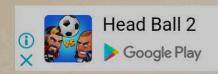
"Tang Yun, do not think that you can make me give up by doing all these things. Unless I die here today, I'm definitely still going to storm the Chu family! I, Chu Tian-Fan, will make the Chu family pay a hundred times over for everything they owe my mother and I! They will pay for making us suffer for so many years!"

"Nobody can stop me. If one man stops me, I will kill that one person. If ten people block my way, I will murder all ten of them. If the whole world stands in my way, I will slaughter everyone. Even if Chu Sect tries to stop me, I will kill every single person without hesitation," Ye Fan's determined voice clanged loudly like gold and rocks falling to the ground, resonating loudly among the trees.

"Also, since we're not on the same path and we don't see eye to eye, you can have these things back," said Ye Fan as he tore the Blue Spirit Jade from around his neck and flung it at Tang Yun. He also flung the manual that Tang Yun had left him.

"Tang Yun, it's all over now. If we meet again, I will not show you any mercy." Ye Fan then turned and dragged his bloodied and





battered body away slowly.

Tang Yun was too stunned to move.

She watched as the young man left dejectedly, then looked down at the jade at her feet. For some reason, Tang Yun suddenly felt a stabbing pain in her heart.

She felt as though part of her heart had been ripped open, and a sour liquid was flowing out of it.

It made her feel like she was about to suffocate.

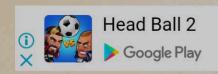
Her body swayed slightly and her beautiful face was void of color.

She seemed to have aged by several decades in that moment.

Her once authoritative and aloof face was now covered with exhaustion and loneliness.

The cold winds caused the surface of the lake water to undulate, and it also made Tang Yun's hair fly.

Before this, Tang Yun had already decided





that she would cut all ties with Ye Fan. She had already decided that she would not think about him anymore and she would not meet him ever again.

But when the moment she had to actually do it came, she suddenly felt the urge to burst out crying.

She felt as though someone extremely important to her had left her.

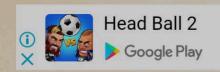
Tang Yun had no idea why she felt this way or why she was experiencing such emotions.

She had gotten to know Ye Fan very recently and had spent only about a month with him.

This little bit of time was nothing compared to the years and years of martial arts cultivation she had under her belt.

So why did her heart ache so badly when she watched Ye Fan turn and walk away?

Tang Yun's heart was thrown into confusion and her mind was overwhelmed with various thoughts and feelings.





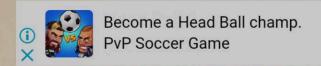
She wanted to call out to Ye Fan, apologize to him and treat his wounds so many times, but every time the words reached her lips, they never actually materialized.

No matter what, she was still the sect leader of Chu Sect. Everything she had today was given to her by Chu Sect.

She couldn't go against her own principles and do anything that would bring harm to the sect because of Ye Fan.

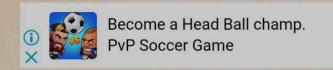
"Sect Leader Tang! He's getting away! We can't let him leave like that! Hurry up and kill him!" Chu Qi-Tian's anxious voice rang in her ears again.

"Shut up! Don't you find yourself an embarrassment? Chu Sect has always acted above board and done everything in the open! Even if we wanted to kill someone, we would fight our opponents openly! But what did the two of you do? You secretly launched an attack on someone who was already severely injured! What a disgrace! You've thoroughly embarrassed the prestige of the sect!" said Tang Yun in an icy and nasty voice.











She didn't wait for any response and walked away.

"If he provokes Chu Sect again after he has fully recovered, I will kill him," came an emotionless voice from the sky.

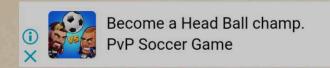
But by the time Chu Qi-Tian and the rest looked up, that beautiful silhouette had disappeared out of sight.

"Damn it! Damn it!! That little bastard managed to get away again!" cursed Chu Qi-Tian furiously long after Tang Yun had left.

"Teacher simply has too much pride. Who cares what method we use as long as this punk dies? Why did we have to let this threat go? Isn't that as good as waiting for trouble to befall us again?" grumbled Chu Qi-Tian. He felt that his teacher had been too worried about her pride, and that was why she refused to resort to what she considered underhanded means to kill Ye Fan.

But was her pride really the reason why she didn't insist on killing Ye Fan there and then? Only Tang Yun knew the real reason.

"Young Master Chu, that fellow is very badly





injured, so he won't be able to go far. Why don't we catch up with him and strike him when he's down?" said a heavily wounded Black Guardian as he staggered towards Chu Qi-Tian.

