



Chapter 1921

Ye Fan was indomitable, invincible, and powerful. He stepped across the air and destroyed the dragons that were about to bring down impending doom.

"H-How is this possible?" Fen Tian, who thought he had already won, felt his heart sink as he watched the disastrous event unfolding before him. His eyes widened, and they were almost as big as saucepans.

The Elysian Masters were shocked as well, but they were pleasantly shocked.

"H-He's still alive."

"That man's alive!"

Yes, they might be surprised, but they were also in disbelief as well, for they did not expect Ye Fan to be this powerful.

He has this kind of power? It was supposed to be a fatal attack, and yet he managed to come out of it alive? And he made a comeback?

Nobody thought that would happen so soon. They thought Ye Fan was already dead, but then he suddenly reappeared and brought the dragons low.

He destroyed eight of the nine dragons with nothing but his hands and feet.



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A moment later, only one final dragon was still living.

"W-Who is this man? I've never heard of him."

Ye Fan's terrifying strength shocked the Elysian Masters.

He didn't care about them, of course. After destroying the eight dragons, he was setting his sights on the last one.

Indeed, the Thunderflame Dragonslaying Formation was powerful. The dragons almost broke through his Dragon God Body, and the lightning coursed through him.

If it wasn't for Invoke the Celestial Cloud, Ye Fan couldn't have stopped the lightning. At best, he would have ended up with major internal injuries.

However, luck was on his side. Fen Tian underestimated Ye Fan. He had Dragon God Body protecting him from the outside and Invoke the Celestial Cloud keeping him safe on the inside.

Unless he merged all nine dragons together, he could never defeat Ye Fan. He only hid underground and played dead just to fool Fen Tian.



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After all, he only activated the formation to kill Ye Fan. If he played dead, he assumed Fen Tian would turn it off. There were a lot of his clansmen on the island, so Ye Fan thought Fen Tian would spare them.

Alas, he thought wrong.

He never expected Fen Tian to keep the formation on, nor did he expect him to kill everyone who was within the formation.

Since his first plan didn't work, Ye Fan would go with Plan B, which was breaking through by force. Ye Fan didn't think there were any formations that were truly unbreakable.

Even if there were, that just meant he wasn't strong enough.

"Fourth form, Red Flame Finger!" Ye Fan roared majestically.

Thanks to his first three forms, the fourth form was already making an impression even before it showed up. The skies around became overcast, and waves were swept higher and higher as the winds turned into hurricanes.

Soon, the energy around Ye Fan started converging on the tip of his finger, and they became more and more intense.



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The survivors watched as the air before Ye Fan turned from white to green, and eventually, to crimson.

"W-What power..."

"What kind of skill is this?"

The Elysian Faction fighters were already petrified. They thought Boundless Destruction was the strongest skill Ye Fan had, but with the appearance of Red Flame Finger, they knew they thought wrong.

It was as if Ye Fan had an infinite well of strength. Every time they thought they would die, Ye Fan would show an even greater strength to overcome the seemingly impossible obstacle.

The hurricanes were still roaring. Even though he was standing outside the formation, the power that Ye Fan was accumulating terrified Fen Tian.

"D*mn it! How did he get so powerful? I spent fifty years making this formation, and I can't even kill him? Why? How can he be this powerful? It does not make sense!"

Fen Tian thought it was unfair. His eyes turned crimson, and he glared at Ye Fan, who was dominating the battlefield beneath. He

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clenched his fists, and his nails pierced his palms, but Fen Tian did not notice it, for he was too immersed in his hatred.

Fen Tian was a famous martial artist who had gone through countless battles, but he seldom had the chance to fight the top martial artist in the Sky Ranking.

When he backed Ye Fan into a corner during their first battle, Ye Fan had already lost all his strength, so he had no chance to show his true power.

Now that Ye Fan was finally showing his strength, Fen Tian finally panicked. He knew the formation would fail to contain him. Sooner or later, Ye Fan would break through.

He was already losing, and Fen Tian would not stay around to see what would happen. Irony might be lost on him, but he certainly would not sit still.

He glared at Ye Fan. "You're resilient, aren't you? No wonder the Chu Sect sent almost all their men after you. Though I lost to you today, this is not the end. I might have failed to kill you, but I will never give up. One day, I will have my revenge," he growled, venom dripping from his voice.

After that, he leaped through the air and



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escaped.

At the same time, the Red Flame Finger had finally manifested before Ye Fan. He looked up into the sky and pushed the gigantic finger down. *Alright, here it goes. You're gonna get crushed.*

Crimson flames swept across the island, and the finger charged toward the formation. Everyone watched in awe, for they could feel the sheer amount of energy contained in that finger alone.

It destroyed the remaining dragon and crashed against the formation without losing even an ounce of momentum.

Once the finger made contact, the formation melted like chocolate over a blaze. An ear-piercing screech was heard, and a moment of tension later, the so-called impenetrable formation broke into little pieces.

The lightning disappeared into the air, and the island finally regained its peace.

Ye Fan levitated in the air, staring at the direction Fen Tian escaped.

The survivors knelt before Ye Fan, thanking him for saving their lives.

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"We thank you for saving us, sir."

"We are greatly indebted to you."

"Please tell us your name. Once we complete our quest, we shall personally pay a visit to thank you."

After the battle, the Elysian Faction fighters dragged themselves over and bowed to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan looked at them. "Might you be from Elysian Faction?"

They nodded.

"There will be no need for thanks. Your Elysian Master is a good friend of mine. I came to India for her as well," Ye Fan said.

The Elysian Faction fighters were shocked.

"Y-You are the Elysian Master's friend?"

"The Elysian Master has a friend like you?"

Junie's seniors were delighted. They thought they only ran into a powerful fighter like Ye Fan through sheer luck, but now they knew luck might not be the only reason.

They guessed that Ye Fan was a helper Junie recruited.



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"Told you the Elysian Master is our lucky star. With a powerful friend like the mister here, I'm sure we'll get our revenge."

The Elysian Faction fighters looked happy, and then they kneeled before Ye Fan. "Sir, as you are the Elysian Master's friend, we beg of you, please save her. We apologize for our powerlessness, but we can't help out much."

Ye Fan waved them down. "It's okay, I don't need your help. I alone am enough. But do you know where Junie is? Do you know where Fen Tian can possibly run off to?"



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The few of them shook their heads at Ye Fan.

"Before this, Elysian Master led us to Fen Tian to seek revenge. However, we accidentally fell into Fen Tian's trap.

"We have also been looking for her whereabouts.

"Later, we learned that Fen Tian wanted to marry Elysian Master.

"So we hurried our way here.

"But we didn't expect for it to be a trap.

"Fen Tian is extremely cunning.

"We failed the rescue and we alerted the enemy. I'm afraid Fen Tian might take Elysian Master to a more secluded place."

The people in Elysian Faction said to Ye Fan anxiously.

"Do you think Elysian Master's life will be in danger?"

Behind him, someone asked worriedly.

An old man that seemed to be the leader shook his head.



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"Probably not.

"Especially after learning that you're also searching for her, Fen Tian will not harm Junie as he needs to protect himself.

"After all, as long as Elysian Master doesn't die, he can still use her to ensure his survival," the old man said to Ye Fan.

At that moment, Ye Fan's expression turned gloomy.

"If anything bad happens to her, I'll bury the entirety of the martial arts world of India with her," Ye Fan said in a low voice, but his words contained endless solemnity.

When the people of Elysian Faction heard it, they shuddered unconsciously.

It was hard for them to imagine a man having the courage to say such domineering words.

At the same time, they couldn't help but wonder about the relationship between Ye Fan and Junie.

They assumed that they were a couple.

However, there was a rule in Elysian Faction that forbids their people from falling in love and getting married.



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But that wasn't the right time to gossip about that.

The old man suddenly thought of something and advised Ye Fan, "Ye Fan, Folo Palace is the organization with the highest authority over the martial arts world of India.

"While Fen Tian doesn't stay in the Folo Palace that often, he is still a Supreme fighter in India. The people at Folo Palace must know where Fen Tian might be hiding.

"However, there are many fighters in Folo Palace. There must be more than one Supreme fighter. If you go there, I'm afraid that it might be too dangerous."

As he spoke, everyone else let out a long sigh of disappointment.

After all, they were outsiders, and Fen Tian was a fighter in India. It's only natural for Folo Palace to shelter the warriors in their country, and they might even help Fen Tian deal with them.

Hence, if Ye Fan went to Folo Palace, he would be delivering himself to them like a lamb in a tiger's den.

"No. It's better to reevaluate our plans."



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The people of Elysian Faction pondered for a while and realized that going to Folo Palace wasn't a good idea after all.

"Dangerous?"

Ye Fan snorted.

"I've been through hell and back, what sort of danger could a tiny country like India pose to me? Tell me the location of Folo Palace."

Ye Fan spoke in a deep voice.

The people of Elysian Faction were stunned for a moment. "Do you really want to go to Folo Palace?"

"That's the holy land of the martial arts world of India, the country's base of martial artists.

"Even if you must go, we have to come up with a plan.

"Charging in recklessly would only mean death!"

The people from Elysian Faction were shocked.

They casually mentioned Folo Palace, but they didn't expect Ye Fan to take it seriously.

Ye Fan seemed to really want to charge into



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Folo Palace alone!

However, Ye Fan wasn't bothered.

The power of the martial arts world of India was undoubtedly not to be underestimated, but no matter how strong they were, they wouldn't be more powerful than Chu Sect.

The two of them managed to return alive even after attacking Chu Sect.

A meager Folo Palace wouldn't pose him much of a threat.

After realizing Ye Fan's determination to go to Folo Palace, the people of Elysian Faction didn't stop him anymore. "Folo Palace is located in the mountainous area in the North of India.

"Back then, the first King Folo built the palace to compete with War God Castle in China.

"We don't know the exact location, but there's someone who knows where it is."

Then, the people of Elysian Faction pointed at the pile of blood-soaked corpses behind him.

Their battle before had sacrificed many ordinary people.

However, among the corpses, there were still



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several people who were still alive. They were lying on the ground, breathing their final breaths.

One of them was Gray, the head of the Vias family.

"The Vias family is one of the giants in India. Their forces are spread across the martial arts world and the world we know of, and Fen Tian is considered part of the Vias family. This family must have close relations with Folo Palace in India.

"In fact, the funds used to keep Folo Palace operational might have come from the Vias family.

"They must know the exact location of Folo Palace!"

The people of Elysian Faction had lived in India for many years. It was only natural that they knew many things that happened in the country.

Ye Fan walked over immediately as soon as he heard those words.

He looked at the dying man indifferently.

Next to the man, was the girl named Noa.



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During the battle, Ye Fan noticed Noa when she charged at him.

However, he deliberately pulled his punches to push Noa out of the way.

But the battle afterward eventually affected this little girl from India.

The exploded debris punctured a massive wound on her abdomen, and her blood flowed like a stream.

Her delicate and pretty face became pale like a blank sheet of paper.

"Save... her. I beg you. Please save her..."

Noa's father was barely alive.

He crawled toward Ye Fan by dragging his body. Then, he grabbed Ye Fan on the leg and begged with his dying voice.

The man had lost his previous contempt toward Ye Fan.

At that moment, he resembled a dying mongrel, begging its owner for help.

One could only imagine the mixed feelings he had at that moment.



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Just half an hour ago, he looked at Ye Fan disdainfully.

However, the tables were turned.

At this time, Ye Fan was the one looking down at him.

Perhaps, Ye Fan had already been looking down at him since the beginning.

As Ye Fan once said, with the power he had, all living beings were just ants.

Back then, the man laughed at his words that sounded ignorant and arrogant.

But then, Ye Fan defeated the King of India, and the strongest warrior of India fled like a coward.

Ye Fan was right. He had all the power in his hands.

Ye Fan ignored him and walked forward.

Then, he reached out and picked up the pale and dying girl.

Ye Fan poured a little bit of elemental force into Noa's body through his hands.

