” cried out Zhang Zixi in tears while Lu Ziming widened his eyes in horror.

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On the other hand, the Mengs and Fifth Elder smirked at Ye Fan's dire state, convinced that they had won the day.

However, just when everyone thought Ye Fan would end up like his clothes, a pillar of golden light suddenly shot out of the man's body and pierced through the clouds.

Then, dragon-like patterns started to appear on his skin.

It was as though the Dragon Gods themselves had emerged to protect Ye Fan from harm.

"But... But how can this be? That's... That's Dragon God Body!" exclaimed Fifth Elder in surprise as he stared at his enemy, refusing to believe what he just saw.

"How... How is this even possible? How did you attain Dragon God Body?"

Shocked, the elder's eyes widened so much that they looked as though they would pop out from their sockets at any time. *Dragon God Body is the pinnacle of martial arts in the Chu Sect! Besides the past leaders of the sect, Ms. Tang's the only one who's mastered the skill. There used to be another person who's also accomplished such a feat, but he's already dead!*

Never did Fifth Elder imagine that he would

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witness the glory of Dragon God Body in Westlake of Jiangbei, China.

After returning his senses, the elder immediately made a break for it and could not care less about what others thought of him.

As a member of the Chu Sect, he knew just how powerful Dragon God Body was and that a supreme grandmaster who could wield the move was definitely out of his league. *If I were to continue with the fight, I'd lose for sure! There's no other way but to make a run for it now.*

"D*mn it! He's mastered Dragon God Body? How is that even possible? Not even Mr. Tianqi could do it. I just don't understand!" muttered Fifth Elder while trying to escape.

No wonder he just stood there like a punching bag. I wondered why he didn't seem threatened or intimidated in any way, and now I know the reason.

"Darn it! Why is there such a powerful being in Jiangbei?" Fifth Elder continued to grumble.

Even though his plan for the place had been disrupted, he did not consider it all for naught. *At least now I know of his existence and can better prepare for it. When we, the Chu Sect, arrive on Mount Yan again, we'll be ready for him.*

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“You should've just laid low and lived out the rest of your life in peace. But now that you've gotten yourself involved, it won't be long before our leader and army trample you under their feet! You're as good as dead!” promised Fifth Elder after turning his head around as that was the only way to vent his frustration.

“Huh? Where did he go?” Fifth Elder raised an eyebrow curiously when he realized that the man in the dragon mask was already nowhere to be seen.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Suddenly, the elder had an ominous feeling, and as expected, he found his enemy standing just behind him when he turned back around.

Fifth Elder was shocked to the core as he had no idea how the man caught up to him without him even noticing. "How... How did you get here so fast?"

At that point, the elder was on the brink of losing his mind, for he thought it was bad enough that his enemy mastered Dragon God Body, but the man was also quick like lightning.

Before he even realized it, the man in the dragon mask had already dashed up to him.

"I told you that there's no escaping me, didn't I?" reminded Ye Fan before releasing an earth-shattering force to pin Fifth Elder down.

As much as the elder wanted to, he could not seem to move an inch, and he was filled with desperation and terror.

Then, Ye Fan lifted his hand to the sky and began to summon energy from all around him to his palm.

Chu Wenfei and the others were dumbfounded when the earth seemed to crack open as the energy Ye Fan summoned converged into a tornado.

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It was not until that moment that Fifth Elder knew what it was like to be staring death in the face.

"No! You... You can't kill me! I'm an elder of the Chu Sect. If you kill me, our leader, Ms. Tang, will annihilate your entire family!" threatened Fifth Elder with a fear-stricken face.

Although the injured elder was obviously horrified, he was still shouting threats at Ye Fan.

Because of how loud the tornado was, nobody could hear Fifth Elder except for Ye Fan, who immediately trembled when Tang Yun was mentioned.

Then, like a candle running out of wax, the energy emanating from Ye Fan slowly died out, which got Lu Ziming and the others wondering what had just happened.

"What's going on? What happened to Mr. Chu? Why did he stop? He should kill the elder while he has the chance!" Lu Ziming thought Ye Fan was going to put an end to the battle with a decisive strike, so naturally, he got anxious when things did not turn out that way.

Unlike Lu Ziming, Zhang Zixi was stunned because she was curious why Ye Fan suddenly had a change of heart.

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It was obvious to her that the aura emanating from Ye Fan was different than before.

If one were to compare him to a devil before, the man would be an angel then.

Even though Zhang Zixi had no idea whose name it was that Ye Fan heard, she had a feeling that it was that of someone he loved or cared deeply about.

At that point, Zhang Zixi could not help but regret that she did not appear in the man's life sooner. *Otherwise, I might have a more important place in Mr. Chu's heart.*

"You finally learned your place, didn't you? Now here's what I want you to do, punk. You're going to abolish your martial prowess, get down on your knees, and swear that you'll never speak of this day. If you do all those things, I'll promise to spare your life when the Chu Sect rules the world. Otherwise, Ms. Tang will reduce you to ashes! Remember how powerful the Unrivalled was? But even he was no match for our sect, so take a page from the guy and avoid making the same mistake." When Fifth Elder saw how Ye Fan had softened up, he thought the man was afraid of Tang Yun, so he quickly regained his arrogance.

However, Ye Fan did not pay any attention to Fifth Elder's words.

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Instead, he just gazed intently at the elder before asking hesitantly, "Is she doing fine?"

Unbeknownst to anyone but himself, Ye Fan had to bolster his courage in order to get that seemingly simple question out of his mouth.

No matter how strong Ye Fan was physically and mentally, the name the elder brought up was more than enough to break down his defenses.

Ye Fan thought he had already gotten over the woman, but when he heard her name again, he still could not help but see her graceful silhouette inside his head.

He would never forget how he met Tang Yun on Mount Chumen when he was at the end of his rope.

The naive woman did not care that Ye Fan had nothing or what people would say about her and was ready to give up her coveted position to take the hard road with him.

Still, Ye Fan let her down as he could not take her with him back then, so he wondered how she had been doing after all those years.

Fifth Elder was stunned when he heard Ye Fan's question. "Wait. What did you say? Are you asking about the head of our sect, Ms. Tang?"

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Curious, the elder raised an eyebrow at Ye Fan for asking such a strange question.

Why the heck would he want to know if Ms. Tang is doing fine? What does that even have to do with him? It's not like Ms. Tang would ever associate herself with someone like him.

At that thought, Fifth Elder scoffed condescendingly at his enemy.

Tang Yun was widely recognized as one of the most beautiful women in the martial arts world. On top of that, she was both elegant and commanding, making her the most sought-after bachelorette to the supreme grandmasters.

Even Ye Qingtian, the War God of China, was one of her pursuers at one point.

Hence, when Ye Fan sounded like he was interested in Tang Yun, Fifth Elder could not help but sneer at the man. *You're way out of your league, punk!*

Suddenly, the elder had an idea and thought he could use Ye Fan's interest to his advantage. "Sigh... Unfortunately, she hasn't been doing very well for the past few years."

"What? Why? Is Chu Yuan giving her trouble?" inquired Ye Fan anxiously.

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Seeing how he had successfully baited the man, Fifth Elder decided to continue.

“Even though she's a supreme grandmaster who ages slower than ordinary people, time still takes its toll on her. We know how much she wants someone to be by her side, so we've been looking to find her the perfect partner. Sadly, we combed the entire martial arts world and still failed to find anyone worthy.” Fifth Elder sighed in a worried tone.

Ye Fan fell silent and thought for a moment after hearing the elder.

“This is it!” When Fifth Elder saw how distracted Ye Fan was, he immediately straightened his fingers and launched them at his enemy's throat.

I have you now!

Because of how close they were, Fifth Elder was sure that it would be impossible for Ye Fan to evade his attack in time, and as expected, he successfully pierced the man's neck with his fingers.

“Huh? Where's the blood?” The elder was about to celebrate when he noticed that his enemy did not bleed.

“D*mn it! It's just an afterimage!” cursed Fifth

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Elder, but it was already too late for him to do anything about it.

As soon as the afterimage dissipated, the elder realized that Ye Fan was ready to unleash the third move of Invoke the Celestial Sky, Earthshaking Palm.

In the blink of an eye, Fifth Elder was overcome with a tremendous force.



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"No! Don't!" Fifth Elder was shaken to his core.

His eyes were bloodshot as he stared frightenedly at the approaching familiar and terrifying palm.

In the end, Fifth Elder's body was smacked by the Earthshaking Palm.

Following a deafening sound, everyone saw Fifth Elder's entire body exploding from the neck down before them.

Blood and flesh splattered everywhere, and it was raining red.

Ultimately, the pieces of flesh fell into Westlake from the impact of the Earthshaking Palm.

The lake immediately turned red.

As for the head, it fell to the ground and rolled around like a piece of candied haw.

However, Fifth Elder was somehow still alive.

Although only his head remained, he was still conscious and breathing.

Fifth Elder's eyes widened as he stared at the man in the dragon mask before him.

Dragon God Body, Invoke the Celestial Sky, that

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skinny figure, and the familiar presence. Finally, I think I've figured out his identity. He's Chu Tianfan! He was the one who single-handedly caused chaos on Mount Chumen! Not only is he still alive, but he has also returned!

After coming to this shocking conclusion, Fifth Elder used some sort of technique to make his head tremble. The head was then seen scribbling on the ground.

Crimson red blood tainted the ground, and strange lines could be seen forming.

At the same time, it was peaceful and quiet somewhere far away on Mount Chumen.

Suddenly, words in blood-red color appeared across the sky over Mount Chumen.

"Look!"

"What's that?"

"Alert Ms. Tang at this instant!"

"Quickly!"

The people on top of the mountain knew something bad had happened.

Instantly, the entire Mount Chumen was in turmoil.

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From the foot to the top of the mountain, everyone's eyes were filled with terror.

Even the elders of Chu Sect and Tang Yun were shocked.

"That's Heavenly Blood Messaging Technique!"

"Isn't that a technique only known by Chu Sect's elders and high-ranking members?"

The head of the elders, Tang Xian, looked up to the sky with despair written all over his face. "That's from Fifth Elder. He's sending us a message."

At the peak of the Chu Sect, there stood a beautiful and lonely figure. Her long dress and faint purple earrings were swaying in the wind.

She had a noble aura that would put everyone to shame.

At that moment, the woman, who was head of the Chu Sect, was staring into the sky expressionlessly.

Meanwhile, voices of confusion ensued.

Everyone on Mount Chumen had their heads raised in anticipation.

They were eager to find out what message was

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so important that Fifth Elder had to tell them with such a method.

Shortly after, as if someone was dragging the lines across the sky, they started heading in the same direction while forming words.

Right then, everyone was paying their utmost attention to the words in the sky. One of them was reading the message out loud, "He's back! That man has returned! He's..."

However, the message stopped there. It seemed like Fifth Elder couldn't finish what he was trying to say.

It was safe to assume that he was going to expose the man's name in the next sentence.

However, no one knew why he had stopped.

The words in the sky then suddenly shattered into pieces like they were made of glass.

"What happened?"

"Why did it stop?"

"Why didn't Fifth Elder continue?"

"Who's back?"

"Who is he?"

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Upon seeing the words disappear, everyone on Mount Chumen was bewildered.

None of them knew what was going on.

Most importantly, they had no idea who Fifth Elder was referring to.

Although all they saw were words forming in the sky, they could tell that Fifth Elder was in a state of terror when he sent them the message.

After all, only a terrified person would deliver such an incoherent message.

Tang Xian was visibly annoyed when he grumbled, "Exactly what happened? Old Shen, contact Fifth Elder right away via our internal network! Find out what nonsense was he talking about! He didn't even tell us who was he referring to."

At the same time, he also asked the others to reach Fifth Elder via other communication methods.

However, what Tang Yun was about to say next shocked everyone in Chu Sect. "Don't bother doing that. He's dead. I think he knew he was about to die when he wrote us that message."

While she was speaking, she was pondering as well. *Who's the man Fifth Elder was talking*

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about? Who exactly has returned? Who in the world is capable of making the strongest elder pee his pants?

“Dead?”

“How could that be?”

“Fifth Elder is of Supreme rank!”

“Could it be that the old gits from Mount Yan had all ambushed him at once? Otherwise, Fifth Elder could've easily escaped even if he couldn't fight his counterpart!”

Right then, all the members of the Chu Sect on Mount Chumen were stumped.

No one knew what sort of scary events were unfolding somewhere far away in China.

“Well, it seems like someone incredible had appeared in China.” Tang Xian came to a realization.

I bet everything is connected to the man Fifth Elder was talking about. However, why did he say the man has returned? Could it be that the man had been here before? In that case, he was indicating that everyone in Chu Sect knew this man. Who could it be?

While Tang Xian was pondering, a young and

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handsome man appeared out of nowhere. The man was dressed in a black suit and a white shirt with silver trims. Also, he had a white silk scarf folded in his chest pocket.

His blue tie was tied into a bow, and he looked like a dashing gentleman.

“Young Master!”

“Young Master!”

Upon seeing that man, everyone in Chu Sect bowed and greeted him respectfully.

However, the man ignored them and walked past them with his hands in his pockets.

He had dark green eyes. If one were to look directly into them, one could see a hint of a golden gleam in their depths.

When the man approached Tang Yun, his arrogance and domineering aura disappeared instantly. He then bowed to Tang Yun and greeted, “Master!”

When Tang Xian saw the man's arrival, a thought came to his mind.

“It's Chu Zhenghong! Ms. Tang, could it be that Fifth Elder was referring to Chu Zhenghong?” Tang Xian asked in shock.

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Tang Xian couldn't keep his usual calm when that thought popped up in his mind.

Meanwhile, at Westlake, the breeze was blowing, and the green willow trees were swaying in the wind. The scenery at the lake was the most beautiful during springtime.

However, no one was in the mood to take in the breathtaking scenery.

Instead, they were all staring in horror at the man in the dragon mask as he squashed the head with his foot.

Instantly, brain matter and blood were flowing all over the ground.

Despite that, Ye Fan remained calm as if he was only crushing a bug.

Although he had just killed a supreme grandmaster, he seemed completely unfazed by it.

Instead, he felt a hint of regret. *What a shame. That old fool should've just come clean and told me about how Tang Yun is doing. It's all right. I still have to drop by there, eventually. By then, I can just ask her myself. As for now, it's time to exterminate the pests of Jiangbei.*

After killing the elder of the Chu Sect, Ye Fan

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shifted his gaze toward the Meng family.

This time around, the Meng family was no longer acting as brazenly as before.

In fact, they were completely at Ye Fan's mercy.

“Why? Why do you have to kill us? I don't get it! Why? Is it the Zhang family's order? What benefits did they promise you? The Meng family will double it! No, scrap that. We'll give you ten times more! Not only are we rich, but we have a lot of beautiful girls as well! If you let us live, you can take whatever you want from us! As for the girls in my family, just take your pick! In fact, the girls in the Meng family are all beautiful and charming! They are even comparable to Zhang Zixi! All I ask of you is to spare our lives!” Meng Wanjun begged.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The elder from Chu Sect had died.

Upon seeing the blood on the ground and the crushed skull underneath Ye Fan's foot, Meng Wanjun was utterly terrified.

He knew the Meng family was doomed as he had no more tricks under his sleeves. *Perhaps now my only option is to kneel and beg!*

"Please! I beg of you. Please spare the Meng family. If you let us live, the Meng family will do as you say. From now on, you'll reign over Jiangbei. Whatever the Zhang family is giving you, we can match them as well. In fact, we can even give you more. Now, we've almost eradicated the entire Zhang family. Since they only have a few people left, they won't be able to help you guard Jiangbei. Unlike them, the Meng family is full of capable people. We can serve you and keep the region in check!" Meng Wanjun knelt on the ground and begged.

The man, who wished to reign over Jiangbei, was no longer as prideful as he used to be. Instead, he was asking for mercy on his knees in a lowly manner.

At that moment, he was utterly helpless, and all he could do was beg humbly.

Meng Chuan and the rest were disheartened as well.

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All the members of the Meng family were kneeling on the ground helplessly, resembling death row prisoners.

Upon hearing what Meng Wanjun said, Zhang Jiuling felt a surge of hopelessness.

Lu Ziming knew what it meant for him as well. *We're doomed. After all, Meng Wanjun had a point. The Meng family is now more powerful than everyone else. Back then, Ye Fan only helped us because of his agreement with the Zhang family. The Zhang family was supposed to look after Qiu Mucheng, and in return, Ye Fan will look out for the Zhang family. But now that the Zhang family has crumbled, the Meng family is more capable of looking after Qiu Mucheng.*

Given the situation, Ye Fan had no reason to help the Zhang family anymore.

All of a sudden, despair overwhelmed Lu Ziming, Zhang Zixi, and Zhang Jiuling.

Although Zhang Jiuling didn't mind dying since he was already so old, his heart was aching for his young granddaughter. *She's too young to die!*

In desperation, Zhang Jiuling gritted his teeth as he endured the weakness in his body and begged, "M-Mr. Chu, I know the Zhang family has no use for you anymore. However, could

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you please let my granddaughter live? She's still so young. Although Zixi is nowhere as capable as you, she's still a very talented individual in the martial arts world. Mr. Chu, please let her stay by your side. You don't need to make her your wife. All I hope is that you can provide for her in life. If you do that, I'll definitely look over you when I'm dead, Mr. Chu."

Zhang Jiuling pleaded with a frail voice.

As a matter of fact, he didn't care about his own life. At that moment, all he wanted was for his granddaughter to live out hers.

"Grandpa, don't say that! I don't want to live if you're dead..." Zhang Zixi shook her head as she sobbed.

"Silly girl, don't be foolish. Y-You still have a long journey ahead of you. In fact, your life has just started. Once I die, follow Mr. Chu and care for him for the rest of your life, okay? Make Mr. Chu your life companion..." Zhang Jiuling said in a dreary tone.

Meanwhile, Lu Ziming kept mum and sighed upon hearing that.

Indeed, there could only be one ruler.

If Ye Fan were to choose the Meng family as the ruler of Jiangbei, Zhang Jiuling and Lu

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Ziming would surely die.

However, Ye Fan ignored Zhang Jiuling completely. *We've only met once. Why should I entertain him?*

Zhang Jiuling couldn't help but feel a complete loss of hope when he saw how cold Ye Fan was. *He won't even grant me a single request.*

At that moment, the man was utterly disappointed.

He didn't blame Ye Fan, though.

After all, the latter wasn't indebted to the Zhang family.

In fact, back when Zhang Jiuling was the leader of the martial arts world in Jiangbei, he had reprimanded Ye Fan. Besides, he chose not to lend Ye Fan a hand when the latter was in trouble.

Hence, he could understand why Ye Fan refused to grant him his request.

Upon witnessing the scene, Meng Wanjun couldn't help but feel delighted.

He immediately instructed his family members, "Quick! Pay your respect to the new ruler of Jiangbei. From today onward, the Meng family

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will regard you as our ruler! We'll kill all your enemies for you."

Being the witty man he was, Meng Wanjun was quick to get his family to butter Ye Fan up before he could say anything.

However, Ye Fan merely chuckled coldly in response.

"If you guys didn't trouble Tangtang, Mr. Hu, and Mdm. Yue, I'd actually consider letting you guys rule Jiangbei. However, you guys did exactly that. They're just a bunch of commoners working hard to make ends meet! In fact, all they wanted was to go about their lives peacefully, but you guys just had to take their happiness away. Why? Is it because you guys are the richest in Jiangbei? Did you make their lives hard just because you could? Was it necessary to take away the commoners' happiness and dignity?" Ye Fan shook his head and spoke in a chilly tone.

No one knew how angry Ye Fan was as he looked calm and collected.

Meng Wanjun started to panic upon hearing that.

"Sir, you must have made a mistake. I have no idea what you are talking about. Commoners? Mr. Hu? Neither I nor the Meng family has ever

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bullied the commoners. You've mistaken."
Meng Wanjun shook his head in denial.

"Did I? If you don't know anything about it, why don't you ask your son?" With that, Ye Fan shifted his gaze toward Meng Chuan.

The latter instantly shivered in fear. "Y-You're the p-person at the auction?"

Meng Chuan quickly realized something. *Isn't the family I dealt with at Nakamura the Hu family?*

At that thought, he grew anxious.

He then hurriedly ran to Ye Fan and knelt before the man. With snot and tears streaming down his face, he begged, "Sir, I was wrong! I'm now aware of my mistake. I won't repeat it again! I can compensate them by paying them a lot of money! Not only that, but I'll also provide them with medical care, and I'll build houses for them! Please spare my life!"

By then, Meng Wanjun finally realized what had happened. "I-It was you! B*stard!"

After that, he stood up abruptly and landed a kick on Meng Chuan's face. "You imbecile! How did I end up having a son like you? The Meng family is going down because of you!"

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Meng Wanjun was sad and angry at the same time.

Prior to that, he was wondering what he had done to offend the person in front of him.

But now, he finally realized that his son was the cause of everything that had happened.

In a moment of rage, Meng Wanjun broke Meng Chuan's legs and started beating him up badly.

After that, he knelt before Ye Fan and begged again.

"I've already given you guys a chance, but look at what happened in the end. Tangtang and Mdm. Yue got in trouble because of me. After that, you guys destroyed Mr. Hu's house. It's time I stop being so merciful. It seems like some people are just not worthy of being treated with mercy." Ye Fan shook his head as he decided on their fate.

Boom!

A moment later, the Earthshaking Palm suddenly landed on them.

Along with the Meng family, half of Heart Island was buried deep under Westlake.

Crimson red blood tainted the lake once again.

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With Chu Tianfan's return to Jiangbei that spring, the Meng family was eradicated from the land forever.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Meanwhile, Mdm. Yue and her family's lives were no longer in danger. They were currently recuperating at Livingsfill General Hospital.

"Ye Fan, has everything come to an end? Those thugs won't come and bother us again?" Yue Yingchun and Hu Yipeng were very doubtful upon hearing about the Meng family's demise.

After all, the Mengs were the richest family in Jiangbei.