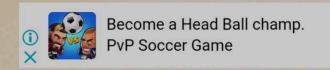
Out of the five Guardians who attacked Ye Fan earlier, he was the only one who could still fight somewhat.

The other four were either dead or completely incapacitated. Those who survived were barely breathing.

Chu Qi-Tian nodded at these words. "Good idea. I command you to chase after that country bumpkin and kill that young punk. Do not let him escape again."

"You...want me to go by myself?" This
Disciplinarian was clearly afraid of Ye Fan's
prowess from the earlier fight. Now that Chu
Qi-Tian wanted him to hunt Ye Fan down
himself, he didn't dare to do it.

"If not? The only ones who can still move are you and I. Do you expect ME to hunt that idiot down myself?" yelled Chu Qi-Tian with a fierce glare.





There was no way Chu Qi-Tian was going. He had witnessed what Ye Fan was capable of way too many times now.

It was true that Ye Fan was supposedly really badly injured and logically speaking, it wouldn't take too much effort to kill him. But Chu Qi-Tian was afraid that Ye Fan still had other tricks up his sleeve, or energy to continue fighting.

The last spurt of energy that a supreme grandmaster was definitely a force to be reckoned with, so there was no way Chu Qi-Tian was going to risk hunting Ye Fan down himself. He had no choice but to command this grandmaster to go by himself.

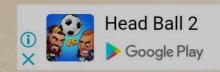
The grandmaster felt his eyes twitch violently after hearing these words.

He suddenly felt like slapping himself twice.

How stupid of him! Why did he even bother saying such a thing?

He had practically dug his own grave.

The grandmaster instantly felt bitter inside.





But this grandmaster wasn't stupid. Chu Qi-Tian wasn't willing to do this because he was afraid to die, and this Black Guardian was equally afraid to die.

So he purposely aggravated his wound, causing his body to convulse and cough violently, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

After that, he staggered backwards unsteadily and nearly fell down.

He said in a trembling voice to Chu Qi-Tian, "Young...Young Master, my injuries are too serious and I really...really can't move anymore. I'm afraid...I'm afraid I won't be able to complete this mission..."

The grandmaster promptly fell to the floor and lost consciousness.

But nobody could tell if he had really fainted or if he was just pretending to.

"Damn it! All of you are nothing but trash! TRASH! I can't count on any of you!!" cursed Chu Qi-Tian angrily as smoke practically came out from his nostrils. Several tents were pitched along the river in the outskirts of the Amazon rainforest.

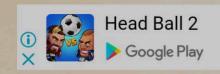
A sign was put up ahead of these tents, and the words 'Demigod Pub' were written on it.

An old man and his grandchild were yawning as they waited in front of the sign, clearly waiting for customers to walk in.

"Grandpa, have you lost your mind? Why did you open a pub in such a secluded place? Only a ghost would come here to drink! You're going to waste the little bit of savings we have!" grumbled a young lady in two adorable ponytails at her grandfather. She put her hands on her waist and pouted at him.

But the old man continued to smoke his cigarette as he lay on a hammock and didn't look worried at all.

"Nono, why are you so anxious? If I say there will be customers, then there will definitely be customers. Your grandfather has never done anything that would make me lose money. Believe me, we're going to make a killing this time round. I've already heard from many others that several rich folks



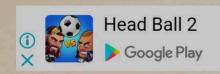


entered the rainforest some days ago. It's about time they're done hunting for the treasure they want and they'll come out soon. They have to pass through this place to exit the forest."

"Think about it. Those people have spent such a long time in this dense forest and walked for so many days, so they must be really exhausted by now. Once they pass by this place and smell that wonderful and alluring smell of alcohol, they won't be able to resist it. All of them are going to walk right in and have a drink or two. They will be able to take a good rest and drink to their hearts content here. Who wouldn't choose to do that?" said the old man gleefully. He exhaled a large amount of cigarette smoke, causing the girl beside him to cough uncontrollably.

Just when the old man had finished saying these things, some men really walked out from the dense forest in front of them.

"Oh? There's actually a pub here? How interesting. This boss is pretty smart in setting up such an establishment at this spot. Brothers, I'll treat everyone to a drink! We've worked so hard in the forest for the





past few weeks, so it's high time we got to relax and rest our feet."

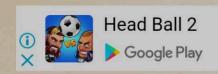
Just as the old man had predicted, these men were unable to resist the temptation of a few drinks after a tough time in the forest. They couldn't wait to get into the pub to enjoy a glass or two.