The dying girl eventually regained some vitality and opened her eyes.



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At first, she thought she would open her eyes to find herself in hell. However, what she found was the face of a handsome man.

"Am I dead?"

"So people dream even when they're dead."

The girl whispered to herself.

"You're not dead. You're still alive."

Devoid of expressions, Ye Fan said indifferently toward the girl in his arms.

At the same time, he continued to pour his elemental force into Noa.

The girl had lost too much blood and had to be re-energized with elemental force.

"Really?"

"Are you really Ye Fan?"

Ye Fan looked at the desperate little girl as her beautiful eyebrows slowly relaxed.

Her smile was like a firework, blooming in the dark.

"Yes."



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Ye Fan nodded. Then, he asked, "Do you know where Folo Palace is?"

"I do," Noa replied in a soft voice.

"Can you take me there?" Ye Fan asked again.

Noa nodded earnestly and agreed.

Being able to help Ye Fan seemed to be something that made her happy.



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Just as the people of Elysian Faction speculated, the members of the Vias family really knew where Folo Palace was located.

Once again, Noa became Ye Fan's navigator.

However, it was different this time. She wasn't forced to lead the way. Instead, she truly wanted to assist Ye Fan.

Ye Fan didn't like to owe anyone a favor.

As a token of appreciation, Ye Fan asked the people of Elysian Faction to rescue Noa's father.

"Winnie... Are we going to die?"

On the other side of the pile of corpses, Winnie and Kieran lay motionless on the ground.

Their uncle, Jefferson was already dead.

The shockwave of Qi from the previous battle had severed Jefferson's neck, and his head fell and rolled right next to them.

Kieran had lost all his strength.

He didn't even have the strength to breathe.

As blood dripped from the edge of his mouth, he looked at his sister, lying right next to him,



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from the corner of his eyes.

"No. We're not... Kieran, we're not going to die."

Winnie's condition was even worse than Kieran's

However, she still tried to comfort her brother with her trembling voice.

"Winnie, I'm very sleepy..."

Kieran couldn't hold it anymore and he slowly closed his eyes.

Winnie tried to muster her strength to reach out to her brother.

However, it was futile.

After a substantial amount of blood loss, she no longer had the strength to do anything.

She could only watch helplessly as the light of life gradually faded away from her younger brother's face, and tears rolled down the side of her eyes.

In their desperate moments, a slender figure silently appeared.

"He won't die as long as I'm here."



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Those faint words echoed in Winnie's ears.

She struggled to look up toward the voice only to see a man standing next to them.

He was handsome and tall, like a god, ethereal and divine.

It was the truth. To Winnie, Ye Fan was no different than a god.

He could make people die and live at will!

The funny thing was that she used to look down on Ye Fan. Now it seemed like she was the insignificant one.

Because she was too weak for him to even care about her wrongdoing.

After stabilizing their condition, Ye Fan didn't stay for long. He immediately took Noa and flew up the sky.

As Ye Fan slowly disappeared into the horizon, everyone trembled.

Deep down, everyone could only dream about his godlike powers and prominence.

Folo Palace was the symbol of the martial arts world of India. It was located somewhere in the mountains.



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As one of the oldest authorities in the martial arts world, there were many legends about Folo Palace.

Some would say that Folo Palace was a branch separated from Buddhism thousands of years ago.

Some would even say that the first king of Folo Palace, Rakshasa, was once the first disciple of Buddha, and he later betrayed Buddhism due to their disagreement in Buddhist philosophy and established his own faction.

Since then, the Folo Palace became a sect.

Thousands of years had passed, and Folo Palace had walked a path completely different from Buddhism.

While Buddhism emphasized self-cultivation, compassion, and rebirth, Folo Palace was about respecting the strong, fighting for power, and gaining prominence.

The desire and pursuit of power made Folo Palace a sacred place for the martial artists of India and a force that protected the country.

At this moment, at dawn.

The sky was bright, and the palace brilliantly reflected the morning sun, shimmering atop the



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mountains.

Inside the palace, it was quiet as usual.

The disciples who got up early swept the fallen leaves in the front yard.

A few squirrels climbed among the treetops and nibbled on pine nuts while the leaves rustled in the gentle breeze.

At this moment, the sound of footsteps approached the entrance, and a ragged, hairy person that looked like a barbarian arrived at the palace.

"Stop right there!"

"Who are you, and how did you get here?"

"How dare a beggar like you trespass the holy Folo Palace?"

"Get off the mountain immediately if you don't want to die!"

When the disciples on duty saw the barbarian before them, they immediately stopped him and reprimanded him mercilessly.

Being denied entry, the man didn't say a word. Instead, he lifted his face and took a glance.



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Then, he raised his foot and stomped on the ground.

Boom!

The shockwave shook the earth.

Then the entire palace, and even the mountain, trembled violently.

The disciples who stopped him before were severely injured. They suffered a direct hit from the invisible Qi explosion.

Their ribs shattered, and blood gushed out of their mouths before being sent flying hundreds of meters away.

After eliminating them, the man stepped into Folo Palace in one stride.

The man had mixed emotions having returned after so many years.

He raised his head and closed his eyes. Then, he opened his arms to embrace the atmosphere and greedily took a deep breath.

He was mesmerized, like a scholar finally returning home.

“Like a fallen leaf returning to its roots.



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"After sixty years long years. I, Duolun, finally came home."

The man gently sighed, recalling thousands of memories in the back of his mind.

Then, he opened his eyes, and a glint of light flashed across his eyes like lightning.

A faint thunder-like noise blared and silently resonated within Folo Palace's walls.

"Younglings! Why don't you come and welcome me?"

Boom!

The earth shook, and the palace trembled.

Soon, deep in the palace, three burly figures shuddered after hearing this voice.

Then, they rushed over like madmen.

The one who ran in front among them was the leader of Folo Palace, King Folo!

"Duolun? Is that really you?"

Looking at the barbarian-like man before them, King Folo was stunned.

He couldn't believe his eyes.



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The other two who followed behind were awkwardly shocked to see him.

None of them expected the previous king of Folo, the strongest warrior in India, Duolun, to finally return from his training after sixty years.

"Duolun?"

"Could he be the single warrior in Aploth that broke into the top ten of the Sky Ranking back then? King Folo's senior, Duolun the Berserker?"

Hearing Duolun's name, the young disciples around them couldn't help but have their eyes wide open.

One by one, they gasped shockingly.

They were overwhelmed with astonishment.

"It had been sixty years.

"Back then, you insisted on traveling alone to train in solitude deep in Sacred Mountain.

"We would all go to Sacred Mountain every year to visit you.

"Ten years, twenty years. To be honest, after thirty years, we all assumed that you would never come out.



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"Who would have guessed..."

"Hahahaha!"

"Exactly!"

The Four Supremes of India from the older generation of warriors finally gathered together in the palace. They were so excited that they almost burst into tears.

Especially the current king, he couldn't suppress the joy in him.

"Hahaha!"

"God bless the martial arts world of India!"

"Now that the Four Supremes are here, with the addition of the newly promoted Fen Tian, India now has five Supreme warriors!"

"Also, Duolun, you made it to the top ten of the Sky Ranking sixty years ago.

"Now that you have completed your training, your strength alone will be on par with three pillars of China.

"The strength of the martial arts world of India has surpassed China!"

"The title of Aploth's strongest country in the



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martial arts world will finally belong to India!

"Hahaha!"

King Folo was so excited, he chugged a few cups of hard liquor.

For a long time, China's martial arts had always dominated Aploth, and War God Castle had suppressed Folo Palace for many years.

War God of China, Ye Qingtian, was absurdly arrogant back then. He charged into India alone and defeated their Supreme warriors.

They had always remembered that incident!

For a Supreme warrior to break into their country without permission was considered an invasion and a great offense to their country's dignity.

However, Folo Palace was inferior to War God Castle at that time. Even when they were offended by Ye Qingtian, they could only endure the humiliation.

They had no choice. In the martial arts world, strength was everything.



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When Duolun heard him, he wasn't very happy; instead, he was slightly disappointed.

"China seems to have not made any progress in the past few years.

"Are the Six pillars of China still the same?

"Has Ye Qingtian reached the top ten of the Sky Ranking?"

After all, Duolun had left the martial arts world for many years, and his understanding of events was naturally limited to many years ago.

"Not yet."

"What a bunch of trash. The martial arts world of China has long lost half of its power from the past. Even defeating them made me feel that I'm degrading myself."

For someone like Duolun, who advocated strength and loved to fight, it was only natural that he felt disappointed for not having a worthy opponent in Aploth.

Back then, Duolun was very afraid of Ye Qingtian. In fact, he hated him too.

However, after so many years, the strength of the martial arts world in China had been stagnant.



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"Now, the martial arts world of India should stop aiming for the strongest in Aploth. Instead, we should aim for the strongest in the world!"

"As for War God Castle, I'll spare some time and destroy it," Duolun casually said. His tone was full of disdain and contempt.

When King Folo and the others heard him, they were utterly overjoyed.

"It seems that you have refined your strength a lot over the years.

"However, even if the martial arts world in China is declining, we should not underestimate them.

"Just a few years ago, a strong warrior from China had risen to the top of Sky Ranking," King Folo advised.

"What?"

"The top of Sky Ranking?"

"How could China still produce such a strong warrior?"

"Tell me about it!"

Duolun suddenly became serious.



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Duolun was naturally interested to learn more about such a strong warrior who emerged from the land that defeated them.

So, King Folo and the others told Duolun about Chu Tianfan.

Unexpectedly, Duolun chuckled after hearing about Chu Tianfan.

“That’s absurd!

“An abandoned child from the Chu family, a youngster from China, actually rose to the top of the Sky Ranking?

“It looks like Sky Ranking selection has become a piece of cake now!”

Duolun trained in martial arts his entire life, and it was extremely tough for one to practice martial arts.

Even after his solitary training for 60 years, he had only made slight progress in his martial arts prowess.

For a young man in his early twenties to surpass the elders who spent their whole life cultivating and even reaching the top of Sky Ranking, Duolun would naturally find it ridiculous!



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"Duolun, there should be some basis to how Chu Tianfan reached the top of Sky Ranking.

"He has defeated countless supreme grandmasters alone," King Folo said.

"If that's true, that it could only mean one thing.

"It means that the warriors nowadays are too weak.

"If Chu Tianfan isn't already dead, I will go to China myself, obliterate this bast*rd, and let the world know what true power really is!

"Allowing a youngster to top Sky Ranking is an utter disgrace to the martial arts world!"

Duolun was slightly agitated. Especially after learning that Ye Fan was only in his early twenties. He became even angrier because he felt that it was an insult to him and the martial arts world.

After all, he had cultivated martial arts for more than a hundred years, and he had not yet reached the top of Sky Ranking or the martial arts world.

However, the current martial arts world was dominated by a brat younger than his grandchildren.



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This had indirectly humiliated these elders who pursued the gospel of martial arts for hundreds of years.

If Ye Fan were still alive, Duolun might actually charge into China to challenge Ye Fan!

King Folo and the others looked at each other and smiled upon Duolun's remarks.

After so many years, Duolun's arrogant and unruly nature had not changed one bit. He was still the Berserker that he used to be.

"Haha!

"Duolun, let's stop talking about this.

"Whether Chu Tianfan deserves to be number one on the Sky Ranking doesn't matter anymore. He's already dead for so many years.

"He died right in front of the eyes of the masters of War God Castle.

"They must be devastated to watch the strongest prodigy of their country fall!

"Hahaha!"

"So what if they were devastated. They still couldn't do anything!"



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"We were so happy when we witnessed it!"

King Folo and the others laughed happily as they talked about the past.

Chu Tianfan was a name that once struck fear in countless people.

However, when his name was mentioned again in the martial arts world, it became a history in the distant past that no one could ever change.

It was only natural for one to casually talk about a person who was already dead.

Boom!

However, when the supreme grandmasters of Folo Palace were indulging in the enjoyable recollection of past events, the castle doors were suddenly pushed open.

