

Soon, the body of Duolun was carried down from the top of the palace by King Folo and the others.

Bapei cried out, "Duolun, wake up. Please don't die. If you're dead, there will be no one else that can stop Chu Tianfan. Who is going to defend the martial arts world of India then?"

However, Duolun was already long gone.

Half of his body was already sunken in, while his chest had been completely smashed.

One could no longer distinguish his facial features.

King Folo could not imagine the kind of attack that his senior had been through that caused him to end up in such a harrowing state.

It was common knowledge in the martial arts world that it was an easy task to defeat a Grandmaster but an arduous effort to kill one.

Duolun was one of the top ten fighters on the Sky Ranking. As such, it would have been near impossible to kill someone like him.

However, it seemed that such a common knowledge had been proven otherwise with Duolun's death.

"Bapei, it's useless. He's already gone!"

King Folo was equally upset.

Nonetheless, he had to accept the truth no matter how hard it was.

His senior had indeed passed on.

Duolun was now a legend of the past.

Regardless, Bapei still found it very difficult to accept that fact. He was still trying his best to transfer his Internal Energy into Duolun's battered body in the hope of a miracle.

Obviously, it was not possible.

Ye Fan's last attack had eliminated any possibility of Duolun's revival.

The sword had pierced through Duolun's heart and pinned his body at the top of Folo Palace.

And that signified the end of Duolun.

"Why? How did this happen? You had already won, hadn't you? So why are you the one who ended up dead instead?"

Bapei's eyes were filled with anguish and sadness. Tears were flowing down his face.

Duolun had gone through so much hardship in life! I can't believe that after being in seclusion for ten years, his first fight turned out to be his last. He hasn't even made his return known to the martial arts world of various countries yet.

If possible, Bapei wished that Duolun had not come out of seclusion.

Because if that was the case, he would not have died so horribly.

Soon, King Folo and the rest returned to Folo Palace once again.

Haibu, who had been injured by Ye Fan earlier on, had also rushed back to Folo Palace.

At the moment, Ye Fan had yet to launch an attack at Folo Palace.

He had given them one day to hand Junie over.

Right then, the entire Folo Palace had gone into a state of emergency.

All of its disciples armed themselves with weapons and guarded the palace entrance. They were prepared to fight to their deaths.

At the same time, King Folo had released a summon.

In a short span of time, all the martial artists in India were making their way to Folo Palace.

Perhaps, the abilities of those martial artists were nothing compared to that of Ye Fan.

However, a sufficient number of fighters would eventually make up for the lack of quality.

If Ye Fan really forced them to the point of no return, they would have no other choice but to fight to their deaths.

Of course, that would be the worst case scenario.

As of that moment, they still had tons of options.

"Tell me. What should we do now?" asked Folo as the wind blowing outside made the temperature in the castle drop even lower.

With teary eyes, Bapei stood up and said, "We'll fight! Since Chu Tianfan wants to wage a war against us, we'll do just that! Worse comes to worst, we will perish with him! India has so many martial artists. Even if we have to die, we will never bow down to someone of no importance from China! I will rather die fighting than kneel before him! In fact, I swear to knock out a few of his teeth before I die. We have to avenge Duolun!"

His voice was filled with undying hatred.

All he wanted to do was to go all out against Ye Fan.

In response, Haibu shook his head in despair.

"Perish with him? That's easy for you to say. We are talking about countless lives here. I have witnessed the entire fight between Duolun and Chu Tianfan. Chu Tianfan's abilities are not something that we can imagine. Even if the entire country goes up against him and fights to the death, the victory we obtain will only be a tragic one! It doesn't matter whether the four of us can survive, but one thing's for sure is that at least half of the martial artists in India will perish by then."

Bapei stared at Haibu unhappily and said, "Haibu, what do you mean by that? Are you asking us to just let the matter go? Are we going to let Chu Tianfan off for killing Duolun? Do you want us to just sit back and let Chu Tianfan rampage India?"

Haibu retorted, "Well, what are you suggesting then? That we should sacrifice the lives of our people to fight against Chu Tianfan? Or do you intend to fight him on your own? If you want to die, go ahead. We won't stop you. If Fen Tian didn't abduct his woman, Chu Tianfan wouldn't have invaded India, and India wouldn't have suffered such a disastrous fate."

In any case, Haibu really did not want to go up against Ye Fan.

That youngster is simply too terrifying!

Chu Tianfan is not a human. He's more like a monster.

There's no way India could go up against him.

Hearing that, Bapei went quiet.

Even Fen Tian, who was usually arrogant and despotic, had lowered his head in silence.

In truth, Fen Tian did not expect Junie to have such an intimate relationship with Ye Fan.

Furthermore, he did not expect Ye Fan to still be alive.

However, it no longer mattered what he expect, for it was all too late now.

"My king, I suggest that we do as Chu Tianfan has requested and hand over the woman to him."

"No, we can't do that!" Fen Tian protested, "If we hand her over, we will lose our only bargaining

chip. When that happens, we will end up like Duolun!”

King Folo was upset. “Fen Tian, let's wait for Haibu to finish speaking first.”

Haibu continued, “Before we hand her over, we will list out our conditions. That should do it.”

“Then, what about Fen Tian? Don't forget that Chu Tianfan has also requested us to hand over Fen Tian,” said Bapei.

Hearing that, Fen Tian's haggard face turned pale.

Evidently, he was afraid that King Folo would actually hand him over to Ye Fan.

“I think we should just hand him over to save ourselves from all the trouble,” uttered Haibu begrudgingly.

“You... How could you!” Fen Tian was starting to panic.

Thankfully, King Folo stopped the argument from going further.

“Relax. Even if you are really at fault, I'll be the one to punish you, not Chu Tianfan. Let's do it this way. I'll go with Haibu to Grange River and negotiate with Chu Tianfan. You will stay here in Folo Palace with Bapei and take charge of things,” said King Folo.

“What? You're going to go there personally? No way! If Chu Tianfan hurts you, that will really be the end for the martial arts world of India!”

exclaimed Haibu and Bapei anxiously.

After all, King Folo was the leader of the martial arts world of India.

Now that Duolun was already dead, if King Folo were to perish as well, the martial arts world of India would truly be over.

“Don't worry. If Chu Tianfan really wanted to kill me, he wouldn't have threatened us from afar. He would have charged into Folo Palace by now. It's obvious that he doesn't want the woman to get hurt in the process. Like what Fen Tian mentioned earlier, as long as his woman is still in our hands, he won't dare to cause much trouble. As for why he killed Duolun, I can only say that he must have his own reason.”

In truth, King Folo was actually a little worried when Duolun wanted to challenge Ye Fan.

After all, Duolun was an arrogant person who liked to underestimate his opponents.

As a result, when he met Ye Fan, it would be akin to Mars colliding with Earth, where one party had to die no matter what.

In the end, that was indeed the outcome.

Although they had a hostage with them, Duolun still got killed.

King Folo smiled coldly. “Besides, it's not like we're completely helpless even without that woman. Don't forget that Folo Mountain is right behind us.”

Chapter 1935

Haibu, Bapei, and the others all turned and looked at the ancient mountain behind them.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"You're injured, Ye Fan."

Ye Fan looked a little exhausted as he sat cross-legged beside Grange River.

As he had only recovered from a major injury not long ago, getting into a fierce battle like this took a huge toll on his body.

Like a dried-up river that suddenly had a strong current surging through it, Ye Fan's muscles and tendons were put under a lot of stress.

It pained Noa to see the red bloodstains on Ye Fan's sleeve.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor injury. I'll be all right after getting some rest," Ye Fan replied in a deep voice.

The reason Ye Fan didn't attack Folo Palace right after killing Duolun had nothing to do with mercy. He was simply drained from the huge fight and needed some time to rest and recover.

Although the remaining Supremes in Folo Palace weren't a huge threat to Ye Fan after Duolun's death, the palace was still regarded as sacred land in the martial arts world.

There was no way of confirming if King Folo had any other tricks up his sleeve.

On top of that, Ye Fan had felt a strange tension that followed him around ever since he arrived.

He used to think that Duolun was the one behind that sensation, but he was still feeling it even after Duolun's death.

Ye Fan looked up and glanced at the endless rows of mountains around Folo Palace in the distance.

The mountains were connected to each other, making it look like a gigantic dragon, and the mist surrounding the mountains added an air of mystery to the place.

"Looks like Folo Palace has plenty of secrets, huh..." Ye Fan mumbled to himself and slowly closed his eyes.

For some reason, he recalled what the man had said to him two years ago when he was recovering from his injuries in the Great North.

"I heard you beat your aunt and rose to the top of the Sky Ranking! Not bad, not bad at all! While you may not have let your old man down, you had better not get too full of yourself either! Don't think for a second that you're the strongest in the world just because you rank the highest on the Sky Ranking. There are two god realm fighters here who are stronger than you, and there are plenty more on the other side of the world. The world is a huge place, and the journey of martial arts training is an endless one. What you're seeing right now is merely the tip of the iceberg!" I had wanted to ask him a few questions when he said that to me. For example, what's on the other side of the world? Where did he go after disappearing for a few years? Why did he save me? He abandoned his wife and child back then, didn't he? Now that I'm famous and powerful, he comes crawling back and pretends to care about me? Am I a f*cking joke to him? Of course, I could never bring myself to ask him those questions. My pride refuses to let me show him my vulnerable side when I'm at my worst. I don't want his sympathy.

Even if I am going to ask those questions, I'll do it when I'm on my feet so that we're both on an equal level.

Despite how prideful and egotistical Ye Fan was back then, hearing that man tell him that Tang Yun was his aunt still caused his eyes to twitch a little.

Tang Yun is my aunt? What the hell?

Ye Fan was so confused when he heard about it.

On top of that, he felt like he had done something incredibly immoral.

"Your aunt Tang Yun has an older sister who was my childhood sweetheart. She courted me once, and I'll have you know that she nearly succeeded in becoming your mom! We were supposed to get married, but I rejected her and canceled the marriage. I was really young at the time, and your grandpa hated me so much for doing that. Chu Yuan, too, got really mad at me. I even nearly got your mom killed... I sometimes wonder if all of that could've been prevented if I had just followed whatever my family told me to. That way, she wouldn't have run away from home. You and your mom wouldn't have suffered so much either..."

Every decision in life could be described as a domino. Making that decision would knock it over and result in a chain reaction of events beyond one's control.

That was exactly what happened with Ye Fan's father.

His immaturity during his youth ended up hurting

two women and his only son.

As a result, his wife refused to be with him, his son hated him, and his family became his enemy.

He was all alone, but he had no right to complain because he brought it upon himself.

He had been living an unrestrained and flamboyant lifestyle in the past, so he paid the price for it later on.

"All right, enough talk about your old man's dark past. Honestly, why did I even tell you all that? I don't know how crazy things are going to get between you and the Chu Sect in the future, but I won't allow you to kill Yun. She's your Aunt Tang Rui's younger sister. She might not be much older than you, but she is still your aunt! Given the damage I've done to Tang Rui, I can only make it up to her through Yun. You and I are going to have a problem if you dare hurt her!"

Memories of the past came surging through his head like the strong currents in the Grange River.

*D*mn... I never knew that Tang Yun had an older sister, let alone the fact that she nearly married my father! Thank goodness she didn't marry him, or Tang Yun really would've become my aunt! Wait, no... Had her older sister married my father, I wouldn't be here today! It'd be someone else instead!*

Ye Fan chuckled at the thought of that and shook his head to clear his mind.

Meanwhile, Noa had ripped off a piece of fabric

from the hem of her dress and was clumsily bandaging Ye Fan's wounds.

"I'm fine, really. It's a small wound, so it'll heal very soon. There's no need for bandages. Besides, this isn't how you should bandage a wound anyway!" Ye Fan said with a helpless smile.

Noa lowered her head in embarrassment and apologized, "I-I'm sorry... I've never bandaged someone's wounds before, so I don't know how to do it. I've only seen people doing it on television..."

Ye Fan simply responded with a chuckle before closing his eyes and sitting perfectly still.

Invoke the Celestial Cloud then began charging like crazy within his elixir field.

Seconds later, the elemental force around him came pouring into his body like it had been summoned.

Like a sponge, Ye Fan's body absorbed all that elemental force aggressively.

He had been drained after the huge battle, so he needed a lot of that energy to aid his recovery.

Noa was completely stunned as she watched from the side.

For a second there, she felt like Ye Fan had become the center of the universe.

The elemental force from their surrounding was flying toward Ye Fan's body like a moth to a flame before becoming a part of him.

At some point, two figures appeared out of nowhere in the air in front of them.

They were staring at them from a few hundred feet away.

"Are you Chu Tianfan, the Unrivalled?" one of them asked as he hovered with his robe billowing in the wind.

Levitating next to him was Haibu, who had gotten a change of clothes.

Haibu was hit with two slaps when Ye Fan fought Duolun earlier.

Although he didn't sustain any serious injuries, the impact had destroyed his clothes.

Since they had come to negotiate, maintaining a proper appearance was incredibly important.

"Hey, Ye Fan. We've got company," Noa whispered into his ear with her face all pale.

Ye Fan was sitting cross-legged and breathing steadily like he had fallen asleep.


"Are you Chu Tianfan, the Unrivalled Grandmaster of China? I am Folo, the head of Folo Palace. Please respond if you would like to save your woman," King Folo asked a second time, his voice echoing throughout the area.

"The Unrivalled is dead, so how could I be the Unrivalled Grandmaster?" Ye Fan asked coldly as he opened his eyes all of a sudden.

Chapter 1936

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

As Ye Fan slowly stood up, strong winds started blowing in the surrounding that was calm and quiet a while ago.

An invisible and powerful aura began spreading out in all directions from where Ye Fan stood.

"Is this really Chu Tianfan, the one who ranks first on the Sky Ranking?" King Folo muttered under his breath with a frown.

It was his first time seeing Ye Fan in person, and he could feel an incredibly powerful aura being unleashed the moment Ye Fan opened his eyes.

So, this is the man who shocked everyone in the martial arts world... My goodness, he sure is a young one! Honestly, why does China have such ridiculous martial arts talents? Ye Qingtian was one back in the day, and now we've got Chu Tianfan over here. Is China some kind of special land chosen by the heavens or something? Well, anyway, now isn't the time to be worrying about that!

King Folo met Ye Fan's gaze with his own as he asked coldly, "You've killed some of the most powerful fighters of India. Don't you think you've gone too far? Do you know what it means to kill the Supremes of another country? I now have a legitimate excuse to declare war on the martial arts world of China, and you, Chu Tianfan, will be the one responsible for the damage!"

King Folo's expression was icy-cold, and his tone was filled with a burning rage.

Being the head of the martial arts world in India, King Folo exuded an authoritative aura when he

spoke.

With just a few sentences, he was able to showcase the power of his country so well that even Noa went pale and curled up in fear.

After all, his words carried too much weight for any young person to withstand.

It must be a terrible feeling to be the one who started the war between the martial arts worlds of the two countries.

The huge responsibility and extreme guilt that would result from it was something beyond Noa's wildest imaginations.

If this event were to be recorded in history, that one single person would be labeled as the villain and be hated by the people of both countries.

Ye Fan paused for a moment before giving King Folo a strange look as he asked, "So what if I am responsible for it? In the worst-case scenario, you martial arts leaders from powerful countries will just come after me again. I've been branded as a public enemy of the world many years ago. Given how horrible my reputation has gotten, do you think I even give a d*mn about responsibility? Besides, I'm actually looking forward to seeing you folks from Folo Palace clash with the pillars of China in Mount Yan! I'm sure it'd be exciting to watch!"

His carefree smile and nonchalant attitude made King Folo's threats sound like child's play.

Naturally, King Folo didn't take too kindly to that

and went livid with rage.

Since he had come here to negotiate, he never truly intended to fight Sword Saint and the others in Mount Yan.

Everything he said earlier was merely meant to intimidate Ye Fan and crush his confidence to smoothen out the negotiation process later.

After all, asserting dominance was crucial when it came to negotiations.

Those who lacked dominance would be at a disadvantage and keep compromising throughout the negotiation.

However, King Folo's attempt at asserting dominance clearly wasn't working as Ye Fan didn't care about a war breaking out between the two countries at all.

If anything, Ye Fan seemed to look forward to Folo Palace challenging War God Castle, and that puzzled King Folo to no end.

Is this guy really a supreme grandmaster that had his title given by War God Castle?

Having lost his patience, Ye Fan went straight to the point and asked, "All right, enough of this nonsense. Did you bring me the person I asked for?"

"Insolence! How dare you talk to the head of Folo Palace like that, Chu Tianfan? King Folo's position in India is similar to Sword Saint's in the martial arts world of China! He isn't someone you can

afford to offend!" Haibu shouted angrily.

Ye Fan burst out laughing in response like he had just heard the funniest joke ever.

"So, you're saying that I should treat King Folo here the same way I would treat Sword Saint back in China?" he asked.

"That's right! King Folo is equal to Sword Saint in terms of his status and background. A young man like you should treat your elders with respect!" Haibu replied.

"All right, then. Would you like me to demonstrate how I treated Sword Saint back in Mount Yan?" Ye Fan asked with a smile.

A look of confusion spread across Haibu's face when he heard that.

Is Chu Tianfan all right in the head? Why would he demonstrate how he shows his elders respect? Well, since he offered to show us, I suppose I wouldn't mind having the Sky Ranking's number one fighter show me respect.

With that in mind, Haibu gladly agreed to it. "Sure, if you don't mind."

Smack!

Those words had barely left his mouth when Ye Fan slapped him across the cheek.

He moved so fast that Haibu was already lying on the ground by the time they realized what was going on.

Haibu's face was all swollen up, and there was some blood in his mouth too.

"You b*stard! How dare you hit me?" Haibu shouted with bloodshot eyes as he scrambled to his feet and got into his fighting stance.

"What's the matter? You can't take a hit? You were the one who asked me to hit you, remember?" Ye Fan said with an innocent expression.

"F*ck you! Since when I said that?" Haibu yelled furiously through clenched teeth.

"You don't believe me? Why don't you ask King Folo over here, then? You're the one who asked me to treat you the same way I treat Sword Saint, and that's how I usually treat him. To be honest, I actually held back on the power of that hit. If Sword Saint ever disrespects me again like you just did, I'd probably beat him till he's half dead!" Ye Fan replied with a chuckle.

"Like hell I'd believe that! Who do you think you are, huh?" Haibu's eyes were so red that they looked like they would start shooting fire at any time.

This was the second time Ye Fan had hit him, and the wound from the first hit had yet to heal.

"It's up to you whether you believe it or not," Ye Fan said casually.

Noa couldn't help but giggle as she watched from the side.

