Less than 150 kilometers from the coast of Japan, all the other cruises and cargo boats in the vicinity could see the lines of fire cutting across the sky.

"Oh my goodness! What is that? A bird? What a large bird!"

"Bird, my foot! Which bird carries flames at the end? This is punishment from the heavens! It must be all because you always fool around with other women!"

Many tourists on the nearby cruises were watching.

All their faces were filled with horror and confusion, as well as shock.

"No, they're missiles! These are missiles fired by the Japan Self-Defense Forces!" an old man with a pair of binoculars among the crowd suddenly shouted out.

The entire cruise was suddenly thrown into panic.

"WHAT?!"

"Missiles?"

"What the heck is going on?"





"Is someone attacking Japan?"

"Have we stumbled onto a military exercise at sea?"

The crowd was in chaos.

Even though that missile was clearly not headed for them, the close distance from the missile's target still made everyone feel fearful.

After all, if that missile suddenly ended up on them, then they would perish right here.

"Professor An, what's going on? Is it a military exercise?" Kong Hui asked her professor with a pale face as they stood on the deck

They were now on the Princess, which wasn't too far off from the Emperor that Ye Fan was on.

So they could really feel the heat that came from the missile as it cut through the air.

The explosion that occurred not too far from them was extremely real as well.

"Don't worry, it's probably just a military exercise. But in theory, all military exercises





would ensure that the sea is clear and sound the alarm as well, but there was no alarm given. Could this missile have been fired wrongly?" Professor An was rather calm and was merely puzzled.

Japan was an island country and was not allowed to have their own military for historical reasons. But there were many antiship cruise missiles placed along the coastline.

These were defense weapons that were activated only if and when enemy troops were about to invade their territory.

They were considered Japan's last line of defense.

If the enemy was able to reach this far, then the country was as good as taken over.

But the world was at peace now, and there was no declaration of war or any ongoing war.

So Professor An's first instinct was to classify it as a military exercise.

But while everyone else in the vicinity was puzzled, the Emperor was already riddled with holes.





The black smoke from the raging fire continued to fill the sky.

The second missile was coming their way and everyone on the cruise was screaming in despair.

Ye Fan managed to steady himself in the midst of the fire

Chen Nan was in his arms. Her beautiful face was covered with tears and filled with horror.

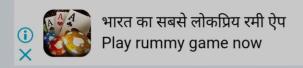
She was too afraid and couldn't get a single word out. She just continued to sob, and her sniffling sounded heartbreaking.

Even Ye Fan found it hard to remain calm in such a desperate situation, what more a young and frail woman like Chen Nan.

But this was not the time to cry or remain in shock.

After Ye Fan steadied himself, he pulled out three bloodied boxes and put them in Chen Nan's hands.

"Nannan, take these. Once you get back to China, go to Mount Yunding Villa and give the two red ones to Mu-Cheng. Hand the







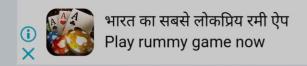


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third one to the head of the Xu family in Yanjing, Xu Lei. Tell them that Ye Fan was useless and couldn't guarantee them a life of peace and stability. They will have to take care of themselves from now on," a low but calm voice rang out in Chen Nan's ears.

Chen Nan immediately panicked.

Her face paled and her tears overflowed as she cried inconsolably.

"Fan! What are you going to do? No! Fan! You won't die! We will be saved! Fan...I don't want to leave your side..." Chen Nan bawled loudly. Her eyes were bloodshot.

She hugged the man holding her tightly as she cried and kept shaking her head.

He looked like a soldier who was bidding his family farewell before going to battle.

This farewell might very well be his last!

"Fan, no....no..." wailed Chen Nan. But her sorrowful sobs were drowned out by the loud crashing waves.

Ye Fan then carried her.

She could feel a strong but gentle force



wrap around herself.

Ye Fan started to amass a huge amount of energy.

That feeling was like a bow being pulled back to the maximum, while Chen Nan was the arrow placed on that bow.

"Nannan, go!" Ye Fan gave a low shout and there was a huge blast as Chen Nan was sent flying out from the flames by Ye Fan.

Chen Nan's frail body shot out like an arrow and cut through the sky at nearly 100 meters per second.

She flew out into the distance with the energy of Ye Fan wrapped around herself.

There was a huge cruise slowly cruising through the waters not far from her.

"No...Fan, I don't want to leave you..." Chen Nan continued to struggle and her voice grew hoarse from crying.

She tried to reach out and grab the young man in front of her, but it was futile.

She could only watch helplessly as the young man slowly grew further and further





away from her.

His image grew more and more blurry until the raging flames finally completely swallowed that young man's slim silhouette.

B000000M...

The missiles fell one after another, and the ear deafening blasts never stopped.

The impact of the explosions continued to cause gigantic waves to rise from the sea.

The fire burned furiously while the waves surged.

Ye Fan was already surrounded by nothing but fire and smoke.

"Fan..." Chen Nan's hysterical cries came from afar.

She never thought that this cruise would turn out to be her last moment with Ye Fan.

She watched as the young man's silhouette remained still among the raging flames.

Nobody knew how grieved Chen Nan was.

She would rather die along with Ye Fan in





the fire than to live on in misery.

Perhaps if she wasn't around to burden him, Ye Fan might have made it out alive.

Feelings of self-blame, guilt and sorrow overwhelmed Chen Nan's heart like the hand of a demon.

The raging fire, the furious waves and those ear deafening blasts.

Everything seemed to be part of a greedy demon's party.

Chen Nan wished all of this was just a dream.

And once she woke up from this dream, the sea was still vast, the sky was still blue, and she was still on that cruise with that young man, reading, having tea and chatting about everyday things.



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B000000M...

The attacks from the coast had already stopped, but the blasts continued.

The oil tanks of the cruise and other flammable parts continued to catch fire and explode.

After one tremendous blast, the huge cruise finally fell apart.

In the midst of the smoke and fire, there were still some survivors who jumped into the open ocean and hoped to survive.

But even though these people had been fortunate enough to survive the blasts, how many would be rescued from the raging waves?

The waves lashed mercilessly.

The rising waves were like the claws of a demon as they continued to ram against the battered cruise.

The fire was still raging on board the cruise.

The flames shot into the sky with black plumes of smoke as it waved in the wind.



All explosion sounds had stopped, and other additional noises had also come to a stop.

All the people who had managed to survive held onto various debris from the deck that was floating on the surface of the sea with terror and despair on their faces. Some of them were still sorrowfully calling out the names of their loved ones.

"Stop shouting, it's no use. After this much exploding, anybody caught in that fire is definitely gone," sighed someone as he shook his head.

The few who managed to survive looked down sadly as tears streamed down their faces.

Their hearts were filled with some relief that they were alive, but also overcome with sadness, horror and despair.

Various emotions came together and tugged fiercely at the inside of their hearts.

"Oh my god! Look! There's someone else! Someone else is still alive!" someone yelled out.

All the survivors immediately looked over.



They saw a skinny figure slowly emerge from the flames.

There was blood on his lips and his clothes were torn.

His breathing was haphazard and his face was pale.

He staggered crookedly as he walked towards the sea.

But the strange part was that there was nothing under his feet.

His feet were walking on air as if it was properly paved as he just walked right out from the fire.

"What on earth..." The survivors were all confused when they saw this strange scene unfold before them.

Their eyes were about to pop out of their sockets as they just stared at him.