Then, a man with just one arm, covered in blood, dragged his wretched body and barged in.

"Fen Tian?"

King Folo and the others immediately stood up when they were shocked to see him in such a dreadful condition.

"What happened?"



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"What happened to you?"

King Folo and the others questioned him incessantly.

Fen Tian wasn't very popular in the Folo Palace due to his personality.

Nonetheless, he was still India's Supreme. Now that one of their people had suffered such severe injuries, King Folo and the others were naturally horrified and worried.

"We're in trouble.

"He's back.

"He's not dead!

"That bast*rd is still alive!"

Fen Tian sat down against the table and spoke viciously toward the leaders of the martial arts world of India with a pale and resentful face. His blood was dripping all over the long table in front of him.

"Who's not dead?

"Say it clearly!"

King Folo and the others questioned again.



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"It's Chu Tianfan!

"The abandoned child of the Chu family!

"The man who was killed at the border of China!

"He's not dead!

"He came to India, and he just destroyed Island of the King of India.

"He did this to me!"

Boom!

The news came as a shock for everyone in the palace.

Even King Folo and the others were stunned.

Their minds were blank.

The fear for Chu Tianfan that had disappeared for two years reemerged again from the depths of their mind.

"How is that possible?

"How can that be?

"How is he still alive?



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"We watched him die as countless swords penetrated his heart!"

King Folo trembled before collapsing onto his seat.

The other two Supremes of India were also struck with fear.

They were gloating about Ye Fan's death just a few minutes ago.

But shortly after, Fen Tian said that he was still alive and had even come to India.

For a moment there, King Folo and the others couldn't believe what they heard.

If it weren't for Fen Tian sitting in front of them covered in blood and severely injured, they probably wouldn't believe the nonsense that came out of Fen Tian's mouth.

"But why? Why us?"

"The people who killed him back then were Chu Sect and the elders from Epea. Our country only happened to join in on the fun. India was just an accomplice at most.

"If he wanted revenge, we shouldn't be his first target. He should be going for Chu Sect instead, then Epea. But why is he coming after



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us first?

King Folo was so terrified that his face went pale.

He couldn't figure out why Ye Fan would seek revenge in India first.

"Because I captured a woman.

"She's probably a woman who Chu Tianfan loves.

"He's here for the woman, and take revenge while he's at it." Fen Tian told them the truth.

When King Folo and the others heard him, they were infuriated.

"What did you say?"

"You captured his woman?"

"Are you crazy?"

"Why did you even mess with him?"

"You fool!"

"Are you trying to destroy the martial arts world of India?"

"Was the lesson back then not enough?"



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"Do you want us to end up like you? To lose an arm?"

The three Supremes of Folo Palace were so angry that their eyes turned red.

They were so angry that they almost burst into flames, and they couldn't wait to skin Fen Tian alive for causing all this trouble!

To them, Fen Tian was an idiot who was good for nothing but provoking their ruthless enemy.



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Chapter 1925

Fen Tian was driving King Folo and the others mad.

It would not have been a big issue if he had offended an ordinary Supreme.

After all, Folo Palace was respected all over the world and ranked among the top five in the martial arts world.

Ordinary Supremes could only grit their teeth and swallow their anger when faced with someone from Folo Palace.

However, Chu Tianfan had infiltrated India.

He was frightening like God of death.

Even before he became well-known, he had slaughtered hundreds of high-ranking fighters from various countries in the rainforest.

Later, he single-handedly devastated the Chu family.

If the Chu family had not handed over their elder in the end, the Chu Sect would have been wiped out completely.

Everyone knew not to offend a powerful man like him.

Furthermore, Fen Tian and Ye Fan had always



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bore grudges against each other.

Now, Fen Tian had even snatched Ye Fan's woman from him recklessly.

It added to the already immense hatred Ye Fan had for Fen Tian. Therefore, King Folo and the others could not imagine how much resentment Ye Fan had toward Folo Palace.

"Quick! You must return his woman to him before Ye Fan comes here! We can't afford to offend him!" King Folo urgently persuaded Fen Tian with panic in his eyes.

Previously, they had to work with various countries to corner Ye Fan.

Therefore, King Folo knew how much effort it took to subdue him.

King Folo also knew that Folo Palace did not have the power to resist Ye Fan if he chose to destroy them.

Therefore, they had only one choice—to force Fen Tian to hand over the captive and apologize to Ye Fan.

That way, Ye Fan might decide to stop attacking them.

Only then Folo Palace and India would be safe.



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However, Fen Tian shook his head and refused King Folo's request.

"Why are you so stubborn? Fen Tian, now is not the time for you to be selfish! I don't care how beautiful that woman is. You don't have the right to keep her. She belongs to Chu Tianfan! Have you ever considered what would happen if you continue to keep her? I hope you haven't defiled her. Otherwise, I won't even wait for Chu Tianfan to kill you. Folio Palace shall immediately cut off all ties from you!" King Folo was mad with fury.

Ye Fan is about to attack us, but this idiot still dares to hold on to his woman and refuses to let her go. How can he be this crazy over a woman?

King Folo's biggest concern was that Fen Tian could have violated or harmed the woman.

If he had, they would be doomed.

A beautiful woman was the weak spot of any man.

If Fen Tian had violated her, King Folo did not dare to imagine what would happen.

He believed India would suffer Chu Tianfan's unquenchable wrath.

"She is fine, and I didn't do anything to her. I



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know what I am doing, so don't worry about it. Furthermore, it is for the benefit of you all that I refuse to hand the woman over. We all know what Chu Tianfan is capable of. He is at his peak, and we won't be able to stop him even if we combine our powers," Fen Tian replied.

He paused before continuing, "Since we have his woman in our hands, he won't dare to act rashly. Furthermore, if required, we can use his woman as a hostage and negotiate with him to make him leave India. However, if we hand her over now, we would lose our bargaining chip. Then, we would be helpless like lambs waiting for slaughter. He could kill us anytime and there would be nothing to stop him. I believe none of you wish to surrender your life to his mercy."

Fen Tian looked pale as he sat at the table. However, his mind was very alert.

King Folo and the others fell silent upon hearing his explanation.

They admitted quietly that they had allowed panic to cloud their minds.

After listening to Fen Tian, they realized that it would be better to keep Ye Fan's woman with them.

"What should we do now?"



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"Are we going to just wait here?"

"Shall we wait for Chu Tianfan to find us?"

The elders anxiously posed questions after questions.

Fen Tian nodded and explained sternly, "That is the only way. We have to wait for Chu Tianfan to come here. Then, we will negotiate with him and force him to retreat to China. I have kept his woman in a safe place. If he attacks us, he will never see his woman again! Since we have a bargaining chip, Chu Tianfan has to accept our request for negotiation!"

King Folo mulled over it for a moment and said, "No! What if you overestimated the importance of that woman to him? Then, when he comes to Folo Palace, we will be at risk of destruction?"

He turned to Haibu and instructed, "Haibu, call Japan, Remdik, Western Epea, and the other countries. Also, you should call Chu Sect too. Tell them that Chu Tianfan is still alive, and we have trapped him in Folo Palace!"

King Folo's expression turned grim as murderous intent rose within him. "Let them send their fighters to kill him! We are not the only ones who wish for Ye Fan to die. Since we managed to kill him the first time, we can kill him again!"



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As the leader of Folo Palace, King Folo had to plan for its sake.

He realized he could use the negotiation to stall Ye Fan while waiting for fighters from other countries to attack him.

Duolun had been silent all this while. However, he frowned when King Folo gave instructions to contact various countries in the martial arts world.

"Doesn't that amount to begging other countries for help? How can you all be so frightened over a man that you seek help everywhere? Now, I see that China is not the only country declining in martial arts over the years. It is the same for India too!" Duolun mocked.

"Duolun, we have no choice," King Folo explained.

Duolun looked at King Folo fiercely and scolded, "What do you mean we have no choice? You humiliate India's dignity by pleading with other countries to help us! Then, no one would ever regard India as one of the major powers in the martial arts world anymore! Our ancestors fought hard to bring glory to our country. Yet, you have destroyed all their effort with that phone call!"



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His words make sense. However, we are not in a position to worry about dignity for we might not even survive through this.

"Duolun, Chu Tianfan ranked first in Sky Ranking. We won't be able to deal with him if we don't call for help," King Folo said with an anguished expression.

"Ranked first in Sky Ranking? Is he that man from China that you mentioned earlier?" Duolun finally understood who was coming to attack them.

He suddenly stood up and was all ready to fight. "Previously, I thought it was a pity I did not get a chance to kill this pest from China. It seemed the Gods heard my wish. Since it is God's will, I shall end this b*stard! Leave him to me. I will deal with him."

Although Duolun spoke with an even tone, his eyes were blazing with pride.

He had trained hard for decades; hence, he was dying to fight someone.

Therefore, he saw Chu Tianfan's arrival as a great opportunity.

"King Folo, who is he?" Fen Tian was puzzled to see a barbaric man offering to fight Chu Tianfan.



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He suddenly realized that he had never met Duolun.

"He is a senior of India's martial arts world and the previous leader of Folo Palace called Duolun the Berserker!" King Folo answered.

"What?" Fen Tian was stunned

He immediately stood up and bowed to Duolun respectfully. "I apologize for neglecting to greet you, sir. Please forgive me."

Indeed, Fen Tian had heard of him.

Previously, he thought Duolun only existed in history. Therefore, he was astounded to see him in person today.

"Don't worry about it. I think you are Fen. I have heard about you, and people said you are quite talented. Unfortunately, you lacked the right opportunity," Duolun said.

He paused and continued, "I shall grant you a chance today. Once Chu Tianfan arrives, you can watch the battle from the side. You can observe how I fight, kill, and use my power. It is a chance for you to witness a battle between real fighters. I believe it will be the greatest opportunity of your lifetime!"



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Duolun patted Fen Tian's shoulder as he spoke to him.

King Folo was still worried, so he asked Duolun, "Duolun, are you serious? Are you going to face Chu Tianfan alone?"

"Why? Do you think I can't defeat him?" Duolun frowned. Suddenly, intense energy surged like waves toward King Folo.

King Folo instantly felt heavy pressure all around him. It was difficult for him to breathe.

He knew he had angered Duolun.

Therefore, King Folo did not dare to say anything else.

"I'll change my clothes before heading to Grange River to wait for him! Anyone who wants to watch the battle can come with me. Of course, if you are afraid of him, you can hide here in Folo Palace. I will bring his head back here for display. Perhaps that will make you all braver!" Duolun snorted and left.

One could hear his unhappiness with King Folo and the others.

His words seemed directed at King Folo.

He is the martial arts leader of this country. How



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can he be afraid of a young man from China?

On the other hand, King Folo shook his head bitterly and did not know what to say.

"What should we do now? Do we still contact other countries in the martial arts world?" a bold elder asked King Folo.

King Folo did not answer but looked at Fen Tian and asked, "Fen Tian, I believe you have fought Chu Tianfan before. How is his power now compared to before? Although our previous attack did not kill him, it sent him into hiding for two years. Therefore, I believe we have considerably weakened his powers. He can't have regained the peak of his strength, right?"

Fen Tian shook his head. "I hardly ever fought him. Previously, I fought him during the battle in the rainforest. He was at his peak and ranked first in Sky Ranking. However, I do not know the extent of his power then. Since I have nothing to compare, I don't know whether he has grown more powerful. I can only tell you that Chu Tianfan is still powerful now, and his strength is far above mine!"

Fen Tian's words caused everyone to become downcast. The atmosphere in the room turned grim.

"Duolun is much stronger than me. I can't



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determine who between them is stronger. Still, I have one good piece of news. Chu Tianfan probably spent a large amount of energy in our previous battle. Thus, his power should have diminished. That could provide Duolun with an advantage. I believe if both of them were to battle, Duolun might have a seventy percent chance of winning!" Fen Tian continued.

"That's good!" someone replied. Fen Tian's words boosted the morale of the people in this room.