Their legacy had been going on for decades by then.

In fact, almost all the businesses in Livingsfill were under the influence of the Meng family in some way.

In the eyes of Hu Yipeng and the others, the Meng family was a mighty force.

Naturally, they were in disbelief when Ye Fan told them that the Meng family had been destroyed, and the people of Jiangbei were free from their clutches forever.

In response, Ye Fan merely flashed a smile before switching on the television and tuning into the local Jiangbei station.

At that moment, the television was showing the news.

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Meng Group is allegedly involved in illegal trading.

The authorities have launched an investigation!

All their accounts and assets have been frozen!

Even the esteemed members of the Meng family have been brought in by the police for questioning!

The head of the Meng family allegedly committed suicide to escape punishment.

The news about the Meng family broke.

On the television screen, a pretty journalist was seen reporting the news with a microphone. Behind her, the women and kids of the Meng family were seen being led out of the Meng family manor by the police. Some of them were even in handcuffs when they were brought into the police cars.

The news channel was publicly showing everyone how the richest family in Jiangbei had fallen.

"I-It's real?" Hu Yipeng's eyes widened in astonishment.

At the same time, Yue Yingchun was also covering her mouth in bewilderment when she

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saw the news.

They had all grown up in Livingsfill. Hence, they were aware of how influential the Meng family was in the world of businesses and politics.

In fact, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that the Meng family was the local tyrant.

All those years, the Meng family was involved in countless unscrupulous crimes, especially Meng Chuan, who had harmed a lot of the local young girls.

However, there wasn't much anyone could do because the Meng family was that powerful. Even the local authorities had to rely upon the Meng family if they wished to have a smooth-sailing career.

Hence, the people of Jiangbei had no choice but to put up with all the bullying acts committed by the Meng family.

Hu Yipeng and the others would have never expected that a family so powerful would tumble overnight.

"All thanks to the government, the country, and the authorities!" At that moment, Hu Yipeng and his wife were crying tears of joy.

All the grievances, fears, and anger bottled up

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in their hearts dissipated when they saw the fall of the Meng family.

Seeing that, Ye Fan smiled slightly and said, "There's more to come! I told the government about what happened to you guys. The authorities told me that they'd compensate you guys by giving you a portion of the Meng family's wealth. They'll compensate for your house, furniture, medical bills, and everything else. I'm sure they'll send someone here to tell you guys in detail."

Upon hearing that, the couple was overwhelmed with excitement. "Quick, Ye Fan! Bring us to see the authorities. We have to thank them in person! They've saved all of us!"

Prior to that, Hu Yipeng and his wife felt extremely hopeless. Not only was their home destroyed, but they also had no money to pay for the expensive medical bills.

Suddenly, all their troubles had been resolved.

At that moment, they finally saw the ray of hope.

"Mr. Hu, Mdm. Yue, you guys can thank them later. You should focus on getting better first," Ye Fan advised them.

After the couple had settled down, they glanced

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at Tangtang, whose face was covered with bandages, and the couple shed tears again in distress.

The fire the Meng family set had caused severe burns on Tangtang's skin.

It was so bad that half of her face was severely burnt.

Besides, the doctor told them she had no chance of full recovery. The most they could do was to lessen the scars on her face.

That was a huge blow to Hu Yipeng and his wife.

After all, Tangtang was still very young. Before she could even reach the age where looks mattered the most for a girl, she had already suffered such a predicament.

"Who'd want to marry her in the future?" Yue Yingchun sobbed.

"I'll think of something, Mdm. Yue. A friend of mine is a highly skilled doctor. I'll try my best to convince her to help Tangtang," Ye Fan comforted her.

Then, he joked in an attempt to lighten the mood, "Moreover, even if she can't heal Tangtang, doesn't she have me? Tangtang said

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she'd marry me in the future, right?"

Upon hearing that, Yue Yingchun and her husband chuckled in amusement.

"You little rascal! Are you trying to rob the cradle?"

In the afternoon, Yue Yingchun and her husband were brought away by the nurse to do their checkups.

Hence, only Ye Fan and Tangtang were left in the ward.

The child's eyes were fixed on Ye Fan while she held tightly onto the hem of his shirt.

It seemed that she could only use this way to calm herself.

Ye Fan was sitting by the bed while peeling an orange for Tangtang.

At the door to the ward, there were three people kneeling.

It turned out that Lu Ziming, Zhang Jiuling, and Zhang Zixi, who were imprisoned by the Meng family, were kneeling outside the ward.

They had regained some energy after a day of recovering, and the three of them came over to

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kneel before Ye Fan, albeit with their injuries.

Besides wanting to thank Ye Fan for saving their lives, they were here to seek forgiveness from him.

After all, they had failed to protect Ye Fan's friends.

"What's going on, Ye Fan? Who are these three people?" Yue Yingchun and her husband had returned from their checkups. They were stumped when they saw the three people kneeling by the door.

Ye Fan merely smiled and said, "Ignore them, Mdm. Yue. Would you and Mr. Hu like to have some oranges? I've peeled some for you guys."

He completely ignored the three people who were kneeling.

Suddenly, a nurse was heard screaming, "Oh god! Isn't he M-Mr. Lu?"

Shortly after, the hospital's directors rushed toward the scene.

They were all shocked to see Lu Ziming there.

"Mr. Lu, w-what are you doing?"

"Please get up, Mr. Lu!"

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The hospital's directors were utterly bewildered and courteously tried to help Lu Ziming up.

Meanwhile, Yue Yingchun and her husband were puzzled by the scene. She then asked a nurse nearby about the person's identity.

"Madam, he's the head of Lu Clan, Lu Ziming. He's our hospital's major shareholder," the nurse replied.

"What? L-Lu Ziming? The head of Lu Clan?" Hu Yipeng was stunned.

Although it had been years since the downfall of the Lu Clan, they were once a force to be reckoned with. Despite their fall from grace, they were still considered a prominent family.

Needless to say, they were considered very influential people in the eyes of Yue Yingchun and the rest.

As such, Hu Yipeng and his wife hurriedly greeted Lu Ziming with respect and tried to help him up.

However, Lu Ziming completely disregarded them and continued kneeling on the same spot.

Finally, under the shocked gazes of Yue Yingchun and the others, Lu Ziming slammed his head onto the ground and said, "Mr. Chu,

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now that the Meng family has fallen, no one's reigning over Jiangbei. Please, Mr. Chu. Please lead us and reign over Jiangbei. Lu Clan will follow all of your orders!"

"I, Zhang Jiuling, promise to do the same!"

"As do I, Zhang Zixi."

"Please, Mr. Chu. Please lead Jiangbei!" the three of them pleaded.

At that moment, Zhang Jiuling and his granddaughter also had their heads glued to the ground.

What? Z-Zhang Jiuling? The head of the Zhang family?

Hu Yipeng couldn't help but shudder upon hearing that name.

The Zhang family was a secluded family in Jiangbei, and they were considered to be as powerful as the Meng family.

Hu Yipeng was bewildered. *Why is one of the most influential people of the older generation kneeling here and begging for someone else to reign over Jiangbei? What's going on? Who is the formidable person these two are willing to serve?*

Seeing that the three of them were kneeling

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while facing Ye Fan, Yue Yingchun anxiously shouted at him, "Hey, Ye Fan! What are you doing there? Come over here quickly! Others might think you're the person they're begging!"

Indeed, that was not a situation for a commoner to be in.

However, Ye Fan acted like he didn't hear any of them.

Instead, he was still sitting by the bed while feeding Tangtang oranges.

He then blurted flatly, "I've told you guys before. I'm not interested in reigning over Jiangbei. It just so happens that the people I care about are here. You guys should leave. Jiangbei should be reigned over by its own people."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Ye Fan's words couldn't be any clearer.

Even though he didn't spell it out explicitly, it was obvious to everyone that Jiangbei would be under Zhang Jiuling and Lu Ziming's control.

Since the Meng family had been annihilated, the two of them were the only ones reputable enough to lead the region.

That was despite the fact that the Lu Clan and the Zhang family had suffered significant casualties.

The Zhang family in particular was close to being entirely decimated by the Meng family.

Fortunately, Zhang Jiuling's presence retained the soul of the family.

On top of that, the Meng family's collapse allowed the Zhang family to recover the businesses that Meng Wanjun had stolen from them.

Therefore, as long as Zhang Jiuling and the others were given time, they would be able to re-establish their family once their wounds had healed.

Subsequently, they could recover and consolidate their power and authority over Jiangbei.



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It went without saying that they needed Ye Fan's support to do that.

Therefore, Ye Fan's words had given Zhang Jiuling and the others the motivation to do so.

After bowing to Ye Fan to express their loyalty, all of them subsequently left, causing the ward to fall into a deathly silence.

Meanwhile, Yue Yingchun and Hu Yipeng had widened their eyes in shock.

Despite being slow at times, they were not idiots at all.

By then, it was evident to them that Lu Ziming and Zhang Jiuling were prostrating themselves at Ye Fan's feet.

Why are they doing that? Isn't that silly fool just a poor kid who came to Jiangbei for work? Isn't he just a pitiful bachelor in his twenties? Furthermore, he can only afford to rent a small room from us for a meager sum.

The Hu family pitied him so much that Yue Yingchun went all over town just to find Ye Fan a wife.

Therefore, it was beyond their wildest imagination that this unknown and broke kid was shown so much respect by the two heads



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of Jiangbei's most prominent families.

At that instant, Yue Yingchun and her husband felt as if they didn't know Ye Fan at all.

After Zhang Jiuling and the others left, Yue Yingchun and her husband wanted to say something to Ye Fan.

However, they had no idea what kind of tone or attitude they should speak to him with.

Despite their apprehension, Ye Fan behaved normally, as if he was oblivious to the awkwardness in the room, he continued to sit by the bed and feed Tangtang an orange.

Refusing to eat, Tangtang turned her head away.

"Kid, how can you not even finish one orange? If you don't eat more, how are you going to be strong enough to battle diseases?"

Ye Fan shook his head and broke into an affectionate smile.

Just like that, Ye Fan spent the day with Tangtang and her family at the hospital.

Nevertheless, he wasn't able to stay long.

When evening arrived, Ye Fan took his leave



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from Hu Yipeng and his family.

Before he left, he gave the herbs that Junie had left to Hu Yipeng, "Mr. Hu, Junie brought these for you. Just follow the instructions on top on how often to take them. If everything goes well, it would do your legs a lot of good. Who knows, you might even be lucky enough to stand back up.

"As for the wounds on Tangtang's face, there's no need for you to worry. Once I travel to India and bring Junie back unharmed, she will definitely be able to help Tangtang recover her looks. Despite looking silly most of the time, she has impressive medical skills that will certainly amaze you. Back when I was facing certain death from my wounds, it was she who saved me. Hence, Tangtang will definitely be able to heal entirely given that her wounds are not that serious."

Amidst the gentle breeze during sunset, Ye Fan stood at the door in his airy clothes as he waved goodbye to the Hu family.

Prior to that, they didn't believe Ye Fan when he told them the same thing, for they assumed that he was just comforting them.

However, after watching how respectful Lu Ziming and the rest were toward Ye Fan, they finally realized that the seemingly ordinary-

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looking youth was anything but that.

After hearing Ye Fan's words, Yue Yingchun dropped to her knees and burst into tears.

"M-Mr. Ye, thank you. Thank you so much! We would have been lost without you," Yue Yingchun expressed her gratitude.

At the same time, a teary-eyed Hu Yipeng also thanked Ye Fan who quickly helped both of them up.

"Mdm. Yue, don't be a stranger. Junie and I already see all of you as family. If you ever address me that way again, both of us won't visit you and Mr. Hu anymore. All right now, I have to go. You should hurry back to take care of Tangtang. Or else, she might cry her eyes out when she doesn't see anyone inside when she wakes up. Remember to bid goodbye to her for me. Tell her that I'll definitely come back to visit her."

Ye Fan words finally tickled Yue Yingchun and her husband.

As tears welled up in the couple's eyes, they were filled with a sense of warmth in their hearts.

"You silly kid, if you don't come back to visit, we will find you in Jiangdong and kick your ass! In

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all seriousness, you really have hidden so much from us that we had to constantly worry about you. Previously, when my husband advised you to keep a low profile, he didn't mean for you to overdo it.

"In fact, I'm starting to doubt if Junie is even your sister at all. Tell me the truth, are both of you a couple? Is she your girlfriend? You really have done well for yourself to have found such a beautiful girlfriend."

Before he left, Yue Yingchun and her husband teased Ye Fan so much that he blushed in embarrassment.

After that, they walked with him for a while longer before finally parting ways.

With that, Ye Fan's adventure in Jiangbei had finally come to a close.

Unknown to him, Tangtang's wails echoed through the hospital a short while after he was gone.

"Ye Fan... I want Ye Fan... I don't want him to leave... Boohoo..."

Ignoring the pain on her face, Tangtang bawled as she rushed out of the hospital barefooted.

By the time she arrived, all she could see was

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traffic and crowds.

There was just no sign of the familiar scrawny silhouette.

Nevertheless, she would still remember his towering image for many years to come.

She could never forget the hero who descended from the heavens when she was in the deepest depths of her despair.

She would always remember the day Ye Fan set off fireworks in the entire sky for her.

After leaving the hospital, Ye Fan summoned Zhang Jiuling and Lu Ziming again to give them further instructions.

Essentially, he was informing them about his immediate trip to India.

After the Meng family's fall, he didn't really care about who held the reins of power in Jiangbei.

All that mattered to him was the safety of the Hu family and Qiu Mucheng.

"There's no need to worry, Mr. Chu. After all, you have both of us here in Jiangbei. As long as we're still alive, we will never let Ms. Qiu and the Hu family come to any harm," both Zhang Jiuling and Lu Ziming solemnly assured him.



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After nodding in acknowledgment, Ye Fan turned and left.

“Mr. Chu, wait,” Zhang Jiuling suddenly called out.

“Zixi, are you ready yet? Why haven't you come out?” Zhang Jiuling shouted toward his back.

The next moment, the room door opened. Just like a blooming flower, a figure sauntered out with the grace and elegance only a Jiangnan girl would have.

Even Lu Ziming couldn't help but widen his eyes in amazement.

He couldn't believe that the stunning beauty in exquisite makeup in front of him was Zhang Zixi.

All this while, Zhang Zixi always carried herself brashly.

But now, the way she dressed made her look like a submissive girl from Jiangnan.

She was wearing a long and flowy white dress with a beige sash around her waist that accentuated her curvaceous figure. The dress added to her allure by showing how voluptuous she was.

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As her flawless white skin was faintly visible under her dress, she looked extremely inviting. It was as if she was waiting for the one who was fated to be with her to have her.

Her long legs and slender waist added to the sensuality she exuded.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Zixi, from now on, you will serve Mr. Chu day and night," Zhang Jiuling ordered in a serious tone.

Zhang Zixi bowed elegantly. "Yes, Grandpa."

Meanwhile, the corner of Lu Ziming's eyes twitch at the sight.

Zhang Jiuling, you old fox. You are trying to ingratiate yourself with Ye Fan by offering him a beautiful girl.

On the surface, it looked as if Ye Fan was the one who benefited from the arrangement.

After all, anyone under normal circumstances would be ecstatic to have such a stunning beauty.

However, the true beneficiary of the arrangement was the Zhang family.

Regardless of whether Ye Fan was interested in Zhang Zixi, everyone would assume she was Ye Fan's woman as long as she stayed by his side all the time.

By doing so, the Zhang family would inadvertently be linked to Ye Fan.

On top of that, there was a chance sparks might fly between them after spending so



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much time together.

Two or three years later, the Zhang family would have struck gold once she carried Ye Fan's child.

As a result, Ye Fan's descendants would carry the Zhang family's blood.

If it had happened during ancient times, Zhang Jiuling would already be considered a monarch's uncle.

Therefore, Zhang Jiuling's legacy would be to plant the seeds for the future glory of the Zhang family.

"About that, Mr. Chu. Given your distinguished status, having Zixi serve you alone wouldn't be enough. Hence, I have a niece who's about seventeen. She too has exceptionally good looks and an alluring figure. Why don't..."

Lu Ziming began to set his agenda in motion by offering his niece to Ye Fan.

At that very moment, Zhang Jiuling's expression drastically changed.

"Lu Ziming, are you trying to cause trouble? Mr. Chu has many important tasks at hand. How can you just let an ordinary girl serve him? I'm afraid she would end up being a burden



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instead. Mr. Chu certainly has no time to be a babysitter for you!" Zhang Jiuling asserted grimly.

"Damn it, Zhang. How could you say that? As if you gifting Mr. Chu a girl isn't causing him trouble? When I do, it becomes as such? You old fogey, aren't you being unreasonable here? I can't let you have all the benefits, you know," Lu Ziming expressed his displeasure.

"How is that the same? Zixi is both pretty and capable. Not only does she have the looks, but she also has the skills to back it up. Anyone below the rank of Grandmaster will be no match for her. Beyond giving Mr. Chu pleasure, she can also help him solve his problems."

When he saw both old men about to quarrel, Ye Fan felt his eyes twitch. He was naturally stumped by their response.

"Enough, stop arguing. I appreciate what you want to do for me. However, I'm used to traveling alone and have no need for any company at all. Therefore, Lu Ziming, there's no need for you to try and push your niece. And you, your granddaughter doesn't need to come with me either. Besides, I don't like forcing others to do things they don't like."

With that, Ye Fan turned around and looked at the charming maiden.



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He smiled at her. “Zhang Zixi, am I right? You have a beautiful-sounding name and the looks to go with it. Furthermore, you are very talented and courageous at the same time. In fact, I still can't believe that the Zhang family, a martial arts family that has fallen from grace, can still produce such an exceptional young lady. However, young miss, there's no need for you to betray your own will to ingratiate yourself with others. Instead, you should just be yourself.

“The next time your grandpa wants to give you away to someone, you should break his nose with a punch instead. On top of that, you should tell him to go serve that someone himself. Regardless of whether one is a boy or girl, it's important to be with someone that you like. Hence, I hope that you will meet the boy of your dreams and bravely pursue him without a care for worthless things like conservatism or pride, for if you missed the opportunity, you will regret it for the rest of your life.”

As Ye Fan spoke solemnly, his words were tinged with an inexplicable hint of emotions.

At that moment, the images of Qiu Mucheng, Tang Yun, and Eightsu flash across his mind.

Despite all the wonderful girls by his side, he still ended up alone.

Perhaps that's how life is supposed to be. Being

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with someone is just temporary. Only loneliness and separation are permanent.

Shaking his head with a smile, Ye Fan turned and left.

However, Zhang Jiuling wasn't going to give up that easily. Cognizant that Ye Fan was going to India, he took out a letter that he had prepared and gave it to him.

It appeared that Zhang Zixi had a cousin who was coincidentally in India.

Therefore, Zhang Jiuling requested Ye Fan to pass her the letter.

Ye Fan didn't decline, as it was just a simple task.

With that, he finally left.

Watching Ye Fan's silhouette go, Zhang Zixi gritted her teeth while being overwhelmed by conflicting emotions. Struggling with them caused her entire face to redden.

Finally, she made a decision and steeled her resolve.

Dashing out of the hall and into the courtyard, she yelled in the direction of where Ye Fan had gone, "Mr. Chu, Grandpa didn't force me to do it.

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I willingly want to follow you and stay by your side.”

As the gentle breeze blew across the humid land of Westlake, Zhang Zixi's words seemed to be shattered by it.

At the same time, the budding leaves and tiny gravel on the ground rustled together with the wind.

“Silly gal, stop shouting. Mr. Chu is already long gone,” Zhang Jiuling murmured as he walked out.

Looking out at the horizon, Zhang Zixi could no longer see any signs of that scrawny silhouette.

At that moment, a sense of emptiness descended upon her soul.

It felt as if something had been stolen from her.

Before she knew it, tears were already flowing.

Nuzzling her face in her grandpa's arms, she bawled like a child. “Grandpa, M-Mr. Chu will still return, right? I'll still be able to see him, right?”

When Zhang Jiuling heard her sorrowful voice, he felt as if he was stabbed in the heart.



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Suddenly, he was filled with regret.

He felt as if he shouldn't have told her so much about Ye Fan and let her get to know him.

Perhaps, she wouldn't have fallen for him then.

Zhang Jiuling couldn't help but let out a sigh.

He wanted to advise her to forget Ye Fan, for he was way out of her league.

Compared to him, they were nothing but dust.

All they could do was worship the sun, as getting close to it would cause them to be burned.

Nonetheless, Zhang Jiuling decided against saying anything in the end.

After all, he knew that whatever he said was useless.

It was impossible for any girl not to fall madly in love with someone like Ye Fan.

To them, it felt as if they had met the love of their lives.

I'm afraid that it will be very hard for her to fancy anyone else after this.



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“Mom, look at how high the swallow is flying!”

It was a weekend that day.

Underneath the glorious sunlight of spring, a mature and charming woman brought a child to fly his kite by Westlake.

As if he had spent too much time in the urban jungle, the child laughed and sprinted forward like a young pony that had lost its reins.

“Fan Junior, slow down and wait for me,” Qiu Mucheng yelled as she ran after her son with his jacket in hand.

However, she was still in heels which was terrible for running.

Given how stiff her shoe was, it already cut into the flawless white skin of her feet.

Unfortunately, Qiu Mufan was already pulling away from her.

Worried for his safety, she had no choice but to bite the bullet and pursue him.

“Ah!”

Suddenly, an accident happened.

After stepping on a small rock with her heel,



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she let out a scream before stumbling toward the ground.

Closing her eyes, she braced herself for the impending pain upon impact.

Suddenly, something unexpected happened.

A figure emerged within the empty surroundings, just like the breeze.

All Qiu Mucheng could feel was a strong hand reaching out to her.

The very next moment, she felt her body falling into someone's warm yet muscular arms.

To her, she was like a ship that had finally found a harbor.

The sense of security that overwhelmed her brought her to the brink of tears.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Time seemed to have stopped at that instant, causing the wind to stop blowing and the water to stop flowing.