From that moment onwards, the old man enjoyed a roaring business for several consecutive days. His little makeshift pub was always fully occupied and his customers were all the martial artists who had come from various nations to seek the treasures within the forest.

"Nono, what do you think now? We're going to make a killing, right? Hoho!" The old man was so happy to see so many customers.

Furthermore, every customer was filthy rich, so even though this grandfather and granddaughter duo sold their drinks at ten times the market rate, these martial artists paid up anyway.

But of course, not everyone was here just for drinks. Some just wanted to find a nice place to take a rest, and take the time to catch up





with their international friends.

However, their conversations eventually all led to one name – Ye Fan.

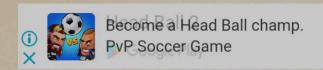
"China is really doing well in terms of martial arts. Before this, there was a young supreme grandmaster called Chu Tian-Fan too. It was a pity that he died after an aerial attack from the Japanese army."

"But in barely half a year, this Ye Fan has appeared. He was at the same level as the Indra, Brahma! This level of prowess definitely makes him a supreme grandmaster as well."

"China is indeed where martial arts originated. Countless geniuses and talented martial artists have emerged from the country, and it's really where the true spirit of martial arts lies."

Many people were singing Ye Fan's praises, and complimented him to no end.

"Humph! What true spirit of martial arts? It's just a cursed nation, if you ask me," snapped a nasty voice from among the crowd.







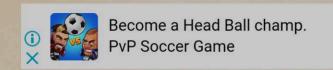
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If Kong Ming and his companions were here, they would have recognized the owner of this voice as one of the Indian martial artists who Ye Fan nearly killed.

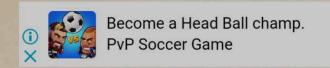
The owner of this voice was Reilo.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Everyone turned towards Reilo curiously.

Reilo took a sip of his drink and snorted. "Isn't it obvious? Which one of those martial arts geniuses from China met with a good end? That Chu Tian-Fan ended up getting blasted to death. This Ye Fan has been heavily injured by our Indra, so even though someone managed to rescue him at the last minute, he's definitely doomed."

"So what if you're gifted? You're still going to die young anyway. So if you ask me, China is really just an unlucky place. I'd advise all of you to stay far away from those Chinese martial artists, otherwise you're all going to be as ill-fated as them," sneered Reilo sarcastically.

The two countries were already at odds to begin with, and Ye Fan had killed so many Indian martial artists during this time in the





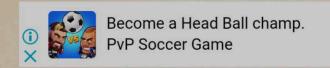
rainforest. This made Reilo hate the Chinese martial arts circle even more than ever. He simply couldn't sit here and listen to everyone praise Chinese martial arts to the sky.

Everyone started nodding after hearing this.

"He's right. All the gifted martial artists from China have all met with terrible ends recently. 30 years ago, the disciple of Sword Saint from China's War God Castle was on the rise, and everyone thought that he would eventually inherit Sword Saint's position in the martial arts world. But in the end, he died at a young age at someone else's hands. It's really a curse. This Ye Fan is probably doomed too."

"It's too early to say that now. There's something really scary about this young man, you know. His will to live is really incredible, and even though the Indra had attacked him so viciously, he didn't die on the spot. Who knows? He might break this curse and survive this ordeal!"

Everyone had differing opinions on this matter.





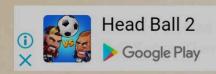
But Reilo laughed even harder when he heard some people support Ye Fan.

"Oh please. That Ye Fan was pierced by the Persian King's sword, so his internal organs were already damaged. After that, our Indra made an attack on him, so that definitely worsened things. Even if the gods came down from heaven to save him, they wouldn't be able to work any miracles. And even if that fellow actually managed to survive, I'm sure he's completely crippled now and that makes him as good as dead. We don't have to be afraid of such a person."

"Let's not talk about a useless fellow anymore. Instead of wasting time on this youngster, why don't we guess what treasure lies in that cave? Why did it attract the attention of so many supreme grandmasters to suddenly appear one after another?" Reilo quickly changed the topic, as if he didn't want to hear about Ye Fan anymore.

Everyone's attention was soon drawn to this new topic.

They had come all the way here for these treasures after all.





But this was the first time so many supreme grandmasters had gathered within the rainforest in many years.

It was indeed very strange.

While everyone was still discussing this matter, a skinny man dragged his bloodied body out from the forest. His steps were slow and heavy as he continued to walk on.

His entire body was covered with blood.

His expression was frosty and his gaze was sinister. A terrifying aura enveloped his entire being.

Everywhere that he went almost froze over from the murderous energy that he emanated.



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