Then, King Folo said, "In that case, let's proceed with the battle! However, to be safe, Haibu and Bapei, you should go with Duolun to observe the battle. Adapt to the situation as required! I'll treat Fen Tian for his injuries. Once his condition improves, we will head to the battle site to provide support."

Then, he clenched his fists and continued, "Like what Duolun said, we have to prove ourselves in this battle for India's martial arts world to stand tall among other nations! In the past, China managed to conquer sixteen countries through war and made its name in the world! Now, India shall slaughter Sky Ranking's first rank fighter and send fear throughout the martial arts world."

"Agree!" Everyone else roared.



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All fighters of Folo Palace had now reached a consensus to battle Chu Tianfan.

Soon, Haibu and Bapei left.

Only Fen Tian and King Folo remained in Folo Palace.

Fen Tian looked at King Folo and said, "Have you ever considered what would happen if we lost this bet? It could lead to the destruction of Folo Palace!"

King Folo's gaze grew fierce. He stood up and looked at the mountains before Folo Palace.

"India's martial arts world has the protections of Sacred Mountain. Therefore, why would we fail?" King Folo replied confidently and continued to gaze afar. No one knew what he was thinking.

...

"Folo Mountain range is ahead. Folo Palace is within this mountain range. Ye Fan, are you sure you want to go there? There are probably many powerful people there," Noa whispered.

She and Ye Fan traveled through the air.

Ye Fan was expressionless as the wind current kept crashing at him.



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Meanwhile, Noa looked up from his arms and hugged him tightly.

She was worried for him.

However, she was also worried about the men in Folo Palace.

When she was little, Noa would head to Folo Palace once a year with her father to meet the men there.

Her father told her that those men were national heroes. Their presence ensured peace in India.

Now, she was leading the way for someone with murderous intent.

She could not help feeling guilty.

Perhaps, she was feeling anxious for her country's future.

She knew she should not have led the way for Ye Fan for the sake of her country.

However, she wished to do something for Ye Fan.

Therefore, she could not refuse him.

"Ye Fan, will you be fighting them? Is it possible



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to not fight?" Noa asked softly.

"As long as they do not hurt Junie and return her to me, I won't do anything to them. However, that does not include Fen Tian. He has to die," Ye Fan answered calmly.

He came to India for Junie and Fen Tian.

Even if he did not kill Fen Tian, Junie would not let him go.

Therefore, it did not matter whether it was for Junie. Ye Fan would not let Fen Tian escape again.

Furthermore, Fen Tian killed Ye Fan's subordinates.

Ye Fan sounded composed even as he said that.

It seemed as if fighting the King of India and Fen Tian posed no trouble to him.

In actuality, that was not far from the truth.

Soon, Ye Fan and Noa entered Folo Mountains.

One could look up and see layers of mountains like mighty green waves.

There was an ancient river, barely visible among



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the forest. It winded up the mountains like a crouching dragon.

Clouds of fog surrounded the mountains.

It was a gorgeous sight!

Ye Fan was thankful that Noa led the way. If he came here by himself, it would take him quite a bit of effort to find the place.

"Ye Fan, I can see Folo Palace! It is over there!"
Noa glance around and finally found the magnificent palace.

"Good!" Ye Fan replied.

As he was about to dash over, suddenly...

Boom!

A terrifying force exploded near him.

Immediately afterward, an immense wave of air rolled toward him.

Ye Fan frowned and bent his body to shield Noa. He let the wave of air hit him.

The impact forced him back a few hundred steps in the air.

Who was that? Why hasn't the attacker appeared



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yet?

Ye Fan knew that was not Fen Tian's aura.

Furthermore, it did not seem like anyone from Folo Palace.

Although Ye Fan had only met them a few times before, he knew that their abilities could not exceed Sky Ranking's top twenty ranks.

However, the blast of energy from just now was incredibly powerful.

He believed it was from a fighter who was at least a top ten in Sky Ranking!

Who could it be? Has India's martial arts world produced a new powerhouse?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Turn yourself in and accept the death that I shall now bestow upon you."

A heavenly voice resounded through the forest.

Upon hearing that, Ye Fan stopped in his tracks abruptly and narrowed his eyes.

"Ye Fan, w-who is that? I-I don't know him. He doesn't look like he's from Folo Palace." Noa was frightened by the figure standing on the horizon.

The figure had a domineering aura, and it was as if he could obliterate the world with just that.

Noa was horrified by the murderous aura.

Without saying a word, Ye Fan gradually lowered his body and put Noa down on the ground. "Stay here. Don't go anywhere."

After putting her down, Ye Fan was about to leave when Noa pulled at him forcefully.

She kept shaking her head in horror as she looked at Ye Fan.

She was trying to stop him from going forward.

After all, they were now at Folo Palace, the base of India's martial arts world.



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If a fight occurs, Ye Fan will definitely be in trouble if he goes alone. Noa was worried about him.

However, Ye Fan wouldn't turn back after coming such a long way. *Junie is in trouble, and I don't even know if she's dead or alive. I've already lost too many people I care about. I can't lose anyone else. I will proceed no matter how dangerous things might get. I'd like to see exactly how capable India is. Back then, even Chu Sect couldn't keep hold of me. I refuse to believe India's Folo Palace is more dangerous than Chu Sect.*

With those thoughts in his mind, he left her and walked toward the horizon on his own.

Once again, Chu Tianfan was heading toward a potentially violent and life-threatening battle.

Noa suddenly felt the urge to cry as she watched Ye Fan walking toward danger on his own. *I wonder how would the woman named Junie feel if she were to see a fearless man willing to walk into danger in order to save her. She'd feel very happy, right? At least she'd know there's a man who cares about her so much. Besides, he's such a brilliant man. In fact, he's like an angel!*

She felt envious of Junie. *How I wish he'd see me the way he sees Junie, even if it's just for a*



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brief moment. I'd have no regrets even if I were to die right after that.

Just like that, Ye Fan headed straight toward the man with a domineering aura.

Before long, he had arrived right in front of him.

The two of them stood facing each other.

Beneath them, Grange River was flowing rapidly.

The rushing water roared in the valley, sounding like a ghost from the abyss.

A gust of strong and cold wind blew past.

"So, you're Chu Tianfan? I heard you were once ranked first in the Sky Ranking." The man was sizing Ye Fan up.

Although he knew Ye Fan was young, he was stumped when he saw exactly how young Ye Fan was.

Ye Fan ignored the man's question and said in a low voice, "Did Fen Tian send you to stop me? Tell him to let Junie go, and I'd grant him a less painful death! After that, I'll leave."

Upon hearing that, Duolun burst into laughter. "Hahaha!"



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One could hear the contempt and mockery in his deafening laughter.

"What an arrogant brat! You've intruded India's martial arts world and killed my fellow countrymen. Yet, you've come here to threaten India's Supreme, and you want us to hand someone over? I haven't even dealt with the wrongs you've done! B*stard, don't you think you're being too full of yourself?" Duolun sneered.

When he talked, he sounded high and mighty, like a deity.

Ye Fan was unperturbed. Instead, he raised his gaze toward him and glared at his counterpart coldly. "Is that so? Do you really think I'm being too full of myself? Well, I have a lot more in mind actually! For example, Once I've killed Fen Tian, I'm going to demolish Folo Palace and put an end to India's martial arts world. Also, I planned to flatten your mountains so that the warm breeze could reach China's barren land. That way, it'll become a prosperous area."

Since Ye Fan was speaking in a carefree tone, one would think that he was cracking a joke.

Duolun was infuriated. "B*stard! Don't you know you're about to die? How dare you speak so shamelessly? But, seeing that you're still young, I'm going to give you a chance. I want you to



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break both your arms and kneel before me. From now on, you'll worship me and become my loyal servant. If you do that, I'll let you live," he said in a deep voice.

In response, Ye Fan shook his head and laughed. "I can't believe you're even dumber than Fen Tian! As ridiculous as he could be, at least he wasn't dumb enough to ask me to worship him. Looking at you now, I can see that you bear an uncanny resemblance to a caveman. I would have thought that only your body looks like that of a caveman, but it seems that even your brain is underdeveloped, making you nothing more than just a mindless beast!"

"How dare you!" Duolun was livid.

"Such insolence! Chu Tianfan, how dare you disrespect Duolun? My senior is an esteemed figure in the martial arts world! Even Ye Qingtian of China has acknowledged Duolun's superiority! Not only did you say Duolun looks like a caveman, but you also said his brain is underdeveloped?" Somewhere along Grange River, there was a bald old man listening to their confrontation silently. However, he was fed up with the insults that Ye Fan was throwing at Duolun and couldn't help but chimed in angrily.

Ye Fan then shifted his gaze toward him and said, "Well, I'm not the only one who thinks so. You've just said it yourself, haven't you?"



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"I..." The bald old man was rendered speechless for a moment. In the end, all he could say was, "I-I was just repeating what you said!"

"Eh, potato potahto." Ye Fan shrugged. He then shifted his gaze back toward Duolun and teased, "See? Even your junior agreed with me. He even repeated it again!"

"You b*stard!" the bald old man fumed. He then turned toward Duolun and explained hastily, "Duolun, please don't listen to him. He's just trying to stir the pot!"

"You idiot! Just shut the hell up!" Duolun was enraged. "If you want to watch, just keep your mouth shut!"

After reprimanding the bald old man, Duolun shifted his gaze toward Ye Fan. "You're good with words. I'll give you that! Nonetheless, you're still going to die!"

"Is that so?" Ye Fan scoffed. "I think you're the one who's dying today! All these years, I've killed all the people who dared to stand in my way."

"Enough!" Duolun roared.

He had given up arguing with Ye Fan. *This young man is too good with his words. If I keep on bickering with him, I might just die from*



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anger!

With that, Duolun decided to fight Ye Fan after he shouted at him.

Duolun held his sword up with both his hands and prepared for battle.

He then swung it at Ye Fan angrily.

With a burst of Qi, the sword instantly became a hundred meters long.

The sword was gleaming so brightly that it looked like it could cut the horizon in half.

"Isn't that Heavenly Sword Technique? Duolun, you've mastered Heavenly Sword Technique?" The bald old man was stunned.

Heavenly Sword Technique was an ancient technique passed down by the ancestors in India. It was the highest level of swordsmanship technique that was carved onto Folo Mountain.

For the past hundreds of years, no one in India had ever mastered the technique. But now, the ancient technique was seen again.



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"Haha! The Indian martial arts world has risen once again!" The bald old man was over the moon.

In the meantime, the sword was splitting the horizon into two with the force and speed of a lightning bolt.

It was heading straight toward Ye Fan.

Ye Fan didn't flinch at all. Instead, he stood there and put his palms together.

"Huh? What is he trying to do? Is he planning to stop the sword with his bare hands?" Haibu, who was watching from the side, narrowed his eyes when he saw Ye Fan's response to the attack.

He was rather puzzled.

"What an idiot! He must have a death wish! Is he really trying to stop Duolun's sword with his bare hands?" Another fighter from India, Bapei, also thought that Ye Fan was out of his mind.

Perhaps, Ye Fan really was too full of himself.

Many years ago, Duolun was already ranked top ten in the Sky Ranking. Besides, his abilities had increased exponentially after decades of solitary training.



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Hence, Haibu and Bapei figured that even at the peak of Ye Fan's ability, there was no way he could stop the sword with his bare hands.

The only outcome would be him being sliced in half by Duolun's sword.

Besides those two, Duolun had also predicted what Ye Fan was going to do.

He couldn't help but shake his head. *Well, he's just a youngster, after all. It seems like he's still inexperienced. Does he not know the easiest way to escape the blow? How exactly did he end up in the Sky Ranking with that little knowledge? Could it be that the standard of the Sky Ranking had dropped?*

Whoosh!

The cold wind blew even more fiercely as the sword was zipping through in the air, heading toward its target.

"It's time for you to die," Duolun said. Not only was he expressionless, but he was even feeling rather disappointed.