My goodness... Ye Fan is such a meanie for

messing with Haibu like that! This is probably the only time Ye Fan acts like a young man in his twenties. That mischievous and playful attitude is what a man of his age should have!

“You—”

Haibu was about to say something further, but King Folo stopped him by shouting, “That's enough! Shut your mouth!”

The look on King Folo's face turned gloomy as he found Haibu's actions embarrassing.

So much for my efforts to try and crush Ye Fan's confidence... Now that Haibu has gotten slapped by him, Ye Fan now holds the upper hand!

“We didn't come here to squabble with you, Chu Tianfan. I know you came to India to rescue your woman. Keep in mind that you have trespassed into the country and killed our Supremes in cold blood. Given the severity of your crimes, we could have both you and your woman executed, and it still would not be punishment enough. However, in view of your young age and our affiliation with Ye Qingtian, we are willing to let you off the hook. In exchange, you are to incapacitate your combat prowess, return to China, and swear on your life that you'll never set foot in India again. If you do that, I will guarantee your safe return and also deliver your woman back to China so you two can reunite with each other.”

Chapter 1937



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The icy-cold wind continued to blow strongly as the water in Grange River surged like crazy.

The atmosphere in the forest, which had been in existence for thousands of years, became really tense as a murderous aura spread throughout the area.

All the animals within its radius ran off, making the four of them the only ones there.

King Folo had an authoritative look on his face as he stared Ye Fan down after saying that.

Ye Fan frowned.

“What did you just say? You want me to incapacitate my combat prowess and return to China?”

For a second there, he even thought he had misheard.

Where on earth does King Folo find the courage to approach me with such requests? Does he not realize the situation he's in? Has he lost his mind?

“That's right. This is the best option I can give you. You might end up a cripple after incapacitating your combat prowess, but at least you'll get to stay alive. Don't you think this is a much better ending than the one at Eastsea two years ago? Even if you somehow manage to escape this country, I will immediately summon all the martial arts associations in the world and tell them that Chu Tianfan has returned. After that, there will be plenty of others out there who will kill you for us. If you incapacitate your combat prowess, however,

we will help keep your return a secret," King Folo said coldly with an indifferent look on his face.

Not only did he show no fear toward Ye Fan, but he also had a domineering attitude when talking to him.

King Folo made it look like Ye Fan's action in killing Duolun earlier meant nothing at all.

Noa's face started to turn pale as she watched from the side.

She had assumed that things would get better for Ye Fan after he defeated Duolun. She thought that India's martial arts world would give in to Ye Fan's threats and hand his woman over to him, but that clearly wasn't the case.

At the very least, Folo Palace showed no signs of compromise so far.

Ye Fan's expression grew cold, and there was a hint of suppressed anger in his tone as he asked, "Oh? Am I supposed to thank the martial arts world of India for its generosity, then?"

Naturally, King Folo noticed the slight changes in his expression as he had predicted.

So what if Ye Fan is angry? What I said is the truth! Ye Fan is just mad because he got too optimistic about things. Due to his immaturity and lack of experience, he oversimplifies the things that he sees! All I have to do is open his eyes to the bigger picture and have him accept reality!

With that in mind, King Folo flashed Ye Fan an icy-

cold grin as he said, "Isn't that the truth, though? I know what you're thinking. You think you have Folo Palace at your mercy after killing Duolun, the strongest Supreme in India. You also expect the martial arts world of India to submit to you and treat you like a king. Oh, Chu Tianfan... You really are a childish one... Do you really think that Duolun is the only person in India who can take you on? I'll have you know that your current location has been locked on by thousands of deadly and precise weapon systems. Hundreds of thousands of troops have been deployed the moment you appeared at Folo Palace. They are heading over here as we speak. I know that a supreme grandmaster like you isn't afraid of guns, but what about nuclear weapons? Even god realm fighters today wouldn't dare say they can survive being in the center of a nuclear explosion. Do you think you can survive that, Mr. Chu Tianfan?"

The smile on King Folo's face grew increasingly gleeful when he saw Ye Fan go silent.

"Also, judging by what you said earlier, you don't seem to be on good terms with War God Castle. I'm guessing Sword Saint and the others didn't tell you what the most terrifying part about Folo Palace is, huh? It's not Fen Tian, not Duolun, and definitely not me. It's Folo Mountain that's right behind us! A mere young man like you could never understand the power behind a martial arts heritage that has been around for thousands of years. Folo Palace has over a hundred ways to kill you if I so much as feel like it! If things really do get to that extent, then I guarantee that your woman will be the first to die! Surely, you haven't forgotten that she is still in our hands, right? Chu Tianfan, you really ought to realize the situation

you're in right now. Do as you're told, and you may return to China with your woman and spend the rest of your lives together!" he continued with a sneer.

Ye Fan may have a calm look on his face now, but I know he's panicking like crazy! After all, I'm the one holding all the chips here! I have a hostage, nuclear weapons, and Folo Mountain! Even if Ye Fan doesn't care about his own life, there's no way he wouldn't care about his woman's! If he dares try anything funny, I will have that woman pay for it with her life! This negotiation was never a fair one, to begin with!

Haibu, who had been humiliated greatly earlier, regained his confidence after hearing King Folo's words. "Hahaha! A wise man should be able to recognize the situation he is in, Chu Tianfan! Since we're kind enough to spare your life, you should hurry up and do as you're told! Incapacitate your martial prowess, thank us for our kindness, and get the hell back to China!"

The entire place fell into a deathly silence after that.

Utterly terrified, Noa's face was as pale as a sheet.

She tugged at the hem of Ye Fan's shirt, seemingly urging him to do as he was told.

After all, they were right about Ye Fan being completely at their mercy.

This country was their territory, and they had tons of methods to kill him.

On top of all that, they were also holding Junie

hostage, and that fact alone put Ye Fan at a huge disadvantage.

“Haha... Hahahaha...”

To their surprise, Ye Fan started laughing sarcastically all of a sudden.

“Hmm? What are you laughing at? Am I wrong about what I said?”

King Folo frowned in displeasure when he heard Ye Fan's mocking laughter.

Why is he laughing? Shouldn't he be cowering in fear and submitting himself to us instead? Did I not make myself clear enough? Or is Chu Tianfan so ridiculously dense that he still doesn't realize the situation he's in?

“Haha! You want to know what I'm laughing at? I'm laughing at how stupid you two look, acting all full of yourselves like that!” Ye Fan replied.


The next thing they knew, his body was exuding a murderous aura like never before.

“Do you idiots know what I hate the most? People threatening me, that's what! It's true that you guys have a trump card by holding Junie hostage. I would indeed be upset if she were to die, but that doesn't matter. By reaching a high enough level in martial arts training, one can even bring the dead back to life! I don't care if it takes a hundred years or a thousand years. I will dedicate the rest of my life to reviving Junie. But, before that, I will have all one-point-four billion of your country's people accompany her in death!”

Chapter 1938

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

"Let's put aside the nuclear bomb, or other means you thought could threaten my life. Tell me, what are you going to do if you can kill me?"

"The moment you use the strength of the entire nation to threaten a Supreme, you have set up the whole country as the enemy of the Supreme! In that case, I won't have any burden killing any one of your citizens then."

Despite the expressionless look on his face, Ye Fan's calm-sounding warning had an undertone of murderous intent, fury, and craze.

"Y-You..."

King Folo's mask of calm and confidence cracked. His body trembled with fear at Ye Fan's threat.

He pointed at Ye Fan with shaking fingers and roared, "Madman! You're a madman! How could you even think about harming the people?"

"Aren't you scared? Your action might provoke all the fighters from the martial arts world to come after you? Have you no fear that it will destroy your reputation in China's martial arts world?"

Ye Fan's words horrified King Folo and Haibu.

There was a consensus within the martial arts world.

No martial artists could release their wrath upon the citizens no matter what, especially supreme grandmasters. After all, they possessed the strength to destroy the whole world.

They could obliterate a city within a day at their will.

Realizing the extent of what the Supreme's terrifying capabilities could cause, the International Martial Arts League had come up with a new rule. Any action that involved the killing of the general public would be severely punished by all martial artists in the martial arts world.

Every country had its elite fighters, and they were responsible to capture and kill those who broke the treaty.

It was the rule and the bottom line.

It was rare that anyone would go against it, but that didn't mean no one did.

Once, there was a mayor who seized another man's wife and daughter.

That man went into hiding for decades and achieved Supreme rank when he turned eighty.

Upon achieving the Supreme rank, that man annihilated the mayor's entire family and city to exact revenge on the mayor's despicable action.

Half a million people had lost their lives that day.

Even though that man had a reason for his actions, martial arts leaders from a few nations insisted on imposing a death sentence on him despite many others pleading for his case.

It was the red line that supreme grandmasters could never cross.

So never once had King Folo expected the hooligan in front of him to say he would commit such a horrendous act.

What is he thinking? Is he anti-humanity? Also, I thought the Chinese cared deeply about benevolence?

A few thousands of years of implementing etiquette lessons in their education had ingrained tolerance and benevolence in the Chinese populace.

They practiced repaying gratitude with kindness and retaliating resentment with virtue.

When Japan committed a heinous crime against the Chinese during the Second World War, the Chinese exempted war reparations from the Japanese despite the terrible act.

Moreover, anyone who researched the world's maritime history would be surprised to find that the western nations sailed across seas and oceans to commit war, plundering, massacres, and colonization against the lands they stepped foot on. They stole other countries' riches and brought them back to their homeland.

In contrast, China's most famous sea voyager was a diplomat who traveled to the Central continent. His travels were earlier than anyone from the West. Instead of going into war, he brought silks and ceramics for trade. China was bringing wealth and riches to strangers in faraway lands across the sea.

The Chinese also propagated the moral influence

theory of atonement.

King Folo had actually liked to form diplomatic ties with nations that adopted such benevolent acts.

When one treated that country well and the people would reciprocate with kindness a hundredfold.

They wouldn't retaliate even if one had treated them badly. They would have a chat to sort things out at most. They might even send some gifts as a plaster over the wounded relationship.

That was what retaliating with virtue meant.

Yet, the man standing in front of King Folo at that moment seemed to have thrown away this practice and tradition.

What happens to benevolence? If we're talking about kindness, he should obediently nullify all his powers, then retreat to China and vow to never step foot in India.

As for his woman, we'll release her after a couple of years of monitoring his behavior.

King Folo and the rest had no intention to release Junie immediately, even after Ye Fan did what they asked.

They planned to monitor Ye Fan for a few years. Once they made sure he had no intention to exact revenge and was no longer a threat, only then would release Junie.

During his negotiation with Ye Fan earlier, King

Folo didn't mention he would release Junie immediately. He merely said he would release her after Ye Fan returned to China.

So it was a word play of the word "after".

It could be an hour later, three years later, or even five years later.

However, it was not the time to dispute that matter because King Folo realized the guy he met that day could possibly be a madman.

King Folo wanted to use Junie as leverage to threaten Ye Fan, whereas Ye Fan turned the tables and threatened him with one billion four hundred million lives.

Ye Fan laughed as though someone had cracked a joke.

"Benevolence? So you're planning to use morality to restrict me?" Ye Fan mocked.

"Don't you think your words are like a knife pressed against my neck? You intend to kill me yet forbid me from fighting back."

"It's considered inhumane and immoral if I resist and that I'll trigger the wrath of the populace leading every martial artist to go after me.

"On the contrary, you killing me is an act of justice and righteousness. What kind of bull are you pulling?" Ye Fan scoffed.

Ye Fan's remarks had rendered King Folo speechless.

“Chu Tianfan, I don't care how clever your tongue is in tipping the right into wrong. I'm warning you now that the entire martial arts world will be going after you if you dare to hurt any commoners,” King Folo warned.

Ye Fan shook his head. “Do you think I still care about that? I thought I'd already turned into a monster that you guys called me two years ago at the coast of the Eastsea.

“This world no longer has a place for me, so why will I be afraid to go against the world?” Ye Fan retorted with a smile.

His soft voice had an undertone of somberness.

However, Noa was the only one who caught the overwhelming sadness and loneliness in Ye Fan's voice.

He sounded like a little boy that had been abandoned by the whole world. It was as though he was walking alone on the endless empty plains with only silence as his company.

So a lonely soul had been hiding behind the dazzling mask of the powerful man with the strength that could go against the world.

Noa wondered what kind of horrible life he had lived in the past to have such overwhelming loneliness in him.

Everyone knew about Jiangdong's finest man, Mr. Chu's boldness and the dignity of the Hall Master of Dragon God Hall, who ranked first on Sky Ranking.

Yet, how many had known about Ye Fan's loneliness and tattered heart behind his shining mask of glory.

He was abandoned by his family when he was very young.

When he and his mother were humiliated, the beloved father whom he thought would protect him forever merely stood and watched from afar with a dispassionate gaze.

Then, the label "unwanted child" had stuck with him for his entire childhood.

His memories from his years back in Yeyang were filled with the disgusted gazes of his other aunts and uncles. It was one of his most hated memories.

After that, he married into the Qiu family and got a stunning wife by coincidence.

He thought that was the turning point of his life.

Unfortunately, his three years of marriage only brought him further humiliation.

Everyone had looked down on him and thought of him as a loser.

Even his cousin didn't address him respectfully because she thought him unworthy of the title.

That wasn't entirely accurate.

There was someone who didn't look down on him.

His brother, Chu Qitian.

Chu Qitian had been searching for him for a decade to kill him.

The only presence Ye Fan had felt during those years was from his brother who pursued him with the intention to kill him.

It was ironic.

Sometimes, Ye Fan felt it was a miracle that he managed to grow up to his age.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Thankfully, it was all over and everything was in the past.

Hardships, humiliation, and fear had terrorized him for endless days and nights.

The current Ye Fan was strong enough to confront every setback and tribulation.

He didn't care about being abandoned by the world nor did he care about going against it.

The Ye Fan who jumped into the Eastsea to commit suicide had already lost hope with the world.

There were only a few people left that still had a place in his heart.

The opinions of the others didn't concern him for he didn't care how those people viewed him.

He would continue to walk alone on the infinite barren plains awaiting him ahead.

Since he was already abandoned, he no longer had any fear or hesitation in declaring war on the whole world.

Noa and King Folo saw the water of the Grange River underneath Ye Fan's feet swirl violently as they flowed to converge under his palms.

In the end, there weren't any droplets left beneath Ye Fan's feet.

The river bed revealed itself, and marine creatures were wriggling and leaping while gasping for

water.

The entire Grange River had stopped flowing.

The tens of thousands of tons of water were condensed to a hardness that rivaled metal.

With a swing of his arm, the gallons of river water were shot outwards like water cannons with him as the center.

Every drop of water was like a sharp knife.

Every object the water had shot on left a hole in them. Trees and plants had their branch or stem shot off, and insects and birds fell to their death from the high pressure of the water.

Ye Fan's attack was not scary because his power was too dispersed.

It wasn't a threat to Haibu and King Folo.

With a thrust of his palm, Haibu easily deflected the jet of water directed at him.

Glee swelled within him at his successful defense. He said to King Folo, "My king, I bet Chu Tianfan is scraping the bottom of the barrel for energy. His attack might seem great, but it was weak.

"I only used around two-thirds of my power to block his attack. His attacks had weakened tremendously. Why don't we use this chance to get rid of him once and for all?" Haibu suggested once he felt Ye Fan's attack was no longer a threat to him.

A crease formed between King Folo's brows at Haibu's confidence.

No! It can't be as simple as Haibu said. I agree the water jet isn't a powerful attack. It's more of an attack that was almost harmless. If he converges all his power and launches a focus attack, Haibu and I will surely lose.

But why would he use such kind of attack? The best offense against Haibu and I will be unleashing a focused attack with high lethality.

Is he trying to show off his powers using such a grand but weak attack to deter us? Doesn't he think this method is too childish?

When King Folo was mulling over Ye Fan's intention, a palace worker was dashing toward him with a panicked expression from Folo Palace.

The worker dropped to his knees once he reached King Folo's side. "I have bad news, My King. I just received a communiqué that the third and fifth divisions encounter a devastating assault fifty miles away.

"The damage was rather severe. We have nearly a hundred thousand wounded and deaths. The general is requesting backup from the palace."

What?

King Folo was shocked at the news.

Dread crossed Haibu's wrinkled face.

"What did you say? The two divisions were

attacked? How is that possible? Where did the attack come from? Did someone invade India again?" King Folo yelled in disbelief.

King Folo came to a realization right after the words came out of his mouth.

His expression turned grave as he turned his head to look at Ye Fan.

"It was you, you bast*rd! Chu Tianfan! You're the one who killed them!" King Folo accused, with eyes red as blood.

Haibu, who stood on the side came to realization as well at King Folo's accusation.

It was the water jet attack earlier! His target wasn't me and King Folo but the army divisions ten miles away.

Ye Fan's water attack was harmless to a Supreme grandmaster, but that wasn't the case for commoners.

Every drop of water was equivalent to a shot from a sniper rifle, and tens of thousands of drops had been fired earlier.

It was fatal for the incoming army divisions.

"A hundred thousand wounded and deaths? How could you be so cruel, you bast*rd!" Haibu bellowed with rage burning in his eyes.

It was humiliating to them that a Supreme from another country managed to obliterate a hundred thousand soldiers in their army.

Ye Fan merely smiled at their anger. "It's only a hundred thousand. That's just the beginning. I remember India's population is one billion four hundred million."

Under the sun's rays, the smiling man with a gentle voice seemed harmless. He wasn't wreacked with guilt or had any respect for human lives after the horrible act he had committed just minutes before.

No one could have thought the man with such a sunny deposition would annihilate a hundred thousand Indian soldiers with just a swing of his arm.

"Monster! You're a monster! You're a cold-blooded, murderous monster!" King Folo cursed.

Haibu was grinding his teeth with the same rage boiling inside of him.

Ye Fan simply felt ironic at their curses.

He supposed in their eyes, only he could be killed, and not the other way around.

If he resisted, he would be a monster who committed grave sins.

Why don't they ever think about the reason for those people's death?

If King Folo hadn't joined forces with the military to besiege me and forced me to nullify my powers, would I have killed them?

When one points a sword at another, one should be

prepared to be greeted by a sword pointing back.

Ignoring King Folo's cussing, Ye Fan lowered his head to look down at King Folo from above. "How about it? Do you still want to resume fighting me?"

Zap!

Ye Fan's domineering words were like lightning striking the land.

An area of charred pine forest toppled from the blast.

"Bast*rd, you're the one forcing our hand! You murdered one hundred thousand of my people! I'll slit the throat of your woman instead," Haibu shrieked.

"If that's your decision, then we have nothing more to talk about."

Ye Fan's gaze turned cold and hard.

He didn't want to blood of innocents on his hands, but these egoistic men were forcing him to take extreme measures.

He had hoped the Folo Palace would release Junie after he took Duolun's life.