All of them were watching this young man walk out of the fire like he was some demon of sorts.

They simply couldn't imagine how anybody could possibly survive a blast of that extent.



The more horrifying part was that this man could actually walk on air.

"Oh my...oh my god...are we seeing some sea god or something?" some of them exclaimed and shouted in terror.

But the young man who emerged from the flames and walked on air was actually Ye Fan.

He had survived.

After the multiple missiles that had landed in quick succession, he hadn't died and managed to survive.

After he walked out from the fire, Ye Fan looked up at the sky, then at the sea.

Nothing made Ye Fan find the scenery in front of him so endearing and lovable like now.

Perhaps he only realized how wonderful it was to be alive after he had gone through a near death experience.

PFFT!

But not long after Ye Fan emerged from the fire, his entire body shook violently, then he









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spat a mouthful of blood out.

He immediately became a lot weaker than before.

It was obvious that even though Ye Fan had survived the missile attack, he was still severely injured.

Ye Fan had Dragon God Protection around his body, but after an attack by a few dozen missiles and their subsequent explosions, even a supreme grandmaster would have perished in such a fire by now.

No matter how powerful a grandmaster was, he was still human after all.

It was very difficult for a body made from flesh and blood to fight head on with the best of modern technology.

The biggest reason why Ye Fan had been able to survive this level of attack was because Ye Fan was training his body to become a Dragon God Body.

If this Dragon God Body had not helped Ye Fan to block so many attacks thus far, Ye Fan would be incapacitated or even dead by now.





But of course, his injuries were also so severe because this had been a sneak attack by the other party and Ye Fan was caught completely off guard.

If Ye Fan was already prepared, even a missile attack wouldn't have hit him.

Even if it were a guided missile, it wasn't as agile as a supreme grandmaster.

This was also why supreme grandmasters held so much authority in a country.

It was true that supreme grandmasters couldn't hold up against the damage that high tech modern weapons could cause, but supreme grandmasters weren't idiots either. They wouldn't fight these weapons head on, but make use of their skills and speed to make counterattacks while avoiding attacks.

So even if you had fancy weapons or thousands of soldiers, one supreme grandmaster could still wipe everyone out.

No country would be willing to use the military to go up against a supreme grandmaster unless they had absolutely no choice.

Even if they successfully killed the supreme





grandmaster, the price that the country would have to pay often exceeded the rewards of doing such a thing.

This is where Ye Fan had lost out.

Ever since he started on this journey home, Ye Fan had been gripped by an invisible sense of danger.

He was always on the alert for any surprise attacks by high level grandmaster fighters.

But Ye Fan never expected that the other party would actually use such a method to kill him.

But thankfully, he had managed to survive.

Ye Fan suddenly started smiling.

His lips quietly curled upwards into a sinister smile.

His striking features were filled with a murderous fury.

If Han was here, he would know that Ye Fan would only look like this when he was extremely furious.

"All of you had better pray hard that I never



find out who was the one behind this attack. I guarantee that I will make all of you regret the day you were born!" Ye Fan clenched his fists tightly as his low growls were blown away by the cold wind.

Ye Fan didn't stick around for too long. He turned towards a nearby island and continued walking on air in its direction.

The attack earlier had injured Ye Fan pretty badly.

The most urgent thing right now was to make sure that his injuries healed up.

Once he was back in shape, he was going to kill his way back into Japan.

He was going to find out who on earth was trying to kill him.

VRRROOOOMMMM...

But just when Ye Fan was about to set off, the area around him suddenly started shaking.

This was followed by an ear deafening rumbling noise that seemed to surge towards him like the tide.



"This...this sound..."

The survivors looked towards where the sound was coming from.

They saw countless black little dots in the sky suddenly making their way towards them.

The black dots seemed like stars in the sky at first, but as they came closer, it became clear what those black dots really were.

Someone screamed in despair as his eyes widened, "These are fighter jets! Oh my god! They're fighter jets! There are nearly a hundred of them!"

VR0000M!!

A strong wind howled and the waves seemed to reach the sky.

The fighter jets came towards them from the sky like the scythe of the grim reaper falling upon the survivors.

All their blades were aimed at the man who had just walked out from the fire – Ye Fan!





VRR000000M...

The skies trembled and the clouds were in turmoil.

The supersonic fighter jets were like seagulls flying above the sea and taking over the skies.

All the passengers onboard the nearby cruises were looking up into the blue skies in shock as they watched the fighter jets cut through the sky like lightning.

The trail of clouds their flight left behind were testament to their incredible and terrifying speed.

But while everyone was still wondering why so many fighter jets had suddenly appeared, Ye Fan was immediately on high alert after walking out from the fire.

These planes were coming for him.

In his shock and horror, Ye Fan immediately redirected the little inner energy left in his body into his legs and started running like mad towards that nearby island.

Of course, Ye Fan could have chosen to dive deep into the sea as an escape.





But given his current injuries, diving into the water would greatly reduce his speed and lower his chances of survival.

It was better to focus all his energy on his legs and run at his fastest speed to get away from these fighter jets.

But before Ye Fan could get too far, the huge consumption of energy had worsened Ye Fan's injuries.

His body shook and he spewed another mouthful of blood.

The attack earlier had really injured Ye Fan way too severely.

Under such circumstances, Ye Fan's speed naturally decreased.

HUUUU...

Meanwhile, the fighter jets behind him were reaching him.

Those few survivors saw the dense firing of the planes shoot down from the sky as the fighter jets flew over their heads.

Thousands and thousands of projectiles covered that part of the sea.





Immediately after that, ear deafening explosions started blasting again.

The gunpowder was so hot that it burst into flames on the surface of the sea.

The tons of water in the waves created by the explosions immediately turned to steam.

In an instant, the steam and smoke engulfed that area.

At the same time, the impact of the blasts was also creating a surge in the water in this area.

Waves that carried a ton of water rose up high.

Each wave that rose from the sea was like a tsunami as it raged furiously in all directions.

"No!!! I don't want to die!!"

"Help!!"

The few survivors from the cruise watched as the gigantic waves surged towards them and they could only shout in despair.

They screamed hysterically and cried



inconsolably.

But that sky high wave swept past them ruthlessly.

It swallowed all life in its way.

The firing went on for a full thirty minutes.

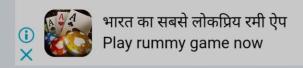
The fighter jets emptied their ammunition before finally flying back to where they came from.

"Reporting to the Commander! Sir, we have completed our mission and are returning now. There is nothing but fire behind me. It is absolutely impossible for anyone to survive such a blanket of fire and explosions," reported the leading pilot among the fighter jets to Sato.

"Excellent! Return to base now!" Sato suddenly burst out laughing loudly as he sat in the command center by the Pacific Ocean's coast.

After receiving the report, Sato passed on the news of this successful mission to the man in front of him.

"Mr Chu, the mission has been completed. After two rounds of attacks, I'm sure that







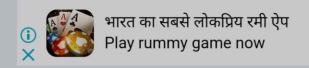


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Chinese kid has been blasted to ash even if he were a god," said Sato proudly. His words were very confident.

Sato felt that just the first round of missiles should have been enough to do Ye Fan in.

After taking a hit from more than ten missiles, even a battleship would have been destroyed, never mind a completely defenseless cruise ship.

Sato felt that the chances of Ye Fan surviving the very first round of attacks was practically zero.