Although he had never expected much from Ye Fan, to begin with, he thought he could still have an exciting battle with him. *How can a person ranked first in the Sky Ranking be this lousy? It seems like I've overestimated this*



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youngster from China. Why would he choose to stop my move with his bare hands? He might as well just dash toward the sword head first and impale himself. What a bummer.

Duolun thought he had already foreseen what was going to happen next. He was convinced that Ye Fan was going to die.

Hence, after he had made his move, he turned around gracefully and looked at his two juniors. "Both of you, go and chop off his head after this. Bring it back to Folo Palace."

Duolun was acting cool when he gave his order.

The confidence he was exuding was like that of a battle-hardened individual who had been through countless battles.

With that, Duolun was prepared to return to Folo Palace.

Right at that moment, Bapei and Haibu's expressions changed dramatically.

Both of their faces turned pale and they stammered, "Duolun, I-look..."

Duolun waved his hand dismissively in response. "Are you surprised by it? Well, I'll tell you now that there's nothing to be surprised about. Heavenly Sword Technique is the



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strongest sword technique of all. There's only one way to escape it, and that's by avoiding it. The youngster from China is inexperienced. That's why he's trying to stop it with his bare hands. It's no surprise he dies from it. If you guys want to learn it from me, I can teach you guys when I'm free," he uttered.

Apparently, Duolun thought Haibu and Bapei were astonished by the ability of the technique he used.

"N-No. It's not t-that, Duolun."

"Look! Quickly! H-He blocked it!"

Panicking, Haibu and Bapei shouted desperately.

What? Duolun was in disbelief.

He then whipped around.

He stared into the horizon and saw Ye Fan still standing there.

With his palms pressed against each other, Ye Fan had stopped the mighty sword.

The coat that he was wearing was flapping wildly in the blustery wind generated by the technique.



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Although the Qi infused in that technique was extremely powerful, Ye Fan seemed unmoved by it.

It was as if he had just split the powerful force in half.

Indeed, he had caught the blade with his bare hands.

Ye Fan really did it.

"H-How is this possible? That's impossible! Heavenly Sword Technique is the strongest and most powerful! H-How did he block it with his bare hands?" When Duolun saw what was happening, he was no longer as calm and confident as he was just moments before.

He had been struck dumb.

Widening his eyes, he stared at the scene before him in disbelief.

No one could imagine that Ye Fan's slender figure could produce such a burst of strength.

With just both of his hands, he had managed to stop an enormous force.

When Duolun and the others witnessed Ye Fan's mightiness, they felt like they had been blown away by a fierce storm.



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As for Noa, who was hiding in the forest when everything was happening, she was left utterly in awe. "Wow! He's like a god..."

She stared at Ye Fan dazedly.

At that moment, Ye Fan quickly noticed that Duolun and the others were watching him. He smiled devilishly and said, "Here, I'm returning this to you."

In the next second, Duolun and the rest saw Ye Fan turning around and swinging the sword in his hands.

Zing!

The sword suddenly changed its direction and shot toward Duolun and his juniors.

It was moving so fast and powerful like a lightning.

Seeing this, Haibu and Bapei were utterly horrified.

Duolun's eyes were resonated with fear as well.

None of them expected Ye Fan to swing the sword back at them.

"Run! Haibu, run!" Bapei was running for his life, screaming his head off.



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Unlike Ye Fan, they were aware that they couldn't stop the blade with just their bare hands.

Hence, they only had one thing in their minds, and that was to escape the blade.

However, the sword was moving too fast.

Besides, Ye Fan's unpredictability left them with no time to react.

Before they could even run a few meters, the sword had already reached them.

The mountains shook, and the ground began cracking.

The tens of thousands of trees in the area were razed to the ground.

In the center of it all, rocks and stones instantly turned to ash.

As expected of an ancient technique in India's martial arts world, its mightiness was comparable to Cloud and Mist Sword Technique.

With a loud bang, the impact sent Haibu and Bapei flying.

The two of them were only there to witness



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their supreme grandmaster in action. They didn't expect to get caught in the battle.

Instantly, they started spewing blood while flying across the air.

As for Duolun, he wasn't hurt as badly as them.

After all, he was a lot stronger than his juniors. The impact only caused him to stumble a few steps backward.

Although he wasn't hurt, the impact did tear his shirt apart. His skin was exposed, and scratches could be seen on his body.

He looked disheveled as he shouted, "D*mn you! You're just a brat from China! I'm going to kill you!"

After the sword had landed, clouds of dust soon settled on the ground.

After blocking Ye Fan's move, Duolun was angered.

However, just as he shouted, he saw a dark figure dashing toward him through the dust in the air.

It was Ye Fan.

He had immediately ran after the sword the



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moment he swung it toward them.

Ye Fan balled his hands into a fist and dashed toward Duolun.

He didn't want to give the man any chance of a break.

The moment the sword landed on the ground, Duolun had received a powerful punch to his face.

What? What kind of explosive speed is this? Ye Fan is too fast! By the time Duolun realized what had happened, he was already feeling immense pain in his face.

He then tried to hold his sword up to shield himself.

However, Ye Fan used his legs and kicked Duolun's sword continuously.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

Ye Fan kicked him a total of thirteen times in a row.

He was attacking him with the ferocity of a madman and with the power of a devil.

By the look of things, Duolun was no match for Ye Fan.



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It seemed like Duolun was going to get defeated shortly after they started battling. The bones in his face had all been shattered, and he kept spitting out mouthfuls of blood and broken teeth.

When Ye Fan landed his last kick, he kicked through the sword and landed his foot on Duolun's chest.

The sounds of bones snapping echoed as Duolun's ribs were broken, making his chest cave inward.

He lost his grip on his sword and it soared through the air.



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Clang!

Duolun's sword landed on the ground.

Then, like a cannonball, Duolun crashed to the ground with a heavy thud.

The mountains were shaking, and the ground cracked.

Duolun was sent several tens of meters underneath the ground upon the powerful impact.

The crater he had sunken into was so big that it looked like an asteroid had hit it.

Right next to the crater, one could still see the pools of blood Duolun had spat out.

For a moment, deadly silence filled the air.

The trees had stopped swaying, and the clouds of dust gradually settled to the ground.

Along the river, only a slender figure could be seen standing.

The quietness in the area lasted for an unknown period of time.

After that, two people could be heard shouting in despair from afar.



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"Duolun!"

"You cruel b*stard! How dare you hit Duolun so hard?"

Haibu and Bapei quickly ran toward their senior.

The two of them were swearing at Ye Fan angrily while digging through the rubble to look for Duolun.

They were right, Ye Fan's attacks had indeed been merciless.

The series of continuous kicks that he delivered were ruthless.

He didn't even give Duolun the time to react.

Every one of those thirteen kicks was fatal.

He had even caused Duolun to lose his grip on the sword.

In fact, that last kick of his was so powerful that he managed to send Duolun tens of meters underground.

Could Duolun still be alive? It's very unlikely he'd still be alive. Haibu and Bapei were on the verge of crying. What a tough life Duolun had lived! He'd trained so hard in solitary, just so he could get to the top of the martial arts world. Who



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would've thought he'd die just after using a single move?

"You can't die, Duolun. The martial arts world of India hasn't even made its mark yet. In fact, India's mission of becoming a great nation has only gone halfway through. How could you just leave like that? If even you are defeated, there'll be no one else left in Folo Palace who can stand against Chu Tianfan!" Haibu was devastated.

Beside him, Bapei was filled with sadness as well. "Was that really necessary, Duolun? Why did you have to act so tough? Didn't we tell you that Chu Tianfan isn't someone to be taken lightly? You should've just listened to King Folo and asked for backup. That way, we'll be able to attack him all at once."

The two men were digging through the rubble in despair.

Ye Fan stood tall and looked down at them.

He then uttered flatly, "How long do you plan on hiding down there, you old b*stard? Come on out. I know you won't die so easily."

His tone was cold and indifferent.

When Haibu and Bapei heard that, they were enraged.



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"Shut the hell up! You've already beaten Duolun so badly. What more do you want? Can't you just let the dead be at peace?" Haibu roared.

Boom!

Right after he said that, however, a muffled noise came from under the ground.

The next moment, they felt a sudden surge of energy bursting from within the rubble.

Both Haibu and Bapei failed to see that coming. As a result, they were both sent flying by the burst of energy.

Shortly after, the earth cracked again, and a beast-like figure was seen leaping into the air from underneath.

"D-Duolun!"

"That's Duolun!"

"That's great! Duolun isn't dead! He's alive!"

Haibu and Bapei gazed at the sky and smiled gleefully. They were so emotional that they almost shed tears of joy.

"Shut up, the two of you! You guys are embarrassing me! Did you really think I'd die so easily?" Duolun was furious when he heard how



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pathetic Haibu and Bapei sounded. *I've already been a famous fighter for decades now. How could a brat from China defeat me? There's no way I'm dying in the hands of a b*stard.*

After reprimanding Haibu, Duolun stretched out his hand and unleashed a wave of suction energy.

Buzz!

The sword began buzzing.

The sword that had fallen from his grip returned to Duolun.

Duolun stood up again and glared at Ye Fan. He spat out a mouthful of blood and said, "Very well, Chu Tianfan. You've actually managed to harm me. Not bad! It seems like there's a reason why you were ranked first in the Sky Ranking, after all."

With that, Duolun's perception of Ye Fan changed.

Prior to that, he had only looked at Ye Fan with disdain and contempt. After that short battle, however, he realized Ye Fan's capabilities. He was starting to get wary of the young man before him.

Nonetheless, Duolun was still confident he



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could take Ye Fan out.

He continued, "That being said, you shouldn't start celebrating just yet. Based on what I've seen from you, I suggest you concede while you still can and start worshipping me! Your previous move was only half of my true power. If I strike with full force, you'll surely die." Duolun's cold voice echoed through the land.

Upon hearing that, Ye Fan smiled faintly and answered, "How would you know if I've already used my full force just now?"

"If that's the case, that's great news for me! You have no idea how I've been longing for someone to fight with after my solitary training. Try not to die so easily, okay? Otherwise, I'd get bored!" Duolun's gaze darkened at once.

All he wanted to do was to slay his stubborn counterpart.

Whoosh!

As soon as he finished speaking, Duolun dashed toward Ye Fan.

"He's so fast!" Haibu and Bapei were stunned.

In their eyes, it was as if Duolun had teleported.

A second ago, Duolun was over a hundred



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meters away from Ye Fan, but he was standing right in front of Ye Fan at the very next second.

Duolun aimed his extremely sharp sword at Ye Fan's neck, slashing toward it.

When Haibu saw the speed of the blade, he knew then if he had been the one in Ye Fan's spot, he wouldn't be able to react in time.

However, just because he was aware that he wouldn't be able to avoid Duolun's attack, that doesn't mean he was able to predict Ye Fan's actions.

As such, Haibu clenched his fists in anticipation.

Swoosh!

The sword was moving so fast that it felt like it could even cut through water before landing on Ye Fan's shoulder.

"He got him!" Haibu exclaimed in delight.

However, Haibu's and Bapei's happiness was short-lived.

When the sword landed, Ye Fan's body disappeared like it was just an illusion.

"Something's off... That's an afterimage!" Bapei



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shouted out of shock.

Duolun wasn't surprised by it. Instead, he quickly retracted his sword and raised it up to strike once again.

Thud!

A muffled thud sounded.

The sword had struck Ye Fan's back.

Duolun had struck so hard that Ye Fan's body dropped to the ground immediately upon impact.

Noa, who was watching from afar, cried out in despair, "Ye Fan!" Tears then started to stream down her cheeks.

However, it turned out that her worries were unnecessary.

After being struck to the ground, Ye Fan stomped and leaped into the sky.

"Again!" he shouted.

He had activated his Dragon God Body.

This time around, he clenched his fist and punched forcefully.



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Clang!

The sword collided with his fist.

His flesh met the sharp sword straight on.

The moment they clashed, it was as if Earth had just collided with Mars.