But it seemed like he was wrong.

If I can't get it from the battlefield, I won't get it from the discussion table. I should have known. Since they insist on Junie hostage, I'll launch one assault after another until they release her.

Without any hesitation, Ye Fan's Dragon God's body blew up. A golden glow radiated from him, and a deafening dragon roar pierced the sky.

"Haibu, let's take this monster down together! I don't believe this bast*rd still has any energy left in him after two battles. Is he planning to take on two Supremes alone?" King Folo yelled.

The negotiation had failed, and both sides were preparing to fight.

"Let's do it! We can definitely take this monster down if we join forces. His energy must have been depleted after two battles, so there's nothing to fear," Haibu shouted confidently.

As the storm raged on, Haibu unleashed a powerful attack and charged toward Ye Fan.

He leaped into the air and aimed his kick at Ye Fan's head.

King Folo accumulated all his energy on his fingertips and pressed them in a downward motion in midair.

"Folo Crush!"

Boom!

The ground which King Folo's fingers pointed at immediately caved in.

The tension was so thick in the air that a knife could cut through it.

Ye Fan didn't feel even a speck of dread facing two

Supremes.

He charged toward the two without evading.

He decided to engage in the battle by meeting their attacks head-on.

Boom!

With a ball of golden light in his hand, his movement was agile like a dragon.

He swung a punch with the power of lighting and collided with Haibu's kick.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Ye Fan was not the slightest bit unnerved.

Initially, Haibu and the others presumed he would be at his wits' end, but things had turned out unexpectedly.

After a series of ear-splitting bone-cracking sounds, Haibu's leg was twisted upward at a ninety-degree incline by Ye Fan's massive punch.

Eventually, the joint of his right leg was broken like a snapped branch with just one punch from Ye Fan. As a result, his right leg hung limply, swaying uncontrollably in the wind.

"Argh! My leg!" Haibu let out a blood-chilling yowl. He was on the brink of tears due to the excruciating pain.

Unperturbed by his endurance, Ye Fan turned to send him flying with another powerful kick.

Seconds later, his high-pitched wails reverberated throughout the entire place.

His body fell clumsily into the Grange River like a rock thrown into the ocean, resulting in never-ending shock waves.

"Haibu!" King Folo squealed apprehensively.

Flustered by Haibu's tragic fate, he bellowed at Ye Fan, "Sc*mbag, I'll fight you till the end!"

At the sight of his closely acquainted comrade bashed up to a pulp, tears of resentment started to well up in his eyes.

Inevitably, his intense hostility against Ye Fan, with whom he had been harboring a grudge, had exacerbated to an extent.

"B*stard, my senior has lost his life, and my junior's leg is broken because of you! Not to mention, you'd snatched tens of thousands of lives in India! I vow to skin you alive and burn you into ashes today to avenge them!" He glowered menacingly at Ye Fan like a ravenous beast.

The next second, he lunged toward the latter with petrifying murderous intent and ferocity in his eyes. Temper flaring, the prowess of his Folo Strike intensified.

However, Ye Fan only scoffed, "Huh? I can't believe you still have the energy to be bothered about them. Heed my advice. You should mind more about yourself!"

His laughter rang out like a hum from the Grim Reaper reciting an ominous poem.

At the same time, he darted toward King Folo, brandishing his invisible sword.

"B*stard, meet your end now!" King Folo got all fired up with simmering murderous intent. His invincible gigantic finger was only inches from Ye Fan's forehead.

A distance away, Noa was a bundle of nerves when she caught sight of King Folo striking against Ye Fan maniacally. She shrieked at the top of her lungs, "Ye Fan, dodge it!"

"Dodge, huh? I'm never a coward who will do so!"

Ye Fan laughed aloud.

His hearty laugh resounded through the entire place like morning bells.

Noa gasped in disbelief as he darted toward King Folo's massive strike without a second thought.

Ye Fan continued to move forward fearlessly without dodging despite the horrendous obstacles ahead. He vowed to get rid of any shackles and eradicate the foes standing in his way!

With that, a fearless Ye Fan gave no hoots to any threats and stretched out his gigantic palm that enabled him to have everything within his grasp.

Miraculously, he met King Folo's strike effortlessly with an abrupt grip of his palm.

It was like a scene from the legendary tale whereby the mighty deity gripped the mischievous intruder who made a scene in heaven in his enormous palm.

King Folo mustered up his strength, struggling frantically to break free, but to no avail. Thus, he could not even retaliate against Ye Fan.

"H-How's it possible? How could he have such unrivaled prowess?" he mumbled to himself. The latter's formidability sent a chill down his spine.

King Folo, who was still growling furiously at Ye Fan moments ago, broke out in a cold sweat abruptly.

He was in sheer disbelief that the man could

counter his unrivaled strike effortlessly.

Regardless of how hard he tried to attack, Ye Fan was not the slightest bit shaken. *Good gracious! Chu Tianfan is too mighty! If he were a majestic mountain, I could only be the tiny grass at its foot.*

Right at that instant, King Folo could not resist feeling a surge of inexplicit helplessness and fear crashing into his heart.

Horror-stricken, his face turned ashen instantly.

He was suddenly regretful for acting impulsively. *Oh my! I shouldn't have threatened him by abducting his woman! Undeniably, Ye Fan is no ordinary man. We are all incomparable to him. How could weaker beings like us have any qualifications to negotiate with him? I should have done everything as requested by him.*

They dared not release Junie earlier, fearing that Ye Fan would eradicate the martial artists in India ruthlessly if they lost their final trump card to negotiate with him.

Nonetheless, after pondering for a while, he could not help doubting inwardly. *But can we stop him from annihilating the martial artists with the abductee in our hands? He's a maniac who confronted the Chu Sect to settle the score with them by himself! No doubt, he's a ruthless sole ranger who has the formidability to stir up turbulence worldwide just with a sword. Thus, how's it possible for us to fight against him just like how we used to confront others? Still, the best way to talk things out with a lunatic is by fulfilling his requests. Ah! We should have tried our best to*

butter him up. But what had we done? How could we have the gut to abduct his woman, threaten him with a nuclear bomb, and even force him to disable his combat prowess? Those methods might be effective for us to get rid of common opponents. We had undoubtedly overlooked the most important point. He's the unrivaled Chu Tianfan, unbound by rules and regulations. Apart from that, he's a vicious man who dares to oppose the existing systems of the martial arts world. Gosh! We had indeed dug our graves by getting on his nerves!

It was too late to cry over spilled milk. King Folo only came to his senses after realizing he was incomparable to Ye Fan.

Before that, he had numerous chances to get the matter resolved peacefully. Sadly, he had let all of them slip away recklessly.

Undeniably, he was solely thinking of obtaining the greatest benefits for the martial arts world of India.

However, he only realized he was too naive after battling against Ye Fan.

Unequivocally, Ye Fan's combat prowess was far mightier than his. There was no justice and fairness in their negotiation right from the beginning.

"Chu Tianfan, enough of that! Let's stop fighting. We'll grant your wish and release your woman without any requirements. But we hope you'll keep your promise too and leave India at once after reuniting with her." King Folo finally relented.

He had no choice but to compromise and submit to Ye Fan, agreeing with his request right from the beginning.

All of a sudden, Ye Fan burst out laughing.
“Hahaha!”

There was an unmissable hint of sheer contempt in his laughter.

“King Folo, why are you still so naive under such critical circumstances?”

“What do you mean? Don't you want your woman back?”

“No worries, I'll save Junie myself. Anyway, that has nothing to do with you anymore. I've given you numerous chances earlier, but you did not grab any. Now that we're battling against each other, what's the point of suddenly bringing it up again? Don't you think it's too late? Who do you think you are? How could you change your mind from time to time? Since we've declared war against each other, let's fight till the end!” Ye Fan's icy-cold tone and the utter frigidness on his face sent King Folo into a tizzy.

“W-What do you intend to do? Aren't you here to save your woman?” King Folo was dumbfounded.

Initially, he presumed there would not be issues even if he could not defeat Ye Fan. The matter would be able to be resolved if they were willing to set Junie free. He would not dwell over the loss he sustained earlier too.

It never occurred to him that Ye Fan would change

his mind abruptly and refuse to give in to him.

"Yeah. I was merely hoping that you could let go of her. But now, I look forward to seizing your lives!" Ye Fan hissed. His words scared the wits out of King Folo.

Needless to say, the martial arts world of India only had themselves to blame for stepping on Ye Fan's toes. He was no ordinary man and would not be fooled by anyone.

Deep down, he snorted. Pfft! When I requested you to let go of Junie earlier, you not only disagreed but also forced me to disable my combat prowess and leave India at once. To me, it indicated you had declared battle against me with those terms. Fine. I grant your wish since you're thinking of doing so. Now that you realize you are no match for me, you have the guts to negotiate with me again? Hmph! What's the point of wasting my time on that!

Ye Fan knew too well his unrivaled combat prowess intimidated King Folo. If he were defeated, he foresaw the latter and the others would finish him without batting an eye.


"Don't do that! Please cool your head off! Let's talk it through again. There's nothing unsolvable via negotiation!" King Solo did not give up pestering him.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan insisted on ignoring him. His face turned grim as he bent King Folo's finger forcefully, breaking it right away.

Chapter 1941

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Unable to withstand the excruciating pain, King Folo let out blood-curdling wails. "Argh! The pain is killing me! D*mn it! Chu Tianfan, you're a b*stard! I'll fight you to the death!"

Undoubtedly, the saying that a person's ten fingers and heart were interconnected made sense.

The stabbing pain of King Folo's broken finger was unbearable for him. It was as though an electric shock had flowed through his entire body, causing him to howl in utter anguish.

Apparently, King Folo, too, was a vicious man. When he realized there was no way to stop battling against Ye Fan, he gave up pleading and fought against him till the end instead.

As his bellow of rage rang out, he clenched another hand into a fist and threw it at Ye Fan's head. There was a saying that the deadliest way was by striking at the weakest point of the foe.

As they were only inches from each other, King Folo's fist emerged right in front of Ye Fan's face within seconds.

He was sure as h*ll that the man could not defend himself within such a short span. Thus, he would not have any choice but to dodge. When he did so, King Folo would have ample time to take a breath.

Little did the latter realize he had underestimated Ye Fan. Instead of dodging, the man remained standing on the spot like an immovable mountain.

Ah! Could it be he's trying to have a head-on clash with me? King Folo was stunned momentarily

before his eyes lit up with a hint of indescribable excitement.

He could not resist mocking Ye Fan inwardly for placing himself in deep water. *Has he gone nuts? He's thinking of retaliating against my fist with his head! Hmph! Isn't he putting himself on the line?*

Even though King Folo could not wrap his head around Ye Fan's stance, he was more than happy with the absurd act.

Sometimes, it was a better countermeasure to defeat a martial artist by suppressing him psychologically. Hence, King Folo was convinced that he could grab the opportunity to defeat Ye Fan with a fatal blow.

Unable to stifle the surging excitement from within him, he bellowed, "Go to h*ll!"

The next second, he mustered up his strength to throw his massive punch at Ye Fan's forehead.

Ah! I hit the target! King Folo was over the moon.

The head was the most fragile part of the body. I bet there's no exception, even for a supreme grandmaster!

Therefore, King Folo believed Ye Fan would at least sustain severe injury because of his massive punch.

His joy was short-lived. Not long after that, he started to sense something awry.

Even though he saw with his own eyes that his

punch had landed on Ye Fan's head, he could not fathom why his hand did not feel the impact.

"Hahaha! It seems you can barely wait for me to meet my end!" Ye Fan's laughter sounded right behind King Folo like a bolt from the blue.

It scared the living daylights out of the supreme grandmaster.

It only struck him that the one hit by him moments ago was actually an illusion. His opponent had moved behind him even before he threw his punch!

Ye Fan was laid back as usual. On the contrary, a panic-stricken King Folo threw out another punch subconsciously.

Unexpectedly, Ye Fan stretched out his palm and grabbed hold of the man's fist firmly before pushing it upward.

Thud!

King Folo's wrist broke with an ear-shattering snap.

"Ouch! My arm!" he wailed again in agony. Unable to withstand the intense pain, tears trickled down his cheeks.

Notwithstanding, King Folo refused to give up. He stretched out another hand to throw his punch maniacally at Ye Fan. Even though his finger was broken by Ye Fan earlier, he could still move his arm and twist his wrist.

However, he was a trapped beast regardless of how frantically he had struggled.

Before he could give a strike, Ye Fan lifted his hand as if he were holding a sword and smashed it hard onto the former's arm.

It felt as though his hand weighed at least ten thousand tons. In the blink of an eye, the immense weight broke King Folo's arms.

Nevertheless, Ye Fan did not want to let King Folo off the hook. He turned to lift the latter's broken arm, swinging him high up in the sky and struck the latter's chest continuously with his elbow.

Bang!

King Folo sustained dozens of powerful strikes in succession.

A massive force oppressed him like a tsunami.

At that moment, it was as though Ye Fan was whipping a worthless small fry to its death. A thunderous yowl and spurt of blood followed every whip from King Folo.

Noa stood rooted to the ground at the petrifying sight; her eyes widened in sheer disbelief. Blood drained from her dainty face as she covered her red lips with her hands uncontrollably.

It never came to her mind that the dignified king of the majestic Folo Palace would be in such a dishevelment alongside Ye Fan.

Other than her, Haibu, who was sent flying into the

Grange River moments ago by Ye Fan, was petrified.

As one of the supreme grandmasters, who were supposed to be tough fighters, he managed to cheat death.

Although he had sustained severe injuries, he could still dash forward to battle.

However, he remained motionless. Since his entire body was hidden beneath the river, only his eyes were exposed.

Gazing at the horrendous man striking against King Folo ferociously like a demon, his mind went blank as he was scared stiff.

His hostility and murderous intent toward Ye Fan a while ago were prevailed by sheer horror. Intimidated by the latter's formidability, he chickened out and dared not take any risk.

Even when his superior, the mighty leader of India, was beaten up by Ye Fan, he did not dare to give him a hand.

The terrifying scene earlier almost scared him to death.

There was nothing he could do other than hide in the river, trembling in fear. *What else can I do? Even Duolun has met his tragic end! We're too naive! How could we jump to a hasty conclusion that the intense battle will wear Chu Tianfan down, and we'll be able to finish him off when he's at his wits' end? Gosh! Look at how the horrifying man is bashing the king up now!*

Ye Fan had sent Haibu flying into the Grange River with a kick even before he could throw his punch.

No words could describe King Folo's pathetic state as Ye Fan lifted him high up in the sky and continued to bash him up.

Haibu gasped inwardly. *What kind of battle is this? Nobody is a match for him!*

Bang!

In the meantime, Ye Fan did not stop striking King Folo with his elbows.

After sustaining continuous strikes on his chest, the latter's ribs were crushed.

Ghastly blood spewed out of his mouth like a bloody fountain. Somehow, it was getting lesser and lesser moments later.

Haibu could not bear to watch any longer. *My goodness! I bet it's just a matter of time before he spurts out the last drop of his blood!*

On the brink of tears, he was utterly regretful for not talking King Folo and the others out earlier. *We should not have gone against his will. What's the point of stopping him from having his woman back? Why put ourselves in a tight spot by provoking such a ferocious man?*

Soon, Haibu could not resist shedding tears piteously beneath the Grange River.

On the other hand, Ye Fan seemed to be feeling tired after a series of strikes. He swung King Folo

into the sky right after a final slam of his elbow. After that, he leaped up into the sky, giving the latter a flying kick.

Ye Fan's leg landed heavily on King Folo's abdomen as if he were striking the ball in a soccer game. *Swoosh!*

Drenched in blood, King Folo was sent flying thousands of meters toward Folo Palace.

Boom!

Soon, an ear-splitting sound rang out.

Engulfed by massive force, he smashed into the majestic palace on the peak of the mountain, sending the rubble flying and wafting the dust in the air.

In an instant, thousands of the disciples in Folo Palace dispersed and scurried away in panic.

Incredibly, King Folo continued to whizz in the air at astonishing speed after crashing into the palace. His body headed straight for Folo Mountain right behind the palace.


Seconds later, he crashed into the mountain, uprooting the trees. Even the pinnacle of the mountain cracked and collapsed because of the massive impact.

Terror-stricken, Haibu could not refrain from peeing while he hid in the river. *His formidability is beyond imagination! D*mn it! Is he a human? He must be a deity, the legend of the century!*

Chapter 1942

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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After kicking King Folo away, Ye Fan didn't stop his approach, for he had declared that he would trample upon Folo Palace if they didn't hand Junie over.

It was time to fulfil that promise.

Just like that, Ye Fan disappeared in a flash and arrived in front of the palace where he gradually ascended the stone steps.

When the disciples guarding the palace saw him, they were so terrified that they peed their pants.

Even though the battle between Ye Fan and King Folo occurred more than a thousand meters away, they could clearly see the massive devastation wrought by it.

As a result, they quickly recognized Ye Fan as the enemy who annihilated everyone in his path.

In fact, no one dared to block him in the first half of his journey into the palace. It was until the second half that some fearless disciples finally came to stop him.

"We will live and die together with the Folo Palace!"

Some of them let out a noble battle cry while charging at him.

Faced with the loyal disciples, Ye Fan gave them what they wished for.

Smashing his powerful palm down, he crushed the disciples before they could even scream in agony.

Blood gushed onto the ground like a stream and flowed toward the trees that lined the path, providing them with the most natural of nutrients.

The sacred ground of a nation's martial arts world was sullied beneath Ye Fan's feet.

At that moment, the disciples of the palace stared at him as if he was a demon.

The terror that they felt stopped them from mustering the courage to resist further.

Even our king has been defeated. There's no way underling like us stand a chance against him.

A battle between Supreme Grandmasters was just out of their league.

With no one else in his way, Ye Fan swiftly arrived in the grand hall of the Folo Palace.

The ancient yet magnificent hall looked like a majestic beast that guarded the land.

Behind it was a sea of mountains appearing faintly amidst the clouds and mist.

Standing in front of the hall with his hands behind his back, Ye Fan's voice thundered through the air. "You insects, hand over Junie and I'll let you die with your body whole. Or else, I'm going to tear you limb from limb!"

Boom!

The earth suddenly shook, causing a few more pillars of the damaged hall to collapse.

At the same time, Ye Fan's thundering voice reverberated in all directions.

However, no one responded, and there was no sign of the other Supremes in the palace.

Having lost his patience, Ye Fan bellowed, "I'll give you three seconds to show yourselves. Or I will bathe the sacred land of Folo in the blood of thousands of disciples."

His words were so terrifying that he scared the lights out of the disciples.

Finally, his threats seemed to have an effect.

From the summit of the Sacred Mountain behind Folo Palace, a sorry figure emerged in the air with two people behind him.