All that was left was a woman leaning against another man's chest.

Everything felt as if it would extend into eternity.

After an unknown period of time, the man finally let go of Qiu Mucheng and turned to leave without saying a word.

“Can you tell me who you are?”

Watching the man's leaving silhouette, she was filled with curiosity.

For some reason, the stranger gave her a sense of indescribable familiarity.

She felt as if she had run into someone who was close to her in his past life.

In fact, she felt especially warm and comforted in his embrace.

The delight that filled her heart was similar to that of a fish who had returned to the water.

All this while, only one man could melt her heart that way.



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Unfortunately, that man was no longer around, for she had seen his dead body buried with her own eyes.

However, she didn't expect to encounter another man who made her feel the exact same way in Jiangbei.

It was just that she couldn't see his face from underneath the mask he was wearing.

In spite of that, she could feel the intimacy he exuded as if he was her fated soulmate.

All of a sudden, her heart began to beat furiously as she nervously asked the man for his name.

However, he simply ignored her.

Qiu Mucheng pressed on with her questions, "May I know if you know Ye Fan?"

Despite being shaken, the man maintained his silence.

After that, he picked up his pace and left swiftly.

At that moment, Qiu Mucheng hadn't noticed that her son had returned to her side. Raising his adorable little face, he looked in the direction the man had gone and asked Qiu



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Mucheng, "Mommy, it's Daddy. Did he come to visit us?"

Qiu Mucheng didn't even know how to answer him.

Why does that man give me the same vibe as Ye Fan? But since Ye Fan is definitely dead, who can this man be? Or is reincarnation really possible?

"Fan Junior, let's go home now."

Failing to figure the matter out, Qiu Mucheng decided not to dwell on it.

When she looked up again, the man was no longer anywhere to be seen.

Subsequently, Qiu Mucheng led Qiu Mufan home with a tinge of disappointment.

Ever since the Zhang family learned of Qiu Mucheng's relationship with Ye Fan, they protected her from the shadows, resulting in a massive improvement in her circumstances.

By then, Qiu Mucheng had found a job working as middle management in a listed company.

Not only did she receive a handsome salary, but her company also arranged for her to stay in a high-end residential area close to Westlake. There, she was provided with an apartment that



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was two hundred square meters big.

With that, Qiu Mucheng's life not only settled into a routine but also continued to make progress.

The only event out of the blue was the sudden appearance of the mysterious man.

It wasn't until the mother and son were no longer in sight that the man hiding in the corner of the street recovered his gaze.

"Mucheng, I'm sorry for not being able to be by your side. The only thing I can do now is shelter you from the storm. Goodbye, Mucheng," Ye Fan bid her farewell in a low voice.

With that, Ye Fan cut a forlorn figure as he turned and left.

In the end, he chose not to reveal himself to Qiu Mucheng.

Once upon a time, he thought that her status as his wife would bring her honor and safety.

In reality, it brought her nothing but suffering and relentless torment.

Therefore, he wasn't going to allow her to get involved in his struggles at that time.



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By doing so, he could allow her to live the secure and mundane life of an ordinary citizen.

Perhaps, she can one day grow strong enough to fend for herself. Even if she doesn't, it isn't going to matter, for I will always make sure she is protected, just like a flower in a green room. All you have to do is to bloom, as there will always be someone there to watch over you.

During early spring that year, Ye Fan traveled south to India alone.

When he arrived in Xenhall, he saw huge crowds throng the traffic-packed streets.

While China was still freezing cold from early spring, India had begun to enter summer.

With the blazing sun shining in the sky, the weather was unbelievably scorching.

In spite of that, the hustle and bustle in the streets didn't diminish at all.

As the street was famous as a commercial center, it was filled with vendors calling out from every corner.

Some of the shops were even blaring traditional Indian music through their loudspeakers.

Ye Fan had heard such music before from the



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movies he watched.

In the movie scenes, the music would always accompany ladies who had jewelry piercings on their noses dancing in flowy dresses.

Since he had never been to India, his impression of the country was formed by such movies.

In his mind, India was a mysterious country where its citizens worship the cow as a holy animal. In fact, they considered the animal's excretion as a form of priceless treasure.

Furthermore, what irked Ye Fan the most was that the Bollywood films from India would always be interspaced with song and dance to the extent Ye Fan thought he was watching a children's show instead of a serious movie.

Obviously, all this was nothing but a digression, for Ye Fan wasn't in India on a tour or to see its sights.

As Junie had been gone for many days, he had no idea what her current situation was.

As a result, he needed to find her as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, inside a Chinese restaurant, Ye Fan sat by the window, sipping tea and listening to



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the conversations of the surrounding patrons.

Unfortunately, most of it was just idle chatter.

After listening in for half a day, he didn't hear anything useful at all.

"Mister, are you from China?"

At that moment, a young Caucasian man approached.

He had a head full of blond hair and a tall nose unique to those from Western Epea. As his vibrant-looking clothes complimented his piercing blue eyes, he had the look of Western Epean nobility.

"Mmm-hmm." Ye Fan nodded nonchalantly.

"My name is Kieran. It's a pleasure to meet you. Why don't we get to know each other better? After all, fate has brought us here together. My father has always told me to have a wide circle of friends. Hence, I'm happy to get to know someone from China. Don't you have a river called the Brighfell River in your country? I heard that its water level is higher than that of the city. Also, what about the Great Wall? Have you seen it? Does it look majestic? Can you tell me about it? By the way, the food in China is delicious. I just feel that the Chinese restaurants here don't do it justice..."



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Given how talkative Kieran was, Ye Fan found him to be annoying.

After humoring Kieran a little, all Ye Fan wanted was for the former to buzz off.

“Kieran, what are you doing? Didn't I tell you not to bother anyone without reason? Are you planning to get yourself cheated again?”

At that moment, a stunning blond girl with green eyes walked out.

With a trench coat that reached her knees, she looked exceptionally regal.

Coupled with her slender waist and long legs, the girl attracted everyone's attention despite the frosty air she exuded.

In fact, many men were astounded by her beauty and just couldn't peel their eyes away from her.

“Winnie, I—”

Just when Kieran wanted to explain, she pulled him back without giving him the opportunity to do so.

At the same time, she warned Ye Fan, “I don't care what your agenda or reason is for approaching my brother. I just want you to stay



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away from him. Poor people like you refuse to work hard independently. Instead, you try and ingratiate yourself with the rich so as to cheat them of their money. By doing so, you are destined to remain within the bottom rungs of society. And now, just get out of my sight! Interacting with people like you is nothing short of embarrassing for me!”

With an inexplicable sense of hostility, the lady pointed at Ye Fan and threatened him into leaving.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Furrowing his brows, Ye Fan didn't say a word.

In fact, he didn't even look up at her.

All he did was continue sitting there and drinking his tea.

"Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to leave! Can you stop clinging on to us?"

Ye Fan's contempt had undoubtedly infuriated the blond further, causing her ferocious aura to intensify.

Meanwhile, Kieran quickly held her back and murmured, "Winnie, this is his seat. Our table is on the other side."

Kieran pointed in a different direction.

Nevertheless, the blond didn't apologize to Ye Fan even after realizing that she had wrongly accused him.

All she did was let out a snort before heading to her seat.

"Can you stop making me worry about you? Do you think our journey isn't troublesome enough as it is? If you cause us any delay, I will tell Father and get him to punish you severely!" Winnie admonished Kieran.



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Hanging his head, Kieran didn't dare protest.

He looked just like a student being reprimanded by his teacher.

"But Winnie, we have waited for many days. When will the person we're waiting for arrive? At the rate this is going, we will miss the King of India's wedding."

While the siblings were having a discussion, Ye Fan's eyes glistened the moment he overheard them.

The King of India? Fen Tian?

At that moment, Ye Fan looked up and observed the siblings for the very first time.

Just when Ye Fan wanted to continue listening in on their conversation, two muscular men entered suddenly.

After they scanned the surroundings, their gaze fell upon the siblings.

"Both of you, leave! Our mistress wants to dine here."

Without a moment's hesitation, their leader ordered Kieran and Winnie to vacate their seats.



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Winnie knitted her brows in response. “What if we don't?”

“No one disobeys our mistress' orders! You have no choice. Now, go!” the muscular man repeated indifferently.

With a darkened and frosty expression, he looked extremely intimidating.

Kieran gave Winnie a tug. “Winnie, let's just go.”

After all, they were visitors from a foreign land.

Regardless of the regality of their Western Epean heritage, it wasn't enough to challenge the locals.

Given that they were on someone else's turf, Kieran felt it prudent to bear with it.

Unfortunately, the proud and feisty Winnie couldn't tolerate the humiliation.

Bang!

Slamming the table in anger, she retorted, “I'm sorry. You have no right to ask me to leave. In fact, by disturbing our meal in public, I can give my lawyer a call and sue you for harassment and provocation! If you don't want to end up in court and pay us considerable compensation, I would advise you to leave. We now live in an



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age where the rule of law prevails over might is right. Therefore, you had better disappear from my sight!”

Despite being a feeble girl, Winnie's scathing words and fearsome aura astounded everyone present.

What a ferocious beauty! Just like a wild pony, there's no way an ordinary man can tame her.

In the face of Winnie's dominance, the two men fell silent briefly.

Just when everyone thought that the duo was intimidated, Winnie let out a triumphant smile.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, the two men raised their hands and...

Slap!

Slap!

Two crisp slaps rang out in unison.

The next moment, the siblings were thrown back amidst their agonizing cries.

After flying past some tables and chairs, they finally crashed into the back wall which stopped their momentum.



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Given how powerful the slaps were, the siblings were lost in a daze.

Spacing out on the ground, they lay there for a long time without getting up.

"I'm sorry, but might does make things right."

The muscular man looked down at the siblings in a condescending manner.

Despite their words, none of the trembling patrons in the restaurant dared to make a sound.

After getting rid of the siblings, the man cleared the table before walking out of the restaurant.

Outside, a Lincoln limousine was waiting.

The man put his hand on his chest and bowed slightly. He then informed in a respectful tone, "Mistress, the table I reserved is ready for you."

"Mmm-hmm." From inside that car, a nightingale-like voice was heard.

After that, a young girl in a long pink dress alighted from the car, surrounded by her bodyguards.

The dot in the center of her forehead, her deep gaze, and her slightly brown complexion was



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accentuated by her dress that fluttered in the air.

Just like a princess who had left the palace, she attracted everyone's undivided attention.

The moment she stepped into the restaurant, she stopped in her tracks abruptly.

All of a sudden, she raised her hand and struck the muscular man.

“Don't you know that I don't like those from lower castes to watch when I'm eating?” the lady sneered.

Her subordinates apologized at once and went on to clear the restaurant of people.

India was a country with a caste system in place.

The gazes of those from lower castes were seen as an insult by those from upper castes.

Having seen how violent and fearsome the bodyguards were, the patrons of the restaurant hurriedly fled, for no one dared to stand up to them.

At the same time, her attendants quickly prepared her table and cleared up the restaurant within a few minutes.



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“Mistress, we have chased everyone out. Please have a seat,” the muscular man informed with deference.

Slap!

The lady struck him on the face once again.

“I don't like repeating myself,” the lady asserted coldly. Her words carried an indisputable hint of pride and authority.

No one knew who this lady was for her to act with such arrogance.

After checking the surroundings again, the muscular man noticed that there was someone left in the corner.

The man had his scrawny back facing them as he calmly sipped the tea in his hand.

“That idiot!”

At that moment, Kieran and Winnie just regained their sense.

Holding onto her swollen face, Winnie stood up by supporting herself against the wall.

When she noticed Ye Fan still sitting there nonchalantly, she cursed him under her breath, thinking that he must be crazy.



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Can't he see that everyone is leaving? By staying here, does he want to invite a beating just like us?

"Kieran, are you all right? Can you walk?"

After glancing at Kieran, Winnie decided to give up on the rule of law.

She figured that she should have listened to Kieran and not challenged the locals. Leaving was still the best option for them.

Meanwhile, the two muscular men had arrived in front of Ye Fan.

"You, I'll give you five seconds to scam."

Despite the lack of emotion on their faces, their words were filled with hostility and anger.

After all, Ye Fan had caused them to be slapped by their mistress.

As a result, they bore a grudge toward him.

Nevertheless, Ye Fan continued to ignore their warning and he didn't even bother to look at them.

Sipping his tea, he retorted, "I'll give you three seconds to scam."



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What?

“My God! Mister, have you gone mad? That's not the way to go even if you have a death wish!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Astounded by Ye Fan's insolence, Kieran and Winnie were rendered speechless.

Kieran even widened his eye in sheer disbelief as he fastened his gaze on the former.

To him, Ye Fan must have lost his mind. *My goodness! Don't you realize that you're by yourself and in a different country now? What's more, she's apparently from a wealthy and influential background in this nation. Not to mention, she has many bodyguards!*

Kieran caught a glimpse of the entrance and gulped at the sight of about twenty bodyguards standing guard. *Good gracious! What a lineup! She's undoubtedly a socialite from a noble family.*

Even Winnie, his sister who was known for her arrogance, tended to chicken out and could scarcely wait to flee the restaurant.

It never came across his mind that Ye Fan would have the gut to chase the young lady and her muscular followers away! *Hmph! He sounds imperious indeed! But doesn't he know that he shouldn't act impetuously? He might only put himself in deep water by doing so!*

Right that instant, Kieran could not resist feeling sympathy for Ye Fan. It was as though he could foresee that the latter would place



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himself in a pathetic state.

Shaking her head, Winnie scoffed, "What an idiot! He's seemingly digging his own grave!"

She paid no heed to him after that.

After all, she usually never spared any glance at any small fries in her eyes. Thus, she gave no hoots to what would befall him. At that moment, she could barely wait to leave with Kieran.

On the other hand, the elegant young lady overheard Ye Fan's words naturally.

Furrowing her brows, she shot him a glance.

The next moment, her lips parted, and her icy-cold tone sounded. "How dare you humiliate me!"

"Burn him to death!" she instructed her bodyguards coldly. The few words rang out like the final verdict from the judge, condemning Ye Fan to the death sentence!

What? In an instant, Kieran and Winnie were taken aback.

Even though they knew the legislation in India might not be as systematic as in their country, they had never expected that anyone would



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have the audacity to seize others' lives under broad daylight on a busy street in the city.

My goodness! How could they turn a blind eye to the law! Aren't they fearful of stirring up a diplomatic issue by murdering a foreigner? Or perhaps, there is someone relatively powerful backing this young lady up? That's why she's as arrogant as a princess, paying no heed to the law! Kieran gasped inwardly.

"Miss, don't you think you take it way too seriously? How could you instruct your people to kill him just because he offended you with just a few words? Could you please act rationally according to the humanitarian ground, especially toward foreigners? Isn't it good enough if he's willing to apologize to you? Or perhaps, you can even beat him up to vent your anger, but not to the extent of snatching his life. Don't you feel that it's too cruel to seize anyone's life? Isn't your country having a reverence for your official religion? If I'm not mistaken, it educates the worshippers to treat others with sympathy and kindness, am I right? Don't you think that you should inherit your ancestors' virtue?" Kieran started babbling away again, bombarding the young lady with words.

He was seemingly speaking up for Ye Fan out of concern, seeking justice for those he claimed as the *weaker* ones.



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“Kieran, what's the matter with you? Why bother and put yourself on the line? Have you gone nuts?” Winnie reprimanded him.

It scared the wits out of her when Kieran tried to speak up for Ye Fan. Her face turned ashen instantaneously.

While a panic-stricken Winnie was lambasting Kieran, the elegantly dressed young lady turned a blind eye to them.

At that moment, she was fastening her gaze on Ye Fan.

Ever since she was young, she was the center of attention. No words could describe how the others admired and flattered her throughout the years. Even her father never raised his voice at her despite anything.

It never occurred to her that anyone would have the cheek to chase her men away in her face.

Undoubtedly, Ye Fan had stepped on her toes by doing so. Temper flaring, she vowed to teach him a lesson by burning him to death!

Wearing a look of solemnity, the muscular men looked as if they were faithful knights bowing to the commands of their mighty queen. In a split second, there was a hint of petrifying murderous intent amid sheer frigidness on their



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faces.

After nodding respectfully at her, they threw punches toward Ye Fan without a second thought. It seemed they planned to bash him up before burning him to death.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan was still laid-back as ever, sipping his cup of tea. He was oblivious to their punches toward him.

"Mister, watch out!" Kieran shrieked apprehensively.

Nevertheless, Ye Fan remained motionless, giving no hoots to whatever had transpired.

Thud!

Heavy thuds sounded as the muscular duo's punches hit Ye Fan's back consecutively.

Kieran covered his eyes with his hands instinctively as he had a hunch that the latter would be doomed. He presumed the two muscular men would crush his spine effortlessly with their punches.

However, Winnie was devoid of expression without the slightest sense of sympathy. To her, Ye Fan was having a taste of his own medicine. *Pfft! He only has himself to blame for shooting himself in the foot. Thus, he has to pay*



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the price for his impulsiveness.

Everyone jumped to the conclusion that Ye Fan would be in a pathetic state soon. Somehow, things turned the other way around unexpectedly.

It was as though the two muscular men's punches had landed heavily on the hard steel.

Their blood-chilling yowls were followed by a series of horrifying bone-cracking sounds. Subsequently, their arms were broken and hung limply from their bodies.

Due to the excruciating pain, both men, as tall as two meters, could not even hold back their tears.

Dumbstruck, Winnie and Kieran stammered, "W-What's going on? How's it possible that the two of them ended up in such a state?"

The ferocious blond beauty with utter disdain in her eyes earlier was stupefied.

At the same time, even the self-proclaimed dignified young lady glamorously dressed in an elegant long dress was flabbergasted.

Needless to say, she knew too well how powerful both her muscular followers' punches were. Regardless of how solid the rock was,



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they could effortlessly smash it into pieces. Even the hard steel could be easily bent out of shape by them.

However, they ended up breaking their arms with just a punch.

“Hmph! No wonder you have the audacity to step on my toes. Someone is apparently backing you up. But it's just your wishful thinking if you expect to put me off with this!” the arrogant young lady mocked. Surprisingly, she tended to pipe out more words.

Gazing at Ye Fan's back, she sniggered before clapping her hands.

Whoosh!

Seconds later, the door was flung open.

In an instant, the twenty bodyguards dressed in black suits flooded in like a black stream.

The arrogant young lady pointed in Ye Fan's direction and instructed, “Burn him to death!”

Soon, the bodyguards lunged toward Ye Fan maniacally like ravenous wolves.

“Oh no! They have daggers and pistols with them!” Kieran screamed at the top of his lungs, horror-stricken. He caught sight of weapons



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like daggers and pistols hidden beneath their black suits.

It scared the heck out of Kieran and Winnie. They even thought the bodyguards were members of a mafia gang.

The two siblings were a bundle of nerves as they gaped at the ferocious men darting toward Ye Fan. They brandished their weapons, resulting in a blood-curdling whizz as their daggers swooshed in the air.

To Kieran and Winnie's astonishment, Ye Fan was still savoring his cup of tea as if nothing had happened.

Winnie could not resist snorting inwardly that he must have been a fool. *How could he continue to enjoy his tea in such a precarious state?*

A while later, she caught sight of Ye Fan lifting his teacup and taking a sip before spewing out a mouthful of tea upward.

Splash!

The tea was splattered across all directions.

Little did the others realize that Ye Fan had emanated a wave of invincible Qi in the mouthful of tea. As a result, it was as though



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tiny tea leaves containing the droplets of tea had transformed into countless flying swords in the rain, heading toward the bodyguards at mind-boggling speed.

Swoosh!

Silence ensued the entire place again after a series of shrills reverberated to every corner.

Everyone stood rooted to the ground. The bodyguards, ferocious like beasts moments ago, stopped in their tracks as though they were robots that had suddenly malfunctioned.

For quite a while, the time seemed to have stood still.

Soon, ghastly blood spurted out of the bodyguards' forehead.

Boom!

It was not long before they collapsed onto the ground, lying lifelessly in a horrendous pool of red.

Dead silence ensued the entire place again.

Winnie and Kieran, who had just gotten to their feet, were shell-shocked. As their legs gave way, they crouched on the ground uncontrollably.



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The young lady, as dignified as a princess just moments ago, had blood drained from her solemn, dainty face.

She scanned her surrounding anxiously, only to find that all her bodyguards had collapsed.

The overwhelming scene caught her off guard instantaneously.

At that very moment, she could not help but feel a surge of intense helplessness welling up from within her. She looked like a devastated queen after her troops were eradicated, fighting alone against the foes surrounding her. Now that all her bodyguards had met their tragic end, nobody was standing by her side!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"H-How is that possible? Am I seeing things? Did I have a hallucination?" Nonplussed, Kieran mumbled incoherently.

He stared at Ye Fan in horror as if the latter was a ghost.

Dumbstruck, Winnie's face turned ashen.

It never crossed their minds that the ordinary-looking man could effortlessly defeat more than ten bodyguards by himself.

He could even do magic by turning the tea leaves and water into flying swords!

Winnie suddenly recalled how she had sneered at him moments ago and could not help feeling a prickle of fear. *My goodness! If he was infuriated and spurted out the mouthful of tea toward me at that time, I bet I would have become a lifeless body like the others too!*

It only struck her that she could be on the brink of death at that moment.

After what seemed like an eternity, Kieran stuttered, "M-Mister, who the h*ll are you?"

Hearing that, Winnie stiffened temporarily before pulling him up to flee the restaurant. "Run!"



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Sensing that she had gotten on Ye Fan's nerves earlier, she was worried sick that he would settle the score with them soon. Thus, she opted to run for her life with Kieran after regaining her composure.

All of a sudden, there were only two people left in the spacious restaurant.

One of them remained seated as he lifted the teapot and poured himself another cup of tea.

Meanwhile, the other one was none other than the arrogant young lady standing right in the middle of the restaurant.

No doubt, she looked exceptionally dignified in her elegant long dress.