Sparks flew amidst the loud clash of flesh against metal.

From afar, it looked as if someone had shot a cluster of fireworks into the sky.

At that moment, Bapei, Haibu, and everyone else were stumped.

“What the hell!”

“Is he even human?”

“Is Ye Fan made out of metal?”

They were terrified when they saw how tough Ye Fan's body was.

None of them had ever seen someone punching into a sword with their bare fist.

Prior to that, Ye Fan was using both of his palms to catch the sword.



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This time around, Ye Fan directly hit the blade with a heavy punch.

Even Duolun was dumbstruck. *What a creepy kid!*

When he felt the pain radiating through his fingers, he dared not prolong the fight.

Hence, he swiftly turned his body and kicked Ye Fan away.

However, it seemed like Ye Fan had predicted his move. He suddenly raised his other arm and threw out a powerful punch.

The punch landed directly on Duolun's leg.

Boom!

Another muffled noise was heard.

The two of them immediately stumbled backward.

In fact, they had retracted more than a hundred steps from each other.

"Not bad, kid! Now, take this!" Duolun's eyes had turned bloodshot after the series of attacks.

As soon as he found his balance, he raised his sword and dashed toward Ye Fan once again.



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Bam! Bam! Bam!

Amidst the soaring mountains afar and river running underneath his feet, Duolun had gone berserk from the battle.

Just like a raving mad man, he swung his sword relentlessly, unleashing ten moves in a second. Within every move were ten slashes of his sword.

His attacks culminated into a sea of blade arcs.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! The attacks were unrelenting.

If one wasn't enough to kill Ye Fan, he would strike with ten... and then a hundred... and then a thousand.

That was how Duolun fought when he had gone berserk.

The ferocity he displayed was equivalent to that of a bloodthirsty beast.

In fact, he knew nothing of fear and defense. The only thing in his mind was to forge ahead in a single-minded attack.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan didn't back down at all.

In the face of Duolun's maelstrom of attacks, Ye



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Fan intercepted them one by one.

Even though he was unarmed, his Dragon God Body had turned his limbs and torso into the sharpest weapons that ever existed.

Just like that, the new king of the martial arts world and a long-time Supreme clashed in a ferocious battle beside the Grange River.

The fight swung back and forth with both sides launching punches and kicks while firing blade arcs at each other.

As for Ye Fan, he was filled with ecstasy.

"I'm surprised to find someone as powerful as you in India. This is really interesting. It's been two years since I had the opportunity to fight like this."

The longer Ye Fan fought, the stronger his will to win become.

He could even feel the blood within him boil like a raging fire.

He couldn't deny that the last two years of rest and recuperation had caused his strength to weaken.

After all, a human body was like a knife. It would end up rusting if it wasn't used at all.



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Even though Ye Fan had fought two major battles before against Fen Tian and the elder of the Chu Sect, there was still a gulf in strength between them and him.

Therefore, they weren't even qualified for him to practice with.

For example, during his fight with Fen Tian, Ye Fan didn't even need to use the all-powerful Invoke the Celestial Sky. Instead, he simply relied on the Dragon God Body, and that was more than enough to overwhelm the latter.

However, the situation was different with Duolun.

Despite maxing out the Dragon God Body, Ye Fan was unable to gain an advantage.

In fact, Duolun even managed to get past his defenses a few times to strike him.

Consequently, Ye Fan acknowledged that he had less battle experience than this demon who had lived for more than a century.

Nevertheless, it didn't matter, for experience could always be earned through battle.

Moreover, one could always accelerate the learning process, just like what Ye Fan was doing now through his fierce battle with Duolun.



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It was a wonderful opportunity for him to train his recovered body so that he could reclaim the pinnacle of power he possessed during the battle of Mount Chumen.

Bam!

Both of them clashed again.

The sparks that resulted were so bright that they could be seen tens of miles away.

Meanwhile, inside Folo Palace, King Folo was treating Fen Tian's wounds.

At the same time, they could still hear repeated rumbles echo from outside the palace.

"It's been such a long time, and the fight is still ongoing! It seems our senior has met a formidable opponent. I'm afraid this is going to be a gruesome battle."

Even though King Folo and the others didn't watch the fight, the sounds that drifted from outside indicated to them that it was still ongoing.

On top of that, the battle was growing increasingly intense.

Suddenly, an ear-shattering explosion was heard, causing everyone in the palace to hear



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ringing in their ears.

"Perhaps, we can really win. Even though Chu Tianfan is exceptionally talented, he doesn't have as much battle experience as Duolun. If both their strengths are on par with each other, a drawn-out battle would favor Duolun instead. As long as he can take advantage of one of Ye Fan's weaknesses, he would be able to kill him," Fen Tian analyzed.

After all, a split second is all that is needed for victory in a battle between the powerful, especially for someone of Ye Fan's level.

When two warriors of similar strength fight against each other, exploiting a minor mistake is all that is needed for victory.

"I do hope that's the case," Folo murmured in response, as he was obviously rooting for Duolun to win.

As long as he wins, it would mean that India's martial arts world would have eradicated its biggest enemy in Aploth, leaving it to reign supreme in the region. Nonetheless, when the return is great, so is the risk. If Duolun were to fail, India's martial arts world would face total annihilation. Anyway, I should focus on what's urgent first, which is to heal Fen Tian as quickly as possible before going out to provide reinforcements.



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Back at the Grange River, Ye Fan and Duolun continued with their battle.

Their clash was so ferocious that it caused heaven and earth to tremble.

As for Bapei, Haibu, and the rest, they were all dumbstruck by the scene.

Is this the domineering aura of the truly powerful?

Is this the pinnacle of power in the martial arts world?

All this while, everyone assumed that the difference between the top ten and the top fifty of the Sky Ranking wasn't really significant. After all, they were all Supreme Grandmasters.

But after witnessing Ye Fan and Duolun's fight, it dawned upon them just how wrong they were.

"The path of the martial arts world is evidently endless. We were just limited by our shallow understanding previously. The gulf that separates us from those at the top is just too big to be bridged," Haibu lamented as he shook his head.

However, Bapei wasn't in the mood to delve into the matter. Instead, he furrowed his brows and



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remarked in a solemn tone, "Haibu, have you noticed that Chu Tianfan power is increasing? He seems to be a lot stronger than when he started. Previously, he was on the defensive when Duolun pressured him. But now, they seem to be evenly matched."

Bapei's analysis caused Haibu to be stunned.

When he turned to look, he understood what Bapei was talking about.

"This is bad... The brat from China is actually using our senior for free training!"

Upon the sudden realization, Haibu's expression drastically changed.

Shocked by Ye Fan's frightening learning ability, Haibu yelled out to Duolun, "Duolun, stop dragging this out, the brat's using you for practice! You have to end this as soon as possible! Destroy him instantly with everything you have!"

Amidst his berserk rampage, Duolun heard Haibu's anxious voice coming from behind him.

Given that they were watching the battle, they likely had a more objective view of it.

After thinking about Haibu's words, Duolun had an epiphany, causing his expression to freeze.



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"You b*stard! How dare you toy with me? Unforgivable!" Duolun thundered.

Consequently, he decided to give it all he had.

Biting the tip of his tongue, Duolun felt a jolt through his body.

At that moment, Ye Fan could obviously feel that Duolun's strength had increased by leaps and bounds.

"Heavenly Sword Technique!"

Amidst his battle cry, the sword in Duolun's hand exploded with power.

The ancient sword technique made its appearance in the world once again.

This time, Duolun didn't underestimate his opponent and unleashed an all-out attack.

In the blink of an eye, he launched seven consecutive strikes.

However, it only looked like a single strike to the naked eye, as the seven blade arcs had combined into one.

As the light of the blade arcs enveloped the sky, Ye Fan looked like an insignificant speck of dust standing underneath it.



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When the Qi-filled blade arcs exploded with limitless power, Ye Fan raised his hands to block it. Unfortunately, the energy that Duolun had channeled into the attack was massively greater than what Ye Fan had imagined.

Standing no chance at all, he was just like an insect being squashed by a boot.

As a result, the impact blasted him out of the sky and caused him to hurtle toward the river below.

The moment he crashed, tons of river water exploded into the air.

The terrifyingly powerful blade arc managed to vaporize the water that was splashed into the air.

In the blink of an eye, the entire area was covered in mist.

Apart from that, the river looked to have been split by Duolun's attack in half.

Its overwhelming power almost obliterated the earth.

After a long while, everything began to settle down.

Even then, the Grange River remained turbulent,



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roaring aloud as its waves continued to crash about.

As for Ye Fan's scrawny figure, it was nowhere to be seen.

"W-We won?"

Stunned, Haibu and Bapei tried their best to suppress the growing elation they felt.



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At that moment, Duolun stood tall in the sky with his sword in hand.

He was panting so heavily that his chest continued to heave.

Evidently, the previous attack had taken a lot out of him, for he had drawn out most of the Internal Energy stored in his elixir field.

Nevertheless, expending so much energy to kill Ye Fan was undoubtedly worth it.

After taking a breather, Duolun looked at the Grange River and declared with a commanding voice, "That's the end. From today onward, Chu Tianfan will cease to exist in this world!"

Whoosh!

As the chilly wind blew through the lands, Haibu and Bapei were delighted by the news.

"Hahaha! We won! Duolun has defeated the enemy!"

"Quick, Bapei, head into Folo Palace and tell everyone in there about the good news!"

Haibu and Bapei were filled with excitement.

The battle just now was so intense that both of them felt as if their hearts could stop at any



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time.

They were truly worried that Duolun would lose.

Now that he had defeated Ye Fan with tremendous power, both of them felt as if a heavy burden was lifted from their hearts.

Ecstatic over the result, Haibu ordered Bapei to report back to Folo Palace.

Unfortunately, not everyone shared their sentiments.

When Ye Fan was struck down by Duolun's sword and fell into the Grange River, Noa's heart shattered.

With tears in her eyes, she desperately called out his name as she hurried to where Ye Fan had fallen.

"Hmm? He has a subordinate?"

Duolun quickly noticed the petite figure in the forest.

He furrowed his brow at once but eased them a moment later, for he had noticed that it was just a helpless girl who didn't know how to fight at all.

Ordinary folk like her could easily be crushed by



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Duolun with a snap of his fingers.

However, just when Duolun was about to do so, Haibu recognized the girl.

"Hmm? Isn't that Noa? Duolun, she's someone from Fen Tian's tribe. She's not an enemy."

After stopping Duolun, Haibu hurried over to Noa's side.

"Noa, why are you here? This place is dangerous. Someone like you doesn't belong here. You should hurry home at once."

Haibu and the rest knew who Noa was, as she would visit Folo Palace every year with her father.

Therefore, he persuaded her to leave.

When she saw Haibu, Noa started to sob and pleaded for him to save Ye Fan. "Haibu, please, I beg of you. Can you save him? I don't want him to die."

Haibu was initially dumbstruck and he had no idea who she was talking about.

But soon, it quickly dawned upon him.

"Are you asking me to save Chu Tianfan? The kid from China?"



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Noa nodded. "I beg you Mr. Haibu, please save him. As long as you do, I'll promise you anything."

Her tears continued to stream endlessly. In fact, she even dropped to her knees to beg.

However, Haibu was already infuriated. With a darkening expression, he snapped, "Hold your tongue! You're making a big mistake here. Do you know who he is? He's the enemy of the Indian nation! How can you ask me to help him? Are you planning to betray the country? Instead of staying here, you should go home now!"

Haibu was so furious that veins had started popping out on his forehead.

Nonetheless, there was no way Noa would leave just like that.

Instead, she continued to plead with Haibu.

"Mr. Haibu, Ye Fan bears no ill will. He just wants to save the person he loves. It wasn't his intention to make enemies of us," she explained desperately.

"Shut up, a little girl like you knows nothing! Do you think you can be the judge of whether he is an enemy of India or not?"



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Haibu was livid, for he had not expected to find a traitor within Folo Palace willing to beg for mercy on Ye Fan's behalf.