"Commander Sato, please check again. Are you sure you didn't leave any survivors?" asked the other man expressionlessly. He didn't look as overjoyed as Sato did.

It was easy to defeat a grandmaster, but hard to kill one.

Besides, the other party was now a supreme grandmaster who was part of the Sky Ranking!

Sato had no choice but to confirm this again.

"Mr Chu, don't worry. I've already checked



and made sure that the second round of firing lasted for half an hour. Anything within a one kilometer radius has been fired at already. Even a fly wouldn't be able to escape that sort of attack alive. That Chu Tian-Fan is definitely dead, so you don't have to worry about him anymore! Come, Mr Chu, let's toast to that!" Sato laughed loudly and clinked his wine glass with the wine glass of the man in front of him.

Then he knocked the entire glass back.

After finishing the drink, the man bade farewell to Sato, "Commander Sato, thank you for your help today. I, Chu Zheng-Liang, will hold a banquet for you another day as a way of showing my gratitude. I still have to attend to other matters, so I shall take my leave first!" He then left the command center.

At the same time, the smoke on the surface of the sea had already been blown away.

Even the water dyed red by blood had been washed away by the incoming waves.

Only the remnants of the cruise and random body parts floating in the sea showed what





sort of apocalyptic events just occurred moments ago.

The bulk of the cruise had already sunk to the bottom of the ocean, and anybody who had survived earlier were all dead now.

The two rounds of firing had hit them like a storm, and destroyed all possibility of survival.

Almost nobody could have survived that.

Even if one survived the first round of missile attacks, one would have died after the continuous firing of the second round from the fighter jets.

But the keyword here was 'almost'.

There were plenty of miracles in this world.

One miracle was a bloodied 'corpse' that had been washed ashore onto an island a few hundred kilometers away from this disaster at sea.

This corpse was covered with injuries and it was almost impossible to tell flesh from blood.

One could even spot the bone beneath his





flesh.

Under such circumstances, nobody would think this man was still alive.

But this battered body actually started struggling in the sand and managed to get up.

He gritted his teeth and endured the terrible pain searing through his body as he slowly staggered further up the shore.

He finally found a large rock by the sea and sat down.

It was only a few steps, but those few steps had used all the energy he had left in him.

He panted heavily and coughed violently.

Each time he coughed, fresh blood would come out from his mouth.

It was difficult to imagine how strong his will to live was in order to survive till now.

He remained on the rock and didn't groan because of the pain nor cry because of the terrible events that just transpired.

Instead, he just laughed. He laughed very





uninhibitedly.

He wasn't dead. He was still alive!

As long as he was still alive, then anything was still possible.

"Haha! I, Chu Tian-Fan, is still alive! Did the person who tried to kill me think it was so easy to destroy me?"

Ye Fan smiled brilliantly, but his heart was filled with nothing but murder and fury.

He really wanted to know who on earth was so bent on killing him.

A missile attack wasn't enough, and a second round of firing by fighter jets came for him as well.

This carefully planned, vicious and wicked assassination attempt really made chills run down his spine!



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"Is that so? You're so confident of yourself?" came a faint laughter from the front while Ye Fan had just caught his breath while resting his tired and battered body against the large rock by the sea.

When Ye Fan heard these words, his expression immediately darkened.

He looked up with a start and followed where the voice had come from.

A middle aged man in a suit was walking on the surface of the sea and making his way towards Ye Fan slowly.

When he came closer, Ye Fan finally saw the other person's face clearly.

This man had a squarish face and a wide forehead. His well-defined jaw emanated with authoritativeness.

If someone else was around right now, he would have noticed that this man looked rather similar to Ye Fan.

When Ye Fan saw who had arrived, he actually found it hard to remain calm even though he was normally very composed.

His pupils constricted suddenly.

He stared straight at the man in front of him, but emotions were surging in his heart like a tsunami.

"Chu Zheng-Liang, it's...it's you?! The one who put in so much thought and effort into killing me turns out to be you?!" yelled Ye Fan in a low voice.

Nobody could understand what Ye Fan was feeling right now.

He never expected that the person who was so bent on killing him today would turn out to be his own uncle, Chu Zheng-Liang.

This man here was indeed that same man who had walked on the sea to this island from Tokyo, Chu Zheng-Liang.

Since he was well acquainted with the martial arts world, Chu Zheng-Liang knew very well how frightening a supreme grandmaster could be.

It was easy to defeat a grandmaster, but hard to kill one. It was even harder to kill a supreme grandmaster!

That was why Chu Zheng-Liang was insistent that Sato go through two rounds of firing, in order to make sure Ye Fan got

blasted to death.

After all that, Chu Zheng-Liang was still worried, so he walked around the area to confirm if Ye Fan had truly perished in that fire.

From the looks of it, it was right for Chu Zheng-Liang to be cautious after all.

Ye Fan had actually survived both rounds.

Even Chu Zheng-Liang was shocked by Ye Fan's will to live.

He was also glad that he had purposely come over to check. Otherwise, he might really have allowed Ye Fan to escape death.

After a brief period of agitation, Ye Fan quickly calmed back down again.

He leaned against the large rock and suddenly looked up and burst out laughing.

"Oh my my, I thrashed the younger one so the older one has come to get me. Since your son didn't manage to kill me, you've decided to do it yourself? I really didn't expect the second-in-command at the Chu family, a leader of Chu Sect, to actually deal with me personally!"



"But seriously though, Uncle Zheng-Liang, aren't you ashamed of yourself for bullying a younger person like me? So much for claiming that the Chu clan is the top family in the world. I can only say that you've thoroughly embarrassed all the ancestors of the clan," laughed Ye Fan without holding back. His cold laughter contained nothing but mocking and disdain.

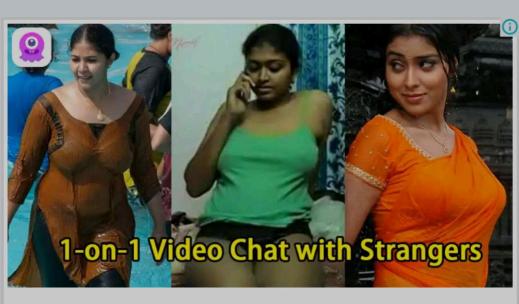
But Chu Zheng-Liang wasn't affected by Ye Fan's mocking.

He placed his hands behind his back and looked down at the young man before him.

After looking carefully at Ye Fan for a long time, Chu Zheng-Liang sighed. "You're my eldest nephew, but I believe the last I saw you was ten odd years ago. I remember you were still a young child back then. I didn't think that you'd be an adult by the time we met again."

"You look really a lot like your father. But it's a pity that you're a lot more foolish than he is. Those who become outstanding and rise above the rest are always the first to be attacked. Didn't you know that? If you continued lying low and remained as an ordinary person, my son and I wouldn't really mind letting you live, since you're the







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biological son of my eldest brother."

"But it's too bad that you've chosen the wrong path. Instead of remaining low profile, you chose to be arrogant and boastful. Even if you don't die at my hands today, you will eventually be killed by someone else," said Chu Zheng-Liang very flatly. His tone of voice didn't contain any emotions at all.

It was as if the person in front of him wasn't someone he was related by blood to, but just some animal that didn't have anything to do with him.