They were the King of India, Fen Tian, and the last Supreme Grandmaster of Folo Palace, Bapei.

The three of them were the Indian martial arts world's last line of defense.

"Chu Tianfan, how many years has it been since you're the first person to have wounded me? Nevertheless, don't think that this is the end of our nation's martial arts world. The great Indian nation with its thousands of years of history isn't one you can easily trample upon. I will now make sure you suffer the consequences of your actions!"

From the summit of the Sacred Mountain, King Folo's hatred-filled rant echoed faintly through the air.

Even though he wasn't killed earlier, his breath was visibly weak.

Ye Fan's attack had injured him so grievously that he could fight no more.

Nonetheless, Ye Fan was still surprised where the king had found the courage to continue resisting.

"Is that so? Just with the three of you losers?"

He was truly amused by their reaction.

Even though they were Supreme Grandmasters and the guardians of the nation's martial arts world, they fled to the mountains the moment he arrived. Not only did they retreat faster than their own disciples, but they also had the cheek to threaten him from afar.

In the face of death, these so-called leaders of the martial arts world can behave in an utterly shameless manner.

"Chu Tianfan, stop your gloating! Do you dare to come up here to the top of Sacred Mountain and battle us to the death?" Fen Tian scowled loudly.

Despite being beaten up by Ye Fan so badly that he had to flee from the island to the hills, he still dared to challenge Ye Fan.

Thus, Ye Fan couldn't help but mock, "Fen Tian, aren't you supposed to be the King of India? Don't you think it's a disgrace for you to flee from your base and now from Folo Palace?"

Shaking his head with a smile, he stomped his

foot down from the air.

Subsequently, the centuries-old great hall collapsed underneath Ye Fan's feet.

Like a shattered piece of glass, it smashed into rubble upon impact on the ground.

At that moment, King Folo and his companions' eyes reddened.

"You animal! Why did you have to destroy it? There's no one inside at all—" Just when Folo King roared anxiously, he vomited another mouthful of blood.

"You b*stard, that building is of historical significance! Are you asking for divine punishment?" Bapei exploded.

Even though the sacred hall was just a palace hall, it had thousands of years of history and had become the symbol of India's martial arts world.

But now, Ye Fan had decimated it.

The impact was similar to the destruction of the presidential palace where the blow to the national psyche and faith was a lot more significant than the physical damage wrought.

"Don't blame me. It's Fen Tian's fault for fleeing here. Tell me, if he hadn't lured me here, would Duolun have died? Would the Folo King end up grievously injured? Would Folo Palace itself be destroyed?"

Ye Fan let out a sigh.

“Why do you still protect that idiot? If I were you, I would decapitate him long ago,” he commented nonchalantly while shrugging his shoulders.

“Chu Tianfan, f*ck you! How dare you set me up?” Fen Tian bellowed.

He had been holed up in Folo Palace and refused to see anyone. However, after having his incompetence exposed by Ye Fan, Fen Tian's future in India's martial arts world was in trouble.

If he still had a future in the first place.

“Come up here! If you're still a man, come up here and fight me!” he continued taunting.

Initially, Ye Fan felt suspicious.

Where did they find the confidence to challenge me? Can it be that they're hiding a trump card up their sleeve?

“What's wrong? Chu Tianfan, have you lost your courage? If you don't dare come up here, you should just get your ass out of India! As for your girl, I will take good care of her,” Fen Tain taunted on purpose.

Given how crude the tactic was, Ye Fan saw through it at once and was unfazed.

“Why wouldn't I dare? In fact, I'm curious to know what trump card you're hiding in there,” he sneered.

With that, he took a step forward and walked over.

Five hundred meters.

Three hundred.

A hundred meters.

Fifty meters!

King Folo and his companions watched Ye Fan approach with burning gazes.

The look in their eyes was tinged with the flames of madness and excitement.

Finally, King Folo cried out, "He's here!"

Suddenly, jade seals appeared out of nowhere in the hands of the three.

The next moment, they broke the seals simultaneously before dropping onto their knees.

Prostrating toward Sacred Mountain, they chanted aloud in a respectful tone, "Oh ancient master, please save India by killing the demon!"

Whoosh!

Amidst their prayers, a golden light shot out into the sky from the Sacred Mountain.


As the clouds gathered, the holy light covered the land.

An ancient and authoritative silhouette emerged at the peak of the Sacred Mountain, as if a divine presence had made an appearance.

Chapter 1943

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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As golden light illuminated the air, a silhouette rose from Folo Mountain.

It was as though time had stopped, for even the grass stopped swaying, and the rocks stopped cracking.

The silhouette overlooked everything beneath it like an almighty god.

At that moment, several million citizens in another city that was located several hundred miles away from Folo Palace saw the silhouette as well.

The silhouette looked like the sun, exuding a domineering and graceful aura to every corner.

The next moment, tens of thousands of people kneeled before the silhouette.

Although almost none of the citizens of India knew who it was, they instinctively feared and respected it.

Hence, they unknowingly kneeled and started to worship the silhouette.

Perhaps, the citizens of India were faithful to their beliefs.

A true believer wouldn't engrave the image of God in his mind. Instead, it was something that they would firmly believe deep in their heart.

When God finally manifested Himself, the believer would instinctively know it even though they had never seen His image before.

The silhouette used to be the king and founder of the invincible dynasty of India.

In addition, he established Folo Palace, the holy land of India's martial arts world.

Just like how the citizens in China believed that they were the descendants of the same ancestor, the martial artists in India also regarded themselves as the descendants of the king.

To be exact, he was revered as the god of India.

Ye Fan would probably be shocked upon knowing his identity.

After all, the fact that a figure who had ceased its existence for hundreds of years emerged out of nowhere was indeed nothing short of baffling.

Also, it was unfathomable to cast the silhouette from afar as it required the power of the soul.

Since the figure had passed away thousands of years ago, the amount of power needed to cast its silhouette to the present day was unimaginable.

At that moment, everyone, including King Folo and the others, kneeled beneath Folo Mountain.

“We, the descendants of India, are incompetent and can't protect our country. Now, the martial arts world of India is on the brink of collapse. Hence, we have no choice but to seek your assistance. O great ancestor, I beg you to crush the devil that is threatening us so that India's martial arts world can be passed down for thousands of years to come!”

King Folo and the rest were on their knees at the foothill with reverence.

However, the silhouette didn't respond to them but merely gazed around the earth.

In the end, its gaze was fixated on the only man standing.

As the silhouette scanned Ye Fan from head to toe, the latter did the same.

After a while, Ye Fan could see that the silhouette was an elder who had seemingly lived for thousands of years.

At the same time, as the silhouette stared at Ye Fan, it could seemingly see right into his soul.

Sensing this, Ye Fan stopped moving and stared at the silhouette while putting his guard up.

After all, it wasn't Ye Fan's first time encountering a silhouette.

Back when Ye Fan was defeated on Mount Chumen, Chu Yuan wanted to end his life.

At that time, Ye Fan's Great-grandma emerged as a silhouette and defeated Chu Yuan with three palm strikes.

Well aware of the power a mere silhouette could dish out, Ye Fan was on high alert as he face the supposed ancestor of India.

"Hmm? That's strange. What is that?"

Still being wary, Ye Fan noticed that a part of the sky had seemingly cracked after the silhouette emerged.

Just when Ye Fan was feeling bewildered, the silhouette said, "Repent before your sins are too great for God to forgive."

The silhouette spoke as if he was a saint schooling his disciple.

Hearing that, Ye Fan shook his head and replied, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe in God nor do I have any desire of becoming a monk. After all, what would my wife do if I do become one? By the way, do you have a wife and children? Do they still recognize you? Are they doing well? Do you need my help to take care of them?"

King Folo was enraged upon hearing the many insults that Ye Fan was hurling. He roared, "Silence! How dare you defile our ancestor with your disgusting words?"

Ye Fan couldn't be bothered to entertain them.

If the silhouette didn't appear, Ye Fan would have already killed King Folo and the rest of the clowns with a single strike.

"O ancestor, you don't have to waste time talking to him, for he is beyond salvation. We beg of you to crush him immediately!"

Knowing that Ye Fan was eloquent and mean, King Folo and the rest were reluctant to engage in a war of words with him.

If there were no other choices, they would prefer being killed by Ye Fan straight away rather than arguing with him non-stop.

After listening to King Folo, the silhouette's gaze turned colder.

"I see that being kind to you is equivalent to being cruel to everyone else on Earth. It seems like I would have to sacrifice your life in exchange for the peace of every human being."

Once the silhouette finished speaking, everyone saw that it lifted a finger.

Boom!

A moment later, thunder rumbled in the sky.

Then, several rays of Violet Lightning emerged from the mountain like golden dragons rising to the sky.

Before Ye Fan could prepare himself, the rays of lightning coiled around his hands and legs like chains and restrained him in the air.

With Ye Fan's scrawny figure suspended in the air, it looked as if he was a death row prisoner, waiting for God's judgment.

"Ye Fan!" Noa shouted in fear.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan was struggling to set himself free.

However, he soon noticed that the rays of lightning appeared to be the most invincible chains on

Earth.

The more Ye Fan struggled, the tighter the rays of lightning become.

Before long, tendrils of pain shot up Ye Fan's body.

"Is that... Violet Lightning?"

Fen Tian was startled by what he was seeing.

Although Fen Tian was skillful in commanding lightning, his Power of Lightning was nothing compared to Violet Lightning.

My skills looks just like child's play compared to him.

"So, this is the power of a god?"

Fen Tian looked at the rays of lightning in shock and admiration.

"Hahaha. Chu Tianfan, how is it? As I said before, the ultimate power of India's martial arts world is beyond your imagination. Now, accept the death sentence that is going to be meted out by our ancestor!"

King Folo burst into laughter.

India's ancestor is my most powerful trump card. It doesn't even matter that I couldn't win against Ye Fan as long as I have our great ancestor on our side.

Deep down, King Folo felt relieved that he was not the last line of defense for India's martial arts

world, and that he still had the ancestor of India to fall back on for support.

On the contrary, Ye Fan was alone and had no one but himself to rely upon.

After all, he didn't have a prominent background or strong backing from anyone. All he had was his fists and his prowess.

It doesn't matter how strong and talented you are. You can defeat every contemporary fighter, but can you really defeat an ancestor aged more than a thousand years?

Since an ancestor had strong foundations in martial arts, a talented but young fighter could hardly win the fight.

For instance, Ye Fan managed to defeat every contemporary fighter of the Chu Sect but lost to a powerful elder in the end.

As such, King Folo opined that Ye Fan was repeating his mistakes.

You can defeat all of the fighters in Folo Palace but in the end, you will have to succumb to the ancestor of India's martial arts world.

People may think that we're bullying an orphan who has no backing from anyone. But, I don't care what others think!

"Everything in the world is nothing but an illusion."

The silhouette's words echoed loudly across the land.

As the silhouette raised its palm, it felt as if the entire world was covered by it.

The next moment, the silhouette launched a palm strike that was chocked full of immense power at Ye Fan, potentially bringing about the apocalypse.

Boom!

The whole world trembled.

Although the silhouette only threw a single palm strike, everyone could see tens of thousands of palm strikes coming down on Ye Fan at once.

Given that the rays of lightning were restraining Ye Fan, he had nowhere to hide.

At that moment, Ye Fan looked just like a death row prisoner being nailed on the cross and waiting to be engulfed by the numerous palm strikes.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Boom!

The mountains shook, and the ground began cracking.

The land looked like an inferno as the silhouette's terrifying power swept across the place like a tumultuous storm.

After a long while, silence returned to the land once again.

King Folo and the rest turned to look at Ye Fan, excitement evident in their eyes.

Given the immense power of the ancestor's palm strike, even the rays of lightning couldn't withstand it and vanished right away.

Apart from the lightning rays, Ye Fan was also nowhere to be seen.

In other words, nothing remained on the spot where Ye Fan received the punishment from the silhouette.

"Be careful! Chu Tianfan is unbelievably cunning!"

King Folo was on full alert as he glanced around the place.

He knew that Ye Fan was a devious man, for he also fell for Ye Fan's tricks when they fought previously.

Moreover, he remembered that Ye Fan seemed to have learned Ninjutsu before, which originated in Japan.

Because of that, even a strong fighter like him was deceived by Ye Fan's shadow.

Given that King Folo had experienced Ye Fan's power first-hand, he wouldn't easily believe that Ye Fan had been defeated.

Now that the spot where Ye Fan was restrained had become empty, he suspected that Ye Fan could have dodged the attack.

Moreover, King Folo couldn't help but think that Ye Fan could be hiding in a secret corner waiting to ambush them when they were unprepared.

Meanwhile, Fen Tian and Bapei also put their guards up as they scanned every direction.

Suddenly, King Folo sensed something.

He whipped his head up and shouted, "He's up there!"

Fen Tian and the rest were startled upon hearing that.

Immediately, the three supreme grandmasters dished out every weapon and technique they had with them to launch an attack in that direction.

They launched their strikes in unison, each of their attacks was so powerful that it looked like a massive blade slashing at the air.

Boom!

Shortly after, an earsplitting blast pierced everyone's ears.

A ball of flames exploded in the sky like fireworks, and black smoke filled the air.

“Did we blow him up?”

King Folo, Fen Tian, and the other members of Folo Palace were stunned.

A moment earlier, King Folo and the others did indeed notice something flying overhead and instinctively believed that it was Ye Fan.

But, why would there be an explosion?

Even if Ye Fan had exploded because he was struck by our flurry of attacks, we would have seen blood and flesh. So why are we seeing black smoke instead?

Just when everyone was feeling bewildered, the ball of flames fell to the ground like a crashing plane, leaving a long trail of black smoke in the air.

After a while, a parachute with a person hanging on it appeared from the black smoke and slowly floated to the ground.

At the same time, the ball of flames had landed and everyone could see that it was a plane.

The plane was a reconnaissance aircraft of India's military tasked with investigating the area.

The pilot was utterly shocked that someone would shoot his plane down the moment he flew into the area.

“What happened?” the pilot exclaimed with teary

eyes and a look of horror as he swept his gaze across everyone.

"My king, it wasn't Ye Fan but our country's aircraft. We shot down our country's plane!" Bapei said once he realized that they had the wrong target.

Meanwhile, King Folo's lips twitched, and his expression turned grim.

Is Bapei an idiot? Does he think I'm blind and needs a reminder? Should I be proud of shooting down one of our country's aircraft?

He was infuriated and felt like giving Bapei a punch.

Nonetheless, King Folo knew that it wasn't the right time to find fault with Bapei, for the most important task now was to find out where Ye Fan was.

Could it be that our ancestor's palm strike had struck Ye Fan into the ground?

"Check the rubble and bring Ye Fan back, dead or alive. This time, we won't allow him to make a comeback," King Folo said while gritting his teeth.

With that, the three supreme grandmasters started heading toward the rubble to find Ye Fan's body.

Just then, the silhouette who was still looming over them said in a cold voice, "He's not there."

After launching the palm strike, the silhouette looked a lot fainter.

It was now looking like a cloud that could be blown away at any moment.

King Folo gazed at the silhouette and pled, "O great ancestor, can you please tell us where the brat is hiding? We must finish him off!"

Surprisingly, the silhouette shook its head and replied, "I do not know. In fact, I can no longer sense his existence in this world anymore."

King Folo was taken aback for a while and asked bewilderedly, "What? Did you say you can't sense his existence anymore? Does it mean that he's dead?"

The next moment, Fen Tian was overwhelmed with excitement. "O ancestor, do you mean to say that Chu Tianfan has perished?"

The silhouette nodded and said, "As I have mentioned, I could no longer sense his existence. Hence, I believe he has perished after receiving my palm strike."

Everyone was overjoyed upon hearing the silhouette's words.

At the same time, King Folo, Bapei, and many others let out a long sigh of relief.

He's finally dead.

"Hahahaha! O great ancestor, you are indeed formidable! We thank you for safeguarding India's martial arts world!"

After the exclamation, everyone kneeled before

the silhouette again with excitement.

"Now that I have eradicated the threat to the country, it's time I should leave. Before I go, I shall part with you one final piece of advice. All of you should practice martial arts consistently. After all, I can't always be here to protect you," the silhouette advised calmly.

King Folo and everyone else remained kneeling on the ground until the silhouette had faded away.

The next moment, Bapei exclaimed proudly, "For Chu Tianfan who is so talented and powerful that even Chu Sect can't kill him to end up dead in our hands... Hahaha, we have created a historical moment! This incident will send shockwaves across the martial arts world if we publicize it! By then, India's martial arts world will be revered by everyone from the four corners of the world!"

However, neither King Folo nor Fen Tian said anything in response.

Their excitement for killing their nation's greatest enemy only lasted for a short while, for they weren't sure if Ye Fan was truly dead.

After all, they couldn't find anything on the spot where Ye Fan was attacked earlier.

Sensing their glum mood, Bapei said, "What's wrong? Chu Tianfan is already dead, so what's with the stern expression on your face?"

After pausing for a moment, he added, "Fen Tian, you can bring Chu Tianfan's woman over here now to punish her in public. Since the b*stard has killed

so many of our people, he should consider himself lucky that he had died without much pain. In that case, we can only get back what he owed us from his woman.”

However, King Folo didn't entertain Bapei's idea but instructed Fen Tian sternly, “Just keep that woman safe for now.”

Fen Tian nodded in response.

“King Folo, I don't get it. Why should we keep Chu Tianfan's woman safe? Since he's already dead, there's no reason for us to still be afraid of him!” Bapei was confused.

King Folo murmured, “Have you forgotten that when the whole world thought that he was dead back then, he turned out to be alive?”

With that, King Folo assigned his subordinates to continue searching for Ye Fan's body.

Although their ancestor opined that Ye Fan didn't exist anymore, King Folo and many others couldn't put their minds at ease as long as his body wasn't found.

Suddenly, someone shouted furiously, “Chu Tianfan, it's time for you to die! Even if I have to sacrifice my life, I'll make sure to break a few of your teeth before that!”

Everyone turned toward the commotion and saw a drenched Haibu rushing toward them with a sword.

The faces of King Folo and the rest darkened upon

seeing him.

*What the f*ck? Why are you rushing toward us only after the battle has ended? What the hell were you doing just now?*

While King Folo and many others were rendered speechless, a slender figure emerged in another dimension.

The man glanced around and realized that his surroundings were pitch black. There was a wall in front of him with only a narrow passage that could fit a person.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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It was none other than Ye Fan, the one who had previously engaged in battle with King Folo and the others.

He had already discovered the dimensional crack while he was on Folo Mountain when the so-called ancient master of India appeared.

The space-time crack seemed to be linked to a different world.

Thus, at the very moment the palm began to descend, Ye Fan swiftly freed himself from the chains and dashed into the crack.