"Haibu, stop wasting your time with her. It's obvious that her heart no longer belongs to India. She has betrayed her own nation, and a traitor deserves death more than the enemy."

Duolun's voice suddenly rang out and Noa could feel the man's murderous aura enveloping her.

Nonetheless, Haibu persuaded Duolun, "Duolun, she's still young. There's no need to go so far as to kill her over a trivial mistake."

He turned to look at Noa. "Noa, get down on your knees quickly and swear to me that Chu Tianfan is just a criminal who deserves to die!" he ordered her anxiously.

Unfortunately, Noa refused to listen. "No, I don't want him to die."

"You foolish girl!" Haibu was so outraged that his entire body trembled.

Despite his urge to help her, it had inadvertently become an impossible task.

The moment Noa said those words, Duolun waved his hand without hesitation and fired a



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blade arc in her direction.

"You dumb girl, why didn't you listen? What's so good about Chu Tianfan that you're willing to risk your life to protect him?"

Just as he sighed, Haibu's words expressed how much of a shame he felt it was.

He pitied Noa for having to die at such a young age despite being so beautiful.

Regardless, Haibu was cognizant that Duolun would never show mercy to a traitor.

Therefore, he would never let Noa live.

Just as Haibu watch the blade arc fly toward Noa and assumed that she would be killed, an energy burst from another sword was fired at it.

Boom!

As the two attacks collided, the impact unleashed a massive explosion. The shockwave of Qi that ensued threw Noa backward.

Given how light she was, she was sent flying through the air before falling into the crashing waves of the Grange River.

"What?"



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Haibu was stunned.

“Could it be...”

With a tense expression, Duolun turned around and trained his gaze at where Ye Fan had fallen just now.

Suddenly, the surface of the Grange River burst open.

After that, a water pillar in the shape of a giant dragon soared into the air.

A scrawny figure could be seen standing proudly on top of it.

With the raging river beneath his feet, he was carrying a girl in his arms and exuding an authoritative aura.

“C-Chu Tianfan! H-How is this possible?”

When Haibu saw Ye Fan's figure again, he was almost driven mad to the extent he could feel his eyes popping out.

What sorcery is this? How can he still be alive after being struck by such a powerful technique? Even if his body is made of steel, he should have been cut down into mush already.

At that moment, Duolun began to lose his calm.



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That was the first time in his entire life that fear and panic descended upon him.

Nonetheless, he quickly gathered his senses and prepared for battle.

Narrowing his gaze, he stared at Ye Fan intently and tightened his grip on his sword.

In contrast to Duolun's nervous expression, Ye Fan chuckled instead.

"Your name is Duolun, right? You are indeed very strong. In fact, you are worthy enough for me to remember your name. However, you have wasted too much of my time and this farce needs to end now. In the next second or so, I will show you what my true power is like!"

Ye Fan's faint voice echoed through the land.

The next moment, the Grange River began to rage in a turbulent manner.

Subsequently, Haibu noticed that the entire river seemed to be concentrating underneath Ye Fan's hand as if it had been summoned.

Finally, it solidified into a crystal-like sword.

Ye Fan then stepped in the air with his body covered in dragon-like markings that emitted a dazzling golden hue.



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"The universe beckons while the crescent moon begs for me to hold it! Cloud and Mist Sword Technique, first strike—Wind Flow!"

Many years had passed since the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique had reappeared in the world.



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With a blinding white light, the sword's energy emanated in every direction.

Standing tall in the air, Ye Fan molded the water into a sword.

Suddenly, a green glow streaked through the air, unleashing a crescent-like blade wheel.

Subsequently, the power of Wind Flow enveloped the heavens and the earth.

“What a troublesome fellow. You were lucky just now to have survived. However, I wonder how much longer lady luck will smile upon you?”

Having recovered from his brief astonishment, Duolun's gaze darkened.

Even though he didn't know how Ye Fan survived his Heavenly Sword Technique, it didn't matter to him.

If he could cut the latter down once, he could certainly do it again.

Therefore, Duolun wasn't bothered by what Ye Fan said.

His words are nothing but bluster. How can such an inexperienced kid actually have any gravitas?



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Given that Duolun had drained himself with the last attack, he didn't believe Ye Fan still had anything up his sleeve.

In fact, he was certain that Ye Fan should have been killed by his earlier strike. Hence, he figured the latter was just saved by a stroke of luck. Nevertheless, he was confident that Ye Fan couldn't repeat it, for lightning doesn't strike twice.

With that, Duolun gathered his energy once again, ignoring the battered condition of his body.

This time, he didn't hold back as he drew every last bit of Internal Energy and elemental force from his elixir field.

After that, he channeled them into the sword in his hand.

When he was ready, he stepped into the air and roared, "Heavenly Sword Technique—Hell Slash! Heavenly Sword Technique—Hurricane Slash!"

..

Once again, Duolun unleashed his most powerful strikes.

At that moment, the blinding light from Duolun's sword enveloped the sky.



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With enough power to bring about the apocalypse, Duolun slashed it in Ye Fan's direction.

"Duolun is amazing! Let's see if luck will save the kid this time," Haibu sneered as he watched the battle from afar, clenching his fists.

Just a while ago, he was worried that Duolun was too exhausted by the Heavenly Sword Technique that he was unable to continue the battle.

But now, Haibu realized that his concerns were premature, for the power Duolun released was no weaker than that of his earlier attack. In fact, its aura even seemed to be stronger.

The blade arcs he fired out were like the sharpest weapons in the entire world. Flying forward relentlessly, they decimated everything in their path.

"Duolun's strength has made significant progress from back then. The way I see it, even Tang Yun is no match for him now. After this battle, a warrior from India will take the first place on the Sky Ranking!"

Upon witnessing Duolun's terrifying power, Haibu broke into a smile that was filled with pride.



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It was as if he could see India's martial arts world surpassing China and dominating Aploth in the future.

"Before that happens, we will need to spill your blood as a tribute to India's martial arts world."

Laughing deviously, Haibu stared at Ye Fan as if he was looking at a dead man.

When he saw Ye Fan using a sword to fight Duolun in their final showdown, the smile on Haibu's face deepened, for he remembered that Ye Fan was not good with one.

While conducting research on Ye Fan previously, he learned that the former had an exceptionally tough body constitution that allowed him to withstand anything.

During the battle in the rainforest, Fen Tian and Gaius were unable to kill Ye Fan despite their repeated and unrelenting attacks.

Back then, Ye Fan's power was only that of a Grandmaster.

Ye Fan's strength lies in his impregnable body. Therefore, leveraging it to fight in close combat should be the best strategy here. But now, he has chosen to battle with a sword instead. It's the equivalent of a close-ranged fighter choosing to fight from long range. Not only is it stupid but it



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also means certain death for him!

"I believe Chu Tianfan is on his last legs now and is unleashing random attacks out of desperation. At the end of the day, he's just too young and inexperienced in contrast to Duolun who has established himself for ages. The gap between them is just too big,"

Haibu remarked with a shake of his head as if he could already picture Ye Fan collapsing in a pool of his own blood.

Unfortunately, Haibu only knew of Ye Fan defending against Fen Tian with his impregnable body. He wasn't aware of how the latter had defeated the head of Chu Sect with a sword.

In fact, Ye Fan topped the Sky Ranking with a sword technique, which was the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique.

Whoosh!

Amidst a powerful gale that caused a maelstrom in the river, Duolun's Heavenly Sword Technique bored down upon its foe.

At the same time, Ye Fan continued to rain down strikes with his sword.

"May cruelty and brutality ravage the earth, and



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the howl of anguish rule the night. Cloud and Mist Sword Technique, second strike—Ice Heart!”

...

“Third strike—Green Dragon!”

...

“Infinite memories are the soul of our lives. Fourth strike—Memoria!”

At that moment, storm clouds gathered while the Grange River raged.

Swinging his sword in a methodical sequence, Ye Fan was like a painter wielding his brush to complete his masterpiece.

Meanwhile, Noa was stunned by what was unfolding before her.

She no longer saw heaven and earth. The singular point of her vision was only focused on the figure wielding the sword.

How? How can there be such an amazing person in this world?

Boom!

Finally, the battle between the two Supremes



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was coming to an end.

The Heavenly Sword Technique and the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique clashed in all their glory.

The massive impact released a shockwave of Qi so powerful that it decimated all life in its surroundings.

The heat that resulted was so intense that it caused the water in the river to boil, while the plants and rocks were incinerated into ashes.

Worried about becoming collateral damage, Haibu put up his defenses. Even then, he was still pushed back by hundreds of meters.

"D*mn it, how can it be so powerful?"

The moment both attacks clashed, Haibu's expression drastically darkened.

It was only then that Haibu realized Ye Fan's sword technique wasn't as weak as he had assumed.

In the blink of an eye, the tide of the battle had turned.

After steadying himself, Haibu looked up nervously at ground zero of the clash.



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Clenching his fist, he felt his heart tighten.

Who is it? Who will be the one who laughs last? The new generation of the martial arts world or the old? Who will emerge triumphantly, and who will end up downtrodden?

While Haibu was anxiously waiting for the final result, Bapei had arrived at Folo Palace to report the earlier victory.

At that moment, the hills around him began to tremble, causing him to turn around.

"That's strange. What is happening? Didn't Ye Fan die in defeat earlier? Who is Duolun fighting with then? Could it be that Chu Tianfan wasn't alone and has help?"

Bapei furrowed his brows slightly.

"Forget it. I'd better report the result of the battle between Duolun and Chu Tianfan first."

Without any further deliberation, Bapei hurried inside Folo Palace.

Meanwhile, the Grange River continued to flow tirelessly as it did for millions of years.

While the storm started to clear and dust began to settle, Haibu couldn't help but hold his breath with anticipation as he waited for the



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conclusion.

Finally, two figures gradually emerged from the horizon.

Showing no emotion, Ye Fan stood there with Noa lying in his arms.

Opposite him, Duolun, too, was standing expressionless with his sword in hand.

"Huh?"

Haibu didn't understand what was going on.

Did the fight end in a draw?

The moment that thought flashed through Haibu's mind, he saw the figure of his senior shiver suddenly before spewing out a mist of blood that seemed to even contain his shattered organs.

The next second, Haibu saw Duolun's aura deflate like a leaking balloon as the latter fell toward the ground like a leaf falling from a tree.



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The instant Duolun fell from the sky, the whole world fell into an eerie silence.

In the blink of an eye, Haibu felt as if the hope of India's martial arts world came crashing down together with Duolun.

"H-How is this possible? H-How can Duolun be defeated?"

Haibu froze as if he was struck by lightning.

Gaping, he couldn't believe what he saw and neither could he accept that Duolun was the one who lost the gruesome battle.

Just a few minutes ago, Duolun had seized the advantage and overwhelmed Ye Fan. In fact, Ye fan had even fallen to the bottom of the Grange River after being struck repeatedly by Duolun. So, how did Ye Fan manage to turn the tide of the battle in just a few short minutes?

On top of that, Haibu didn't understand how Ye Fan's swordsmanship came about.

Given that his specialty is unarmed combat, how was he able to wield a sword with such ferocity? Has he been hiding his skills all this while? And that swordsmanship is actually his most powerful technique instead of his impregnable body?



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At that moment, countless questions flooded Haibu's mind.

Suddenly, he felt that Ye Fan was so mysterious that it was terrifying.

It felt as if Ye Fan was a bottomless black hole where no one could see through him.

Pfft!

After crashing to the ground, Duolun spewed another mouthful of blood.

With his face frighteningly pale, cold sweat rolled off his forehead like raindrops.

By then, he no longer had any energy left.

The clash just now had not only drained him of all his energy but also allowed Ye Fan to pierce through his defenses and land a devastating strike.

As a result, Duolun felt as if his organs were crushed while all his nerves were severed.

The crushing injuries caused him to lose all of his martial power.

Nevertheless, he tried his best to stand back up by stabbing his sword into the ground and leaning his entire weight onto it.