"But Fan, I have to say that your gifting has really surprised me. You're so young, but you're already able to stand up against a nation by yourself. In such a short time, you actually made it to the Sky Ranking. If the old man knew that you were capable of this, I suppose he wouldn't have chased you out of the family back then, right?" Chu Zheng-Liang's lips suddenly curled upwards into a sinister smile when he reached this point.

He looked at the young man in front of him and continued, "But there are no ifs in this world. Since things have already come to this, then you must die. Fan, succumb to your fate. Back then, I lost the position of the head of the Chu family to your father. This

time, my son, Tian-Qi, must not fail. As his father, I must get rid of all obstacles in his way. That naturally includes you!"

His chilling words resonated in the wind.

A short dagger had suddenly appeared in Chu Zheng-Liang's hand.

He held the dagger and started walking towards Ye Fan.

His footsteps rustled as he stepped on the beach comprised of crushed rocks. The noise under his feet sounded like the chants of a grim reaper slowly approaching Ye Fan.

But Ye Fan didn't struggle and remained where he was calmly.

He looked like a prisoner on death row quietly awaiting his execution.

Chu Zheng-Liang was no longer as wary when he saw Ye Fan's reaction.

He knew that Ye Fan had already given up hope.

Ye Fan didn't even have the energy to stand up, much less defend himself.

Chapter 971 Over

He had no other choice but to accept his impending death.

"Fan, it's all over now. Your birth was a mistake to begin with. If your father hadn't been softhearted and pleaded with the old man, you would have died ten years ago. You ought to be content with the fact that we've let you live for so long." Chu Zheng-Liang laughed as he raised his dagger and brought it down towards Ye Fan's chest.

SWOOSH!

The sharp blade of the dagger reflected the strong sunlight coldly.

The dagger came down so quickly that it created a slight blast in the air.

But just as Chu Zheng-Liang brought the knife down, Ye Fan's calm expression that awaited his doom suddenly changed into a creepy smile.

In the next moment, the seemingly dying Ye Fan suddenly seemed to be energized once more. He roared fiercely and sent a violent palm towards Chu Zheng-Liang's chest instead.

"What?!" Chu Zheng-Liang was too shocked



Chapter 971 Over

to continue with killing Ye Fan and he quickly retreated.

But because he had let down his guard earlier, Chu Zheng-Liang had come too close to Ye Fan, so it was impossible for him to completely dodge Ye Fan's attack.

There was a loud thud as Ye Fan's palm landed well on Chu Zheng-Liang's chest.

A ferocious energy immediately entered Chu Zheng-Liang's body and injured him from the inside. He immediately spat a mouthful of blood out and staggered nearly a hundred meters back.

"This...this is...Invoke the Celestial Sky?!"



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"Damn it! Why do you know Invoke the Celestial Sky? There are definitely no more than three people in the entire Chu clan who knows this. You're just a child who was thrown out of the clan and the son of a woman from the village! How could you possibly know Invoke the Celestial Sky?"

Chu Zheng-Liang could feel a burning and stinging pain in his chest as the energy from Ye Fan's palm entered his body.

But the shock in his heart was even greater than the pain he was feeling.

How did the Chu family manage to stay at the top of the global martial arts scene for so many years?

It was all thanks to the Book of Celestial Cloud that the Chu family owned.

But the Book of Celestial Cloud was considered the most highly classified information of the clan, so even Chu Zheng-Liang wasn't allowed to see it.

The only two things inside the book that he could see were the Invoke the Celestial Cloud and Invoke the Celestial Sky.

These two secret techniques were only one

word apart in name, but their use and effect were completely different.

Invoke the Celestial Cloud was the foundational method of cultivating martial arts.

But Invoke the Celestial Sky was a martial arts move meant for attacking others.

Invoke the Celestial Cloud was a method used to gather and focus one's inner energies, while Invoke the Celestial Sky was a technique meant for dealing with enemies.

The two things were dependent on one another.

But because Chu Zheng-Liang wasn't the head of the Chu family, even though he was allowed to read these two secret techniques, he could only learn a bit of it.

Only the current head of the family was allowed to get the real essence of it.

This was also why Chu Zheng-Liang was so insistent on pushing his son to become the head of the family, and was even willing to kill his own nephew to achieve that end.

Now that he saw an exiled son of the family

was actually able to use the most top secret and powerful martial arts technique of the family, Chu Zheng-Liang couldn't help but become furious and started shouting at Ye Fan.

But Ye Fan couldn't be bothered with him.

After he managed to force Chu Zheng-Liang to retreat, Ye Fan pulled together the last bit of strength and jumped into the sea in hope to escape.

"You little bastard! You think you can escape?"

There was no way the incensed Chu Zheng-Liang was going to let Ye Fan escape.

He stabilized his position and pulled together all the energy within his body.

He then thrust his palms continuously towards where Ye Fan was swimming to.

"Earthshaking Palm!"

"Earthshaking Palm!"

"Earthshaking Palm!"

"Earthshaking Palm!"

Chu Zheng-Liang seemed to have gone mad and thrust his palm out a few dozen times.

The mark of his palms practically blotted out the sun and threaten to destroy the whole place.

Each palm would raise a huge wave in the sea waters it hit.

This storm like attack made the entire area start shaking.

Tons of water was forcibly pushed out from the sea and the gigantic waves splashed everywhere like a sea monster.

Chu Zheng-Liang finally stopped his attacks after he had used up all his energy.

Everything fell silent once more.

The tumultuous waters quickly quietened down again.

The sea breeze continued to blow against the blue surface of the sea.

The layered sea waves continued to roll from the horizon and beat against the rocks along the coast again and again.

The area where Ye Fan had dived into was empty.

Only bright red blood continued to ebb out from beneath the surface.

That entire area was dyed completely red.

Chu Zheng-Liang walked over and could see parts of Ye Fan's tattered clothing and his completely battered body.

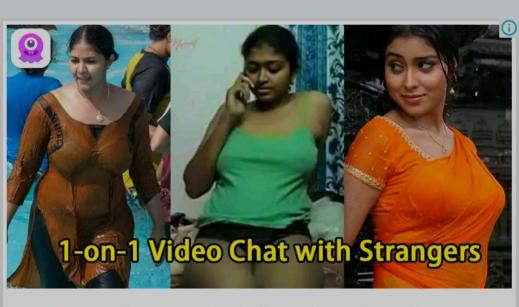
A smile slowly spread across Chu Zheng-Liang's face after he saw this.

He pulled out a satellite phone and made a call.

"Tian-Qi, everything is over now. I've already thrashed him so badly that he's in pieces and you won't even find his body. Chu Tian-Fan is already dead, so from now on, you, Chu Tian-Qi, will be the only Tian descendant in the Chu family. Nobody can stop you from becoming the head of the family anymore! HAHAHAHA!"

A man stood beneath the skies and looked out at the vast seas.

His proud and uninhibited laughter sounded like the rumbling of thunder rolling across





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the sky.

Chu Qi-Tian on the other end of the line was overjoyed to hear that Ye Fan was dead.

Ten years!

He had fought Ye Fan for ten years!

"Chu Tian-Fan, oh, Chu Tian-Fan. You have an astonishing gifting and you've risen above the rest, but so what? In the end, I'm the one with the last laugh! Whereas you are nothing but a pile of broken bones now. You wanted to fight me? You really thought you could fight me?"

Chu Qi-Tian had never felt so relaxed and happy before.

It was as if the great rock that had been pressing against his heart was finally gone.