Nonetheless, there was a drastic change in the countenance of the young lady who used to look down on the others. Like an angel who had lost her way, the solemnity on her exquisite face was prevailed by helplessness. She was even shuddering uncontrollably.

Her mind went blank as she scanned the surroundings.

The followers and bodyguards who used to bow to her respectfully were lying motionless on the ground. Their ghastly red blood flowed to where she was standing.



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She parted her lips instinctively and was about to instruct anyone to burn Ye Fan to death again. However, nobody came into view other than him.

That was her first time encountering such a precarious state alone in an unknown place. There was not even anyone at her beck and call.

Terror-stricken, she could barely wait to run for her life.

When she noticed that the man seemed to be ignoring her with his back facing her, she decided to turn discreetly and flee.

"If you dare to move another step, your chest will be pierced through instantly. Next, your blood will splatter and form a blooming red flower on that spot." Ye Fan's indifferent voice sounded abruptly.

The young lady was astounded by the nonchalance in his tone.

If she had not seen with her own eyes how he had caused the others to meet their ends earlier, she might not believe that he was threatening to claim her life.

Eventually, she stopped in her tracks and dared not put herself on the line.



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Perplexed, she turned and thought of questioning the man.

In a blink of an eye, she was petrified when she caught a glimpse of a tea leaf right in front of her. It was like a flying sword inches away from her chest.

She shuddered as cold sweat broke out on her back.

Suddenly, she was thankful that she did not risk it a while ago. If not, her chest might have been pierced through by the tea leaf!

“Who are you? I order you to release me at once! Otherwise, my father's men will burn you to death!” she fumed.

She started giving instructions again with the usual domineeringness in her tone.

Ye Fan snorted inwardly. *Hmph! I bet she must have been born with such domineeringness. That's why she's used to having her nose in the air!*

Shaking his head, he grinned. “So you're ordering me now? Miss, do you really think that everyone in this world has to bow to you?”

“Isn't that the case? The Vias family is deemed the most prestigious family in this world. We're



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born with a noble bloodline and should be respected by everyone else. The same applies to those who are born to be conquered by others. It's because they're born with the bloodline of the lowly status. Thus, they're considered the civilians of the lowest ranking. It's already the greatest blessing for them when we allow them to live. Shouldn't they be thankful and be respectful of us?" the arrogant young lady uttered triumphantly.

Surprisingly, her voice was getting louder as if she had suddenly mustered up her courage. She was seemingly proud of her so-called noble bloodline.

"Noble bloodline? Is that what makes you proud?" Ye Fan burst out laughing.

It was only then that he turned and raised his head to scrutinize the young lady who was as dignified as a princess.

"Have you heard about the Chu family? They're also deemed the most dignified among the other prestigious families worldwide. All the descendants of this family tend to possess an innate sense of superiority. My father is a member of the Chu family too. But my mother is an ordinary woman from common family background. Thus, the Chu family opposed my parents' marriage, claiming it was a disgrace to their noble bloodline. Subsequently, I can't be



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considered a pure descendant of the Chu family. They claimed that I was undignified because of my mother's lowly bloodline. As a result, they had the heart to disown me, chasing me out of the Chu residence. But do you know what happened after that?"

A hint of subtleness flickered in Ye Fan's eyes. At the same time, his smile deepened into a smirk.

"What?" the young lady asked instinctively.

However, Ye Fan only unleashed a strong wave of power without responding.

Soon, she felt a massive wave of power overcome her like a mountain towering over her. Suffocated by the intimidating pressure, she was getting out of breath.

Eventually, she fell to her knees with a loud thud when she could no longer sustain the pressure.

"How dare you force me to kneel!" the young lady wailed in agony. She could not accept that she was kneeling in front of anyone! It was indeed a devastating blow to her self-esteem and pride.

She raised her head and glowered menacingly at Ye Fan.



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The latter bent down and lifted her flawless chin with a smirk. "This is the consequence! I bet it will never cross your mind that those so-called members of the Chu family with the noble bloodline had ever knelt in front of me, pleading for me to spare their lives! Their so-called respectful head of the family was even nailed on the peak of Mount Chumen by me with the cruelest secret technique. Since then, he had to endure the excruciating pain of being burnt day and night. His beloved only son was beaten to death by me in one slap! So what is the difference between elegance and lowliness? I don't give a d*mn! Those claiming themselves as dignified ones ended up pleading with me lowly. Take you as an example. What's the point of self-proclaiming yourself as dignified as a princess? You're just a worthless small fry alongside my formidability! Regardless of how dignified you are, you're just one of my toys!" Ye Fan sneered and guffawed.

His domineering words rang out and reverberated to every corner of the place.

As he flicked his sleeves, his Qi transformed into invisible blades miraculously.

The young lady's eyes widened in fear as she sensed something awry. The next moment, her long dress was ripped into pieces by the invisible blades, exposing her flawless skin and



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alluring figure.

"Kneel!" Ye Fan thundered out again.

Intimidated by his authoritative tone, she dared not go against his will.

She sprawled on the ground like a cat with her limbs stretched. As her entire body pressed hard against the floor, the softness of her chest was out of shape.

The self-proclaimed dignified young lady had become Ye Fan's toy and had no choice but to bow to him in dishevelment.

In the face of the man as mighty as a deity, she was utterly terrified of his imposing aura. Her so-called elegance and pride were gone.

Sprawling naked on the cold floor, she was like a pet kept by Ye Fan. Fearful of further infuriating the man, she sobbed silently and restrained herself from making any noise. Tears that trickled down her cheeks were sparkling like pearls.

Noa never expected to come across a man this domineering and powerful.

For the first time ever, she felt small and insignificant when faced with Ye Fan.

It's like he said. I'm nothing but a toy to him right now. A mere wave of his hand could decide if I live or die. All of that pride I had because of my so-called nobility means nothing in the face of death. Of course, I no longer have the right to even talk about honor and dignity now. Whatever dignity I had has been destroyed along with my clothes...

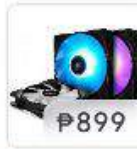
With that in mind, she stopped struggling and simply sobbed as she knelt on the ground.

"C-Could you please spare my life? I don't want to die..."

Her trembling voice was incredibly soft, but Ye Fan managed to hear what she said.

Fiddling with his teacup, Ye Fan stared down at her like she was an ant as he asked sarcastically, "Are you begging me for mercy, Miss? Unfortunately, whether or not you want to die is none of my concern. After all, what reason would I have to spare a completely useless person who has offended me?"

His tone was practically dripping with



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contempt.

Although Ye Fan didn't like killing people, he wasn't about to spare a woman who had just threatened to burn him alive.

“You don't have much time left, so take a good, long look at the world around you. By the time I finish this cup of tea, your life too, will be over.”

There was no one else left in the restaurant at the time.

Ye Fan felt it would be too cruel for her to die such a lonely death, so he decided to chat with her until he finished his cup of tea.

Buzz...

The tea leaves were still hovering in the air like an executioner that would end her life upon Ye Fan's command.

The feeling of being completely at someone's mercy terrified Noa to no end.

She had finally realized that not everyone would treat her like a princess and show her utmost respect.

She also realized that begging was pointless unless she had something valuable enough to offer.



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No... I don't want to die... I want to live! I'm not even of age yet! I want to live and fall in love with a charming prince! I have so many dreams that I haven't fulfilled! I don't want to die!

Desperate to stay alive, Noa did everything she could to prove her value to Ye Fan.

She tried offering him money, power, and status.

She even went as far as promising to give him half of her family's properties once she inherited her father's position.

However, Ye Fan simply shook his head to all of that.

"What more do you want? Is this still not enough? My family has so much wealth that half of it could last you ten lifetimes! Why won't you spare me? Why won't you let me live?"

Noa eventually broke down and started crying out loud.

It was the first time she had encountered a man who disdainfully rejected everything she took great pride in.

She even promised to make Ye Fan the mayor of this city, but he rejected that offer along with her money.

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What the hell does this man want? Is death all that awaits me now? Am I really that worthless to this man? No, I still have something of value!

Having thought of something, Noa lowered her gaze and looked at the amazing figure of her flawless body.

As if having an intense dilemma in her head, she was hesitating over it for quite a long time.

Eventually, she bit down on her rosy lips as she made up her mind.

The intense pressure from Ye Fan had dissipated by then, and Noa was able to slowly stand up.

“What are you trying to do this time?” Ye Fan asked curiously when he saw her walking toward him with a dead look in her eyes.

Her tears continued to flow down her cheeks as she slowly approached him and said, “Congratulations. You've won, so you can have your way with me now.”

With a wry smile on her face, she then closed her eyes, sat down on Ye Fan's lap, and waited for him to toy with her body.

To her surprise, Ye Fan didn't ravage her like she thought he would.

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Instead, he simply shoved her off his lap without even laying a finger on her.

Pain shot through her body as she fell to the cold, hard floor beneath her, causing her to sob even louder than before.

“Why did you push me? Isn't this what you want? You rejected the money and power I offered you because you want my body, right? Well, I'm letting you have it right now! I guess I have only my amazing figure and my shameless survival instinct to blame. I've already decided to submit myself to you, so why did you push me away? Are you some kind of sadistic pervert that enjoys tormenting others?” she shouted angrily.

Ye Fan simply gave her a weird look and asked, “Even now, you're still that confident in yourself? I told you, you have no value whatsoever. The stuff that you take such great pride in meant nothing to me, and that includes your body. I have seen all sorts of women throughout my life. Your body is nothing compared to Mucheng's and Yun's, so why don't you just stop struggling and peacefully accept your fate?”

Having finished his cup of tea, Ye Fan decided it was time to put her out of her misery.

As he slowly stood up from his chair, the tea



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leaves hovering in the air began to buzz loudly.

At that point, Noa completely gave up as she knew full well that her death was certain.

Even so, she flashed Ye Fan a vengeful glare and shouted, “My uncle will come for you after I’m dead! He’s the king of India! He’s the most powerful man in the world! He’ll have you accompany me in death!”

With tears in her eyes, she then ran straight toward the sword-like tea leaves.

However, instead of being stabbed through her abdomen like her subordinates, Noa felt no pain whatsoever.

She then slowly opened her eyes and saw that the tea leaves had fallen to the floor.

“Y-You...”

Noa was so confused about his intentions that she fell speechless.

“The king of India? Are you saying that Fen Tian is your uncle?” Ye Fan asked coldly while staring her in the eye.

“You know my uncle? Maybe you aren’t as uncultured as I thought, then. If you know my uncle, then you should know how powerful he



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is. You'd better let me go, apologize to me on your knees, and submit yourself to me!"

Thinking that Ye Fan was afraid of her uncle, Noa's smug attitude returned once again.

To her surprise, Ye Fan simply chuckled in response. He then took his jacket off and draped it over her body as he said, "You may live for a little while longer. I want you to take me to your uncle. I will keep you alive until I kill him, but you'll have to be my servant in the meantime. You'd better get used to calling me 'Master!'"

With that, Ye Fan carried on laughing as he walked out of there with his hands clasped behind his back.

Noa, on the other hand, was so shocked that whatever arrogance she had a second ago was completely gone.

All that remained on her face was a look of fear as she stammered, "S-So, y-you're here to kill my uncle? T-This is suicide! It's still not too late for you to regret it now! Do you hear me? You'll die a horrible death when my uncle gets his hands on you! I'm telling you, his strength is beyond your imagination! He's the guardian of this country! Even the head of Folo Palace has to treat my uncle with respect!"

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Having heard from Noa that Fen Tian was currently on an island in India, Ye Fan dragged her with him as he boarded an eastbound train.

Along the way, Noa kept telling Ye Fan how powerful her uncle was.

She did that to make sure he wouldn't do anything indecent to her, but Ye Fan showed no interest in her whatsoever.

He simply sat there with his eyes closed like he had fallen asleep.

Being an incredibly prideful and egotistical woman, it angered her to no end when she saw him ignoring her.

Noa lifted her leg and was about to stomp on his foot, but she held herself back when she recalled his display of power in the restaurant earlier.

"Achoo!" Noa sneezed when she felt the chilly breeze blowing in through the train's windows.

All she had on her was the jacket that Ye Fan gave her earlier, but it was enough to cover her petite body.

Unfortunately for her, it provided very little protection against the cold.

"You may sit a little closer to me if you want," Ye Fan said all of a sudden.

Noa tensed up instantly upon hearing that. "What are you playing at? Are you trying to take advantage of me? I'm warning you! Both my father and my uncle won't forgive you if you dare defile me! Our family is the most prominent family in India! The current president wouldn't have gained his position without our help! Defiling me is equal to defiling the princess of India, so both you and your country will feel the wrath of all of India!" she shouted viciously at him.

Ye Fan simply shook his head and said with a chuckle, "Take advantage of you? Oh, please... I wouldn't be the slightest bit interested in you even if you were to show up completely naked in front of me!"

"Y-You..." Noa's eyes went wide with anger and disbelief like an angry kitten.

Ye Fan was blatantly denying her of her charm, and that was something a woman like her could not tolerate.

He has no idea how many men from noble families have tried to court me in the past! It'd take me forever to list them all out! Heck, being able to even talk to me was considered a great honor! That is undeniable proof that I am very

charming!

Noa had wanted to argue her case at first, but quickly dismissed that idea after giving it some further thought.

Actually, now that I think about it, Ye Fan is right. This man would not bat an eye even if I were to offer my naked body up to him! My charm is completely useless against him...

Feeling defeated, Noa sank back into her seat like a deflated balloon and kept quiet ever since.

"Achoo!"

The cold wind pouring in through the train's windows caused her to let out another sneeze.

"You should do as I say if you don't want to catch a cold."

"Hmph! I don't need your sympathy!" Noa mumbled with a pout while curling her body up.

She then stole a glance at Ye Fan, who had been keeping his eyes closed the whole time even while talking to her.

*D*mn it! Am I really that ugly? Do I not have any charm at all?*

Noa's train of thoughts was interrupted when the train made a sharp turn. The sudden change in direction of the train caused her to lose her balance, and her body pressed against Ye Fan's arm when she bumped into him.

Huh? It's warm?

That was when Noa realized the air surrounding Ye Fan was incredibly warm.

She then tried leaning toward him a second time, and surely enough, she felt that same sensation of warmth again.

Being near him was like being near a fireplace or sitting in a hot spring during winter.

Oh, it feels so good...

The comforting warmth felt so good that it rid Noa's body of fatigue and caused her to relax instantly.

No one could possibly resist the warmth that penetrated the soul, not even a prideful princess like Noa.

Despite what she said earlier about being taken advantage of, Noa moved closer toward Ye Fan and pressed her arms tightly against his. The sensation was so comforting that Noa willingly cast aside her pride and lost herself in the

warmth.

Ye Fan simply shook his head when he saw that.

Heh... So much for calling herself a princess when she's just an immature and inexperienced girl!

The warmth that Ye Fan's body exuded was actually from his elemental force affecting the air around him.

As the elemental force had been converted through Invoke the Celestial Cloud, being within its vicinity would naturally make anyone feel comfortable.

"You must be hungry, right? Let's get something to eat."

As it was time for lunch, Ye Fan ordered two servings of food on the train.

Noa was disgusted at the idea of eating such simplistic meals, but eventually gave in to her rumbling stomach and ate a few mouthfuls.

"Oh? This is actually pretty good!" she exclaimed in surprise after tasting it.

"Anything tastes good when you're hungry!" Ye Fan said with a chuckle.

Noa froze when she saw the warm and gentle smile on his face.

What the... He looks so different now compared to when we were at the restaurant! How on earth did he go from being a cold-blooded murderer to this handsome boy-next-door type of guy?

The huge contrast he displayed caught her completely off guard.

"T-Thanks... Y-You don't seem like a bad guy..." Noa mumbled softly as she retracted her gaze and carried on eating.

Ye Fan flashed her a curious look. "What are you thanking me for?"

"The lunch... A-And for letting me lean on you earlier..." As Noa didn't really thank people often, she sounded incredibly awkward when trying to do so.

"Oh, I see... The food costs fifty in total. Go on, pay the man," Ye Fan said while pointing at the staff who had come to collect the money.

"You... Are you kidding me? It's only fifty, and you want me to pay it for you?" Noa nearly exploded from anger on the spot.

Ye Fan waved his hands as he said, "I don't have any money on me."

Noa rolled her eyes at him in response.

I don't have any money on me either! He ripped my clothes to shreds! Even if he didn't, it wouldn't make a difference since I don't carry cash in my handbag anyway. My servants are the ones in charge of my money, but they're all dead now.

"In that case, maybe you can try asking the man if he'll accept your body as payment. You don't look all that great, but it should be enough to pay for this meal!" Ye Fan suggested in a casual tone.

Noa got so mad that she stomped hard on his foot in retaliation.

Her face was all red and puffed with anger as she shouted, "I knew it! There really is nothing to like about you!"

Just like that, the change in how she viewed him was reversed in that very instant.

On top of that, she even started plotting how she would have her uncle punish Ye Fan severely later.

"Here, take this! My earrings are made out of pearls and jade. You could even afford a car after selling them!" Noa said angrily as she took her earrings off and handed them over to the man as payment.

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After that, she puffed up her cheeks and turned the other way, ignoring Ye Fan completely while cursing at him in her heart.

My goodness... Why does a man like him even exist?

Of course, Ye Fan wasn't bothered by her behavior as he never really cared if Noa liked him or not to begin with.

The only reason he cared about her well-being was because he needed her to be all right until she brought him to Fen Tian.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"How do you want your death, huh? I can have my uncle grant you the death you wish for! You're not going to run away in fear when you see him, are you? I hope you'll keep your word and challenge my uncle to a fight! I'll be sure to give you a proper burial! Say, what grudge do you have against my uncle? Why are you so determined to get your revenge on him? Are you really not afraid to die? You look pretty young to me. Judging by how much you suck at pleasing women, I bet you're still single, aren't you? Why would you do something so suicidal if you haven't even experienced love? My uncle will kill you for real, you know? You're nothing to a person as powerful as he is! I've seen him kill countless men with a single swing of his arm! You should give up on this and head back while you can! Isn't it better to live a good life instead of throwing it away like this? There are so many wonderful things that you have yet to experience! Come on, do you really not have something worth living for? I can even take you in if you don't have a place to go. You may not be as powerful as my uncle, but you're not all that bad. How about you work for my father as his bodyguard? I can provide you with accommodation and a lucrative monthly salary, so why don't you consider this offer?"

Noa kept rambling on as the two of them continued heading east.

Her attitude toward Ye Fan was slowly

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changing as she spent more time around him.

At first, she was eager for Ye Fan to meet her uncle so he could kill Ye Fan sooner.

Halfway through their journey, she started wishing for Ye Fan to slow down a little so that she could talk to him a bit more.

At some point, she didn't even want Ye Fan to go there and tried to talk him out of his stupid decision.

Eventually, she even went as far as promising to keep his plan a secret, offering him a job, providing him with accommodation, and forgiving him for abducting her as well as killing her subordinates.

However, all of her pleas fell on deaf ears as Ye Fan ignored her the whole time.

He kept his eyes closed and didn't even look at her, let alone say anything in response.

"D*mn it, all you do is sleep! You might as well die in your sleep, then!"

Noa was on the verge of losing her mind from anger.

I'm genuinely concerned about his well-being, and he just ignores me completely! Ugh, this is

so infuriating!

“Hmph! I wouldn't even care about you if it weren't for you keeping me warm earlier!”

Noa's face would get all puffed up like a pufferfish when she was angry, and that only made her look adorable.

After what seemed like forever, the train finally came to a stop at a city near the east coast.

Noa then refused to take another step.

Ye Fan looked at her and asked, “Are you going against your word?”

“I told you, I only know that my uncle is currently on an island east of India. I only know the general direction of the location, not the specifics. Besides, that island was a gift to my uncle from the president. It was meant to be a token of gratitude for his contributions to the country. That island is sealed off from the mainland, so you'll have to buy a ship if you want to get there. Alternatively, you can also build a raft and go look for it out in the ocean!” Noa replied in a matter-of-fact manner.

She then broke into a smug grin and sat down on a bench with her arms crossed as she continued, “What's the matter? Why have you gone quiet all of a sudden? Are you ready to

give up now? I told you, my uncle is a very powerful man, so seeing him won't be easy. Let's just forget about this and head back, okay? You can work as a bodyguard like I told you earlier, and I'll pay you accordingly. Of course, if you don't want to work, I'm okay with having you as a sugar baby instead!"

There was an expectant look in Noa's eyes when she said that.

Everything she said led up to her suggestion of Ye Fan being her sugar baby.

However, Ye Fan simply shook his head and scooped her into his arms.

Noa burned bright red instantly, and her heart began pounding against her chest like crazy.

She was panicking so much that she felt like her heart would stop at any moment.

"W-What are you doing? There are so many people here!" Noa exclaimed softly while burying her blushing face in his chest.

She was feeling a mixture of shock, excitement, and the thrilling sensation of tasting the forbidden fruit at the same time.

What's going on here? Has this dense idiot finally come to his senses? Even so, isn't he going a

little too fast here? Should I put up some resistance and get a little mad at him or something?

For some reason, Noa found herself unable to be angry at him at all.

She then tried to put up some mild resistance, but her squirming about in his arms only made their interaction seem all the more intimate.

Oblivious to Noa's thoughts and feelings, Ye Fan said coldly, "Tell me the general direction."

"W-What are you planning on doing? Y-You're not seriously going after my uncle, are you? We don't even have a boat! Are you planning on swimming there with me in your arms? Have you lost your mind?" Noa shouted in shock and disbelief.

Whatever thoughts she had earlier had all vanished completely.

What the hell? This guy wasn't planning on returning with me! He's actually sticking to his plan of seeing Fen Tian!

With that in mind, Noa shifted her gaze toward the raging waves in the ocean.

The weather wasn't looking all that great, and the ocean looked grayish in color while huge

waves hit the shore repeatedly.

Noa couldn't even bring herself to imagine how terrifying it would be to swim all the way there.