There was no denying how tough the shackles were.

In truth, the lightning rays weren't so much of a threat to him.

The main reason he initially couldn't handle them was simply due to the lightning invading his body and wreaking havoc in his veins.

Thankfully, though, Ye Fan had the Dragon God Body.

With a large burst of energy, he ultimately broke free from the shackles.

However, the opponent's palm attacks at the time were rather formidable, and he wasn't confident of surviving them.

That was why he had decided to take the leap and charge right into the space-time crack.

He didn't know what to expect on the other side, but it was probably better than being flattened into an unrecognizable lump of flesh.

If only I had my phone with me, I'd be able to use the flashlight.

Ye Fan fumbled his way forward while he regretted not bringing his phone with him.

For the past few years, he had changed phones countless times.

Every time he went home, Qiu Mucheng would buy him a new one.

But to Ye Fan, cell phones were merely consumables.

After every major battle, he would either lose or damage one.

That was why such a device wasn't a necessity for him.

Even if he were to lose it, the man wouldn't go out of his way just to buy himself a new replacement.

It was always Qiu Mucheng who would prepare a new phone for him just so she could reach him.

But now that the two had been separated for so many years, there was naturally no one doing that for him anymore.

There was nothing but dead silence, as though not a single living human being existed.

It was so quiet one would think that time had stopped.

He couldn't even hear the airflow.

“Weird. What the hell is this place? Why would it be connected to India's sacred martial arts world?”

While walking, Ye Fan began to ponder over the purpose and history of this place.

The more he wondered, the more unsettled he felt because he realized he may not even be on Earth anymore.

Or perhaps, this was a completely different world without elemental force.

To cultivate his strength, Ye Fan relied on absorbing elemental force that was everywhere and then refining it within his body.

Even the depths of the ocean had it, albeit of varying levels of intensity.

But here, he couldn't feel anything.

This alone was enough to prove that he was indeed in a different world now.

Could this be a world created by that martial arts ancestor of India?

This wasn't the first time Ye Fan had entered such a place.

In fact, he had once stepped into the Chu family's ancestral land while he was at the Chu residence.

For a long time, he had thought that the ancestral land was simply underground and connected to the family home through a deep well.

It was only after hearing from that man that Ye Fan realized the truth—the Chu family's ancestral land was a world of its own.

The entrance to that well was merely a path connecting the two worlds.

Even if everything on Earth were to be destroyed, the Chu family's ancestral land would remain perfectly intact.

Ye Fan was naturally shocked to learn that.

He couldn't imagine just how much power one had to possess to be able to build their own little world.

Even a god realm warrior probably wouldn't be able to do it.

I wonder who made this world, then.

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind came his way while he was in the middle of his thoughts.

It felt as though someone was swinging a fist in his direction.

Despite being unable to see anything in the dark, he quickly responded according to what he could hear.

Bending his body and unleashing the Iron Bridge, the man narrowly evaded the opponent's attack.

"Who's there? Show yourself instead of hiding in the dark like a coward!"

People always feared the unknown.

With something attacking him out of the blue in complete darkness, it was no surprise that Ye Fan would pale in fright too.

Yet, there was no answer to his demands.

All he received was that rather overwhelming attack.

"Not answering me, huh? You're asking for it, then!"

Ye Fan began to panic.

No one could really remain calm in such a situation.

In a state of desperation, the man pulled up an intense series of attacks.

Earthshaking Palm, Red Flame Finger, The Chu's Unrivaled Punch...

He unleashed the Invoke the Celestial Sky combination with all his might.

"Wooh! I guess that takes care of it."

After unleashing his moves, Ye Fan remained in place for a moment.

He then breathed a long sigh of relief at the long silence.

Even so, Ye Fan still had no idea what he was just up against.

Was it a man? A ghost?

“Oh, well. Let's just leave it to fate.”

Gritting his teeth, Ye Fan continued to walk along the long, narrow passage.

In such a scenario, he only had two options: to die here or keep moving forward.

Sitting around and waiting to die clearly isn't the wisest option. I'd at least still have a chance at survival if I keep going.

Yet, as soon as he took a step forward, he bumped his head onto something solid.

He then heard the sound of clanging metal.

Suddenly, something heavy landed from above.

Boom!

Unable to dodge in time, Ye Fan felt a powerful force collide against his head.

It felt like a gigantic hammer had struck him.

The man was in a complete state of shock as his mind buzzed.

As he fell to the floor on all fours, he felt something warm trickle down his forehead.

Blood!

"F*ck! Who's there?"

Ye Fan was on the verge of losing his sanity.

While clutching his head, he quickly got up and leaped backward.

It was now that he realized none of his attacks had even landed on his opponent.

He's... been in front of me the whole time!

I just couldn't see him.

But no, this can't be.

Even if I can't see anything, there's no way I wouldn't have been able to feel his aura when he's right in front of me.

Unless... H-He's not human!

At the thought of this, Ye Fan's doubts began to clear.

It's no wonder I haven't been able to sense any form of life.

Of course. A non-living creature doesn't have an aura.

For example... a puppet.

After stepping back, the opponent didn't seem to chase after him.

So, it just stays there like it's guarding something?

This is getting exciting.

For such a strong puppet to guard this place, there has to be something pretty interesting at the end of this passage.

After recovering a little, Ye Fan continued to move forward.

As expected, the puppet began to attack him again as soon as he arrived at the same spot as before.

This time, however, he was prepared and wouldn't mess up again.

While evading his opponent's attacks, the man sought opportunities to fight back.

But after several hundred exchanges, Ye Fan slowly grew disappointed.

This puppet can't seem to die.

Even if I manage to send it a few steps back, it comes charging toward me again.

I can't even make my way around it.


With the puppet blocking such a small path, there was no way Ye Fan would be able to get past it - unless he were to completely destroy it with one punch.

"Godd*mmit! What the hell is this place?"

Chapter 1946

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thunderous noises rang out in the narrow area.

Those were the sounds of Ye Fan battling what appeared to be a puppet.

He could not even glance at his opponent's face until now.

Yet, it was as though the enemy was indestructible.

No matter how much he attacked, nothing seemed to do any damage.

On top of that, the man eventually realized something extremely disadvantageous to him as he continued to fight. The elemental force inside his body was depleting at a terrifying rate.

"Sh*t! I can't believe I forgot. This isn't Earth. There's no elemental force here! I can't replenish it if this keeps up."

Ye Fan's gaze darkened.

Elemental force was the source of his power; every technique he used required it.

If he were to run out of it, his abilities would be hindered greatly.

At this shocking discovery, Ye Fan quickly calmed himself down.

I have to change my tactics.

If I can't destroy whatever this thing is, I won't.

If I can't get around it, I won't.

I may be running out of elemental force, but that's fine.

I still have the Dragon God Body!

The loud roar of a dragon sounded in the dark.

Right after that, Ye Fan's muscles began to twitch as he felt a large burst of energy from within him.

Then, he immediately charged toward the puppet and grabbed onto it tightly, wrapping his opponent's entire body with his arms like a pair of metal chains.

No matter how much the puppet struggled, it couldn't escape Ye Fan's grasp.

Exerting even more force, the man raised his arms, lifting his entire opponent up in the air.

"Haha! It worked!"

Overjoyed, Ye Fan began to charge ahead like a madman while still carrying the puppet.

His opponent was clearly stunned.

Nobody could've fought like this.

But clearly, Ye Fan didn't care. All he wanted was to get out of this passage.

Even if hell awaited him, it was still better than

wandering aimlessly in here like a ghost.

Perhaps the creature in his arms was actually one.

Still, Ye Fan couldn't be bothered at this point.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

He continued ahead. Despite having bumped into walls a few times, it didn't matter since he had a shield right in front of him.

The man was undeniably quick-witted.

With the puppet being lifted off the ground, it could no longer fight back.

Despite a few occasional struggles, it was unable to break free.

This allowed Ye Fan to keep moving forward until he soon spotted a bleak ray of light.

The man initially thought he was seeing things.

But as he made his way further, the light became brighter - like a ball of fire that grew as it continued to burn.

"Is that the exit?"

An exhilarated Ye Fan picked up the pace.

Alas, he arrived at the end of the passage and dashed into the ray of light.

As soon as he did, he turned slightly, lifted his arms up high, and tossed the puppet back into the

darkness.

The creature disappeared into the dark instead of chasing after him.

Perhaps it would simply return to its original spot and continue guarding that place.

Ye Fan sighed with relief.

If that indestructible being were to continue going after him, he would probably drain himself of all his energy.

“Phew! Thank goodness.”

Having finally rid himself of that strange opponent and left that completely dark place, there was no doubt that Ye Fan felt much better now.

“But where am I now?”

After taking a quick breather, he began to scan his surroundings.

A long road lay ahead of him, surrounded by smooth, flat stones.

This time, though, the path was much wider than the one he had encountered before. It was enough to fit four to five rows of people.

Meanwhile, there were several doors on both sides of the road.

Each wooden door had been painted black, the marks on them a sign of their many years of existence.

Furthermore, there was a lamp, the kind used by China's imperial palace in ancient times on both sides of every door.

Kerosene allowed the fire within each lamp to continue burning.

No one knew how long these flames had remained alive.

As he stared at the sight before him, Ye Fan began to feel as though he was now walking along an alley in ancient China.

Rooms built with stone, doors made of ebony, and two oil lamps hanging at each door made it seem so.

The only difference was the fact that it was dark everywhere else.

"Oh, God. I'm not dead, am I?"

Ye Fan began to feel unsettled.

It does feel like I'm in hell.

There could be ghosts floating around behind each one of these doors.

Why can't I hear anything?

If I were really in hell, I should hear some terrifying screams by now, right?

Unable to contain his curiosity, Ye Fan opened the door closest to him.

Creak...

Dust fell as the door creaked open.

What Ye Fan saw was a sign that time never stopped.

It was apparent no one had been here for a long time. *This room's probably been around since forever, though.*

Still, Ye Fan was relieved.

Not encountering anyone here was still better than opening the door only to have a pair of eyes staring back at him.

He entered the room.

Contrary to his expectations, there was no bed; rather, he saw a table and a few shelves leaning against the wall.

On the shelves were piles of books.

Ye Fan flipped through some of them.

“These are martial arts manuals. Did I just stumble upon some sort of classic archive?”

Chuckling dryly, Ye Fan went through the manuals for a brief moment before leaving.

The techniques written in these books might turn out to be useful or even rare to some.

However, they meant nothing to him.

He already had the secret techniques from the Book of Celestial Cloud, after all. None of these manuals here could even compare.

Ye Fan opened the next door.

This time, it was a large storage room for weapons.

Swords, guns, maces, knives... There were many kinds of weapons in here.

"This is some good stuff! You can't really find weapons like these on Earth anymore."

He picked up a sword and casually swung it around. The blade felt lightweight, but it was unusually sturdy.

This would suit Tang Yun well.

He then grabbed a large iron mace that was especially thick and heavy with some odd writings.

"This would be perfect for Gaius, that old fart."

Given that Ye Fan already had the Sword of Yunyang bestowed upon him by the Grand Old Lady, he naturally had no need for any of the weapons here.

However, these items—especially the ones placed in the middle—would certainly be valuable for his subordinates.

These ten weapons were clearly far more precious than the others.

These are definitely priceless. I should take some with me.

After that, the man opened the third door, followed by the fourth.

Some rooms had gold, while others had paintings, pottery, and medicinal herbs.

In any case, every room contained something extremely valuable.

Everything kept inside these rooms could provide a people - or even an entire country - with unimaginable power.

"This is probably where the founder of India's martial arts world keeps all his treasures. Manuals, weapons, herbs... With all this stuff, India would probably have no problem coming back to life even if I were to destroy Folo Palace. That baldy sure put his heart into this," Ye Fan lamented.

Despite having stumbled upon all these precious goods, Ye Fan didn't feel happy.

I still can't get out of here.

And look at all this dust. Obviously, no one's dropped by for a long time.

Maybe even that baldy has forgotten about this place.

The man let out a sigh and turned to leave.

Just as he was about to head to the next room, he

accidentally bumped into one of the oil lamps at the door he had just walked through.

Crack!

The lamp fell to the floor, spilling all the oil on the ground, and the flame went out.

Ye Fan's eyes widened at the sight.

"T-This lamp..."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Before that, Ye Fan had always thought the lamps were fixtures, and they were lit because of the huge amount of kerosene that was kept between the walls.

Now that the lampshade had been toppled, he was shocked to find out that they were not connected to any source at all.

How then could the lamps keep on burning?

The kerosene in the lamp could only last for a day at most.

That could only mean one thing—something or someone had been there to add the kerosene to the lamps to keep them burning!

At the thought of that, Ye Fan's skin crawled.

His initial relaxed feeling had turned into caution.

He was no longer in the mood to peruse the treasures that were in the room. Instead, he started scanning the area.

Ye Fan was instantly in high alert.

There was someone there!

But who can it be?

Maybe the ancestor of India did not die. Instead, he has been staying here all this while.

That was certainly not a good piece of news for Ye Fan.

Although he only had a very short interaction with the ancestor of India, he could sense that he was above him in terms of capabilities.

Furthermore, it was the soul of India's ancestor that Ye Fan had met.

His actual powers must be even more incredible.

Ye Fan might be haughty, but he knew his own limits.

He could not even withstand the soul of the ancient master.

If he did encounter the actual form, he could die for sure.

How can it be?

The ancient master of India existed hundreds of years ago.

How could he still be alive?

Perhaps, he has become an immortal being?

Right there and then, Ye Fan realized that everything he knew was falling apart.

He had always believed there were immortals in this world.

He just was not sure if there were any other forms of beings above the Earth.

As far as Ye Fan was concerned, supernatural beings were only legends.

Because of that perception, Ye Fan had always felt that there was a limit in one's mortal life even if that person had attained the god realm in the martial arts world.

Over the years, it was hard to come by fighters who were over a century old.

He had certainly never met a fighter who was over two hundred years old.

Therefore, if the ancestor of India was still alive, then everything that Ye Fan thought he knew would be overturned.

He dared not imagine how a person, who had lived for nearly a thousand years, had survived all along.

Thump!

In that eerily quiet cave, no sound could be heard.

It was as if time had stopped.

Ye Fan could only hear his own heart beating while he was deep in his thoughts.

The ancient door and the thick layers of dust revealed the passing of time.

Those lamps that had previously brought warmth to him had now become a source of terror.

Tat!Tat! Tat!

All of a sudden, he could hear some sounds in the quiet cave.

They sounded like the hooves of horses hitting against the ground.

They were very clear even though they were not loud.

The concealed space further enhanced the loud sounds.

Ye Fan turned around quickly and looked at the end of the tunnel where the sounds were coming from.

Should I go over and take a look?

An option appeared in front of Ye Fan.

It looked simple, but it most likely had to do with his survival.

If he went over there and saw the ancestor of India, Ye Fan would die without a doubt.

If he did not move and remain right where he was, he would also perish with a lot of treasures.

"D*mn it! Either way, I have to die! Just go!"

Ye Fan gritted his teeth as a look of ferocity appeared on his gorgeous face.

Afterward, he walked slowly toward the source of the sound.

Tat! Tat!

As he got nearer, the sound got clearer.

Ye Fan's brows furrowed even more.

He had yet to sense any sign of the living.

Under those circumstances, there were only two possibilities.

The first was there was no living being ahead. The other possibility was that the other party had such a powerful aura that he could blend in with his surroundings to the extent that Ye Fan could not sense his presence.

If it was the former, then everything would be fine.

Otherwise, he would be in grave danger.

Despite that, Ye Fan still forged ahead.

Finally, he arrived at the end of the tunnel, and there was a different vibe in the air.

It was much brighter than before, and the unmistakable sound reverberated throughout space.

After some hesitation, Ye Fan decided to take the final step.

He entered a spacious stone cave that resembled more like a house.

Right in front of him was a wooden couch with a piece of soft and warm fur on it.

In front of the couch, there was a study table with a few books on it. There was even a pot of yellow flowers on the table.

The bronze lamp next to the table was the only source of light.

There was a piece of artwork hanging on the wall behind the couch.

Perhaps, because of being out for a very long time, the colors of the artwork appeared faded. However, one could still see the exquisite technique of the artist.

In the current world, an artwork of such quality would have been deemed a national treasure.

The entire scene gave Ye Fan an artistic and lonely feeling.

He continued to walk further, and he soon saw a huge bed in the middle of the room.

There was also a piece of soft fur on the bed.

However, underneath the fur, the stone bed was made of a kind of material that emitted a slight greenish glow.

It looked like a crystal that reflected the sunlight.

Naturally, that was not the thing that spooked Ye Fan.

The most shocking thing to him was that there was a person lying on the magical bed.

A woman!

A completely naked woman!

Her fair skin resembled that of white jade. Her slender, long legs, her tiny waist, and her perky breasts created an alluring image under the dim light.

Such a seductive woman was more than enough to drive any man crazy!

Furthermore, the owner of that graceful body had a gorgeous face to boot.

Although her eyes were closed, her facial features were sufficient to captivate a man's soul.

The near-perfect body had a near-perfect face.

Her beauty was different from that of Tang Yun and Qiu Mucheng.

They might not be as beautiful as that woman, but their beauties were touchable and could ignite the most fundamental desire in men.

As for the woman in front of him, her beauty was too surreal.

She resembled the woman in the artwork.

One could only marvel, admire and sigh at God's creation, but no one would dare to have any unclean thoughts.

Someone like her should not exist in this world.

The appearance of that woman had raised Ye Fan's suspicion.

However, very soon, he was distracted by a noise

nearby.

Not far away from the bed, there was an empty space.

There was a rectangular mat on the ground.

A calf was standing on the mat.

Its hind legs were on the ground, but its front legs were in the air.

Furthermore, the creature's hind legs lifted off the ground alternatively as if it was dancing.

Its front legs were not free either. As one of the hind legs was raised, the corresponding front leg would tap the hind leg.

That went on and on.

At the same time, the calf was counting according to the rhythm.

"One, two, one, two, one, two..."

Ye Fan was totally dumbfounded.

Is the calf doing aerobics?

His eyes were about to pop out.

How could a calf be doing aerobics?

Chapter 1948



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Come on! Join me!"

"One, two, one, two, one, two..."

Just when Ye Fan was stupefied, that calf seemed to notice his presence.

It turned and grinned at Ye Fan.

The calf even invited him to join in the dance.

Ye Fan's eyes twitched.

*What the f*ck?*

How is this possible?

The calf can speak?

Ye Fan was so stunned that he could not respond.

However, he was nevertheless a worldly man.

If god realm fighters could exist in the current world, then a dancing calf was plausible.

There were many things in this world that were unknown.

Most common people did not know about Supreme martial artists. Likewise, there were many other things that Ye Fan was unaware of.