This matter that had bothered him for so long had finally been resolved.

The feud that lasted the last ten years had finally come to an end!

An icy wind blew over the vast Pacific Ocean

and carried a humidity unique to the sea as it howled.

After killing Ye Fan, Chu Zheng-Liang left.

The entire place fell back into serenity again.

It was left with nothing but the sound of the waves crashing against the beach.

Everything had gone back to what it was before.

It seemed like the ferocious fight and attack had never happened at all.

Several kilometers away from this island, a cruise was slowly making its way across the waters.

"Nannan, wake up..."

"Nannan, wake up..."

A beautiful young lady was quietly lying on the bed inside one of the cruise's cabins.

Her bloodshot eyes were shut fast and her gorgeous face was covered with pain and terror.

Even though she was unconscious, both her

hands were still clutching onto something very tightly.

There were a few men and women around her who kept calling her name repeatedly.

Finally, the young lady awoke from her long slumber.

"Professor An, Nannan is awake! Hao-Nan, quickly get her some water!" Kong Hui was so happy to see that Chen Nan had regained consciousness and quickly got her boyfriend to get Chen Nan some water.

"Kong Hui? Professor An? Where am I?"

Chen Nan just regained consciousness and clearly had trouble remembering everything that happened just before she blacked out.

She rubbed her head and her listless eyes looked around her confusedly.

The room was slightly luxurious and was rather exquisitely furnished. She could see the sea water surging outside the round window.

Everything seemed so familiar yet so unfamiliar.

"Nannan, you're now on the Princess. For some reason, you suddenly appeared on the deck of the Princess yesterday. Your entire body was covered with blood and you were unconscious on the floor. I was so scared and thought you might be dying or something. But thankfully the blood on your body didn't belong to you. The doctor on the ship said that you've just suffered some shock, but you're not injured."

"But seriously though, you're really lucky.
Every single person on that boat died, and I
think you're the only passenger who
managed to survive," Kong Hui immediately
shook her head when she said this. Her eyes
were filled with sympathy for the victims.

After hearing this, Chen Nan suddenly seemed to have remembered something.

Her body shuddered, then she hopped off the bed and started running out.

"Nannan, where are you going?" Kong Hui quickly caught hold of her.

"Fan!! I'm going to look for Fan! Let go of me! Let go of me!" Chen Nan bawled loudly as her tears streamed down her face.

She felt like she could see that determined



skinny frame standing in the midst of the raging flames.

Ye Fan had used the last bit of his strength to send her to safety.

She remembered it now. She remembered everything now.



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"Nannan, calm down! It's no use even if you go out there! Your Fan is already dead, so even if you go out there, do you think he will come back to life? What you have to do now is to get well and live on!" Kong Hui shouted at Chen Nan loudly inside the room.

The news of the Emperor sinking had already hit the news in Japan the night before.

The Princess was still in Japanese waters, so they had received the news too.

In fact, the cruise had sent out lifeboats to help with the rescue mission.

But they were all too late.

By the time the rescue team got there, they couldn't find anything else but debris.

They couldn't even find a body that hadn't been blown to pieces.

The few hundred passengers on that cruise had perished in the ocean along with the cruise itself.

But even so, Japan was still continuing on its rescue mission.

They knew that nobody could possibly survive that sort of attack, but they still had to look like they were trying.

"That's right, Nannan. Even if you go there now, you won't be of any help. The Japanese government has already sent out rescue teams to look for survivors. If your boyfriend is still alive, they'll save him. What you need to do now is to return to China first and wait for his news," Professor An consoled Chen Nan.

But Professor An knew well that the chances of Ye Fan surviving was probably close to zero.

The entire cruise had sunk, so how many of its passengers could possibly still be alive now?

He had said those things just to console Chen Nan.

After a long time of consoling and persuasion, Chen Nan finally calmed down.

She stopped clamoring to look for Ye Fan and just sat in a corner all by herself as she quietly stared at the things that Ye Fan gave to her before he died.

"Oh dear. The poor child." Professor An and his two other students felt bad for her when they saw her in this state.

Life was as unpredictable as the weather.

Nobody would have expected that this young man who was basking in glory and respected by everyone just a day ago would suddenly lose his life overnight.

Even though the three of them had some conflict with Ye Fan before this, they still felt sad about his passing.

"Nobody knows whether tomorrow will come first or an accident will come first."

HUUU...

The sea breeze was still gusting outside the cruise.

Chen Nan and the rest remained in the cruise that was headed for China.

At this time, news of exactly what had happened to the Emperor had not reached the rest of the world yet, and was still circulating within a small group of people.

Over at Zhonghai in China.

An old man was still waiting at the port as he excitedly anticipated and waited for his son to return.

Over in Yunzhou, Qiu Mu-Cheng had also taken leave from the company to prepare for the birthday party happening the next day.

The sun rose as usual and the birds continued to chirp.

But neither of them knew that right now, the young man named Ye Fan might have already left this world.

One day passed very quickly.

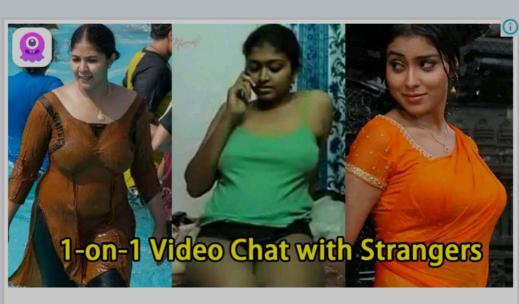
The next day, Chu Zheng-Hong left the hotel even before the sun had risen.

According to schedule, the Emperor was supposed to reach Zhonghai's port in the morning.

"Gosh, Master, don't be in such a hurry. It's only 5AM now, and Young Master's cruise will only arrive after 9AM. Even if you're anxious to meet your son, surely you have to eat breakfast first, right?" Han had just climbed out of bed and even put his shoes









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on wrongly because he was trying to run after Chu Zheng-Hong.

"I'm not hungry. You can go ahead and eat, I'll go over and wait first. What if the cruise comes in early while I'm eating? Then I'd have waited here for nothing," said Chu Zheng-Hong as he waved his hands.

He didn't even turn back to look at Han and just hurried over to the port where the Emperor was scheduled to dock.

Han just laughed helplessly. That was the yearning that all parents had after all. But to his surprise, Chu Zheng-Hong suddenly came running back.

"Master, what's wrong? Are you hungry after all?" asked Han in surprise.

But Chu Zheng-Hong combed his hair, straightened his suit out, then asked Han very seriously, "Han, do you think I look ok? Is my hair messy? Is this suit nice enough?"

Chu Zheng-Hong seemed as nervous as a young man meeting his date for the first time and kept asking Han about his appearance.

Han couldn't help bursting into laughter on

the spot.

"What are you laughing about! Gosh! Can't you be a little more serious?!" Chu Zheng-Hong glared at Han.

Han laughed as he replied, "Master, it's nice enough, it's definitely nice enough. I've served you for a few decades now, and I swear that today is the most handsome you've ever been."

Chu Zheng-Hong nodded in relief. "That's good. I'll head off first, you take your time with breakfast."

This time, Chu Zheng-Hong didn't turn back and hurried to the port. He was waiting to be reunited with his son.

Han was left behind, laughing foolishly as he thought about the past.

When Chu Zheng-Hong was a child, Han was already by his side.