The next thing she knew, her body felt incredibly heavy all over, and the ground beneath her shrank rapidly in size while the sky came crashing down from above.

It wasn't until the two of them were about thirty feet in the air that Noa fully realized what was going on.

What? We're flying?

"W-W-What..."

Noa was in so much shock that she couldn't even speak properly.

Can humans really fly? I've heard Father talk about my uncle being able to fly, but I've never seen it with my own eyes, so I thought it was just an exaggeration. But, now that Ye Fan and I are floating in the air, I see that Dad was telling the truth...

"Come on, tell me. Where is the Island of the King of India?" Ye Fan asked in a domineering tone.

Noa was in so much fear that she completely

submitted to him and no longer dared try anything funny.

She then tried her best to recall where the island was and pointed in a certain direction.

Whoosh!

Just like that, Ye Fan began flying in that direction without any hesitation whatsoever.

The cold wind blew strongly against them while their bodies soared through the sky at high speeds.

Noa closed her eyes in fear as the wind howled loudly in her ears.

Meanwhile, in a certain island not too far away from the coast, a man was sitting cross-legged on the floor and seemed to be carrying out some sort of training.

His subordinates waited until he was done with his training before stepping forward and reporting, "Master, we've released the news about the wedding a few days ago. All the guests have arrived in the nearby city. When shall we open up the island and welcome them?"

The man glanced at the mainland in the distance before replying, "Give the order to

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open the island. This time, we'll put an end to our past grudges.”



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As the man stood up slowly, the pink peach flowers fell from the tree to the ground.

Soon, the flowers would be covered by sand and dust.

The man stepped on the flowers, symbolizing that he wanted to crush his grudges and past like the flowers.

“Master, I’ll send the disciples you like to accompany you soon.”

The man’s soft voice faded as the sea breeze howled.

The waves towered as the icy-cold wind blew.

Two figures were moving swiftly on the surface of the ocean.

Noa didn’t say a word but only hugged Ye Fan tightly throughout the journey.

After all, Noa could only rely on Ye Fan at that juncture and would die in the ocean if she let go.

When Noa looked up at the expressionless Ye Fan, the breeze billowed the stray hairs before his face.

Noa was slightly curious because she didn’t

feel cold. Even more so, she didn't feel any wind blowing toward her.

Perhaps, this is how it feels when a man pulls me into his arms to protect me.

In many novels that Noa read, the female protagonists were outstanding, strong, and cold-looking. Nonetheless, they would become soft and gentle when snuggling in the embraces of the men they loved.

Noa had been a domineering and spoiled brat ever since she was a kid.

As such, no one dared go up against her.

With such a personality, Noa didn't think she would ever show her weakness before any man, not to mention snuggling in a man's embrace and calling his name gently.

Even if she wanted to have a baby, she would choose to be on top.

However, Noa realized that all of her expectations were upended after Ye Fan came into her life.

At that time, she was like a wild pony that finally met someone who could tame her.

"C-Can you stay in India?" Noa couldn't control

herself and asked instinctively.

Since Noa said in a soft voice, Ye Fan probably didn't hear her.

As Noa's eyes were riveted on Ye Fan, she couldn't help but feel mesmerized by his beautiful eyes and eyelashes.

How could a man have such a pair of beautiful eyes?

While Noa was in a trance, Ye Fan noticed a several-thousand-meters long fleet appeared on the sea.

Those were not cargo ships but appeared more like cruise ships filled with passengers.

Moreover, all cruise ships sailed in the same direction.

Ye Fan didn't think about it too much and continued to walk on the ocean while carrying Noa.

After quite some time, several islands were finally in sight.

"Have we arrived?" Ye Fan asked.

Noa didn't respond directly but asked him, "Do we really have to go there?"

Ye Fan chuckled upon hearing it.

“Girl, you ask too many questions. Don't forget the reason that you're still alive. If I don't go there, I might have killed you with my sword.”

Ye Fan was composed and flashed her a smile after he finished.

Ever since Noa met Ye Fan, he appeared to be composed all the time.

It was as though Ye Fan didn't care about others anymore.

Deep down, Noa wished to be as composed as Ye Fan.

Apart from the fact that they didn't know each other well, Noa was only threatened to go on the journey with Ye Fan.

Hence, whether Ye Fan was alive or dead had nothing to do with Noa.

Nonetheless, the closer they were to the island, the more restless she felt. She couldn't help but ask Ye Fan to turn around.

Besides, she got irritated after Ye Fan made such a cold and heartless remark.

After giving it some thought, Noa decided to

ignore Ye Fan just like how he used to treat her.

“Women are so troublesome.” Ye Fan shook his head and chuckled when he noticed that Noa was pissed off.

Ye Fan would coax and apologize to her if she was his wife.

However, since she was only a stranger, Ye Fan thought he could just let her be.

Since the island was inhabited, Ye Fan could ask anyone if Noa refused to tell him.

At that time, dozens of ships moored at the port, and thousands of people disembarked.

Many red lanterns were hanging along the ring road on the island.

Besides, a red carpet had been rolled out from the main road to the island's center.

From a distance, the visitors could feel the carnival-like atmosphere.

“Hi. May I ask if we are on the Island of the King of India?” Ye Fan asked a visitor once they arrived.

After taking off his sunglasses, the man replied smilingly, “Yes, my friend. We're on the Island of

the King of India. It's my first time visiting here too. Outsiders are now allowed to enter the island only because the King of India invites us to his banquet. After all, this island is his private property."

While holding the hand of a beautiful young lady, the middle-aged man also carried some precious gifts with another hand.

Ye Fan nodded and said, "Well, we've found the right place."

Nonetheless, Ye Fan didn't know that it was the King of India's wedding.

"What a coincidence! I can give him an amazing gift during his wedding."

As Ye Fan was deep in thought, Noa seemed to have gone mad and suddenly dragged him to move backward.

"I forbid you to go. I order you to return with me now," Noa said firmly.

Frowning, Ye Fan asked, "What are you trying to do?"

Noa said, "I forbid you to attend the wedding. Do you know you'll get yourself killed if you attend it? I know that you're strong enough to defeat ten enemies alone. I know you can walk

on the surface of the sea while carrying me. However, you're still no match for my uncle. As far as I know, you haven't realized how strong he is."

After a while, Noa added, "When I was a kid, my father used to tell me that my uncle is the strongest person in the world. He can defeat a ten-thousand-strong army alone! In other words, his terrifying power is beyond anyone's imagination, including you! My father also told me that many people attempted to kill or seek revenge against my uncle. However, all of them were dead in the end."

Then, Noa pulled Ye Fan's sleeve and shouted, "Remember that we're on the Island of the King of India. It has been under my uncle's control for decades. In addition, since it's his wedding today, most of his friends and relatives will be here. Since all of the odds are against you, how can you possibly kill my uncle? Wouldn't it be the same as digging your own grave? It's why I won't allow you to go! You have to go back with me."

Surprisingly, Ye Fan flashed Noa a cynical look and asked, "Why do you want to be a busybody? Everything that I want to do is none of your business. Since I'm neither your subordinate nor servant, you have no right to give instructions to me. Leave. Considering that you helped me find the Island of the King of

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India, I'll spare your life. Be that as it may, let me tell you something before you leave."

Ye Fan paused for a while and continued, "You said I knew nothing about Fen Tian. However, do you know how strong I am? I won't be afraid even when all odds are against me. I, Chu Tianfan, can kill anyone whenever I want with a single strike under any circumstances!"



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After saying that, Ye Fan walked away.

Noa was left there on her own, stunned and red-eyed.

This was the first time she cared for someone so deeply and she had never imagined that it would end this way.

She watched the slim figure disappear in the distance and bit her lips with her pearly white teeth. Tearfully, she shouted towards the direction in which he was going.

"You jerk! It's better you go ahead and get yourself killed. I don't care anymore. When my uncle kills you with his fists, I shall celebrate joyfully!"

Noa's pitiful cries could be heard far away.

Many passers-by looked at this lovely and pretty young girl with pity and sympathy in their eyes.

Some even came to console her.

However, the man that she longed for did not turn back.

Her teardrops fell like rain for she had never before in her life felt so hurt.

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Her heart felt like it was broken into a thousand pieces on the floor, just like her tears.

Yet, the question remained why she was so sad.

As a matter of fact, she ought to be glad.

That man who had humiliated her was about to die.

Someone was about to avenge her for all that she had suffered for the past few days.

Why, then, did she feel so bad?

“Miss, miss...”

As Noa squatted on the ground, weeping, from the crowd behind her, came a few people.

“Ms. Noa, is this really you? We shall inform the head of the family that you are here. You have no idea how worried our master is when you went missing for the past few days. He was searching for you all over India. We never imagined that you would come to attend the wedding of His Royal Highness.”

These people seemed to be working for Noa's family.

After recognizing Noa, they were emotional and

overjoyed.

A few remained with Noa while others went back to report to her father.

“Noa dear...”

After a few short moments, the other men came back hurriedly, bringing a burly and dignified middle-aged man wearing a neat suit.

“Dad.”

Seeing her father, Noa immediately rushed into his arms and burst into tears.

“Boohoo...”

Heartbroken, the man patted his daughter's shoulder while comforting her. “It's all right. You are safe, now. Tell me who abducted you. Where is he now? I'll send guards to smash him into smithereens.”

However, Noa just kept shaking her head, her pretty face full of tears. “Dad, I don't want him dead. I want him to live a happy life with me.”

The man was stunned. “A-Are you are in love with him?”

After leaving Noa, Ye Fan followed the crowd, heading deeper into the Island of the King of

India.

Surprise was all that he felt about Noa's words.

That little rascal is too full of herself. Even now, she dares to command me. If it is someone else, she would have been killed after she was no longer useful.

However, Ye Fan had let her live.

That rascal is not a bad person, she's too selfish and too arrogant, that's all. She is like a child who has been pampered and spoilt rotten. Hopefully, after this lesson, she will exercise some self-control.

She had to know that not everyone in this world was like her father who would pamper her and let her have her way.

That reminded Ye Fan of the Qiu Mufan who always tagged along with Qiu Mucheng.

Ye Fan was not sure if Mucheng knew how to educate children.

After all, in his eyes, Mucheng was barely more than a grown-up kid.

It was hard to imagine that she was already a Mom.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan was still unsure if the child was his offspring.

He had already decided that during his next trip to Jiangbei, if he had the opportunity, he would take Qiu Mufan for a test.

If the child was really his, then the child's mother must be Mucheng.

As these thoughts came to him, in his mind, her beautiful image appeared, full of grandeur and grace.

“Sir, please show your letter of invitation.”

Following the crowd, Ye Fan had quickly reached the extension part on the Island of the King of India.

There stood a luxurious palatial building.

The building was made of pure white marble and looked like a holy church.

The stairs stretched for thousands of meters as if they led to the sky.

The flaming red carpet reached right to the end.

Festive flowers decorated both sides of the stairway.

At the entrance, were a large number of staff to make sure everything went smoothly.

At this point, a staff member stopped Ye Fan and asked to see his invitation letter.

He shook his head to indicate that he did not have one.

"We are sorry. Without an invitation letter, you are not allowed to enter."

The man was expressionless, wearing a white wrap skirt and a long shirt, which was the traditional dress of India.

It was certainly not this that attracted Ye Fan's attention.

Rather, it was the man's strong fiery aura that could not be ignored.

The aura of this level and strength was nearly comparable to one in the realm of a Grandmaster.

Someone with this level of power would easily qualify as a middle-level leader in the Chu Sect.

Yet, here, he was only guarding the entrance.

Ye Fan deduced that today's wedding was not as simple as it appeared.

"Sir, please leave because you are blocking the way for the other guests."

Seeing Ye Fan not making a move, the gatekeeper made a polite gesture again, signaling that he should leave.

Ye Fan chuckled softly. "What if I insist on entering?"

"Sir, that would be courting death." The gatekeeper's tone was still calm, but the sternness and chill in his words were particularly clear.

At this critical moment whence a showdown seemed inevitable, a startled voice came from nearby.

"Darn it, Mister, what a coincidence! You're here to attend the King of India's wedding ceremony too? We seem to bump into each other very often!

"By the way, you were so cool the other day! You defeated a group of guards with your own two hands! Now I know, everyone in China knows martial arts! Just like Bruce Lee in his movies!"

Ye Fan was too stunned to reply.

Even without looking at the person, from the

way he babbled away nonstop, it had to be Kieran who met Ye Fan once, some time ago.

After a brief exchange, Kieran realized that Ye Fan was stopped from entering the premises because he did not have an invitation letter.

"Don't worry, Mister. Give me a moment to solve this problem for you!" Kieran told Ye Fan before turning around to leave.

After a few minutes, Kieran turned up again and passed an invitation letter to Ye Fan.

Then, both of them passed through the security check and entered the castle.

"Thanks, Kieran," Ye Fan said.

"It's okay. Don't mention it. Anyway, I got it from my sister. You've met Winnie, before. She looks very strict but she does dote on me. Come on, I'll take you to see her."

As Kieran spoke, he led Ye Fan to meet his sister.

In a short while, they came upon a mature-looking blonde woman with beautiful eyes.

"Ye Fan, this is my sister, Winnie." Kieran introduced them to each other.

Ye Fan smiled at her.

However, Winnie looked at him a little suspiciously. "Why are you here if you did not receive an invitation?"

Ye Fan smiled as he replied, "I wanted to experience something new."

"What is your family background? Of China's rich and powerful, I only know about the Mo family from Zhonghai. Are you a member of this family?" Winnie continued to speak.

Ye Fan shook his head. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed. I come from a common family. My mother was from a remote village somewhere in Jiangdong. Our ancestors were common farmers for several generations. I'm not from a privileged background."

"Is that right? Coming from a remote village, how can your martial arts skills be so advanced?" Kieran was surprised.

"We are a poor family, our homes are barely furnished. We have to be able-bodied to provide for our families," Ye Fan replied almost jokingly.

After knowing about Ye Fan's background, Winnie was not so wary of him anymore.

However, she became a little contemptuous.

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“Since you are not from some privileged background, behave yourself when you enter the premises. I know that you have some knowledge about martial arts. Nevertheless, you must know that all the guests today are highly skilled. With your martial arts ability, you might scare some ordinary folk, but in today's situation, you are no big deal. Mark my words. If you create trouble here, even the gods cannot help you.”



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Chapter 1910

The island which was usually isolated from the rest of the world was very busy in the last few days.

Hundreds of ships came together, and an endless stream of people docked.

Naturally, those who could participate in the King of India's wedding ceremony were all powerful individuals from all over the world.

"Look over there. That is a Middle East oil tycoon. I heard that there are more than three hundred women living in his villa. They are his harem."

Ye Fan was speechless.

"The one with the white turban is an arms dealer from India. The arms business is one of the most profitable businesses in the world. Rumor has it is said that this very island was built by the said arms dealer for the King of India."

Once again, Ye Fan was stunned.

Following the crowd, Ye Fan and his two companions moved along forward.

Along the way, Kieran, the chatterbox, kept pointing out to Ye Fan the big shots present at the function.

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However, Ye Fan did not recognize any of them.

Nor did he wish to know who they were.

To Ye Fan, no oil tycoon or arms giant could withstand a strike of his fists.

Naturally, Winnie was unaware of Ye Fan's mentality.

All she noticed was his ignorant and silent expression when Kieran told him who the important guests were.

"Apparently, he is really a country bumpkin."

Winnie shook her head and smiled contemptuously.

And so, at that moment, all the wariness and suspicions she had about Ye Fan were gone.

Such an insignificant person from a humble background could not be here for any conspiracy, nor could he cause any major harm.

Finally, Winnie became convinced that Ye Fan was there to see the world.

"Kieran, is the King of India really getting married today?"

Ye Fan was not interested in the origins of the

wealthy guests but what concerned him more were matters pertaining to Fen Tian.

There was no apparent reason, but from the very beginning, Ye Fan felt a little strange when he entered this hall.

By right, due to the King of India's prestigious status, at his wedding, the martial arts masters from Folo Palace of India should be present.

Moreover, the martial arts world of foreign countries would also send envoys to congratulate him.

On the contrary, after Ye Fan looked around, he discovered that most of the guests present were businessmen who were no martial arts experts.

There were very few warriors with powerful auras, and even fewer martial artists above the Grandmaster levels. As for Supreme level Grandmasters, Ye Fan did not see any.

Fen Tian was the top martial art master in South Aploth.

That year, when there was a wedding in Chu Sect, the martial arts leaders from various countries in the world attended the banquet in person.

Perhaps, Fen Tian's status was not as privileged as the Chu family but he certainly deserved better.

"Who else, in your opinion, could it be? The Island of the King of India is the exclusive territory of the King of India. Who else, other than the King of India, can hold a wedding here?"

"In fact, I don't blame you. For someone whose status is as prominent as the King of India, marriage and family are burdensome. Many men of his level do not get married. Just think about it. Either way, there will be many women available. If they want children, there is no shortage of women who would give birth to their offspring. Why would they want to get married? When they divorce, they have to share their assets. If they have affairs, the public would condemn them. Marriage is not beneficial to them at all, other than the increased responsibilities and obligations."

"Anyway, if I were the King of India, it would be foolish of me to sacrifice so much for one girl. It's akin to giving up the whole forest for the sake of one tree. Nonetheless, while on my way here, I heard that the King of India's fiancée is a rare beauty."

"Have you heard of the Chu Sect? It's an ancient and mysterious powerful sect. I don't know

much about this Chu Sect, but I do know that their head is recognized by the whole world as the most beautiful goddess on earth. Some passers-by on the road have said that the King of India's fiancée is as beautiful as the goddess of the Chu Sect.

"I feel that I'm beginning to understand why the King of India wants to get married. Perhaps, he has found his true love.

"It is a terrifying thing for a man to fall in love. Once a man falls in love, not only will he give up a whole forest, but he would willingly go against the whole world too. When a man is rational, he is the smartest animal on earth, but when he falls in love, he could be the dumbest creature in the world."

Apparently, Kieran seemed to know a lot about the beauties of the world and he seemed very concerned, as well.

At this point, he was sharing with Ye Fan his thoughts and experiences with women.

"Love?"

Ye Fan listened attentively but he shook his head and laughed.

"Do you think that a shameless and unfilial old dog can really love someone? I'm afraid such a

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person does not even have a heart.” Ye Fan sneered.

His tone was filled with contempt and disgust.

Ye Fan could not muster up even the slightest feeling of fondness for Fen Tian, the King of India.

First, he had murdered his masters and comrades.

In the battle of the rainforest, years ago, in order to achieve his goal, Fen Tian was unscrupulous and would stop at nothing.

Among the people Ye Fan had met over the years, Fen Tian was the most despicable and shameless one.

As Ye Fan and Kieran chatted, a middle-aged couple walked toward them.

The couple were clad in magnificent clothes and were elegant and decent in behavior, giving them an air of dignified Western Epea aristocracy.

“Kieran, why have you just arrived? You must have been horsing around on the way. The wedding ceremony will be starting soon. Let's find seats quickly.”

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The couple must be relatives of Kieran and Winnie. When they saw Kieran, they pretended to be upset.

“Okay?”

“And he is?”

Then, their uncle, Jefferson noticed Ye Fan beside Kieran and asked with a frown.

“Uncle Jefferson, he is a friend I just met on the way here, Ye Fan.” Kieran smiled as he made the introductions.

“Ye Fan? Is he from China? What is his background? I do not remember any well-known family in China by the surname of Ye.” Jefferson wondered.

“Pfft...”

Winnie who was nearby could not help bursting out in laughter.

“Uncle Jefferson, what well-known family? He's from a small village, nothing remarkable about it. Just now he was stopped at the entrance for trying to enter without an invitation letter. I didn't want to get involved but Kieran insisted on helping him.” Winnie shook her head as she spoke.

Suddenly, Jefferson frowned. "Kieran, what's the matter with you? Don't you know what this occasion is? How dare you just bring anyone in? If you get into trouble and disrupt our family's plans, how can you bear the consequences? Now, take him back to wherever he came from!" Jefferson said sternly.

Kieran was immediately put in a difficult position. "Uncle Jefferson, this is not a decent thing to do, is it? Ye Fan is only here to gain knowledge and experience. He won't get us into trouble, I promise. And I'll keep watch on him, all right? It wouldn't affect our family's plans." Kieran begged earnestly.

He had brought Ye Fan into the premises. If Ye Fan was driven out, Kieran would be humiliated in front of his friend.

In the end, after much persuasion by Kieran's silver tongue, Jefferson agreed to let Ye Fan stay.

"Keep an eye on him carefully. The guests here are either powerful or wealthy. They are not people he can mess with. Furthermore, today is the wedding day of the King of India. If he does cause any trouble, none of us can bear the consequences." Jefferson warned.

Kieran nodded repeatedly. "Don't worry,

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Jefferson. I've already briefed him. My buddy, Ye Fan knows the overall situation and he will not cause any trouble." Kieran laughed sheepishly.

Leading Ye Fan along, he went forward to the front seats.

Kieran's warmth and friendliness made Ye Fan rather embarrassed.

"Kieran, perhaps I should not be seated together with you?"

"Don't mind my uncle. He has always been cautious and doesn't mince his words. He is just afraid of being implicated. We are just two youngsters. Even if we want to cause trouble, there is no way we can create any huge mess. Just sit back and relax." Kieran with a big heart spoke casually.

By now, all the guests from various parts of the world were seated.

In front, an emcee stepped onstage.

"Apparently, the wedding ceremony is about to start."



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“Ladies and gentlemen, the wedding ceremony is about to begin in ten minutes' time. Kindly take your seats,” announced the emcee.

True enough, many people started to enter the hall and take their seats after the emcee's announcement.

“Oh my! Isn't that the head of the Vias family?”

“That's right. Why does that girl behind him look so familiar?”

Kieran got bored quickly, and his eyes started wandering around.

Very soon, he noticed a group of people.

“Ye Fan, isn't she that rascal that we met in the restaurant the other day?” asked Kieran as he seemed to recall something and pointed to a person in front of them.