Are supernatural beings really complete nonsense?

I suppose no one can really provide the correct answer.

Obviously, there were other people who were very sure that all the tales about supernatural beings were only legends and superstitions.

However, Ye Fan believed otherwise.

Right from the start, he had always firmly believed that all things were possible.

He was able to view the world with open-mindedness.

Just because one had never seen something did not mean that it did not exist.

There was a kind of worm that was born in the spring and died in the autumn.

They had never experienced winter, so they thought that the Earth only had three seasons.

Just because they denied the existence of winter did not mean that winter did not exist.

It would be useless to explain certain things to narrow-minded people.

As far as Ye Fan was concerned, several people were ignorant and close-minded because of their limited experiences in the world.

On the other hand, those who were of a higher level than Ye Fan would probably view him as an ignorant person too.

Therefore, Ye Fan felt that people should not be too quick to deny the existence of things. Instead, they should view new discoveries with curiosity

and understanding like the incredible calf that was right in front of his eyes.

Despite his surprise, Ye Fan forced a smile.

“Please carry on. I'll just watch.”

That's right. What else can I say?

Don't expect me to run over and dance with it, right?

It was a pretty good effort on Ye Fan's part seeing that he had not run away yet.

The calf continued dancing.

Its full height was around two meters tall.

At that moment, it was standing on its hind legs, and its front legs were swinging away.

The calf looked like a dancer.

After the initial shock was over, Ye Fan actually found the action of the animal to be hilarious.

Controlling his urge not to laugh, he said, “Are you the one who maintains those lamps?”

The calf ignored him and carried on dancing.

Once again, the creature extended its invitation to Ye Fan and asked him to dance as well.

Ye Fan turned the calf down again.

It would be very silly to dance with a calf.

An hour later, the calf had finally finished its aerobics dance, and it was all fours.

The calf walked over to the study and grabbed a drink of water.

After that, it looked at Ye Fan and asked, "Don't you like to do aerobics? It's very fun. If you don't know how to, I can teach you."

The calf showed Ye Fan a crazy grin, and he felt creepy.

I wonder who this magical calf is.

"I'm fine. I don't like to do aerobics."

Ye Fan did not sense any hostility from the creature, so he decided to chat with it.

"Then, shall we do some drawing? Do you like to draw?" asked the calf.

Ye Fan shook his head.

"How about singing? Shall I teach you how to sing? I sing very beautifully."

With that, the calf started mooing, and it did sound quite rhythmic.

However, Ye Fan was not in the mood to admire its singing.

This is crap!

No matter how much the calf tries, it can only make mooing sounds. How can it be deemed as lovely

singing?

"What do you think? Do I sing well? Wan'er says that I'm a natural musician," said the calf boastfully after it finished singing.

Ye Fan could not bear to hurt its feelings, so he nodded and agreed, "Yes, yes. It was very nice."

"Then, let me teach you. Come and sing along with me. Moo, moo," went the calf again.

In that instant, Ye Fan's face darkened. "No, thank you. I don't like to sing."

Once again, he rejected the calf.

That seemed to make the creature angry.

It turned its head away and uttered, "Hmph! You're so boring! I don't want to play with you anymore. I'm going to do some drawing."

The calf ignored Ye Fan afterward and returned to the study table. It sat down and started drawing happily.

The sound of its drawing could be heard.

"Um... May I know where is this place?" asked Ye Fan with a smile.

However, the calf paid him no heed.

It appeared that the calf was really angry with him.

Ye Fan did not know whether to laugh or cry.

What a proud animal!

Ye Fan then tried to coax it. "Why don't you teach me how to sing then?"

"Hmph! No. You're so boring. I want to draw," replied the calf with annoyance.

"Um..." Ye Fan did not know how to respond to that.

Forget it. I'll wait for it to finish drawing.

During the time, Ye Fan continued to look around the house.

It was very big with an area of approximately two hundred square meters.

Other than the basic furniture, there were only paintings on the walls.

Some of those looked like they were painted by the calf. There were paintings of a huge palace, barren wasteland, and even a flying dragon.

To be honest, the paintings were quite well done.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Ye Fan saw a skeleton in the corner of the room.

It looked like it was a human skeleton.

By the look of it, the person must have died a long time ago.

It was covered with layers of dust.

Upon closer inspection, Ye Fan noticed some words that had been carved on the wall behind the set of skeleton.

It mentioned something about troubled times happening three hundred years later. Once the heavenly gates had been opened, the Supreme would cease to exist.

It also stated that the young princess would finally ascend the throne and join her brother to rule the world!

After reading it over and over again, Ye Fan still could not understand what the words meant.

The young princess in the sentences must be referring to the naked lady lying on the magical bed.

But, troubled times?

Heavenly gates?

Throne?

What does it mean?

Perhaps, the lady, who is deeply asleep, is the princess left behind by the ancient royalty?

Are they waiting for her to rise again so that she may revive her empire after three hundred years?

But please, after three hundred years, no matter how beautiful a lady can be, she would have turned

into ashes.

Ye Fan shook his head with a wry smile. He felt that some king from the distant past was being very impractical.

Just as Ye Fan was prepared to leave, he suddenly noticed a string of numbers below the words.

Year 1722!

That must have been written by the same person.

The troubled times that he was talking about should happen in the year 2022.

Eh?

Year 2022?

In an instant, Ye Fan's eyes widened.

He looked at the date again.

1722.

*F*ck!*

Three hundred years later, it will be this year.

"This..."

Ye Fan felt a little terrified.

Is this just a sensational prediction, or can it be true?

Troubled times? Heavenly gates?

What are they referring to?

Ye Fan did not want to believe all those things.

However, everything that he had encountered there made it difficult for him not to believe that there might be some truth to it.

“What do these words mean? Do you know?” Ye Fan asked the calf.

Since his life was at stake, Ye Fan had no choice but to exercise caution.

However, the calf refused to reply.

Ye Fan was such a boring man.

He was as stiff as a rock.

The calf disliked boring people, and that was certainly making things difficult for Ye Fan.

An idea popped into his mind. “There’s no point in drawing. I have something more fun. Do you want to give it a try?”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Three of a kind.”

“Full House!”

“Four of a kind.”

“Royal flush!”

A young man was playing poker with a calf on the wooden floor.

Ye Fan made the pack of poker cards on the spot. He used to play poker with his friends when he was a kid.

Huangniu was very interested in the poker game. It would grin whenever it had a higher card suite than Ye Fan. “This is fun.”

The calf's mood greatly improved after a dozen rounds of the game.

Ye Fan started to fish for information at this point. “Mister, where are we?”

Huangniu shook its head. “I don't know. I've been here ever since I can remember. Back then, Wan'er and an uncle were the only humans who had to play with me. After the uncle died, Wan'er fell into a deep sleep. I had no one to play with me anymore since then. I'm so glad you came along. I've got myself a new playmate now,” Huangniu said happily.

“How long have you stayed here?”

“Very long. Ever since I could remember,” Huangniu replied.

Ye Fan twitched his lips.

*Da*n it. This is getting me nowhere.*

"Then, do you know how to get out of here?"

"I don't." Huangniu shook its head.

"Do you know what those writings on the walls mean?"

"No." Huangniu shook its head once again.

"What do you know then?" Ye Fan's face darkened.

Looks like this calf isn't going to be any help to me.

"I know how to wake Wan'er up. She knows everything, so you can ask her."

"Wan'er?" Ye Fan turned to the beautiful girl lying on the magical bed. "You mean her?"

"Yes, you're her brother, right? Wan'er has been waiting for her brother to pick her up ever since. She said to wake her up when her brother arrives, and then you came along. So you are her brother, right?"

Huangniu asked Ye Fan earnestly as it checked him out.

"Brother?" Ye Fan shook his head. "I'm not her brother."

"Okay, I knew it. He's not coming. It's been so long. He must have forgotten. Mr. Long and I are the only ones who remember her. I'm the only one who

remembers her now that Mr. Long is dead. But anyway, you're here now." Huangniu spoke in a pitiful tone.

However, Ye Fan wasn't interested in Wan'er's brother at all. All he wanted was to leave the place as soon as possible.

Junie was still in the hands of the King of India. He couldn't help but worry about her safety.

"Did you say this Wan'er knows everything? Then, she must know the way out, right?" Ye Fan asked.

Huangniu nodded. "Of course. Wan'er knows everything. She knows that the mountains outside are green, the water is blue, and the flowers are red. She was the one who told me about all these things I've painted. She even taught me how to fight. Do you know how to fight? Let's fight. I've never been in a fight ever since Mr. Long passed away."

Huangniu aimed a kick at Ye Fan as it spoke.

Ye Fan wasn't in the mood for a fight at the moment. He blocked the blow half-heartedly and was about to ask Huangniu how he could wake the girl up.

However...

Bang!

The kick sent Ye Fan flying like a cannonball.

He bared his teeth in pain as he was slammed into a wall.

"F*ck! Such incredible power from a calf!"

Ye Fan was shocked.

Even though Ye Fan had almost depleted his elemental force, he still had the Dragon God Body to back him up. Hence, he was still stronger than most Supremes.

Nonetheless, the calf sent him flying with a kick.

"Did Wan'er teach you that?" Ye Fan frowned and asked.

He suddenly found the girl who was sound asleep to be very mysterious.

"Yes. Do you want to wake her up? We can play poker together if she's awake."

Huangniu had fallen in love with the game of poker ever since Ye Fan taught him the rules.

"Didn't you say she would only wake up after her brother comes here?"

Huangniu shook its head. "Her brother won't be coming anymore. Why not just wake her up now instead?"

Huangniu tugged Ye Fan's sleeves with its teeth and led him to the bed.

"So how do I do this?" asked Ye Fan.

Huangniu grinned. "Sleep with her."

"W-What?" Ye Fan's eyes were about to pop out of

their sockets.

He thought Huangniu was an innocent calf. *Why is it being such a pervert now?*

“Go on then. Go wake her up,” Huangniu urged.

Ye Fan's face darkened. “Go away. I'm not that kind of person.”

“Hehe...”

Huangniu laughed.

“Looks like you're not a bad guy. Mr. Long taught me this method to differentiate between the good guys and the bad guys. You would have been a bad guy if you slept with her. Okay. I'll tell you the right way to wake her up. She'll wake up with a kiss. It's true this time around,” Huangniu said to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan still doubted the calf's words even though it pounded its chest to assure him.

He once read a novel called *Strange Tales from a Chinese Studio*.

It was the story of how a female ghost would drain a human's life away with a kiss.

Ye Fan was worried that he was being set up by Huangniu.

However, Huangniu had turned around and pushed Ye Fan over with its butt while he was still hesitating. “Go on!”

Ye Fan lost his balance and lunged himself at the girl who was sound asleep on the magical bed.

He landed right on top of her

Luckily for him, he managed to hold himself up with his hands.

His lips almost grazed her cheeks.

He could feel her warm breath on his face and the heat of her body just barely touching his.

Fortunately, he didn't kiss her.

"Phew..."

Ye Fan heaved a sigh of relief.

That was close.

He almost betrayed his wife just now.

However, Wan'er's lashes fluttered just as Ye Fan was rejoicing.

The next moment, she slowly opened her eyes.

She looked like a fairy woken up from her slumber after one thousand years.

Ye Fan felt as if he was being wrapped up in her loneliness and sorrow as he stared into her eyes.

"Brother, have you finally come to pick me up?"

Two streams of tears trickled down her face as she spoke.

She stared at the man before her with teary eyes; then, she lifted her head after a moment of hesitation, and kissed him.

She had been waiting for this moment for hundreds of nights.

Her brother finally came after all these long and lonely nights.

Ye Fan felt as if his spirit had been struck by lightning at that moment.

His froze as his mind went blank.

He was being enveloped in her sorrow and loneliness.

For a moment there, he even suspected that he was her brother.

Am I the one she's been waiting for?

However, Ye Fan couldn't recall himself having a sister.

I don't think I have one. But why does this feel so familiar? Why do I feel like I've seen those eyes before? It's as if I've seen those eyes numerous times.


Her eyes, her lips, and even the touch of her skin felt all too familiar to Ye Fan.

He felt as if he was meeting an old friend.

Chapter 1950

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

After a long while, Ye Fan pushed her away.

He staggered backward until his back reached a wall.

He could still feel the cool sensation on his lips from when she kissed him. However, his face had completely changed.

Ye Fan wasn't taken aback because she had drained his aura.

He was surprised by the amount of spiritual energy emanating from her.

It was true.

Ye Fan really thought he had a sister just now.

It felt so real.

However, Ye Fan was snapped back into reality after he calmed down.

He realized that her spiritual energy was affecting him.

According to the Book of Celestial Cloud, there were many forms of energy in the world.

The main ones were spiritual energy and physical energy.

There were more people with physical energy than spiritual energy.

One could say that everyone possessed some degree of spiritual energy, just that these energies

were not strong enough to attack or defend themselves.

Ye Fan's spiritual energy level was so strong that the people around him could barely breathe whenever he unleashed his full potential.

However, it wasn't enough to affect one's mind.

Hence, he was really shocked when he realized that the girl before him had affected his thoughts.

"You're not my brother?"

Wan'er got down from the bed and stared at Ye Fan with her big round eyes.

He noticed how her eyes dimmed upon the realization.

It looked as if the light was slowly put out in the darkness.

A wave of sorrow suddenly came crashing down.

Boom!

Spider web cracks started to form on the cave as it shook.

Ye Fan was stupefied as he tried to make sense of the situation.

Huangniu was terrified. It quickly rushed over and comforted Wan'er. "Wan'er, he was sent by your brother to check in on you. He will be here to pick you up soon. You'll be able to meet him before you even know it."

Huangniu shouted on top of its lungs, as if it was afraid that Wan'er wouldn't be able to hear it.

"Is that true? Did my brother send you?" she turned to Ye Fan and asked.

Huangniu quickly shot him a look.

Ye Fan knew what it meant. He followed the calf's instructions even though he had no idea why Huangniu told him to lie to her.

"Yes, your brother sent me."

"Hehe. He still remembers his promise."

Just as he expected, Wan'er's eyes lit up once again upon his words. Her mood lifted immediately.

The cave stopped shaking as if the storm had passed.

"Phew."

Huangniu sighed in relief.

That was really dangerous. I was almost buried alive.

"Mister, what happened?" Ye Fan pulled Huangniu to a corner and asked in a low voice after Wan'er had calmed down.

"It's hard to explain. In a nutshell, she is born with great spiritual energy that will intensify whenever she's upset," Huangniu quickly explained.

"Mr. Long warned me to never let her lose hope, or else the whole world will be buried alive. She has been imprisoned in this cave ever since she was young. She is able to withstand this loneliness because she truly believes that her brother will come for her. The light in her heart will be extinguished if she can no longer hold on to that thought. We will all die if she loses all hope. You almost killed us both just now when you pushed her away," Huangniu said to Ye Fan earnestly.

Chills ran down his spine upon Huangniu's words.

He turned to look at the beautiful girl once again.

His gaze was filled with fear this time around.

He stared at her as if she was a little monster.

Ye Fan regretted waking her up now.

There was no way he could leave this place and would probably even end up dead if he wasn't careful.

He was deeply terrified when he felt her spiritual energy when she was upset just now.

"Wan'er, come and play. The three of us can play poker now that you're awake."

Huangniu turned around and grinned at Wan'er after telling Ye Fan everything.

"Da*n you. All you care about is play. You dumb calf!"

Ye Fan was rendered speechless.

He wasn't in the mood for poker anymore after learning her prowess.

Who would dare win against this person who could destruct the world?

Everyone would probably need to please her and make her happy.

This place is too weird. Everyone here is weird.

Ye Fan wanted to leave this place as soon as he could.

Hence, he started to fish for information from Wan'er.

"What? Wan'er, did you say you've been waiting for three hundred years? But you..."

After a brief conversation, Ye Fan found out that the girl's name was Wan'er.

Moreover, she was as innocent as a blank page that she believed everything Ye Fan told her.

She would also tell Ye Fan all of her thoughts.

Wan'er told him she was brought here a year or two after she was born.

She had never seen trees, mountains, springs, and rivers outside.

The only thing she had ever seen was the long and narrow cave and the dim flickering light.

However, she could remember every moment she

had spent with her brother even though she had never seen the outside world.

She remembered hiking and fishing by the river with her brother. She even remembered how her brother had screamed when she was being whisked away and had promised her that he would bring her home one day.

"Isn't it weird? Newborn babies can't remember anything, but I remember every moment I spent with my brother. The paintings I taught Niu were all places I visited with my brother. Besides that, I can remember lots of secret martial arts techniques, the way to make pills, weapons, and lots of cultivation methods. It was as if all these were carved into my long-term memory ever since I was born. For example, the hibernation technique was also from part of my memory. My body will be in a frozen state whenever I hibernate. The process of me growing up and growing old will also slow down. However, I will be woken up from my slumber when I feel someone's aura. Isn't this amazing?"

Duanmu Wan'er hugged her knees as she sat down on the carpet floor. She laid her head on her knees and said to Ye Fan happily.

Wan'er usually didn't talk much. She didn't know why she told Ye Fan all these.

It is probably because he was sent by my brother.

She felt a tremendous sense of camaraderie because of this.

Ye Fan was a knowledgeable man. He managed to

guess a few things after hearing her out. "I once read about a strong and powerful clan called the Demon Flame Clan in a book. They have very few members, but all of them are very powerful. Each demon flame will inherit memories from the clan. Hence, they were able to pass down the clan's culture, heritage, and experience through this gift. You must have inherited this knowledge from your clan. It is a very powerful gift. You don't need to record all these in books nor learn them from a teacher. It's all ingrained in you. You just need to look within yourself for the answer if you ever need one."

"Hehe. What do you think? She's amazing. Isn't she? Anyone who marries her will receive an entire clan's rich knowledge. Moreover, your child will also inherit these powers. You must have regretted not sleeping with her just now, right? Your clan will become very powerful if you take Wan'er as your wife. At least your culture will advance by 500 years."

Huangniu kicked Ye Fan and grinned mischievously.

*Da*n this calf. I thought he was an honest calf.*

However, Ye Fan realized how cheeky Huangniu was after getting to know him.

How could he say such things in front of her? Such nonsense!

Ye Fan's face darkened.

Some things should be kept between the two of us. How could you say all these in front of her?

Chapter 1951



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

He thought Duanmu Wan'er would get mad after hearing their exchange.

However, much to his surprise, Duanmu Wan'er grinned when she saw him bickering with Huangniu.

It probably reminded her of when she bickered with her brother.

“Wan'er, do you know how to leave this place?”

After a brief exchange, Ye Fan finally asked the one thing he cared about most.

Wan'er nodded. “Mr. Long once told me the way to get out of here, but it's very difficult.”