Back then, Chu Zheng-Hong was famous as the handsome and elegant young son of the Chu family, and was definitely the best looking in Chu Sect.

Chu Sect was made up of three families that

had tens of thousands of members, but none of them could rival Chu Zheng-Hong.

Back then, Chu Zheng-Hong was really a lady magnet.

Regardless of whether they belonged to the martial arts world or the ordinary world, many women fell for Chu Zheng-Hong's charms.

Chu Zheng-Hong was completely unrivalled in terms of looks and charm.

If the current leader of Chu Sect, Tang Yun, was a goddess to all the martial artists in the world, then Chu Zheng-Hong back then was an unforgettable godlike man to countless women.

Before meeting Ye Fan's mother, Chu Zheng-Hong was a well-known Casanova and had so many flings.

But after Ye Xi-Mei appeared, Chu Zheng-Hong wandering heart finally found a home.

He finally turned around and settled down.

After Ye Fan was born, Chu Zheng-Hong felt an even greater sense of responsibility and burden.

He officially started his journey of martial arts and cultivated it from the year Ye Fan was born.

He knew that since the Chu family placed great importance on one's birth, background and family, he would have to rely on himself to protect Ye Xi-Mei and their son.

But when the day came and he had to protect them, Chu Zheng-Hong had failed.

He had suffered ten years of setback and loneliness.

Nobody knew how Chu Zheng-Hong had managed the last decade.

Everyone thought that he was in a lofty position, at the pinnacle of power, and basked in glory as a great martial artist hailing from the almighty Chu clan.

But very few people knew how sad and lonely he really was beneath that glorious surface.

All these years, Chu Zheng-Hong was constantly thinking about how he could bring his wife and son back to his side.

He wanted them to set foot inside the Chu

family doors officially! He wanted them to be part of their genealogy and to inherit the Chu clan!



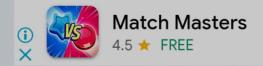
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Back then, the time wasn't right yet.

The Chu clan placed a lot of emphasis on one's background and despised those of lowly birth, so Ye Fan's birth alone destined him for a lot of obstruction to his return to the clan.

Even though Chu Zheng-Hong was now the head of the family, he didn't dare to let Ye Fan return to the clan if he wasn't sure that everything was going to be alright.

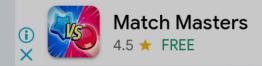
Doing this prematurely might kill Ye Fan instead.

The internal struggle for power within huge clans like the Chu family had always been cruel.

Ye Fan was the eldest son of the Chu clan, so even if he didn't want to become the head of the family, he couldn't avoid being embroiled in the power struggle within the family.

As a result, Chu Zheng-Hong had been waiting all these years.

He was waiting for the time when he had sufficient power in his hands to protect Ye Fan and his mother.





He was also waiting for Ye Fan to grow up and become able to take on challenges by himself.

And now, the time was right.

The fact that Ye Fan made it to number 11 on the Sky Ranking made it possible for him to protect himself within the family.

And that was why Chu Zheng-Hong was so eager to wait for Ye Fan to return.

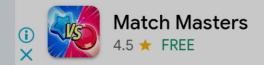
It was time to explain everything that happened back then to Ye Fan.

The time finally reached 9AM.

As the time of Ye Fan's arrival came close, Chu Zheng-Hong's heart started to get both excited and nervous at the same time.

But just when Chu Zheng-Hong was filled with anticipation as he looked forward to being reunited with his son, a piece of bad news was announced over the PA system in the arrival hall.

"On 18th May 2020, at 1023AM, the cruise ship 'Emperor' ran into an accident in Japanese waters and has sunk. Rescue teams have already begun their search for





survivors, but they have not found any survivors at the moment. The relevant departments are still investigating the details of this matter with the Japanese government."

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"On 18th May 2020, at 1023AM, the cruise ship 'Emperor' ran into an accident in Japanese waters and has sunk..."

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"...they have not found any survivors at the moment."

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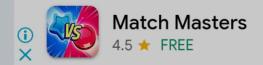
The low volume of the announcement repeated itself within the arrival hall.

Chu Zheng-Hong's face instantly paled.

His body staggered backwards and he collapsed onto the chair behind him.

"The Emperor has sunk? And...there are no... no survivors?"

This news came like a bolt from the blue.





He suddenly felt like he had aged by ten years.

The excitement in his eyes immediately dimmed.

"Master, Master! Don't worry, Young Master will be fine. Young Master has an ability that surpasses others and is even recognized as a supreme grandmaster. Even if that cruise completely sinks, Young Master will definitely be able to come out unscathed," consoled Han as he ran forward to help Chu Zheng-Hong up.

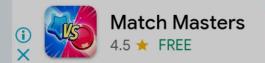
But the color on Chu Zheng-Hong's face did not look any better after hearing this.

If this was just an ordinary accident, then Ye Fan would definitely be able to come out unscathed since he was so powerful.

But was this really an ordinary accident?

Ye Fan had just become well known from that battle in Japan, and the cruise he was taking back to China suddenly ran into an accident.

If one put these two incidents together, then the answer was as clear as day.









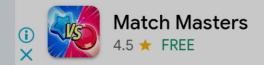
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It was very obvious that someone had purposely tried to kill Ye Fan!

After losing his calm for a few moments, Chu Zheng-Hong's expression immediately turned cold. He took his phone out and made a call.

"Send orders out. I want all the best martial artists of the Chu family to gather tonight at the coast of Donghai!" His low voice was completely void of emotion.

It was so cold, it felt like an ice cave that had not melted for centuries.

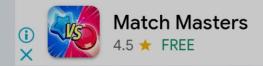
Han was instantly stunned by this.

The Chu family was the greatest family in the whole world.

It also controlled about half the power within Chu Sect.

And now, Chu Zheng-Hong was suddenly calling for all the best martial artists to come together.

Han didn't even dare to imagine what sort of terrifying power all of them added together would have.





He looked at Chu Zheng-Hong and asked in horror, "Master, what...what are you trying to do?"

"What am I trying to do? I'm going to raze Japan to the ground!" Chu Zheng-Hong clenched his fists tightly and his sinister words were overflowing with murder.

Han was frightened to bits.

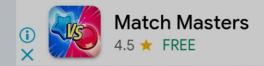
"Ma-master, don't be rash. We still don't know if Young Master is dead or alive, and investigations are still on going. The more important thing now is to find out exactly what happened. Besides, Young Master is not someone who would die so easily," Han tried to persuade him against this.

If the Chu family gathered their best martial artists to attack Japan, it would be a huge matter.

If this wasn't handled properly, it might cause other problems as well.

The global martial arts world might end up being involved in this fight.

"They'd better pray hard that my son is still alive. Otherwise, I'm going to make sure all of Japan perishes with my son!" Chu Zheng-





Hong clenched his fists tightly and his eyes were bloodshot.

He thought that today would be the day he reunited with his son, but all he got was the terrible news that the ship had sunk.

But Han had a point too.

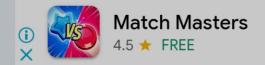
If nobody could find Ye Fan's dead body, then it was hard to say if he was dead or alive.

"Fan, you must live on," prayed Chu Zheng-Hong in his heart as he stood in the hall with reddened eyes.

That night, a large group of martial artists gathered at short notice at the coast of Donghai in China.

A grandmaster was like a dragon, so when countless grandmasters came together, the energy and aura they exuded filled the entire sky!