Ye Fan took a glance and replied, “I think so.”

When Ye Fan and Kieran noticed Noa, she seemed to sense it too.

She turned around and met Ye Fan's eyes.

“Hmph! That b*stard!”

Noa was still angry, so when she spotted Ye

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Fan, she stomped her feet.

"What's wrong? Is that the China man you were telling me about?" asked Noa's dad as he looked at where his daughter was staring at.

Soon, he spotted Ye Fan.

"Noa, go with your brothers first. I will join all of you in a short while," said her father.

Just as Gray was turning to walk away, Noa grabbed hold of his hand and begged him, "Dad, please don't hurt him."

The man shook his head in disapproval. "After so many years, the first man that you care about turns out to be a foreigner. It looks like I can't keep my baby girl by my side anymore."

The man teased his daughter and caressed her face. "Don't worry. I know what to do."

After that, the man took a few guards with him and walked toward Ye Fan.

The few guards went up to Ye Fan and asked him politely, "Are you Ye Fan? Come out for a while. Mr. Vias would like to speak with you."

"If he wants to speak with me, then why isn't he here? Why has he sent you to call me instead?" Ye Fan responded.

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However, his response scared the wits out of Kieran and Winnie.

Kieran advised him in a low voice, "Ye Fan, they are the Vias family, the most prominent family in India. Be careful how you talk to them! If they ask you to go over, you do so. By the look of it, I don't think they will make things difficult for you."

Kieran was worried that Ye Fan might offend those people and implicate them.

When Ye Fan noticed how frightened Kieran was, he shook his head and laughed.

"Fine. I'll go with them."

Anyway, he had nothing to occupy him at the moment. Ye Fan also wanted to find out why the head of the Vias family was looking for him.

"You're Ye Fan? You look like a fine young man indeed."

Outside the castle, there was a stern and haughty-looking man waiting for him.

There were also several guards standing near him.

"Thank you. But, I don't think you have called me here to tell me how handsome-looking I

Chapter 1911

am,” said Ye Fan with a smile.

Gray nodded. “That's right. Let's get back to the point. Tell me about your background. Who else do you have in your family? What kind of business is your family doing? Perhaps, your family has some business dealings with the Vias family.”

Ye Fan shook his head and let out a self-deprecating laugh. “I'm a nobody. My family is doing agricultural work. We certainly have no business dealings with you.”

“What? A country bumpkin?” All of a sudden, the man's face darkened.

Although he had guessed that Ye Fan was not from any outstanding family background, it was only now that he realized that he had overestimated him.

A country bumpkin with no prominent family background was considered to be among the lowest class of people in India.

India was a country that took social hierarchy very seriously.

Family backgrounds were of utmost importance to the people from the upper caste.

Under normal circumstances, he would feel



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insulted to be talking to someone of Ye Fan's standard.

However, he had no choice because his foolish daughter was interested in that man.

“In the future, cut all ties with your parents. You aren't allowed to have any more interactions with them. I will provide you with a new and more dignified identity. Once the wedding is over, you will come back to my home. From now on, you will be by my daughter's side and attend to all her needs! As long as you keep her happy, I won't treat you badly! Naturally, that is as far as things will go between you and my daughter. I have to tell you something in advance. The daughter of the Vias family will never marry someone of a sullied bloodline. Therefore, you should know where you stand. There are some things that shouldn't cross your mind! It doesn't matter how my daughter feels about you. Always remember that you're only a servant hired by the Vias family. Is that understood?”

Once he was aware of Ye Fan's background, Gray looked down on him.

As a result, he also sounded more domineering than before.

However, Ye Fan remained unperturbed and laughed out loud instead.

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“Hahaha!”

It was as if he had heard the funniest joke in the whole world.

“What are you laughing about?”

Gray frowned.

Ye Fan's laughter had annoyed him and sounded like a ridicule to him.

“Do you have a problem with that? Or perhaps, you feel that serving my daughter is an insult to you? It looks to me like you have no idea how powerful the Vias family is. The Vias family used to be royalty in India! Even now, my family members still have some say in military affairs! Our family businesses span across the world. The strongest man in South Aploth is one of my family members!”

Ye Fan could not take it anymore, and he cut him off. “So what? It doesn't matter how prominent your family may be. In my eyes, you're nothing! I don't even give a d*mn about the Chu family and have even fought against them. So, stop being a snob. To me, your background means nothing!”

“How dare you! Such insolence!”

Gray was infuriated, and he stared at Ye Fan.

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“Nothing? Are we insignificant to you? This is absurd! You're so ignorant! Who do you think you are? A king? A god? You're just a poor chap from a lowly background with no title. If my silly daughter hasn't had her eyes on you, what makes you think I will be talking to you? You won't even be able to enter the castle without help. I have no idea why you have the confidence to be so arrogant!”

Gray was really enraged.

He had given Ye Fan his blessing, wealth, and even the opportunity to get close to his daughter.

Gray was even prepared to accept Ye Fan as his godson if he proved himself to be capable.

However, he did not expect this impoverished young man to be so rude and ungrateful!

Over the years, no one had dared to speak to him in that manner.

If it was not for his daughter, he would have burned Ye Fan alive for his offensive behavior.

Yet, Ye Fan remained smiling when faced with Gray's wrath.

“You want to know where I get my confidence from? Let me show you!”



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Chapter 1911

With that, Ye Fan stomped the ground.

Boom!

There was a loud explosion, and it felt as if the earth had shattered.

The stone steps beneath his feet exploded into pieces.

Gray got such a fright and trembled so badly because he thought that Ye Fan wanted to kill him.

Amidst the flying debris, Ye Fan exclaimed in a god-like stance, "The power is within me! Even if I want to kill you, there is no one who can stop me. Who dares to?"



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Chapter 1912

The sound was like a thunderous explosion.

Gray and his bodyguards were stunned by Ye Fan's intense aura. They were struck dumb as they stood frozen in place.

Gray felt like his life was on the line when he faced Ye Fan. He didn't understand why he got that feeling.

Ye Fan was just a poor, nameless dog from the lower caste. Yet why did he feel such a deep sense of fear of the former's crushing pressure?

Ye Fan merely turned around and left. He didn't take Gray's life because he knew the latter did it for his daughter.

Ye Fan was always more tolerant toward fathers that showed paternal love to their children.

After Ye Fan's silhouette was gone from sight, Gray finally snapped out from his daze of terror.

“What a presumptuous young man! What power does he think he has in his hands? How powerful can a nameless hooligan be? Can he be more powerful than an organization or a family? What a brat!” He shook his head, his eyes filled with disdain.



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An individual's mediocrity might be temporary, but one must know one's worth. No one would expect success from an individual who can't even face his own worthlessness and mediocrity.

In his eyes, an egoistic and cowardly man like Ye Fan was destined to achieve nothing in his life.

He even thought of giving Ye Fan a boost for his daughter's sake, but he had dashed that thought.

Right that moment, he would rather give a pig a boost rather than Ye Fan.

"Let's go," Gray huffed as he whirled around to leave.

Once he reached Noa's side, he said, "Forget about him. Such an inferior and dishonorable man isn't worthy of you, and he doesn't deserve a place in your heart. I will select the most outstanding man to be your husband and my son-in-law," he promised in a deep tone.

"Ye Fan, what's wrong? Why was the head of the Vias family looking for you? Is he planning to take revenge against you? That girl earlier seems to be part of the Vias family," Kieran asked with concern the minute Ye Fan returned to his seat.



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Ye Fan merely shot him a light smile. "It's fine. I've got it under control."

"That's good." Kieran let out a long exhale. "The Vias family is India's most powerful noble family among the top three noble families. You can't picture the influence and power they have.

"If they want to take action against you, you might not make it out of India alive," Kieran said in a somber tone.

Feeling uncertain, Winnie asked, "Are you sure everything's taken care of?"

Ye Fan chuckled. "Do you think I can stand here safe and sound otherwise?"

His words had cleared up Winnie's doubt.

"Let's pray that is the case. I hope you learned something after this incident. A man with a humble background like you should keep a low profile. Your recklessness might give you a quick high, but a small fry like you won't be able to bear the consequences," Winnie advised as if she was a life coach giving a life lesson.

Kieran nodded his head, as he could not agree more. "Ye Fan, I know her advice is harsh, but it's for your own good. All in all, let's try not to cause any more trouble," Kieran said.



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Ye Fan merely flashed them a smile without a word.

The music blared from the speakers mounted on the corners of the hall. As if on cue, the master of ceremonies went up the stage.

“Greetings, ladies and gentlemen. I thank you all for coming here despite your busy schedules, especially those who come from afar. Let us witness a grand wedding held on this sacred day.

“I guess everyone here knows the groom, for he is India's most powerful man and has been protecting this nation's citizens for his entire life.

“The president has even granted him a title and land. That's right. He's none other than our King of India,” the master of ceremonies introduced excitedly.

The applause from downstage was deafening.

Kieran and Winnie clapped their hands with the crowd.

“Next up, I'll be introducing the bride. I have hosted many weddings in my career, almost a thousand. So I can say, without any exaggeration, that the bride today is the most beautiful bride I have ever seen in my career.



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“There's a saying in China about beauty that obscures the moon and makes flowers blush.

“Yet I think all the idioms and adjectives in this world can't describe her beauty. All right. Enough said. Let us welcome the bride and groom!”

Boom!

At the master of ceremonies' cue, hundreds of firecrackers went off, creating a symphony of pops.

Melodious music began playing in the background.

Rose petals began falling from the ceiling.

The huge heaven-gate-like doors to the castle were pushed open.

Soon, the bright rays of the sun shone into the hall through the opening.

The crowd observed a man wearing a suit, with the bride's fair, lean arm tucked in his as they walked into the hall, parading down the new red carpet with rose petals raining down on them.

Everyone present was stoked by the magnificent sight.



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While the women were watching the bride with envious gazes, the men's eyes were trained on India's most powerful man with admiration.

Slowly, the couple walked toward the stage under the scrutiny of thousands of pairs of eyes.

At the same time, a huge LED screen on the stage began displaying a compilation of photos of the King of India and the bride.

"Oh heavens!"

"Is that the bride of the King of India?"

"She's so beautiful!"

"That is a face that can launch a thousand ships!"

"Since when did India have such a beautiful girl?"

A commotion stirred within the crowd.

Even though the bride had a veil on, the photos on the massive screen showed everyone the beauty of the bride.

"Ye Fan, look! She's a beauty! I won't have any other regrets if my future wife has even one-tenth of her beauty," Kieran shouted



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enthusiastically.

However, he didn't notice Ye Fan's curled-up fists and trembling body.

It's Junie! How can it be Junie? Why is she marrying him?

Ye Fan was glaring at the photos on the screen like a madman, shocked. Disbelief struck him.

The gorgeous woman was Junie, who left without saying goodbye and came to India to take revenge.

How did she end up being Fen Tian's bride? What happened within these few days? Wait, something feels wrong.

After his brief shock, Ye Fan noticed something.

His eyes narrowed at the woman beside Fen Tian.

"Congratulations, King of India!"

"I wish the King of India a happy marriage on behalf of the Hutton family."

"On behalf of the Western Epea's royal family, I am here to congratulate you on this grand day."



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Guests from every corner of the globe chorused their wishes to the couple.

Feeling the admiration gaze on him, Fen Tian merely glanced at them with arrogance.

“I thank you all for coming here today.” His voice echoed across the castle at the wave of his arm.

The current Fen Tian was living at the peak of his life.

Power, women, status, and strength. These were what men had been chasing for their whole lives, and he had everything at that moment.

He possessed the strength of a Supreme and a stunning bride.

His life was complete and fulfilled.

Yet when Fen Tian was receiving the guests' wishes, suddenly, earsplitting sounds pierced a hole in the happy scenery.

A couple of figures from the crowd charged toward the couple at breakneck speed and immediately encircled Fen Tian the moment they revealed themselves. They were dressed in robes and had a golden lightning bolt tattoo between their brows.



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“Fen Tian, you betrayed your faction and murdered your masters and comrades. To this very day, you still hold the Elysian Master captive!

“I'm here, under my master's dying order, to get rid of you and clear the faction of any despicable members like you!” shouted one of the robed men.



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Chapter 1913

The furious declaration echoed against the walls of the castle.

The moment they revealed themselves, the members of the Elysian Faction started chanting as their hands formed different gestures quickly.

In the end, the crowd could only see an ancient roulette-like object rose from them.

That golden lightning bolt tattoo between their brows glowed as though it had formed a connection with the ancient roulette-like object.

The terrifying Power of Lightning was flowing along with the outlines too quickly for the human eyes to follow. It was like a raging torrent.

Zap!

Lightning exploded above their heads.

Though the lightning wasn't as powerful and they looked like tiny slithering snakes, so one or two bolts of them were insignificant. But what if there were tens and hundreds of them?

The crowd watched as the King of India previously awash with wishes and admiration was now trapped in a web of lightning.



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All at once, the lightning struck Fen Tian.

He looked like he was being bitten and engulfed when seen from afar.

“Hurry! Grab the Elysian Master now!”

A loud yell came from one of the members of the Elysian Faction.

A dark man urgently snatched the bride from Fen Tian's side and retreated to a safe distance.

“T-This...”

“What's happening?”

“Who are these people?”

The battle on the stage had already reached a climax, yet it was then that the guests downstage realized something was amiss.

After all, everything happened within minutes.

A second ago, a couple of random men charged toward Fen Tian and launched an assault on him, then the next second, the bride was taken away.

The sudden and swift change had the crowd shocked and drenched in fear.



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Never had they ever imagined there was someone in this world who was bold enough to crash Fen Tian's wedding. He was the King of India, after all.

However, it was Fen Tian's carelessness for falling into their trap.

"W-Winnie, is the King of India losing?" Kieran asked as he watched the seemingly trapped Fen Tian.

Fen Tian was outnumbered and taken by surprise.

Kieran figured the King of India would most likely lose in the battle no matter how powerful the latter was.

Winnie shook her head. "You have underestimated him. If he loses so easily, do you think India would have granted him the title of 'King'?"

"Do you know what his title represents? It means the king of the land! Even if India is on the verge of falling, he can pull it back up on its feet.

"Just you wait and see, brother. You'll soon see the reason he's unrivaled."

A contrast to the horrified crowd, Winnie's face



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was glowing with excitement. A burning admiration was sparkling in her wide eyes. She looked exactly like a fangirl worshipping her idol.

One would assume her to be a faithful devotee by the pious expression on her face.

At that moment, the Power of Lightning within the web continued to amass.

The members of the Elysian Faction were conducting a formation of some kind.

With similar hand gestures, they amplified the Power of Lightning from the round disk they held in their hands.

The buzzing lightning snake with the infinite power of lightning slithered toward Fen Tian.

“Fen Tian, you should be grateful that you'll be dying under Master's Lightning Snake Formation. Master can finally rest his soul if he knows about this,” said an elderly man, who seemed to be the leader of the group as his heavy gaze fixed on Fen Tian.

The Elysian Faction considered their sneak attack a success.

They managed to rescue the Elysian Master and even successfully unleashed the Lightning



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Snake Formation.

All they had to do was wait for Fen Tian to die under the Power of Lightning.

Just when the Elysian Faction thought they had won, Fen Tian suddenly raised his head from within the formation.

There was no display of pain on his sharp contoured face.

Instead, he flashed a grin at the elderly man.

“You never change despite all these years. You’re always underestimating me and so full of yourself.

“To tell you the truth, I still don’t understand why Master bequeaths the Divine Thunderbolt to you and not me.

“Maybe he was getting old and blind.” Fen Tian laughed as he spun around and slowly strode toward members of the Elysian Faction.

He fought back against hundreds of thousands of lightning snakes under everyone’s scrutiny.

Fen Tian then looked like a shining gold rock forged by lightning.

The roaring flames and terrifying lightning



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strikes didn't stop him from his path.

Instead, they merely accentuated his dignity.

A formidable pressure that weighed a mountain shadowed the Elysian Faction members.

"T-This..."

"How is this possible?"

"Is the Lightning Snake Formation useless against him?"

"I-Impossible!"

The scene playing out in front of their eyes was out of their expectation.

Never had they expected their trump card would be useless against Fen Tian.

They knew they would die a meaningless death if the battle continued.

Hence, the elder shouted, "There has been a change in plans. Let's bring the Elysian Master with us and retreat!"

At the elder's order, the members of the Elysian Faction instantly turned around and madly dashed toward the exit with the rescued bride.



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Fen Tian didn't give chase. He merely stood on the stage with his hands folded behind him and regarded them with a smile as though he was waiting for something.

Shortly after, an earsplitting blast pierced everyone's ears.

The lavish and holy white wedding gown exploded under everyone's fearful gaze.

At the same time, a dagger was hurled.

A sharp dagger stabbed into one of the member's bodies through the throat.

The member of the Elysian Faction standing closest to the bride turned to the woman in red with a look of confusion as he collapsed to the floor.

"Y-You're not Elysian Master?"

The sudden turn of events dealt a devastating blow to the Elysian Faction members.

"Congratulations, you got it right," the woman in red snickered at their realization and lobbed the dagger in her hands.

"Dodge it! Everyone run!" the elder man roared.

His early warning had avoided any further loss



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of lives.

The dagger merely left a few cuts on their bodies.

Swoosh!

Then, India's elite fighters, who had been lying in wait outside the doors, rushed in and blocked the exit, effectively cutting off the escape route for the members of the Elysian Faction.

Fen Tian and his subordinates had the Elysian Faction members trapped in the castle.

The situation was going downhill for the members of the Elysian Faction.

It seemed like the tables had turned. They were initially the ones who trapped Fen Tian, but now Fen Tian had them trapped instead.

“Fen Tian, you despicable bastard! This was your plan all along?” the elder exclaimed with reddened eyes at the realization.

Their exit had been sealed off.

They were now prey caught in a trap. Immediately, they stood with their backs against each other and watched every movement their opponent made with cautiousness.



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Holding the same pose, Fen Tian stood on the stage and peered at his prey with a disinterested look as though they were nothing more than corpses. “How am I supposed to catch all of you without a plan?”

“You’re too naive! That old geezer couldn’t even win against me. Funny that you thought you could.”

“You bastard!” cursed the members of the Elysian Faction.

“Where’s Elysian Master?”

“What have you done to her?”

“Fen Tian, if you dare to touch her. I’ll come back and haunt you even after I die.”

Fen Tian merely shook his head and smiled. “Have you ever heard of a peerless powerful man in the martial arts world many years ago?”

“That man almost put a hole in Chu Sect with his power alone. His glow had overshadowed the entire martial arts world then. In the end, that brat still died by my schemes!

“I still remembered how his subordinates had threatened me like how you did now before he died. Yet what was the outcome?”



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“Many years had passed, yet I'm still standing up here peering down at you. On the other hand, that brat was buried so deep underground that he'd been erased from everybody's memory.

“So there's no such thing as ghosts or repercussions. There's only the living and the victor. I, Fen Tian will be the last one standing!

“Even after a hundred or even a thousand years later, Elysian Master, Ye Fan or Chu Fan, will remain as ashes. But, I'll be here forever!”

He let out a maniac laugh.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The castle was filled with silence as everyone was frozen in horror.

There was only Fen Tian's arrogant voice echoing against the walls of the castle.

Those from the Elysian Faction were in peril, their eyes filled with hopelessness.

Blood flowed out of the member who had died earlier and dyed the ground around him red.

Fen Tian was the only one standing proudly in such a vast place.

There was an imposing but prideful look in his eyes, making it seem as though he was someone with absolute power at that moment, and had everyone's life right in his palms.

Nevertheless, it was hardly his fault for feeling proud.

After all, he had offended so many people all these years and had made himself so many enemies.

But look at how things turned out.

All the enemies he made in the past hundreds of years were dead. Every single one of them had turned to dust.



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It didn't matter if his opponent was someone as powerful as Chu Tianfan.

So what if he's astoundingly talented and is known to be invincible? He still died before me.

The man had committed suicide.

His downfall was Fen Tian's greatest achievement after all these years.

I managed to kill the one ranked first in Sky Ranking!

Even though Ye Fan's downfall was due to complicated reasons, Fen Tian was still arrogant enough to think that he was the biggest reason for how the man had ended up.

After all, if he hadn't fanned the flames at that time, the whole of the martial arts world wouldn't have forced Ye Fan to the point where he committed suicide.

As Fen Tian continued to bask in his success, many of the guests were watching him with respect. Admiration was written all over their faces.

It was especially true for Winnie as her eyes were filled with pride.

"Do you see that, Kieran? That's Fen Tian! His



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power and capabilities aren't anything we can ever imagine. All we can do is watch him from afar, and admire him with devotion.”

Her face flushed red as she watched the all-powerful man, excitement, and admiration filling her heart.

She wanted so much to be the one getting married to the King of India, Fen Tian.

Winnie had always thought that the only one who could conquer her was a mighty man like him.

Amidst the crowd's horror toward Fen Tian's domineering aura, his voice echoed throughout the castle as if he was giving the verdict of death, “That's enough. It's time for you to say goodbye to the world. I'm going to send you on your way now. Well, as for Junie, the one Elysian Master took in, don't worry because I won't kill her. I'm going to make her my queen. To be honest, I've actually fallen for her. When all of you are dead, I'm going to hold another glorious wedding for her, and I'll invite all of the best fighters in the martial arts world. All right. I'm done talking now. Prepare to die! When you're dead, there won't be any more enemies of mine alive!”

His voice was so loud it shook the whole room.



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However, just as he was about to attack the rest of the members of the Elysian Faction with his Divine Thunderbolt, an indifferent voice from the crowd sounded. "Don't you think it's too early for you to say that, Fen Tian?"

The voice wasn't loud, and it sounded calm and collected.

Nonetheless, a voice that suddenly sounded in such a quiet place attracted the attention of many.

They were all startled.

A thousand pairs of eyes turned to look in the direction of the voice uniformly, as though they had planned to do so beforehand.

All they saw were a few young men and women sitting in their seats peacefully.

One of them had blond hair and blue eyes, with a handsome face to boot.