“Then, it means there is a way to open the door, right?” Ye Fan was delighted.

A few minutes later, Ye Fan and Duanmu Wan'er arrived in front of a door.

Behind the door was all kinds of treasures.

Ye Fan didn't open the door even though he passed by just now.

He had never explored the room behind the door before.

The lantern flickered in the dark at the entrance.

Duanmu Wan'er picked up a lantern, pushed the door open, and entered the room with Ye Fan.

However, a wave of energy rushed out as they

opened the door.

"Careful, Wan'er!"

Ye Fan was shocked.

He thought tragedy was about to befall them as he quickly pulled Wan'er into his arms.

However, it was just a false alarm.

There was no danger except for that violent force of energy.

"Sorry. I overreacted."

Ye Fan quickly let go of Duanmu Wan'er's hand and rubbed his head awkwardly.

This was his second time taking advantage of her.

She could have considered his actions an offense even though he didn't do it on purpose.

"It's okay. I know you only have good intentions. My brother would pull me into his arms too whenever I ran into danger when I was young."

Duanmu Wan'er smiled at Ye Fan.

Her big beautiful eyes curved into a crescent.

Huangniu, who was playing poker by itself, broke into a smile when it saw the scene.

It noticed that Wan'er was happier this time around after she woke up.

Except for a huge stone statue, there was nothing in the room.

Ye Fan knew what the stone statue represented.

It was an ancient master of India who detained him with Thunder Chain on Folo Mountain back then.

He was pretty sure this cave belonged to him after this discovery.

Duanmu Wan'er must have been captured by this guy hundreds of years ago and imprisoned here.

Ye Fan couldn't tell whether this Indian master was dead or alive.

However, he was sure there existed a world he had never heard of in this universe.

A man once told him so back at the Great North.

Moreover, Ye Fan had always wondered about the Chu residence.

He had stayed with his great-grandma at the Chu residence when he was young.

He knew deep down that his great-grandma was an extraordinary woman.

Nonetheless, she had never left the Chu residence.

It was as if she was being imprisoned there.

Or perhaps she was guarding something precious.

Ye Fan realized all these when he saw Duanmu Wan'er and Huangniu and the writings on the walls. There was no doubt about it.

He had a feeling that this was the calm before the storm.

The gates of heaven will open after troubled times.

Even though Ye Fan had no idea what troubled times meant, he was very sure that he would need to be strong enough to brave through it all.

He had decided that he would confine himself in solitary training after getting out of here and rescuing Junie.

He vowed to never return without first breaking into god realm.

He did all these not only because he wanted to destroy the Chu Sect, but also to protect the people closest to him when trouble came.

"Wan'er, get behind me," Ye Fan said out of the blue.

He aimed a punch at the statue.

Bam...

That one powerful punch sounded like nine punches.

The thousand-year-old stone statue immediately broke into pieces.

"Why did you destroy the statue?" Duanmu Wan'er

was puzzled.

"I'm trapped here because of this thing. I'm just venting out my anger," Ye Fan replied.

Of course, there was another reason why Ye Fan destroyed the statue.

Back then, the ancient master of India used this stone statue as a medium to project its silhouette on Folo Mountain.

It was just like how the Grand Old Lady used the Sword of Yunyang as a medium to project her spirit during the war at Mount Chumen.

Hence, the silhouette of the ancestor of India must have depended on an object to project its spirit.

This stone statue was most probably it.

Just as he thought, a silhouette appeared as the stone statue was destroyed.

It was the ancient master of India!

"You nincompoops. How dare you destroy my statue? I, Indra, vow to destroy you!"

The silhouette threatened.

Ye Fan swatted the silhouette away without hesitation.

The ancient master's spirit was reduced to a sorry state after the stone statue was destroyed.

The people from India's Folo Palace would no longer receive any help from their ancient master no matter how hard they screamed.

"You used the sixth form of the Invoke the Celestial Sky, Infinite Force, right?"

Ye Fan shuddered when he heard Duanmu Wan'er's voice.

"Y-You know about that?"

Duanmu Wan'er chuckled. "Hehe. I know a lot more than this."

With that, they continued forward until they reached a well.

"This is the exit. Jump into the well and you'll be able to get out of here." Duanmu Wan'er pointed at the well.

Ye Fan lowered his head and stared at the well.

Swoosh!

The opening of the well was suddenly struck by lightning coming from within.

Ye Fan quickly staggered backwards in shock.

Luckily for him, the Power of Lightning dissipated right outside the well.

"Wan'er, are you sure you're not trying to set me up? Are you sure the exit is located right at the bottom of the well? This is a dead-end."

Ye Fan had seen it all even though he only had time for one look just now.

There was a sea of lightning inside the well.

They were violent forces of the power of lightning.

The wave of hot air they felt when they opened the door just now was probably due to the Power of Lightning.

Moreover, Ye Fan finally realized that Thunder Chain that appeared at Folo Mountain probably originated from the Power of Lightning in this well.

Who would have thought that this cave held so much power?

"Hahaha..."

Duanmu Wan'er doubled over with laughter when she saw Ye Fan's face.

She loved to see Ye Fan in a state where he was all embarrassed.

"I'm not lying. It's true. Life and death come hand in hand. If you can withstand Power of the Lightning and cross the sea of lightning, you will be able to get out of here. If not, things will be hard. Mr. Long couldn't get through even though he was a martial artist. Of course, you're welcome to try if you want," Duanmu Wan'er said jokingly.

Ye Fan walked over and looked at the well once again.

He chickened out in the end.

No way.

He had experienced the Power of Lightning before.

Four strikes were enough to knock him out.

There must be thousands of strikes of Lightning in the well.

“Da*n it! Is there really no way out?”

Ye Fan punched the floor, feeling enraged.

He was filled with despair once again.

“Who would have thought that I, Chu Tianfan, will be stuck here till the day I die? I haven't done the things I want to do nor get even with my enemies yet.”

Ye Fan found it hard to stay calm at that moment as he was filled with anger and despair.


He was swarmed with all kinds of negative emotions.

Duanmu Wan'er couldn't stand it anymore as she watched how upset he was. “I can help you if you really must leave this place.”

Chapter 1952

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

“The Power of Lightning is the power of the heavens! Anyone who tries to stop it will fail and die.”

“Barging in is not the wisest option to pass through it. Instead of trying to beat it, you can try to join it.”

“If I remember this correctly, there is a secret technique called the Thunderdrake technique. By mastering it, you can train your body to absorb the Power of Lightning and use it as your own power.”

“Once you reach the top, you will morph into a Thunderdrake and possess the Power of Lightning. You will have enough power to destroy the entire world.”

“Besides the immense power, this technique also increases your affinity with the Power of Lightning. Getting near the force will no longer cause any harm to you. Instead, your power will increase as you stay close to the source for a longer period,” Duanmu Wan'er passed a book that recorded all of the techniques needed to master Raijin Thunderdrake to Ye Fan as she said.

“However, Raijin Thunderdrake is a skill that requires a much higher cultivation threshold. Preparing for it requires keen determination and it will also take a huge toll on your physical health.”

“I wrote this technique down for Mr. Long to train. However, he has the determination to master the technique but not the physique to endure the power.”

“The first chapter of Raijin Thunderdrake is to

channel the power into one's body. Alas, Mr. Long was injured fatally because his body couldn't withstand the immense power."

"After that incident, I realized that Raijin Thunderdrake is not suitable for cultivation by any human without proper preparation."

"Before trying to master Raijin Thunderdrake, one must first strengthen and prepare one's body."

"This is the only method I have currently. Are you sure you want to do this, Ye Fan?"

Duanmu Wan'er told Ye Fan everything she knew about practicing Raijin Thunderdrake.

It wasn't that they never tried leaving the place. They tried, but failed and caused the death of a member in the process.

Although the secret technique had high risks, Duanmu Wan'er told Ye Fan about it because she saw how anxious he was to leave the place.

However, she didn't want him to take the risk and ended up sacrificing his life.

As Duanmu Wan'er was worrying about the decision that Ye Fan was about to make, Huangniu taunted, "Just give up, human. You'll never get out of here. Raijin Thunderdrake is not meant to be mastered by humans."

"Look at the pile of bones at the corner. That's Mr. Long. Even such a powerful man like him died trying to master Raijin Thunderdrake. What do you suppose will happen to you?"

“Stop trying to kill yourself. Isn't it nice to stay alive and live here? You can have fun with me and maybe have seven or eight kids with Wan'er in the future.”

“When they grow up, they can be my friends and we can all have fun together,” Huangniu said as he daydreamed about the future.

Huangniu didn't want Ye Fan to leave. Also, he didn't think Ye Fan can leave them even if he wanted to because he knew that Raijin Thunderdrake could be fatal to humans because of the power it wielded.

“Why are you not talking, Ye Fan? Are eight kids not enough for you?”

“If you want more kids, just discuss with Wan'er.”

Confused, Huangniu turned around to look at Ye Fan because he didn't reply to him.

But in the next instant, Huangniu was so shocked that he dropped all the cards that he was playing with.

Ye Fan was sitting cross-legged on the meditation bed before anyone could notice.

His body was glowing brightly and his muscles were bulging as if he were made of steel.

From the looks of it, he possessed an explosive amount of strength.

Ye Fan was channeling energy from his Dragon God Body!

At the same time, Ye Fan was thinking about the contents of the first chapter to Raijin Thunderdrake.

Soon enough, he managed to gather the Power of Lightning at his forehead.

Although the current strength of the Power of Lightning that Ye Fan channeled was the weakest, it was strong enough to cause internal damage to the human body.

Cultivating Raijin Thunderdrake was dangerous because of the need to channel the Power of Lightning into one's body.

The limbs and tendons could still take the force, but the heart and the brain were the most fragile parts of the body.

One could be a Supreme, but if one's brain and the heart were struck by the Power of Lightning, it could cause brain damage or even worse, death.

"What the hell? Are you mad?"

Huangniu was shocked to the core because he would never have thought that Ye Fan would risk his life so stupidly.

Shouldn't he think carefully before he did it?

"Hurry, Wan'er! Stop him! He's a madman!"
Huangniu exclaimed as it urged Duanmu Wan'er to stop Ye Fan.

Duanmu Wan'er's pallid face revealed that she was too shocked by the fact that Ye Fan did not

consider the consequences before trying to master the technique.

Is he really not afraid of dying?

“There's no stopping him now. The Power of Lightning has entered his body.”

Duanmu Wan'er shook her head.

It wasn't the first time she saw someone in practice.

She had already seen it when Mr. Long tried to master Raijin Thunderdrake, but there were some notable differences.

Ye Fan's body was emitting gold rays, which was what didn't happen to Mr. Long.

“Oh no! Who will play cards with me when he's dead?”

Huangniu regretted not stopping Ye Fan earlier.

Duanmu Wan'er was feeling sad as well.

However, just as they were worried about Ye Fan's seemingly sealed fate, the noise and movements around suddenly stopped and everything went silent.

When Ye Fan opened his eyes, a strange golden pattern appeared on his forehead.

“This... Isn't this Thunderstripe?”

“Have you succeeded?”

Huangniu was confused while Duanmu Wan'er covered her gaping mouth in shock.

Raijin Thunderdrake has a total of nine levels.

When one masters a level, a Thunderstripe will appear on the forehead.

The Thunderstripes could be used to store the Power of Lightning that was absorbed.

Back when Mr. Long tried, he couldn't get the first Thunderstripe even after seven days.

Yet, Ye Fan accomplished the feat in no more than a few minutes.

"What's the next step?"

"Continue, Wan'er. How do I master Raijin Thunderdrake?"

Ye Fan was confused by the expressions on Huangniu and Duanmu Wan'er's faces.

He found the book holding the secrets to Raijin Thunderdrake familiar after skimming through it just now.

Feeling as if it shared similarities with his Dragon God Body, he casually tried to master Raijin Thunderdrake as Duanmu Wan'er was telling him about it.

However, he couldn't remember clearly what happened afterward.

All he knew was that he zoned out for a moment

and was totally unaware of what had happened.

Silence ensued as both Huangniu and Duanmu Wan'er didn't reply him.

After a long pause, Huangniu sighed and exclaimed, "You are insane! I can't believe that you did it!"

Duanmu Wan'er's worries were replaced with elation.

"I didn't know you are so powerful, Ye Fan! Have you practiced Raijin Thunderdrake before?"

Both of them were looking at Ye Fan with admiration and apprehension.

According to what Duanmu Wan'er remembered, Raijin Thunderdrake was one of the most difficult and dangerous secret techniques ever.

Succeeding in mastering the technique meant that the person was extremely powerful.

Upon mastery, one would morph into Thunderdrake and wield the power to change the world.

However, failure in mastering the technique would result in instant death.

Hence, Duanmu Wan'er would never try mastering it even if she was the best in her clan.

For as long as she remembered, only her oldest ancestors succeeded in mastering it.

Chapter 1953



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Have I made it past the first level?”

Ye Fan hadn't realized that he had already completed the first level of Raijin Thunderdrake.

He didn't expect to succeed on one try as he only tried it out because it seemed familiar.

Nonetheless, it was good news that he mastered the first level of Raijin Thunderdrake almost effortlessly.

It meant that he would succeed in mastering the next few levels and everything would just be a matter of time.

In other words, Ye Fan saw hope in leaving the cave.

“Thank you, Wan'er.”

Ye Fan was beyond happy and grateful to know that he accidentally mastered the first level of Raijin Thunderdrake.

Without wasting any time, he continued with the second level.

According to Duanmu Wan'er's estimation, Ye Fan had to achieve the seventh level at the least if he wanted to escape the cave successfully.

There were a total of nine levels to Raijin Thunderdrake, and every three levels accounted for one big stage.

The first stage was the cultivation of the Power of Lightning.

Mastering the second stage would mean circulating all of the power in the whole body.

When the third and final stage was achieved, the cultivator would transform into a Thunderdrake.

Boom!

As Ye Fan concentrated, the Power of Lightning surged out of the cave and entered his body through his forehead.

In the process, he created a radial force that emitted the Power of Lightning which extended miles away.

The force was strong enough to shatter Huangniu's food bowl.

"The heck! Why do you have to destroy my stuff? Get out of here!"

After tolerating Ye Fan for almost a day and seeing that his beloved toys and artwork were ruined, Huangniu couldn't take it anymore and proceeded to kick him out with his hooves.

"Get out and master your technique outdoor!"

Although Ye Fan was kicked out abruptly, he wasn't angry at Huangniu. After a short break, he headed to the room that contained the Well of the Thunderdrake.

As Ye Fan started to cultivate, the cave was back to its usual silence.

Days went past, but Ye Fan didn't come out even

once.

As Duanmu Wan'er was worried that something bad might happen to Ye Fan, she visited him multiple times to make sure he was fine.

"Wan'er, how long do you think that man will take to complete three levels of Raijin Thunderdrake?"

Duanmu Wan'er thought about it carefully before she answered, "The higher the level, the harder it is to master it. Even if Ye Fan is very talented, I think he needs at least a year."

Huangniu shook its head. "You are overestimating him. I think he won't be able to master three levels even if we give him three years."

"Cultivation requires peace and stability! All he has been thinking is to get out of this place. There's no way he can cultivate peacefully." Huangniu shook its head.

"This works too, I guess. If he stays here for a few years, he can keep you accompanied longer."

"When the time comes, he might be able to help you escape here too."

Huangniu looked at Duanmu Wan'er in a serious way that was unlike his usual playful self.

However, Duanmu Wan'er shook her head and replied, "I won't leave this place until my brother comes."

Huangniu opened its mouth to say something, but in the end, it just kept quiet.

Three days later, Huangniu and Duanmu Wan'er were playing card games when Ye Fan suddenly appeared before them.

Duanmu Wan'er smiled at the sight of him. "Are you tired? You should take a break."

"Mr. Long mentioned that cultivation couldn't be done in one day. You need to be patient and determined. Only when you calm down, you can master the first three levels of Raijin Thunderdrake in a year."

"One year?" Ye Fan was stunned.

Huangniu laughed. "You're too optimistic about it, Wan'er. He doesn't even believe that he can manage it within a year."

"You need at least three years," Huangniu shook its head as it said.

Puzzled, Ye Fan asked, "Is it really that hard? I find it quite easy."

"By the way, you can pass me the methods to the fourth level of Raijin Thunderdrake now, Wan'er. I'll try to achieve the fourth level by tomorrow," Ye Fan urged.

Huangniu and Duanmu Wan'er were shocked by his words.

"You... Have you completed the first three levels?" Huangniu stared at Ye Fan as if it saw a ghost.

Ye Fan nodded. "Yes. I told you, it doesn't seem that difficult."

"I should be able to reach the seventh level in three more days."

Silence ensued as Huangniu and Duanmu Wan'er were at a loss of words.

Over a thousand years, only a few of Wan'er's ancestors succeeded in mastering Raijin Thunderdrake.

How did Ye Fan manage to master three levels in just three days?

Is he a demon?

Huangniu was so terrified that there were tears prickling in its eyes.

It tried to practice Raijin Thunderdrake but it couldn't even understand the technique.

In the end, Huangniu gave up.

"Alright."

Duanmu Wan'er wiped off the cold sweat on her forehead before handing Ye Fan the fourth volume of Raijin Thunderdrake.

"Thanks."

After taking the book, Ye Fan went back and continued cultivating.

He had no choice but to hurry up because Junie was still waiting for him outside the cave. Furthermore, the words on the walls of the cave were starting to unnerve him.

Trouble times are coming. The Supremes will cease to exist.

If a disaster is bad enough to wipe off the Supremes, how will the rest of the population survive?

Mucheng and everyone that he cared for were out there.

The thought of it scared Ye Fan.

He was afraid that he would be stuck in the cave for too long and by the time he got out, nothing else would be left in the world except for ruins and debris.

I must hurry!

I must hurry up and achieve the seventh level of Raijin Thunderdrake!

However, things did not go as expected.

This time, it took seven days and the fourth level was yet to be achieved by him.

“Da*n it! Why haven't I reached the fourth level?”

As time passed, Ye Fan became more anxious. In the end, he lost control of the Power of Lightning and it broke through his body.

Pfft!

Ye Fan's cultivation was interrupted. Spewing out a mouthful of blood, he crashed onto the ground.

“Ye Fan!”

The loud noise shocked Duanmu Wan'er and Huangniu.

Duanmu Wan'er hurried forward and gave him a pill when she saw Ye Fan's pale face and the blood on the ground.

When Ye Fan woke up, he found himself lying on a bed.

Next to him was Duanmu Wan'er, who was busy preparing medicine for him.

“You're awake.” Duanmu Wan'er smiled gently.

“You're such a lunatic. If not for your strong physique, you would have died!”

“Is that really necessary? Is the outside world so wonderful that you are so anxious to get out of here?”