Even someone hundreds of kilometers away would have felt that aggressive and heavy pressure coming from the coast of Donghai.





This was part of the Chinese border and so many high level martial artists had suddenly appeared, so it alarmed the local martial arts community.

That night, someone came to report this urgently to War God Castle.

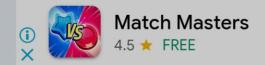
"What did you say? There's a huge number of non-Chinese powerful martial artists gathered at the coast of Donghai? There are more than ten grandmasters and even a few supreme grandmasters among them? My god! Who is in charge of these people? What do they intend to do? Are they here to attack the Chinese martial arts world?" Sword Saint and everyone else was shocked by the information.

More than ten grandmasters?

Even the Chinese government wasn't able to pull so many high level martial artists so quickly.

And they had actually gathered on the shores of China?

This was equivalent to a foreign nuclear powered aircraft carrier suddenly appearing within Chinese waters.





War God Castle was thoroughly shaken after receiving the news.

"Hurry up! King of Fighters, call God of War. We've got a crisis at our doorstep. We'll go over first, tell God of War to help us at the coast of Donghai!"

After getting over their initial shock, Sword Saint Xiao Chen, the King of Fighters Mo Gu-Cheng and Heavenly Grandmaster Tang Hao immediately set off towards Donghai to observe the movements of these mysterious martial artists.

This concerned the safety of the Chinese martial arts world, so they couldn't be careless about it.

But they soon realized that they had panicked for nothing.

These people weren't targeting China at all.

Once they were all gathered, they all headed towards Japan.

Chapter 975 News Breaks

"How strange. Why are all of them going to Japan? Are they launching a sneak attack on Japan's martial arts?" said Sword Saint puzzledly as he watched the martial artists leave.

After Ye Fan's massacre, the Japanese martial arts circle had taken a severe blow and they were now at their weakest.

So it was only natural for Sword Saint to think that these people were hoping to attack and take over the Japanese martial arts circle while they were down.

"But aren't they afraid of Tsukuyomi
Tenshin? Japan's martial arts circle has lost
many powerful fighters, but Tsukuyomi
Tenshin alone should not be
underestimated. Tsukuyomi Tenshin is the
only martial artist in the whole world who
might possibly reach Godly Realm after all."

Sword Saint looked very gravely into the distance.

He didn't know why, but he just felt like something huge was about to happen.

"King of Fighters, is there any major movement coming from the Japanese side?"



Chapter 975 News Breaks

Collecting information on the movements in other countries was placed under the King of Fighter's charge, so Sword Saint turned around to ask him.

The King of Fighters shook his head. "After that major battle between Chu Tian-Fan and Yukiteru, nothing of concern has happened in the country. Just a few minor everyday incidents like the sinking of a cruise and some small earthquakes."

"Oh? That's really strange then. Why are all these people headed for Japan then?" Sword Saint was even more puzzled now.

News of a cruise sinking in Japan had already reached their ears, but nobody took much notice.

After all, very few people knew that Ye Fan had actually been on this cruise.

"Send some people to watch them then. We should at least figure out what these people are up to," Sword Saint gave some simple instructions before returning to War God Castle with the rest.

They decided to leave the coast of Donghai, but they did not let their guard down and sent out informants to keep watch on these



Chapter 975 News Breaks

martial artists.

The informants soon found out that after these martial artists headed for Japan, they stopped when they reached Japanese waters.

All of them were spread out across the water and seemed to be looking for something in the sea.

The night soon passed.

A piece of news from Japan suddenly reached War God Castle at the break of dawn.

Chu Tian-Fan, the man who had just killed his way through Japan and earned the 11th place on the Sky Ranking, was dead!

This news was circulated within a very small circle, and most of the martial artists in Japan thought it was just a rumor when they first heard it.

"Chu Tian-Fan is dead? You're kidding, right? He's a grandmaster on the Sky Ranking and even Yukiteru lost to him. How could he possibly die so easily?"

"Exactly. Stop joking around. Chu Tian-Fan

became so famous after that one battle and he's still basking in the glory of that victory. So many martial arts organizations around the world want to invite him to join them, and all the martial artists of the world can't wait to get into his good books. Who would kill him? Who can even kill him? And who would actually dare to kill him?"

Many martial artists in Japan merely snorted at this news.

Several similar posts appeared in online martial arts forums as well.

But nobody believed any of it.

After all, Chu Tian-Fan was on the Sky Ranking, and many people viewed the martial artists on the ranking as invincible.

Who would believe these random posts without any proof?

"My goodness, why won't any of you believe it? Japan dispatched their first division and used the navy, land and air forces at the same time. It was a missile attack followed by an attack by fighter jets. A luxury cruise with a displacement of more than 100,000 tons was bombed so badly that it sank. My nephew was part of this mission, so of







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course it's real!"

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"What? You need to see his dead body before you'd believe it? Oh please. Even a body made from steel would be in pieces after getting bombed like this. No matter how powerful that Chu Tian-Fan is, he's still a human made from flesh and blood after all. There's no way you'd find his body."

.

As time passed, more and more information about this incident started spreading online.

More and more evidence pointed to the idea that this news was actually real.

On top of that, after that major battle in Japan, Chu Tian-Fan seemed to have disappeared into thin air and nobody saw him again.

This helped to confirm that the news had to be true.

Several days later, the Japanese armed forces actually publicly admitted to shooting Chu Tian-Fan to death in the Pacific Ocean on 18th May 2020.



"This man was coldblooded and bloodthirsty, was violent and destructive during his time in Japan, and has caused unimaginable damages to our citizens' lives and assets. It is impossible to finish writing down all his crimes! His wickedness is spinechilling! The Japanese armed forces have decided to seek justice for our people and destroyed him so as to serve as a warning to anyone else who may have evil intentions towards us. The authority and prestige of Japan shall not be trampled upon so easily!"

This news spread throughout the global martial arts circles like wildfire and raised a tsunami within the community.

Chu Tian-Fan was dead!

A rising new star and a legendary youth who shook the world actually died just a few days after he had become famous.

It felt like a symphony that had built up dramatically to the climax was stopped all of a sudden.

The global martial arts world was in an uproar.

"A legendary youth of our generation has



just...has just died like that?"

Many people found it difficult to stay calm after hearing about this piece of news.

Just some days ago, the name 'Chu Tian-Fan' had rocked the world.

Everyone thought that it was now the start of this young man's era.

After all, he was only twenty, but he had already made it into the Sky Ranking and defeated so many highly skilled martial artists in Japan.

His future was definitely bright.

Everyone thought that the major battle in Japan would be the start of this legendary youth's rise to glory, but it turned out to be his last battle.

"How sad. Even the heavens are jealous of talented ones."

Many people were shaking their heads and sighing. They felt that it was such a pity.

The atmosphere back in War God Castle was equally somber.



Sword Saint kept sighing, and even the talkative King of Fighters was completely silent now.

The air around them felt particularly depressing.

The ones who suffered the most from the death of Chu Tian-Fan was clearly the Chinese martial arts circle.

Even though Chu Tian-Fan wasn't officially part of War God Castle, he was a Chinese after all.

Even though he wasn't a member of War God Castle, he was still a great martial artist from China.

But now, before they could even see what Chu Tian-Fan looked like, he had already died.

"Damned these Japanese! They've gone too far!" roared the King of Fighters as he broke the long table in front of him with a punch.