Next to him were two young men.

One of them was thin and short, seemingly at peace despite the chaos.

The other, however, was as pale as a sheet.

At the sudden attention on them, he quickly



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waved his hands and stuttered, “N-No, it wasn't us. It r-really wasn't us.”

Kieran was blanched in horror and wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

The siblings had their full attention on Fen Tian earlier, so they didn't notice who had spoken.

But the others weren't wrong for looking at them.

The voice did seem to have come from their direction, after all.

“Huh? Who is it? Who said that? Why aren't you showing yourself?”

Just as everyone else was busy looking for the person, Fen Tian had also turned to look.

His cold eyes passed over each and every one of the guests, seemingly shooting daggers at them as he did so.

The people couldn't help but shudder as they felt a chill down their spines.

However, almost ten seconds had passed after Fen Tian spoke, but there was still no one standing up to admit that they had said it.

“W-Who is it?”



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“Who w-was the one w-who said that earlier?”

The crowd was starting to look for the person too.

Kieran and Winnie looked around at the surroundings.

“Ye Fan, do you know where the voice came from earlier? Do you know who said it? I wasn't paying attention but it seemed like it came from your direction,” the former asked.

He continued to look around as he questioned.

But by the time he looked at Ye Fan, he noticed that the usually calm and low-key man had stood up sometime earlier.

“Oh, sh*t! W-What are you doing? Sit down! Quick!” Kieran exclaimed, almost peeing himself from fright.

Seeing this, Winnie was both surprised and angry.

“Are you crazy? Do you have a death wish? Hurry up and sit down!” she scolded.

Then, she proceeded to force him back into his seat.

Jefferson, who was sitting in front of them, had



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turned green from shock.

“What's happening? Has he gone crazy? This is going to ruin our family! Get a move on and make him sit! Look at what an idiot the both of you brought! Don't drag us into your mess even if you have a death wish!” he scolded, his eyes turning bloodshot out of anger.

Kieran and Winnie were drowning in anxiety, especially the former as he looked like he was about to burst into tears soon.

What on earth are you up to, Mister?

Why the hell did you stand up?

Even if you wanted to use the washroom, can't you wait till all this is over before you stand up?

Why did you have to stand up at such a sensitive moment? Do you really want to die?

Winnie's face was flushed from anger.

What an idiot!

Just how thoughtless are you?

Can't you see that everyone else is looking for the person who offended the King of India earlier? You're just making them misunderstand that you were the one when you stood up at such



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a time.

Do you think someone like you who's from a small village can afford to offend the high and mighty King of India?

She wanted to kill Ye Fan so badly at that moment.

"Listen to me, Mister. Hurry up and sit down or you're going to die!"

Kieran rushed toward Ye Fan and wrapped his arms around the latter, trying to force him to sit down.

Yet, all the latter did was look at him and smile. "Don't worry, I won't die. The one who can kill me, Chu Tianfan, hasn't even existed yet. Also, if there's someone who has to die, it'll be Fen Tian."

What?

"Damn it! What the f*** is wrong with you? Are you an idiot?"

Winnie was left dumbstruck.

Tears were about to stream down from her eyes.

At the same time, Kieran was so shocked to



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hear such reckless words from Ye Fan that he couldn't get anything out of his mouth.

The latter finally managed to pry him off a moment later.

He turned and looked up, meeting Fen Tian's eyes.

Then, Ye Fan started to step forward to make his way toward him.

As if a deity returning from a bloodbath, he was back to kill his enemy.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"It's me," Ye Fan said.

The short and simple response seemed to have the effect of a thunder strike.

Whoosh!

Everyone's gaze landed on him.

Kieran and Winnie were scared out of their wits upon hearing his words.

"Lunatic! You really are insane!"

Winnie was utterly stunned.

Her face twisted with both fear and anger as she shouted at Ye Fan.

At that moment, she regretted her decision.

She didn't expect the man from China would be so stupid.

If only I had known, I wouldn't have brought him in even if I were to be beaten to death.

"Look at what both of you idiots brought in! Our family is about to be ruined!"

Jefferson's face was pale and he had broken into cold sweat.



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This is a disaster!

Besides coming for the King of India's wedding, they were also here to have a discussion regarding a collaboration.

If they wanted to expand India's market, they would need someone powerful to back them up.

As long as they managed to get Fen Tian on their side, there was no doubt that their business in India would give them notable results.

Yet, everything was ruined now.

And it was all because his niece and nephew brought an idiot with a death wish with them.

Jefferson was so mad that he wanted to kick the siblings to death.

Never mind their ruined plans. If it was ever found out that they were the ones who brought Ye Fan in, they might not even be able to leave the Island of the King of India alive.

If even Jefferson was feeling this way, Kieran, who was closest to Ye Fan, was even more dumbfounded.

Tears and snot streamed down his face.



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He was still unable to understand why his friend was doing this.

You said you're a nobody, so why are you getting yourself into this mess?

Aren't you just starting a losing battle?

I bet that Fen Tian can crush you just by raising a finger.

At that moment, everyone in the castle was staring at Ye Fan.

Some were shocked at how bold and arrogant he was being, and some were ridiculing him for not knowing his place.

But most of them pitied him.

They thought that there was going to be another one to die at the wedding.

Nonetheless, right when everyone thought that the man from China was going to die all because he didn't know his place, Fen Tian's expression started to change.

Especially when he saw the man stand up and stride toward him.

Fen Tian's once dignified and intimidating look slowly changed into one of shock and fear.



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By the end, he had widened his eyes so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out soon.

The man started to stammer as he stared at Ye Fan who had once brought him so much fear, “Y-Y-You... You—”

The King of India was utterly dumbstruck.

He became a blubbering mess as he pointed at the man walking toward him, his body trembling.

His jaw dropped, and after a series of incomprehensible shouts and groans, he was still unable to get a proper word out.

He thought that he was seeing things at one point and that the man before him was just an illusion.

However, no matter how many times he rubbed his eyes, he still saw the same face.

The man with the familiar face was right before him as if he had never left the world.

He was right before Fen Tian as if he were the vast ocean that still existed no matter the weather or how much time had passed.

Finally, Ye Fan stood in front of him, his eyes



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cold and indifferent.

The way he was looking at Fen Tian was like how God would look at an insignificant ant.

He wasn't doing anything but the contempt and disdain he was feeling were obvious.

Fen Tian had lost the moment he met eyes with him.

"What's wrong, Fen Tian? It's only been a short two years. Did you forget about me already? This reunion between old friends calls for a drink, doesn't it?"

Ye Fan's chuckle rang throughout the room.

The crowd fell silent in an instant.

Winnie, who was originally cursing and seething with anger, stood frozen on the spot.

"O-Old friend? Does this country boy know Fen Tian personally?"

Her eyes widened, surprised at how things had turned out.

The arrogant man from China wasn't as unbearable or lowly as they once thought.

"A-Are you Chu Tianfan?"



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After a long time, the words “Chu Tianfan” finally left Fen Tian's mouth.

Having no intention to hide it, Ye Fan nodded and said, “It seems like you still remember me, Fen Tian.”

He smiled, but in Fen Tian's eyes, the smile was no different from a devil's.

He jumped back instinctively, hitting and breaking the walls behind him. It was as though he was a mouse that had seen a cat as he quickly set a distance from Ye Fan.

As he did that, he glared at the latter while shaking his head vigorously.

“There's no way! It's impossible! You're dead two years ago. The whole world witnessed your downfall. How can you still be alive? There's no way this is happening. This must be an illusion spell. The Elysian Faction must have cast it on me. Just watch how I crush you!” he shouted in fright.

The guests in the castle were naturally shocked to see Fen Tian being like that.

Seeing how Ye Fan was able to make the best fighter in India so terrified and disorientated, they wondered just who he was.



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“Winnie, this friend of yours. Who is he? Is he really from the countryside?” Jefferson asked.

He once loathed Ye Fan, but instantly trembled with fear at the sight of that.

“I don't know either,” the woman said, her face pale as she shook her head.

They had only met him by chance.

In fact, Winnie hadn't really spoken to him, and she wasn't really fond of him.

So it was only natural that she didn't know his actual identity.

Those from the Elysian Faction were just as confused.

They once thought that it was time for their deaths, but it looked like there was a chance to turn things around.

Unlike how his age seemed to suggest, the mysterious man before them didn't seem ordinary.

Swoosh!

Fen Tian erupted right then.

A shout escaped his lips as he directed the



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thunder.

Thunder sounded as a bolt of lightning shot down from the sky, heading straight for Ye Fan.

“I don't care if you're a human or a ghost. Die! Die under my Divine Thunderbolt!” Fen Tian roared.

His piercing shouts sent the ceiling and roof flying.

Whatever fear he felt earlier had disappeared, and he was filled with violent and murderous intent.

It didn't matter that the Ye Fan before him was real or fake. He needed the man to die.

Never would he want to experience the fear due to Ye Fan anymore.

“It's dangerous. Be careful!”

The members of the Elysian Faction were evidently shocked when they saw that Fen Tian had created lightning that spanned almost a hundred meters.

They shouted at Ye Fan and warned him to hide.

Despite so, the man turned a deaf ear to them



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as he continued to stand there.

He remained in his spot as though he were the stubborn rocks in a river with strong currents.

His slender body was then struck by the thunderbolts.

“Oh no!” the people of Elysian Faction shouted, each of them falling into despair.

Winnie was stunned, and Kieran covered his eyes in shock.

He didn't want to see his friend being struck to pieces by the thunderbolt.

Nonetheless, right when everyone thought that there was no way Ye Fan could stay alive, a dragon's roar was heard from the skies.

The Yin Yang Dragon God Body erupted.

Streams of gold light illuminated the air as a dragon emerged.

Chu Tianfan, the Hall Master of the Dragon God Hall, resisted the lightning.

“W-What?”

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“It’s the Dragon God Body—the highest level of martial arts in the Chu Sect!”

The corners of Fen Tian's eyes twitched. Overwhelmed by fear and astonishment, he felt like his eyes were going to pop out of their sockets.

A crazy thought popped up in his head.

Could he really be Chu Tianfan who ranked first in the Sky Ranking? Is it possible that he didn't die? So now he's back again?

“No! It's not him. It'll never be him. He's a fake!”

Even till then, Fen Tian refused to believe that Ye Fan was still alive and was right in front of him.

Naturally, Ye Fan could not be bothered about Fen Tian's feelings.

After unleashing the full powers of the Dragon God Body, Ye Fan clenched his right fist, which was so packed with power that it was as if the entire force of the universe was concentrated in it.

Then, he aimed that punch toward Fen Tian.

The space surrounding Ye Fan's fist suddenly shattered into a million pieces of glass.

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His punch had already broken the space dimension.

His terrifying power caused everyone to be shocked.

However, Fen Tian did not dodge the punch and instead chose to clash with Ye Fan head-on.

Lightning flashed around him as he mustered all of his force onto his fist.

During the battle at the rainforest, Fen Tian's arm had been cut off.

Hence, for that period of time, he suffered a significant blow to his abilities.

However, something new came out of it. Since he lost his arm, Fen Tian created a new one-armed technique.

All of the powers would be gathered toward an arm.

The strength in that arm even surpassed that of Fen Tian's when he was at his peak.

“Even if you're really Chu Tianfan, so what? I've ravaged the plains and dominated South Aploth. The agony of losing my arm back then was precisely what made me evolve! Even if the real Chu Tianfan is still alive, I'll not be afraid of

him, let alone an imposter like you!”

Fen Tian's eyes turned bloodshot. His furious bellow was so loud that the tables and chairs in the castle exploded.

That was a shocking battle between two Supreme. Before they even exchanged any blows, the castle was already in ruins.

Those nearer to him were sent flying away, while those further to him felt an enormous sense of pressure weighing upon them.

Their faces turned pale and they felt like their blood was going to be squeezed out of their veins.

“Everybody, run! Run now!” At that moment, someone yelled.

The guests finally realized that their lives were now under threat.

After all, if they got caught in the crossfire between two powerful fighters, they would be hurt.

When the battle was between people on the level of Ye Fan, even Grandmasters would be severely injured if they were too near.

As for the other commoners, they would have

been obliterated on the spot.

A chaos erupted.

Kieran and the rest did not even have time to marvel over Ye Fan's powers.

They fled in different directions as if they were helpless ducklings who had lost their bearings.

Even the fighters from the Elysian Faction started to escape.

Naturally, Ye Fan and Fen Tian could not even be bothered by what was happening around them.

When Ye Fan heard Fen Tian's furious yell, he scoffed coldly, "Fen Tian, it's been ages since I've last met you, but you're still so arrogant. Looks like you didn't learn any lessons when you lost your arm. If that's the case, I'll let you realize how terrifying I truly am!"

Ye Fan's laughter reverberated across the place like the toll of a bell.

Kieran and Winnie could not believe that these words were being said by that country bumpkin who was just sitting beside them minutes ago.

His domineering aura and dignified demeanor were something that only belonged to a

conqueror of the world, not a poor rascal.

In fact, he looked like he was a king, standing at the peak and ruling over the other commoners.

In the past, Winnie thought that Ye Fan was just an ignorant person.

However, it turned out that they were the ignorant ones.

She and Kieran had underestimated that man.

It was not just them. There were also Noa and her father.

Everyone had underestimated that man.

“Noa, leave...”

Noa's father could not even be bothered to exclaim at how blinded he was.

His only thought was to stay far away from Ye Fan and Fen Tian's battlefield.

However, what enraged him was how his daughter's rationality had been completely obscured by her feelings.

When their battle was about to break out, that foolish girl, Noa, rushed toward Ye Fan without a care in the world.

Perhaps, she was scared that Ye Fan would die.

Or, she just wanted to flee with Ye Fan.

When Noa dashed into the battle between two powerful fighters, her petite figure made her look so vulnerable and small.

She was like a fallen leaf that had been drawn into a tempestuous thunderstorm.

It could not do anything, be it blocking the wind or stopping the rain.

The only outcome was to be torn into shreds by the endless rain!

“Mr. Vias, we are running out of time! Go now!”

Gray wanted to dash in and drag her daughter away, but it was too late. Fen Tian had landed his attack.

To protect Gray's safety, the guards of the Vias family forcefully dragged him away.

“B*stard, let go of me! I want to save my daughter!” yelled Gray furiously.

However, it was useless.

While he was dragged away, he could not do anything but watch helplessly and despairingly

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as his own foolish daughter rushed into the chaotic battle.

“Noa, you're so silly...”

A father's pitiful scream echoed across the place.

The harsh winds blew his tears dry.

Boom!

Just when Gray was being dragged away, Ye Fan's furious yell pierced through the cacophony.

“Boundless Destruction!”

The roof of the castle had already been blown away, revealing the vast sky outside.

Ye Fan floated in the middle of the sky.

The roar of a dragon could be heard echoing in the distance, while golden rays of light shrouded him.

After he yelled that out, everyone watched as his thin figure landed on the ground, causing cracks to spread across the surface.

His body was slightly bent as endless power flowed from the ground to his entire body.

With a loud yell, he slammed his fist down.

Boom!

Their fists collided straight on, creating such a loud boom that it sent ripples across the air and split the ground open.

The luxurious palace collapsed in an instant.

Next, the concrete, gold pillars, and glass had all turned into debris before being blown across the island.

For those people who could not flee in time, their chests were blasted open by the Qi unleashed.

Their internal organs were all destroyed, while blood poured down upon them like rain.

No one would have expected that the King of India's joyous celebration would end up being a bloody doomsday.

“Who'll win?”

The Elysian Faction and Fen Tian's disciples all stared at the battle from afar.

They held their breaths nervously.

After all, this fight was not only about who

would win but also whether they could survive.

Soon, the dust cleared, revealing two strong figures standing there.

Their fists were still colliding, just like two bulls locking their horns.

It was a stalemate!

“Is it a draw?”

When the Elysian Faction and Fen Tian's disciples witnessed the scene in front of them, they were shocked.

“This young man is so scarily powerful! He's actually on par with Fen Tian!”

“Since when did someone like him appear in the martial arts world?”

The Elysian Faction was astonished.

They had been staying in the secluded mountains for years to master Divine Thunderbolt.

As they were not concerned about what was happening in the martial arts world, they only knew about some older fighters who had been famous since the old time.

They knew nothing about the younger fighters.

Hence, when they saw a young man in his mid-twenties being able to block Fen Tian's attack, they were naturally dumbfounded.

"What?"

"It's a draw?"

"Dream on!"

"Do you know how powerful our master is? How can a junior like that man be his opponent?"

"Master is only testing out his powers through the first blow. He hasn't unleashed his full powers yet. When he truly fights with all his might, that rascal will die!"

Fen Tian's disciples burst out laughing, looking so arrogant that it seemed like they would definitely emerge victorious.



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Fen Tian's disciples were looking smug, but the people from the Elysian Faction weren't looking too happy. They had fought Fen Tian before, and they knew how powerful the King of India was in the martial arts world.

The young man before them might be a powerful one as well, but he was too young, so they weren't feeling too hopeful about the outcome.

Just when everyone thought the match was going to end in a draw, someone noticed Ye Fan smiling, which was odd, given the situation.

"Huh?"

"What is going on?"

"That guy is smiling."

Ye Fan's reaction garnered different reactions from the crowd, but all of them turned into surprise in the next moment.

Nine Qi exploded within Fen Tian, as if they were a cluster of grenades exploding out of nowhere. As they rampaged within Fen Tian, the King of India roared in pain, and his robes were torn into little pieces.

But that was not the end. The king himself was sent flying away like a cannonball. He arced



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through the air, spewing blood and pieces of internal organs.

Followed by a sickening crunch, the crowd watched in awe as their indomitable king fell to the ground, defeated and disgraced.

He wouldn't stop coughing up blood, and if they didn't know better, they would have thought their king was nothing but a man of the lowest caste.

His pride and majesty were destroyed with a single punch.

A deafening silence fell upon them as everyone took their time to process their shock and grief.

Everyone from the Elysian Faction was flabbergasted, while Fen Tian's disciples stared at the scene in disbelief.

A single punch took the King of India out. If they hadn't seen it before their very eyes, they would never expect a seemingly regular young man to be the one to take out the top fighter of South Aploth—Fen Tian, the guardian of India.

Oh my god. What kind of monster is this guy? The Elysian Faction fighters were trembling in shock.

Fen Tian's disciples were looking as white as



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tombstones.

Fen Tian was still lying on the ground, looking as if he could die at any given moment. He was trying his best to keep his injuries in control, but the Qi would not stop rampaging within his body. It was as if he had a storm raging within him.

He could not use even an ounce of his own strength, and because he forcibly tried to do so, it tore his wound open, and he coughed violently.

In the end, Fen Tian coughed up even more blood.

“So, how does it feel, Fen Tian? Like the taste of my Boundless Destruction? Feel proud, Fen Tian. It has been a while since I mastered it, but you’re the first one to witness its power.

Ye Fan looked at the defeated King of India, as if he was nothing but a wriggling, writhing maggot fighting on for its dear life.

Ye Fan mastered Boundless Destruction back when he was recuperating in Great North. Great North was a land covered in snow and nothing else. Literally. All Ye Fan could see was snow, snow, and more snow.

The only living being by his side was that man.



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The man whom he should, biologically speaking, call 'Father.'

It was the worst time of his life, and when he regained consciousness, the first thing he realized was that the person he hated most was the only one standing by beside him.

Nobody knew how agonizing Ye Fan felt back then. He would rather die than let that man see him during his weakest hour.

But well, even death was an impossible dream for Ye Fan back then. All he could do was lie down and let that man nurse him back to health.

That man kept talking to Ye Fan during those years. No matter what, he wouldn't stop talking, as if his life depended on him talking to Ye Fan. He touched on every single subject possible. Astrology, geography, history, and even speculations about the future. None were outside his topics of conversation.

When he was out of topic to talk about, he'd tell Ye Fan about the stories he made up himself.

Ye Fan, however, never replied to him. Not even once.

Even so, the man did not give up. He kept talking to Ye Fan every single day. Eventually, he



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started talking about his own thoughts about martial arts and cultivation.

The inspiration for Boundless Destruction came from that man as well, as much as Ye Fan hated to admit it.

“You must have almost mastered Invoke the Celestial Sky by now, haven't you? That's something our ancestors created. May he be blessed. Use it well, and it can unleash unimaginable power.

“Everyone thinks Invoke the Celestial Sky is the strongest martial art in the world, but just between you and me, there's no such thing as 'strongest martial art' in the world of martial arts. I've been in this field for a long long time. What's important is to learn the martial art that you're most suited for.

“You don't have to think of Invoke the Celestial Sky as the Holy Grail. In fact, you can change it a little if you think that'll make it more suited to your style.

“Take Tumble of the Majestic Mountain and Infinite Force for example. The former puts a heavy emphasis on the strength of fists. It's powerful, straightforward, and puts all its force behind a single moment of burst damage.

“Infinite Force relies more on technique.



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Contrary to Tumble of the Majestic Mountain, this skill's impact goes on far longer, though it has less burst damage of course.

"But you see, here's the interesting part. If you think about it, there's nothing stopping you from merging the two skills together. If you incorporate Infinite Force's technique into Tumble of the Majestic Mountain, you might come up with something with decent burst damage and damage over time. You should try it out.

"Maybe you'll come up with something surprising."

That was what that man told him, more or less. Back then, Ye Fan still held an immense hatred against him, so he didn't care for what he said.

However, Ye Fan's hatred slowly subsided as the days passed by. Eventually, he started listening to what the man had to say about martial arts and cultivation.

In the end, he merged Infinite Force and Tumble of the Majestic Mountain together, and as a result, he created Boundless Destruction. It was a skill that had decent burst damage and great damage over time, sending devastating blows for every punch Ye Fan hurled at his enemy.

And he defeated Fen Tian with that skill he



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came up with.

“C-Chu Tianfan? Y-You're actually alive? I-I see. We have been too naïve. W-We should not have given up the search for your body. E-Everyone has underestimated your strength.”