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That was the only way he could prevent himself from falling back down.

Raising his head, he looked at Ye Fan who levitated triumphantly in the air.

As for him, his previous authoritative expression was replaced by one of despair and self-loathing.

"Congratulations, Chu Tianfan. You... you have won. I have always assumed that your advantage was your body constitution and your specialty was unarmed combat. Evidently, that was my mistake. Your physical prowess isn't your trump card. It's your swordsmanship instead.

"The swordsmanship you have demonstrated just now would probably be deemed invincible by the entire world. Just that alone is enough for you to earn your place as the top warrior within the Sky Ranking."

Shaking his head, Duolun's words carried a sense of helplessness and resignation.

He finally acknowledged that he was old and that the world now belonged to the next generation.

Thinking back to how he looked down upon Ye Fan earlier due to his youth, he realized that



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talent was significantly more important than experience.

Even if he trained in seclusion for decades, he would still be no match for Chu Tianfan's genius.

Unbeknownst to Duolun, Ye Fan's trump card wasn't his swordsmanship.

Invoke the Celestial Sky was the technique Ye Fan relied upon the most.

After all, Invoke the Celestial Sky was the most powerful martial arts technique developed by the ancestors of the Chu family for their descendants.

Although the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique wasn't inferior to Invoke the Celestial Sky, it was a technique that was designed for the Tang family and suited women more.

Therefore, even though Ye Fan had a good grasp of it, it was difficult for him to unleash the technique's full power.

The same could not be said for Invoke the Celestial Sky, as the only person who could demonstrate the technique in all its glory was none other than Ye Fan.

Unfortunately, Duolun was defeated before he



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could even force Ye Fan into using Invoke the Celestial Sky.

“You should be proud that you were defeated by the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique.”

Ye Fan looked down upon the spent Duolun as the domineering tone in his voice reverberated through the latter's body.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan couldn't deny that Duolun was one of the strongest enemies he had fought so far.

Without the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique and Invoke the Celestial Sky, Ye Fan wouldn't be so confident in defeating him.

After all, Duolun was superior in terms of battle experience and cultivation level.

As for Ye Fan, his advantage was his knowledge of techniques that were so powerful that they were considered techniques used by immortals.

The only reason Ye Fan could keep exceeding himself in battle was due to his reliance on such devastating techniques.

“So, it's called the Cloud and Mist Sword Technique, huh? Despite being as soft as the clouds, its power is just as fiery as an inferno.



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This technique truly lives up to its name. Tell me, who is the one who founded this technique? Where... where did you learn something this powerful from?"

Leaning his battered body against his sword, Duolun looked up at Ye Fan and pressed him for answers over the latter's sword technique, just like a monk desperate to know the secrets of his religion.

Despite the questions, Ye Fan simply sneered, "Given that you're on the brink of death, what's the point in asking for the technique's origins?"

Just as Ye Fan spoke, his expression suddenly darkened.

Whoosh!

The skies that had just calmed down started to rumble again.

Hurricane-like winds began to blow, driven by boundless elemental force.

At the same time, Ye Fan's aura was reignited and suddenly set ablaze, causing energy to course through the veins of his body.

Beneath his elixir field, Ye Fan was using Invoke the Celestial Cloud to harness energy.



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What? He looks like...

When the disheartened Haibu saw Ye Fan's actions, his eyes turned bloodshot.

"You b*stard! Are you going to kill Duolun? How can you do that? I'm telling you to stop right this instance!" Haibu raved like a madman as he charged at Ye Fan.

Duolun was India's most powerful fighter and their senior. On top of that, he was the previous king of Folo Palace and the only Supreme Grandmaster from India who made it into the top ten of the Sky Ranking in a long time.

As a result, Haibu couldn't allow the most powerful warrior in India to be killed by Ye Fan.

Unfortunately, it went without saying that Ye Fan ignored him.

Amidst Haibu's anxious cries, a giant palm that blocked off the sky had taken shape in front of Ye Fan.

It looked as if it was the palm of God himself.

The terrifying power it carried was enough to obliterate the world.

When Duolun felt the murderous intent of the attack, his eyes widened in shock.



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"B*stard, how dare you attempt to kill me?
Aren't you worried that this would spark a war?"

Ye Fan ferocity had undoubtedly intimidated
Duolun.

It was beyond his wildest imagination that the
youth in front of him could be so ruthless and
cruel.

*Isn't he satisfied with defeating me? Does he
actually intend to kill me?*

The convention for battles between Supremes
in the martial arts world was to show one's
opponents mercy.

After all, a Supreme Grandmaster played a
special role in a county's martial arts world.

Senior martial artists such as Duolun in
particular actually represent the nation's martial
arts world.

Therefore, the implications of him being killed
were unimaginable.

In fact, it might stir up bad blood between two
nations.

Thus, only a vicious person would kill their
enemy after defeating them.



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In the face of Duolun's questions, Ye Fan sneered, "Try me!"

Amidst his sniggers, Ye Fan extended his palm forward and smashed it down forcefully.

At the same time, the giant palm in the air flew toward Duolun with a gargantuan force.

"You b*stard, stop! How dare you kill Duolun?"

Amidst the thunderstorm, Haibu raged with bloodshot eyes as he dashed up toward Ye Fan.

However, Ye Fan didn't even turn to look at him. Instead, he slapped Haibu with a wave of his hand and sent him hurtling away.

Meanwhile, the titanic palm continued its destructive path toward Duolun with the same intensity.

"No!"

Duolun screamed in despair as he watch the giant palm collapse from the sky.

Boom!



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The earth shattered and split open upon impact.

After Duolun was smashed into the ground by Ye Fan's palm, he threw up blood that was mixed with his squashed internal organs.

Haibu's eyes reddened at the sight before him and anxiously cried out, "Duolun!"

Right after that, something terrifying happened in front of his eyes.

After the palm had struck Duolun, Ye Fan's aura didn't diminish at all.

Instead, he disappeared in a flash and reappeared right where Duolun collapsed.

At that moment, his body was covered in dragon-like markings that glowed with a golden hue.

Underneath Haibu's horrified gaze, Ye Fan stomped on Duolun's chest, causing the latter to sink deeper into the ground.

Despite being a Supreme who was ranked within the top ten of the Sky Ranking, Duolun couldn't defend himself against Ye Fan's overwhelming power at all.

Consequently, his bones were shattered while



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his chest collapsed on itself.

The ribs that were broken pierced right into his lungs.

By then, Duolun could smell the stench of blood just from breathing alone.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan was undeterred.

The look in his eyes was devoid of compassion, it was as if Duolun was nothing but an insect waiting to be squashed.

"B*stard! You b*stard! How dare you try and kill Duolun? How can you be so merciless?"

Even though Haibu's panicked wails could be heard from afar, Ye Fan disregarded it, for the battles of the martial art worlds inherently ended in death.

When he first arrived in India, Ye Fan only had one target—Fen Tian.

As long as no one else stood in his way, he would definitely not kill unnecessarily.

Unfortunately, there would always be those who were full of bluster and had a death wish.

Besides, Ye Fan had already given Duolun his due warning. It was the latter who insisted on



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treading down this path of doom.

Since that was the case, he had to pay the price for his insolent behavior.

Boom!

Haibu watched tearfully as Ye Fan stomped on Duolun again.

On that day, Ye Fan's actions had disproved the idea that killing Supreme Grandmasters was extremely difficult.

Even a Supreme ranked within the top ten of the Sky Ranking was made light work by him.

Meanwhile, back at Folo Palace, Fen Tian was sitting crossed-legged with his eyes closed.

He was channeling a gentle stream of energy throughout his body to recuperate and unblock his damaged veins.

At the same time, he was also gradually replenishing the Internal Energy he had exhausted earlier.

Behind him, King Folo was trying his best to augment the recovery process.

Bam!



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At that moment, the tightly closed door was suddenly pushed open, shaking both of them out of their meditative recovery.

King Folo turned around and saw that it was Bapei who had barged in.

"What is it? What's going on? Why did you return? Didn't I order you to help Duolun?"

"Haha, I bring with me very good news!" Bapei exclaimed with an excited expression.

"My king, Duolun has won. He has defeated Chu Tianfan, the top-ranked warrior of the Sky Ranking, by cutting him down with the Heavenly Sword Technique and sending him to the bottom of the Grange River. In fact, his body might have already disintegrated into mush and is unrecoverable as we speak," Bapei explained with much enthusiasm.

What?

Fen Tian and King Folo were both jolted by his words.

Fen Tian widened his eyes in surprise, while King Folo sprang to his feet.

"Is it true? Did Duolun really defeat Chu Tianfan?" King Folo asked with trembling lips. His tone was also tinged with indescribable



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emotions.

Meanwhile, Fen Tian stared at Bapei in shock.

Even though he knew Duolun had a high chance of winning, he still couldn't believe that Chu Tianfan was actually subdued.

After all, even the head of the Chu Sect, Tang Yun, had lost to Ye Fan.

The only person that had defeated Ye Fan after so many years was the former head of the Chu Sect, Chu Yuan, who was a God Realm warrior.

And now, the second person to do so had appeared, and it was none other than a warrior from India.

The news felt surreal to him.

"It's true! I saw it with my own eyes! Duolun used the Heavenly Sword Technique he perfected at Folo Mountain. Only by relying on an ancient Indian sword technique did he manage to achieve victory. I witness Duolun cut Chu Tianfan down from the sky. My king, you won't believe how powerful Duolun's Heavenly Sword Technique actually is! He was able to shatter heaven and earth with it," Bapei shouted with fervor.

"Hahaha!"



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Upon Bapei's confirmation, King Folo was equally ecstatic.

He laughed so hard that he was close to tears.

The triumphant feeling was similar to having won a decisive battle where the nation's fate was at stake.

Indeed, that was how King Folo and the others viewed it.

The victory meant that the massive pressure India's martial arts world felt for ages was finally elevated.

They could now dominate Aploth's martial arts world.

"Chu Tianfan has been defeated! From today onward, we no longer have to fear China's martial arts world!"

King Folo's thundering voice echoed through the land, for he was overwhelmed by excitement.

He felt as if he was someone who finally broke free after being intimidated for many years.

"Hahaha, come, let's go and meet up with Duolun so that we can congratulate him for defeating that villain from China!"



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King Folo stopped treating Fen Tian's wounds and pulled Bapei's hand instead.

With a vibrant smile on his face, he strode out of Folo Palace to welcome the hero of India.

However, the moment King Folo and the rest stepped out, a faint voice drifted through the air. "There's no need for that as I have brought him back for you."

The next moment, a thunderous boom reverberated in their ears.

Subsequently, all they saw was a longsword piercing through the air like lightning.

Dragging a mutilated body with it, it streaked over their heads until it finally struck a stone pillar and nailed itself to the top of Folo Palace.

As the cold wind howled, endless blood streamed down the wall.

When it touched the ground, all that was left was mush.

Shocked by the scene, King Folo and the rest whipped their heads up.

Trailing their eyes to what was beneath the sword, they saw a familiar elderly face.



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It was none other than Duolun.

Boom!

Feeling as if they had been struck by lightning, Bapei was dumbstruck by the sight, while King Folo's eyes widened in disbelief.

"D-Duolun? H-How is this possible?"

Fury and horror had replaced the earlier excitement and delight on King Folo's face.

Bapei shook his head vehemently. "T-That's not possible. I saw Chu Tianfan defeated, so why is Duolun now dead? This can't be real."

They could not accept the truth that was before their eyes.

Just then, a thunderous voice echoed through the air.

"Hand over Fen Tian and Junie within one day. Or else, I, Chu Tianfan, will demolish Folo Palace myself!"

Boom!

Ye Fan's furious voice rumbled like thunder, shaking even the foundations of the palace.

Turning utterly pale, Bapei stared blankly into



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space.

As for King Folo, he shivered briefly before collapsing onto the ground.

Just like that, India's martial arts world was destroyed by Ye Fan.



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