They were all furious, but there was nothing they could do.

After all, Ye Fan had really killed a lot of people in Japan, so it was only normal for



Japan to seek revenge.

They couldn't blame others for standing up for themselves.

So even though War God Castle wanted to fight back, they couldn't find a reason at all.



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The King of Fighters and the rest were not the only ones who felt regret and loss. Ye Qing-Tian felt the same despite having never met the young man, Chu Tian-Fan.

Waves of stinging pain assailed Ye Qing-Tian when he heard about the young man's fall.

His death was a great loss to the world of Chinese martial arts.

"Eastward! The mighty river flows unendin'

Foamed waves, risen and fall'n, in moments fleetin'

Alas! So too is the hero felled...

Wrongs, rights, triumphs and defeats last but a blink

While mountains stand, and the sun rises and sinks

Such are the cards that life has dealt...

Sat the fisher in his boat, gray and wizened

Wise in the moons and winds in all its seasons





So raises his wine to friends in cheer...

All joys and all sorrows since time dawned on men

Are naught but tales shared 'round the table to quench

Men's thirst for fine wine and companions dear."

Fierce winds howled on Mount Yan.

Every man stood around the table with a cup of wine in his hand.

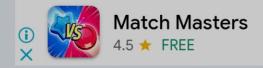
Ye Qing-Tian was the only one who sat on the ground, his face skyward as he sighed and drowned his sorrows in wine.

"Qing-Tian seems genuinely upset by Chu Tian-Fan's death." The rest eyed the man from a distance and sighed.

They had seen too much of the same over the years.

These tragedies would fade with time.

Soon, like melting snow that had landed in a stream, Chu Tian-Fan's name would be washed away by the tides of time.





A new prodigy would descend upon China then.

As some passed into death, so were some born into existence. The rest had to go on with their lives.

The wheels of history never stopped turning.

No matter how impressive Ye Fan had been, he was but one out of billions of men in China—a grain of sand in a vast desert.

Another grain of sand with a similar shine would pop up after he had gone.

They merely felt a mild regret for Ye Fan's death, and even that was fleeting.

But to some, Ye Fan had been everything to them.

The day after the Japanese military had admitted that they had shot Chu Tian-Fan, a furious Chu Zheng-Hong led a charge of thirteen grandmasters and fought their way into Japan.

Within one night, thousands of Japanese men at a particular military base were





slaughtered.

Chu Zheng-Hong also declared that he would level the entire country of Japan.

They would all die for Chu Tian-Fan's death!

His declaration shook the entire country.

Sato fell out of his bed in terror when he heard the news.

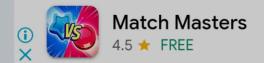
"What...what did you just say? A group of powerful martial artists has invaded Japan in the name of seeking vengeance for Chu Tian-Fan?"

Sato had been awoken abruptly by his men in the middle of the night.

His face was drained of blood and his eyes filled with horror as he questioned the man before him.

"That's right, Commander. More than a thousand men at one of our military bases were killed last night. It probably...won't take them very long to make their way here." The man's voice shook as he spoke. He was clearly in the midst of panic as well.

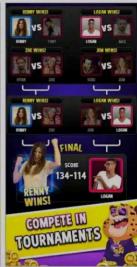
Sato had been the commander who had led













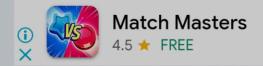
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the ambush on Chu Tian-Fan. He was utterly terrified.

"They killed more than a thousand men and levelled an entire military base..."

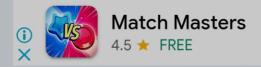
Sato was on the verge of wetting his pants. Sheer terror had turned his mind into a complete blank.

He wasn't a martial artist, but he knew them very well.

It didn't matter if he had an army of hundreds of thousands of men under his command. A grandmaster would slaughter him like a dog in close combat.

Quaking with terror, Sato grabbed his phone and called Chu Zheng-Liang.

"Chu Zheng-Liang, you bastard! You lied to me! Remember what you told me before the operation? You said that Chu Tian-Fan had no allies. No one would seek revenge for him after he's dead. Look at what's happening now! A dozen grandmasters have invaded Japan. They're going to massacre everyone to avenge Chu Tian-Fan. So this is what you meant by saying he had no allies, and that no one would avenge him?! You lied to me, you bastard! You set me up! Chu





Zheng-Liang, if I get killed, my spirit will haunt you in your sleep! I will never let you rest in peace!"

Sato's bloodshot eyes looked murderous as he cursed at Chu Zheng-Liang loudly.

Sato had believed Chu Zheng-Liang and thought that Ye Fan was a lone man with no powerful allies or forces watching his back.

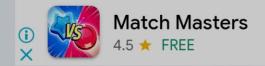
He had been convinced that he wouldn't suffer any repercussions for killing the man.

He couldn't have foreseen the number of grandmasters who had charged into his home country the day after they had announced that they had killed Ye Fan.

A flood of emotions—horror, fear and fury—assailed and overwhelmed Sato.

If he had known the trouble that killing Chu Tian-Fan was going to cause, he wouldn't have allied himself with Chu Zheng-Liang and attempted to kill Chu Tian-Fan. Killing himself would have been the more palatable alternative.

"What did you just say? A dozen grandmasters have charged into Japan to avenge his death?" Chu Zheng-Liang was





momentarily startled when he heard that.

He had done a thorough investigation on Ye Fan before his trip to Japan and had been confident that Ye Fan had not been under the protection of any grandmaster. His only loyal followers had been lowly ruffians barely worthy of their attention.

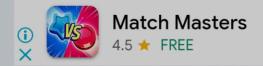
He had expected the disintegration of Chu Tian-Fan's power in Jiangdong upon the man's death.

Why had a group of powerful martial artists appeared out of nowhere to avenge his death? Where had they come from?

"Could it be my brother?" The thought struck Chu Zheng-Liang after recalling what had happened in the Chu family over the past few days.

"Commander Sato, please calm down. I'll deal with this. Don't worry, I made a promise to guarantee your safety and I'll keep my word."

Chu Zheng-Liang gave Sato his assurances before ending the call. He returned to the Chu family to find out if his suspicions had been true.





It was as Chu Zheng-Liang had expected.

The grandmasters who were terrorizing Japan right now were indeed the grandmasters of the Chu family.

Chu Zheng-Liang burst out into laughter.

"Dearest brother, you've always made the smart move. Who knew that this would be the one thing that you'll commit a folly for? I've fretted for years over the fact that I have nothing incriminating on you, nothing that could get you deposed as the patriarch of the family. Who would have thought that you'd be the one to hand me such a golden opportunity? I've been waiting for this moment for years. It has finally arrived."

Chu Zheng-Liang stood in the Chu family home and let loose a pleased laugh with abandon.

The Chu family was a powerful family with an old and longstanding history. Such families came with their own set of stringent and strictly enforced family rules.

These were rules that even the patriarch of the family was not allowed to break.

One of them stated that the head of the





family could not abuse its authority and, without consulting the upper echelons of the family, deploy an extensive portion of the family's resources towards the subjugation of an enemy.

That was the rule that Chu Zheng-Liang had unquestionably just broken.

"A dozen grandmasters. Dearest brother, you've deployed nearly every competent martial artist that we have, haven't you? All to seek revenge for a useless pawn and without regard for the family's safety. We shall see how you try and explain your actions to the family," sneered Chu Zheng-Liang.



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