Things were already getting out of hand. Even Fen Tian had to acknowledge the fact that the man before him was Ye Fan himself.

After all, there was only one fighter among the younger generation who could defeat him so easily, and it was none other than Chu Tienfan, the one who topped the Sky Ranking.

Fen Tian had realized the fact that Chu Tianfan was not dead, and on top of that, he came back to get his revenge.

Fen Tian regretted not being thorough with the search. Back then, Ye Fan killed himself, and a mysterious person took his body away. Everyone tried to search for him, but every lead went cold in the end, and they gave up.

Everyone thought that Ye Fan could not have survived such an attack. The arrows pierced through his heart, after all. Since he was dead, they saw no point in looking for Ye Fan's remains.

Even Fen Tian shared their sentiment. However,



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because of that exact line of thinking, they lost the best chance to fully and totally destroy Ye Fan, allowing him no chance to make a return.

Even if Ye Fan survived the attack back then, he must have been inches away from death. If they could find his body, they could snuff his life out easily.

But well, there were no 'what ifs.' The whole world underestimated Ye Fan. In their naivete, they thought he could not make a return from what was supposed to be a fatal attack.

"That is a mistake on our part. You're only in your twenties, but you've managed to defeat the entirety of Chu Sect. Of course, miracles like resurrection will happen to you.

"Chu Tianfan, I have to admit that you are one terrifying b*stard. Making an enemy out of you is possibly the single, worst possible mistake I've ever committed in my life."

Fen Tian suddenly laughed, but it was not a mirthful laugh. Instead, it was filled with self-deprecation.

He didn't dwell on the reason for Ye Fan's survival, for there was no point to that. What he must do was come up with a way to kill him once more and make sure his mistake was rectified.



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“Are you trying to beg for your life? For my mercy? Do you think you can get any of them?” Ye Fan asked.

“What if I were to let that woman go then? Exchange her life for mine? If I am correct, you are here for her too, no?”

“Yes. I did come for Junie.” Ye fan nodded.

Fen Tian laughed. “Sometimes women can be the downfall of a hero. Even a fighter like you fell for a woman. But well, she is a gorgeous one, and her body is to die for. Even supreme grandmasters are impressed by her medical skills.

“As a wife, she can create and uphold a family well; as a doctor, she can heal almost any ailment and help you on your quest to attain the peak of martial art.

“Perhaps only Tang Yun from Chu Sect and Moon God from Japan can be compared to her, no?”

Fen Tian was not surprised that Ye Fan would say yes. In fact, he was delighted to hear that. After all, the more Ye Fan cared about Junie, the higher his chances of survival were.

"You want to exchange your life for Junie's?" Ye Fan laughed scornfully, as if he just heard the biggest joke in the world. "Don't you think you're thinking a bit too highly of yourself, Fen Tian?"

"Junie has helped me out more times than I care to count. Not even the whole India is worth a single strand of her hair, so what makes you think you're worthy enough? Exchanging her life for yours is just a foolish ambition." Ye Fan shook his head.

Fen Tian, however, was perplexed by that logic. "Hey, by that logic, you're getting a good deal, aren't you? She's more important to you than a whole country is, while I am useless to you. You're exchanging a useless person for someone you love. Don't you think that's practically an infinite return on your investment?"

Fen Tian was propping himself up against a corner of the castle, the blood trickling down his mouth was drenching his robe crimson.

He was on the brink of death, yet he still had time to make small talk with Ye Fan.

Ye Fan chuckled. "You are right. If that is my only choice, then exchanging your life for Junie's is a great move to make, but there is one flaw in that line of thinking. Do you think I can't find her without your help?"



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"You can stop struggling now, Fen Tian. It's useless. I came to India for two reasons: one, to take Junie home with me, and two, to kill you. In other words, I will save Junie, and you will still die nonetheless.

"Honestly, Fen Tian, you and I don't actually have any grudge between us. Technically, that fight in the rainforest counts as one, but it was just a battle that stemmed from different ideologies, so to speak. It wasn't even personal. And you lost an arm in the process as well.

"Had you stayed out of your way, I would not have come to India just to kill you. But no. Oh no, no, no. You just had to go and kill my king. And this is the result of your actions."

Ye Fan's face was starting to get contorted with darkness and rage, his eyes filled with crimson murder.

Ye Fan would not forget what he saw that day for the rest of his life. The setting sun on the horizon draped the land in crimson light, covering the blood Long Baichuan spilled as he stood outside his nation, fighting until his very last breath.

"For many years, he had been by my side. He has made a name for himself and had even just gotten engaged. In the few hours before his death, he was probably thinking about his wife,



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who was waiting for him in their bedroom. That was the first day of their marriage.

“But you... You made sure he never had the second day with his wife. Even now, I am still too ashamed to see his wife. But soon that won't be the case anymore. Once I kill you, I will cut your head off and take it with me as I request to meet with his queen.

“I will tell her that I have avenged her king,” Ye Fan said slowly. His voice was quiet, but the message was heavy and looming.

While Ye Fan was talking, the survivors noticed that the temperature seemed to have dropped a few degrees, and it felt as if they were being hurled into an icy dungeon.

Ye Fan slowly walked up to Fen Tian, as if he was a reaper adamant about taking the life of his victim.

Fen Tian was quiet. He leaned back against the wall, frowning at Ye Fan, waiting for the eventual outcome.

“Fen Tian, this is your final chance. Tell me where Junie is, and I may grant you a painless death. You might have heard that the head of the Chu family is sealed on top of Mount Chumen and is tortured every single day. Yes, I am the one who did that.



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"If you want to have a taste of what that feels like, I can give you that."

Ye Fan looked down at Fen Tian, and he created a sword made out of Qi, then held it in his hand.

It looked like a real sword from far away, but it was just a phenomenon that would occur when elemental force was released to a degree.

Even though it was a sword made by elemental force, everyone knew that it was as sharp as any blade in the world.

"You b*stard! Don't you dare touch my master!"

Fen Tian's disciples felt the murderous aura Ye Fan was radiating, and they came to their master's defense.

The disciples leaped ahead, charging toward Ye Fan. They roared at him and released all their strength as they attempted to take his life.

Ye Fan, however, did not even spare them a single moment. He swung the ethereal blade down, and it split into countless little blades that charged toward the disciples like a wave of swords.

Every single blade hit its target, and the disciples were pumped full of holes.



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Everyone watched in horror as the grandmasters who were Fen Tian's pride and joy died at Ye Fan's hands. They fell to the ground with a thud, and they did not even have the time to scream for the last time in their lives.

Blood gushed out from all the little holes on their bodies, looking like a crimson fountain.

The fighters from the Elysian Faction were shocked. They gasped in horror and took one step back, fearing that they might be the next victim.

What power and ferocity are that! How can he kill people like it's nothing! He's like a demon!

Ye Fan was not even fazed even after he killed those disciples. His gaze remain locked onto Fen Tian, waiting for him to answer.

"I-I'll talk! D-Don't kill me! I'll tell you where that woman is right now! Just give me a moment. I need to think..." Terrified, Fen Tian begged Ye Fan to spare him and give him a moment to think.

"Wait, something's wrong! Sir, he's trying to buy time! You have to kill him right now! He's activating a formation!"

...



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The Elysian Faction fighters noticed something, and they quickly told Ye Fan to kill Fen Tian off, or something bad might happen.

However, it was already too late.

Fen Tian laughed, and he leaped up into the air, where an ancient golden wheel slowly appeared under his feet.

He laughed loudly. "I told you you're not a match for me, Chu Tianfan! Nobody is a match for me!"

Fen Tian looked up in ecstasy, and the golden wheel under his feet started spinning wildly.

An invisible restriction started appearing on the island as the golden wheel worked its magic.

"This can't be..."

"Wait, this is Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation! Fen Tian, you disgusting b*stard! Just because you lost a match, you resort to this? Put on a fair fight if you're a man! Using this is coward's play!"

The Elysian Faction fighters were shocked to find that the energy around them was starting to get restless. Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation was the strongest formation their sect had.



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Because of its immense power, it was regarded as a sect-protecting formation. However, due to the decline in geniuses over the last century, nobody could build the formation anymore.

The formation would require an obscenely huge amount of resources and energy to make. Not only would the builder have to be talented enough to make it, they also needed time and money.

Because of that, this formation was nothing but an exhibit in the faction.

However, none of them expected Fen Tian to successfully recreate the formation on his own island.

“Coward? Oh no, I'm afraid I'm not. History is written by the victors. Only the victors have the right to call whomever they want a coward. On the contrary, only brutes and fools think that might is the only thing required to win a war.

“And that fool is namely you, Chu Tianfan! You have all the power in the world, and yet you don't have the slightest idea of strategies and tactics. All you do is charge ahead to your doom. I would have done things very differently if I had your power. If I were in your place, the Chu Sect would have been the one to lose that battle back then.



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“Of course, telling you all this is useless now. This formation you see is the Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation. I spent a lot of time and money to collect all the resources it needs, and then I spent a further fifty years just to recreate it. Even supreme grandmasters will turn into dust if they are caught in this formation.

“The Pacific Ocean did not manage to grant you a watery grave. Chu Yuan, despite all the power he has, did not manage to grant you death. It seems that fate has decided that I shall be your executioner. The gods have spoken. My island shall be your final resting place, and I, Fen Tian, shall be your gravedigger!”

Fen Tian stood in the air and laughed victoriously, then he looked ahead with nothing but an icy gaze in his eyes. The King of India stepped forward, and he shouted into the heavens, “By my decree, you shall die!”



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The island started to rumble, as if the ocean beneath it was starting to boil. Countless wheels started floating into the air, as if they had been waiting for their cue.

And then, everyone saw the wheels starting to get filled with ancient, eerie lines.

The energy flowing within nature was summoned, and lighting started flowing down to the island, covering it in electric energy, as if they were commanded by something invisible.

The wheels were covered in lightning, and they started blinking like dangerous stars that would kill anyone who came too close to them. However, the lightning did not run amok. Instead, the energy started congregating, until they eventually became nine fiery dragons.

Every dragon was at least a hundred meters tall, and the flames that formed their bodies roared across the land. It was as if a volcano was about to explode, and magma would roll down the slope, covering anyone that stood within its path and killing them.

Fen Tian laughed arrogantly. "Your time is up, Chu Tianfan! Feel proud, for you shall have a taste of the Elysian Faction's oldest formation right before you face your doom!"

He stood atop in the air, looking down at all the



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people who were on the island as if they were nothing but insects.

The lightning might have merged together, but there were still residue amounts swimming across the island. Martial artists could take that much energy, but most of the people down there were civilians.

The whole island was covered by the formation as Ye Fan and Fen Tian battled. Hence, all of them were locked on the island with no way to escape.

The lightning that swam around tormented them, and they lay on the ground, shaking as the electricity coursed through them.

“Save us, Your Majesty!”

“W-We are your people!”

Fen Tian's clansmen were among the ones who were suffering as well. They lay on the ground, moaning and groaning for mercy, but their king did not care about them of course.

His clansmen and even his own family were nothing but mere insects. Right then, his mind was occupied by one thing and one thing only: to kill Ye Fan.

“Oh no. The formation is done. Once the fire



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dragons have stored up enough power, we will all be doomed.”

The Elysian Faction fighters had a look of despair on their faces. It might be the first time they were witnessing the formation in real life, but it was their faction's oldest formation, so they had seen its description in the books.

“Is there no weak point about this formation?”
Ye Fan frowned.

No wonder these guys can survive the test of time. Sure, this formation is nothing compared to the ones described in the Book of Celestial Cloud, but everything in that book is related to the divine. In other words, only gods can use them. Or deities, at the very least.

In other words, even though this Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation is nothing compared to what the gods use, it is still the pinnacle of what mankind can achieve.

Even Ye Fan had to get serious about the formation. “No wonder this old git held his wedding on this island. So this is what he was aiming for?”

A frown dotted Ye Fan's forehead. He wondered why Fen Tian wanted to hold his wedding on his own land. Not to mention he invited a lot of rich and powerful guys to attend the event.



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Before he saw the formation, Ye Fan wondered why Fen Tian wasn't worried about his enemies coming to destroy the island. Most of the time, martial artists would never allow anyone to know that they had their own private land.

After all, if their lair was exposed, their enemies could launch an assault and destroy everything in the lair.

After he saw the formation, however, Ye Fan knew why Fen Tian held his wedding in his lair. It was so he could get his enemies to attend and kill them all in one fell swoop.

Fen Tian probably never thought he would have to use the Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation for this plan of his, but all that changed with Ye Fan's appearance.

Ye Fan was trying to find a way to break through, and he looked at the Elysian Faction fighters. *Since they're from the same sect, they should know this formation well. The Art of War's most basic creed. Know your enemies, know yourself, and you can win all battles.*

If Ye Fan could get his hands on the basics of the formation, maybe he could come up with a way to break through.

"It is useless. This formation is made up by nine basic formations, and they act as the



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power source. Fen Tian has been working on it for decades. After all these years, they've probably absorbed an impossibly large amount of lightning.

"Lightning is the power of the heavens. No one can stop it," the man said. He shook his head, his face pale and his eyes filled with despair.

"So all I have to do is destroy the nine basic formations. If they have no power source, this formation can't work on its own. Do you guys know where the locations for the power sources are?" Ye Fan asked.

The leader of the Elysian Faction fighters said, "Yes, we do."

"Well, tell me then."

They shook their heads. "It is still useless, Sir. Even if you know where they are, it's still impossible to destroy them, since the power sources are located outside the formation. If you wish to destroy it, then you must break through this formation first.

"But we can't do that either. Once you come to its border, the fire dragons will attack you. Any living being will immediately turn into dust when they are attacked by the combined strength of lightning and fire. We have no chance at all. We're stuck between a rock and a



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hard place.”

The Elysian Faction fighters had already given up all hope of living. They looked up at the fire dragons that were swirling in the air.

The dragons were still gaining strength. Once their power was loaded up to the maximum, they would start their assault. The peace they were feeling was just the calm before the storm.

While everyone was wallowing in despair, Ye Fan looked up at the formation's top, where the dragons were swirling. He said, “If we don't try, we'll never know whether we can break free.”

He stomped his foot and leaped up into the air using the momentum from that stomp.

“Sir, please, no!”

The Elysian Faction fighters were shocked, and the oldest fighters seemed like they would have a heart attack.

They gasped and tried their hardest to stop Ye Fan from going on with the suicide mission.

“Sir, don't go! Please!”

“You'll die if you do!”



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But no matter how hard they screamed, Ye Fan did not hesitate, nor did he stop his leap. He was just like a blade of justice that would tear through the despair looming over everyone.

“That is not a smart move, Sir.”

As they could never hope to stop Ye Fan, the Elysian Faction fighters heaved a long, long sigh. They thought it was a shame that Ye Fan had to die like this.

Everyone's eyes were on Ye Fan, who was trying to break through, and even Fen Tian was watching Ye Fan's every move.

“You wish to break through the formation? That is just laughable.” He sneered and sent the dragons charging toward Ye Fan.

“My dragons! Kill that man!”

Just when Ye Fan was nearing the formation's borders, the dragons charged at him, and the energy coming off them formed pillars that crashed down upon Ye Fan.

The nine attacks came crashing down at him at almost the same time.

Ye Fan could defend against the first few attacks with his Dragon God Body, but as the fifth, sixth, and seventh attack crashed down on



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him, not even the Dragon God Body could endure it much longer, and his momentum stopped.

When the eighth attack landed on him, it sent Ye Fan crashing down like a meteorite. The earth rumbled, and the rocks around him were smashed into fine dust, while a crater appeared in the middle of the formation.



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Dust swirled in the air, and the island itself rumbled.

“Sir!”

The Elysian Faction fighters teared up the moment Ye Fan was sent flying onto the ground.

“Sir, that was not a smart move. Really, it was not. I told you that lightning is the strength of the heavens itself. It's not something humans can endure just by themselves.”

They thought it was a shame. Ye Fan could go toe to toe with Fen Tian at such a young age, so if he was given ample time, he would have enough power to shake the world of martial art.

However, he met an untimely death, and they thought it was a pity. Ye Fan's death was a great loss for the martial arts world.

After all, Ye Fan was struck by the nine dragons. Not even Fen Tian could withstand the power of nine lightning strikes, so they thought Ye Fan must be dead.

Even though Ye Fan was more powerful than Fen Tian was, he would at the very least be a hair's breadth away from death.

Fen Tian laughed again. “So, how do you like



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my formation? I ran this island for fifty years, and this formation has absorbed fifty years' worth of energy. Even a god realm fighter would be locked down for nearly thirty minutes. An exile like you can't possibly hope to break through."

Fen Tian sounded arrogant, as if he thought he had won the battle.

"Chu Tianfan, you know what your worst flaw is? You're too arrogant. See? You think too highly of yourself, and you think everyone else should grovel before you.

"Yes, I admit that I am weaker than you are. I'm not as talented as you are, and I am not as powerful as you are. In a one-on-one battle, I could never hope to be a match for you. But you seem to forget one thing: the Island of the King of India is my domain!

"And in my domain, I am the strongest possible fighter! Anyone who's foolish enough to go against me will be crushed and scattered!"

Thunder rumbled above, and Fen Tian's voice was carried across the island. He looked like a victor who was announcing his victory in battle. Then he opened his arms and pushed downward.

Everyone saw the ninth and final dragon



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charging toward the crater, intending to finish Ye Fan off for real this time.

“You shall die, Ye Fan!”

A great explosion blew up in the crater, and shockwaves spread across the island. Burning heatwaves swept across the land, and the lightning pierced through everything.

The intense heat turned the plants and rocks around into air, and ground zero looked like it was nothing but a space of vacuum. There was nothing in there except for a dark, infinite abyss that stretched deep into the ground.

“It's all over. There's not even a molecule of him left.”

The Elysian Faction fighters looked scared, and finally, all their strength left them, and they plopped down on the ground.

The other survivors looked at the ground of impact in horror. Nobody thought Ye Fan could survive that. Anything and everything would be smashed into pieces from the impact of the attack, and then they would be turned into air from the heat right away.

They knew that Fen Tian had taken the necessary steps to make sure not even an atom of Ye Fan was left, and that struck their



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hearts with terror.

Eventually, silence returned to the land. The dust had settled, and the wind was quiet. Not a soul was stirring, save for Fen Tian, who was huffing and puffing.

A short rest later, Fen Tian suddenly roared in laughter. "I won. It's my victory. I killed Chu Tianfan! I killed the number one Sky Ranking fighter!"

He laughed again. "So, in the end, it is I, Fen Tian, who claims victory!"

Fen Tian laughed maniacally, as if he was about to go mad with delight. He bellowed up into the heavens, venting his frustration and delight at the same time.

All his fear, terror, and shock were finally let loose. It was as if he was a traveler in a desert who finally came across an oasis after venturing for a long time.

Nobody but Fen Tian himself could understand how ecstatic he was feeling. Even though it had only been an hour since Ye Fan made his appearance, it was enough to pile a mountain of pressure on Fen Tian.

It was as if he was dancing with death, and with Ye Fan's death, he could finally drop the weight



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that had been stacking on his shoulders.

“Y-Your Majesty, please turn off the formation. Have mercy on us.”

Fen Tian's clansmen were begging for mercy. Even though Ye Fan was dead, the formation was still running, and the lightning energy was still tormenting them.

Those acquaintances of Fen Tian's were begging and asking for him to turn the formation off.

Fen Tian looked down at his island, which was filled with craters and destruction. The survivors were lying on the ground like maggots squirming around, struggling for survival.

Fen Tian looked at them coolly, his sleeve billowing in the air.

The survivors who noticed Fen Tian's look thought they could finally get out alive. If Fen Tian would turn the formation off, they could get off with their lives intact.

But just when they thought Fen Tian would grant them mercy, he sneered. “Well, since you're already here, might as well stay and become fertilizer for the plants.”

What Fen Tian said stunned them. The Elysian



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Faction fighters were petrified too. They knew what Fen Tian was getting at. He wanted to kill them all and leave not a single soul alive.

"You animal!" the Elysian Faction fighters cursed.

"No!"

"Your Majesty, we're your clansmen!"

Countless people cried and begged for mercy, but alas, it was destined to be futile. A man as powerful as Fen Tian cared nothing for normal humans. They were nothing but insects to people like Fen Tian, and nobody would pity an insect for being killed.

He waved his hand, and the fire dragons appeared again. The attack just now used up some of the formation's power, but the remaining strength was enough to destroy everyone else.

"No!"

The people on the Island of the King of India roared in despair while the Elysian Faction fighters watched in horror as the dragons came crashing down on them.

But just when everyone thought they would die, the island started to shake, and they seemed to



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hear a vague sound coming from deep underground.

“Huh? What's going on? Is this another earthquake?” Fen Tian frowned.

The sound was getting louder and louder, as if something was coming out from under the ground.

Eventually, Fen Tian realized what the sound was. *No. It's not a sound. It's a voice! Someone's talking!*

“Invoke the Celestial Sky! First form! Cloud Sun Kick!”

What? Fen Tian knew that voice anywhere, and he started shivering in fear. He looked down at the infinite abyss in disbelief, and a moment later, a burst of golden light broke through the abyss, soaring into the air.

A slender man flew up into the air, as if he was a sword of justice tearing through the darkness. Dragons swirled around him, covering him in golden light as he shot up high into the air and slammed his leg into the fire dragons that were flying high up in the air.

And just like that, one fire dragon exploded into flames. An intense heat wave swept across the air, but it did not stop that man.



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The kick went straight to the second dragon, and it too burst into flames without any resistance.

“Second form, Tumble of the Majestic Mountain!” Ye Fan announced.

The silhouette of a fist appeared among the sandstorm, and it looked like it was a mountain. As it flew through the air, three more dragons were destroyed.

“Third form, Earthshaking Palm!” Ye Fan released the third form without even stopping to catch his breath. This time, he stretched out both of his hands and ran across the air to catch the dragons.

A few more attacks later, three more dragons were destroyed. Ye Fan tore them apart with nothing but his bare hands.



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