“Isn't it nice to stay here? We can keep you accompanied and entertained. We can even build a family together.”

“The outside world is doomed. Mr. Long said that a disaster is coming, and everyone will die.”

“However, if we stay here, we can still stay alive.”

Huangniu glared at Ye Fan.

Ye Fan scoffed, “What's the point of living if everyone you ever cared about dies and you are the only person left?”

Feeling sorrowful, Ye Fan sighed, "You are just a calf. You will never understand."

"I know this place means the world to you because you have spent all your life here, but this is not where I belong. I belong to the outside world, and there are a lot of people waiting for me there. Even if the world ends, I have to be there for them."

He still had important things to do.

His subordinates, his woman, his enemy... All of them were waiting for him, and yet he was trapped in the dark cave.

After all those years of training and suffering, none of his powers could help him escape the cave. What is the point of it?

Huangniu couldn't comprehend what Ye Fan was saying but Duanmu Wan'er was stunned by it.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

She might not understand how Ye Fan felt, but she could relate to those who were waiting for his return.

They must have felt exactly the same as she did when she waited for her brother alone.

"I'll help you, Ye Fan."

After a long silence, Duanmu Wan'er made the decision.

Her eyes were full of determination when she said that.

Ye Fan did not expect Duanmu Wan'er to be of any help after spending a few days together and realizing that she knew nothing about martial arts.

Perhaps she remembered a lot about the secret techniques in martial arts, but she never mastered any of the techniques before because she wasn't interested in them.

How could someone from a different martial arts world help him master Raijin Thunderdrake?

The most she could do was to tell him the secret techniques.

However, Ye Fan had totally underestimated her.

Not only did she remember every single secret technique, but also she remembered their insights on Raijin Thunderdrake.

"Legend has it that one will morph into a Thunderdrake upon mastery of Raijin

Thunderdrake..."

"Raijin Thunderdrake isn't just about absorbing the Power of Lightning. It is about merging the power with the soul..."

"There is life in everything in this world including the Power of Lightning."

"You have to concentrate and put in every effort to feel its existence."

"When both your souls meet, the Power of Lightning will no longer threaten your life. You will be able to channel the power with ease and use it as your own."

Duanmu Wan'er's voice was gentle and soothing.

She shared her ancestor's training ideology with Ye Fan as if she were teaching a student.

Ye Fan listened to her carefully and tried to understand everything.

He was like a dry sponge sucking in all the knowledge given to him ravenously.

Needless to say, that knowledge arrived just in time for him.

Only then did he fully understand how Raijin Thunderdrake worked.

It was unlike any other technique.

Normally, mastering a technique would result in a power boost and creating a body that would be

strong enough to take bullets.

However, according to Wan'er, the highest level of Raijin Thunderdrake would allow someone to have the power to channel the Power of Lightning.

It was way more powerful than the levels that he had achieved with Raijin Thunderdrake.

For the next few days, Ye Fan would go into practice after he and Duanmu Wan'er discussed the techniques of Raijin Thunderdrake.

Whenever in doubt, Duanmu Wan'er would either depend on her memory or discuss it with Ye Fan.

Day by day as they continued, Huangniu felt neglected as they ignored its invitation to them to play together.

Huangniu felt like a third wheel.

However, it cheered up a bit the moment it saw Ye Fan and Duanmu Wan'er helping each other out.

Huangniu recalled what Mr. Long told it before his death.

"Poor Wan'er. Her brother is all the hope she has in this world."

"Try your best to find someone who can replace her brother and take care of her. That way, she has someone else to depend on and she won't lose all of her hope even if her brother never comes back."

It was at that moment that Huangniu realized Ye Fan could be the new hope for Wan'er.

After another seven days, Ye Fan mastered the sixth level.

However, he was stuck again at the seventh level.

This time, even Duanmu Wan'er couldn't help him.

"I have no choice but to risk it now."

Seeing that there was no way of mastering the seventh level, Ye Fan decided to use his current power to break through the cave.

"What the heck? Are you mad? You really don't want to live, do you? This is not something that you should joke about!"

Huangniu was appalled and angry at Ye Fan.

If it were in Ye Fan's position, it would never try breaking through the cave unless it made it to the ninth level.

However, Ye Fan wanted to try it even though he was only at the sixth level.

Nothing else could change his mind.

With the two types of power he had, he had a very good chance to walk out of the cave alive!

In the end, he decided to leave the cave the next day.

Ye Fan stopped cultivating and enjoyed his last night at the cave.

He played cards with Huangniu and brought out a

few bottles of liquor from the basement.

Huangniu was amazed by the taste of liquor as it had never tried any before.

It drank about eighteen shots of liquor until it was drunk and couldn't continue anymore.

"Silly cow."

Ye Fan shook his head and laughed at the sight of Huangniu getting drunk.

While Ye Fan and Huangniu were drinking, Duanmu Wan'er was sitting by the stairs alone.

Curled into a ball, she stared blankly ahead of her as she hugged Ye Fan's coat and rested her chin on her knees."

Her eyes reflected the ancient candle, which was burning beside them.

"Are you thinking of your brother again?"

Ye Fan came over and sat beside her.

Duanmu Wan'er nodded. "I'm envious of your family and friends. They get to see you soon after a long wait."

"When do you think my brother will come for me, Ye Fan? Or is he never going to come for me?"

"Maybe he doesn't want me anymore."

Duanmu Wan'er had never felt that depressed her whole life.

Her hair was tousled by a sudden gust of wind that swept through the cave.

"No, Wan'er. I think your brother is somewhere cultivating his power and waiting for the right time to come for you."

"I wouldn't have risk this if I have a choice."

Ye Fan had spent almost a month in the cave.

He couldn't risk staying any longer because Junie's situation was getting more dangerous as every minute passed.

He had to give his shot even if the odds were against him.

"You are too sweet for anyone to abandon you, Wan'er."

"Too bad that I am the only child. If I have a sister like you, I will do whatever it takes to protect you from harm even if it means that I will have to fight against the world! But you won't be able to marry anyone because I won't allow it."

"Why?" Curious, Duanmu Wan'er asked.

"I can never bear to let my sister marry any other guy!" Ye Fan said.

As Duanmu Wan'er laughed, her melodious voice filled the cave.

"Thank you, Ye Fan. You are the first person to treat me so nicely other than my brother."

That night, Ye Fan and Duanmu Wan'er talked about a lot of things.

Ye Fan told her about his past, the war at Chu Sect, his days in school, and how he got married.

He also told her about his friends and the beautiful scenery in China.

Duanmu Wan'er's views of him changed when she heard his stories.

Back then, Ye Fan seemed odd and distant to her. Now, she realized he had feelings just like any other human.

"Your life is so interesting, unlike mine. All I have seen is this cave."

Ye Fan shook his head. "Interesting? I have been through countless sufferings."

"And who knows? Maybe it will all end tomorrow."

Ye Fan acted as if it were nothing, but deep down he was actually afraid.

Below the lair was a sea full of the Power of Lightning.

Even if he had two types of martial arts power shielding him, the chances of him getting out alive were still quite low.

However, he couldn't possibly stay and continue cultivating because he felt that he wouldn't make much progress even if he cultivated for another three to five years.

Furthermore, he didn't have much time left.

Even if it meant death, he had to give it a shot!

After a moment of silence, Duanmu Wan'er suddenly turned around and faced Ye Fan.

"Don't worry, Ye Fan! I will make sure that you won't die."

What?

Ye Fan was stunned. "Do you have another way, Wan'er?"

Duanmu Wan'er lowered her head as she blushed.

"There's indeed another way. But you have to promise not to tell anyone else about it, especially my brother!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Ye Fan perked up. "There's a way for me to break through to the seventh level of Raijin Thunderdrake?"

I was this close to losing hope! The surprises never end with this little monster.

A hopeful grin spread across Ye Fan's face when Duanmu Wan'er nodded once more.

"Tell me, Wan'er. How do I get there?"

"You have to..." Duanmu Wan'er stammered as the blush in her cheeks intensified.

Ye Fan bristled with determination at her hesitance. "Rest assured, Wan'er. I will do whatever it takes to achieve the seventh level."

It was Ye Fan's resolute expression that had caused Duanmu Wan'er to nod tersely.

"All right, then. But you need to follow my instructions closely for what comes next."

"Deal!" Ye Fan answered a little too quickly.

Her first instruction for him was to knock Huangniu out and lock him in a room before them.

Ye Fan gazed uncomprehendingly at the cow and back at Duanmu Wan'er. *What does the cow have to do with my training?*

"You want a breakthrough, don't you?" she urged. "Knock Huangniu on the head or I won't help you."

With a sigh of resignation, Ye Fan trudged toward

Huangniu who was deep in slumber and slapped it across the head.

Not only did the slap not do the trick, but it had even caused Huangniu to jump to his hooves.

The calf was enraged that he stared at Ye Fan with angry eyes.

It was as if he was questioning Ye Fan's action.

What the hell was that for?

Ye Fan could not believe his eyes.

It was a rather forceful smack! Even a supreme grandmaster would have crumpled to the floor from that.

"Sorry about that, buddy," Ye Fan explained hastily.

He did not have to worry about what to say next to appease the cow because Huangniu fell over out cold the next moment with an almighty crash.

Ye Fan heaved a sigh of relief before commencing the laborious task of hauling the unconscious cow into a little black room by the corridor.

"What's next?" he asked, panting as he returned to Duanmu Wan'er.

I can't tell what she's thinking, but I choose to trust her.

"Pinch your nose with one hand, raise the other above your head, and spin around on the spot three times."

Ye Fan followed the instructions as well as he could. "Like this, Wan'er?"

Duanmu Wan'er chortled at the ludicrous sight, gracing the air with the sound of her tinkling laughter.

Ye Fan scowled as he realized how stupid he must have looked. "How dare you make a fool out of me?" he said in a huff. "You'll pay for that!"

At the final word, he made a dash toward her to rap his knuckles on her forehead.

To his surprise, she did not attempt to avoid his assault. Instead, she took it in good humor and even stuck her tongue out at him.

Duanmu Wan'er's playful demeanor intrigued Ye Fan, rendering him momentarily dumb.

She is just so pretty. There is no way I can get mad at her.

"You find it funny, don't you? I was beside myself with anxiety. I'm going to get really angry if you don't stop laughing!" Ye Fan growled.

It was only after that threat that Duanmu Wan'er fell silent, though she could not keep the twinkle of mischief out of her eyes when she looked at him.

"You're too trusting with me. Aren't you afraid that harm might come to you if you kept doing as I say? We haven't known each other for very long, after all. You don't even know who I am and where I came from!"

Ye Fan chuckled. "I am a good judge of character. Even if you were to bring me harm, I wouldn't mind being killed by an adorable little monster like you. Besides, it wouldn't be so bad to die by your hand, Wan'er. I don't mind being dead if it means that I could drift beside you forever as a ghost."

Ye Fan could not quite explain why, but he did not feel the need to keep his guard up around her.

Though they had not been acquainted for long, her innocence and naiveness captivated him to such an extent that he felt as if he had known her all his life.

Growing up here must be ideal when she doesn't know the big, bad world out there. Pure and unadulterated as a lotus blooming atop snowy peaks, she was blessed with ignorance unlike the cruel reality that most of us know. This girl does not have a malicious bone in her body.

Though Duanmu Wan'er knew that Ye Fan spoke out of levity most of the time, she was still happy to be the subject of his compliments.

"You must have tricked a lot of girls with that silver tongue of yours, Ye Fan. Come on, be honest. How many girls have you been with?"

Ye Fan grimaced. "I've never done such a thing to even one single girl."

"Hah! I'm sure that's true. All right, enough chatter. Get on the magical bed. Cross your legs, close your eyes, and empty your mind. When your mind is sufficiently cleared, begin channeling Raijin Thunderdrake slowly. Feel the differences as you

move up the levels, all the way to the sixth.”

“Don't worry,” Duanmu Wan'er added in response to his incredulity. “I'm not teasing you anymore. We have to do this seriously.”

Ye Fan's doubt vanished instantly, he followed her instructions carefully.

Soon, his mind fell into a familiar state of bliss and focus. A heat like no other began emanating from his core.

The six Thunderstripes above his brow glowed faintly.

His very skin seemed to crackle as energy surged toward the Thunderstripes, enhancing an eerie glow.

Duanmu Wan'er felt touched by the unreserved trust Ye Fan placed in her.

It's a blessing to be trusted like family. I wish there was another way to do this.

Duanmu Wan'er hesitated once more, her cheeks burning red at the reminder of what she must do but the thought of those awaiting Ye Fan's return steeled her resolve.

Blowing out the candles, she walked across the room on bare feet to the magical bed. After groping around in the dark for a moment, she held Ye Fan's shoulders for support as she lowered herself across him.

Before her nerves failed her, Duanmu Wan'er

closed her eyes and kissed him on the lips.

In the next second, a feminine force, cool and comforting, surged into and saturated every cell in Ye Fan's body.

Ye Fan felt it distinctly because the training to attain Raijin Thunderdrake caused the insides of a practitioner to sear with pain. The feminine energy served to counteract the heat and keep him alive throughout the process of attaining the next level.

Like a river spilling forth in the midst of a drought and like a wilted stump regaining its first shoots after years of decay, Ye Fan struggled to ground himself in the dizzying rapture of the feminine energy coming to his aid.

Under a state of concentration as intense as his, Ye Fan did not even register the sensation of her soft lips pressing upon his as his mind soared to unlock the limits he had yet to conquer.

With a concentration even fiercer than before, Ye Fan began channeling level seven of the Raijin Thunderdrake.

To his delight, he felt the limits giving way to something he couldn't break through earlier.

After days of stagnation, progress is finally in sight!

After an extended period of stillness, Ye Fan emerged from his state of focus by suddenly wrenching open his eyes.

A spark deep within them flashed and disappeared as abruptly as it came.

At the same time, a new stripe joined the ranks of the other six between his brows.

The biggest change that had occurred on Ye Fan's body was the addition of dragon scales on his skin.

The first signs of morphing into a Thunderdrake have finally manifested. When I master Raijin Thunderdrake entirely, I will be able to morph into a Thunderdrake like Wan'er's ancestor and ancient master who descended from the heavens!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“Hah! We did it!”

After realizing that he had broken through the stagnation, Ye Fan could hardly contain his excitement.

However, he looked all over and found no trace of the young woman.

“She's right next to you, fool!”

It was only when Huangniu spoke up irritably that Ye Fan realized that Duanmu Wan'er was deeply asleep beside him.

Though most of her body was covered by Ye Fan's coat, little innocuous patches of snow-white skin still showed through.

She looks like a kitten snuggling up against me.

That beautiful face, however, had lost some of its ruddiness from before. Even with her eyes closed, she appeared pale and weak.

“What happened, Wan'er? You don't look good at all!”

Ye Fan's eyes filled with worry after calling her name loudly several times to no avail.

Despite her unresponsiveness, Ye Fan heaved a sigh of relief at the sight of her gently heaving chest.

“Hey, stop pretending like you'd forgotten about what happened last night! You know very well what you did to her! Look at what you've turned

her into!”

Huangniu rolled its eyes as it was livid. Ye Fan had a suspicion that he was still harboring resentment against him for assaulting it earlier.

“If you want to sleep with her, why won't you just be honest about it?” Huangniu continued, making no effort to conceal his disgruntlement. “There's no need to pretend that you need help cultivating your skill to trick her.”

Ye Fan was horror-struck by those words.

“What did I do last night? I certainly didn't intend for anything like that to happen! I was only cultivating Raijin Thunderdrake!”

The cow regarded him stonily. “You two fell asleep on the same bed. What else do you think happened? Look at the state she is in! Does that look like you didn't do anything to her last night?”

“I...” Ye Fan stammered, at a loss for words. *Did I really do something dishonorable to her last night?*

“You can stop pretending. As unhappy as I am about it, what's done is done. Poor Wan'er. Consider yourself lucky to have gotten into bed with such a pretty girl! You're responsible for her from here on out. As her guardian, I hereby officially hand her over to you with my blessing.”

The cow spoke as if he was a father giving his daughter away at the altar.

“Cut the crap!” Ye Fan shouted.

I still have all my clothes on. What could I have done? Clearly, Huangniu has bluffed me.

“Still denying it, aren't you?” Huangniu continued. “I saw both of you kissing! Do you see the wound on her lip! You bit her! Oh, I wish I did not see everything! You've ruined my innocence!”

Ye Fan was horrified at the sight of the bite mark on Duanmu Wan'er's lip as indicated by the cow. *Huangniu isn't lying! Could I have done all the things he's accusing me of?*

Duanmu Wan'er chose that very moment to stir.

Her eyelashes fluttered weakly, she tried her hardest to sit up to no avail as she was still drained of energy.

All she could manage was to turn her head as she regarded him. “How're you feeling, Ye Fan?” she whispered, her eyes filled with tenderness.

“Wan'er, did we...” Ye Fan hesitated, unsure of what to say.

Before Ye Fan could apologize, Duanmu Wan'er spoke first. “I'm sorry for not discussing things with you yesterday, Ye Fan. It was the only way to help you achieve a breakthrough. Raijin Thunderdrake is a skill that requires the direct and aggressive redirection of energy. Having successfully attained six levels in the past, you have accumulated too much destructive masculine energy in you. Though it imbues you with strength, it is also a shackle to keep you from progressing. Without my feminine energy to balance it out, you will never attain the seventh

level.”

Ye Fan is not the first one to encounter this obstacle. My ancestor, too, have been stuck at this stage for the same reason on their path to mastery. The saturation of masculine energy accumulated via the attainment of Raijin Thunderdrake had been the cause of their stagnant progress as well.

After intense research, Wan'er's ancestor discovered the only way to get past the bottleneck was to undergo the training with one's spouse to even out the overwhelming masculine energy.

I am the only one in this cave who can help Ye Fan.

Ye Fan's eyes were wide with surprise at the startling revelation before grimacing at the recollection of another similar instance.

Did we really conduct a Joint Cultivation last night? This feels awfully familiar. Back then, the attainment of Dragon God Body necessitated a similar methodology. Raijin Thunderdrake is no different!

Even from the first moment when he began training for Raijin Thunderdrake, Ye Fan had detected similarities between the two.

That was also the reason for his success at earlier levels.

However, that was where the similarities between the two skills ended.

Dragon God Body served to compress strength to create explosive bursts of power.

Raijin Thunderdrake, on the other hand, increased the defensive capabilities of the body.

The training to attain Raijin Thunderdrake was torturous, to say the least.

Therefore, Ye Fan would not have been able to accomplish that breakthrough without the sacrifice made by Wan'er.

Ye Fan was in awe that a girl who he had just met would do so much for him, Ye Fan's guilt was misplaced as Duanmu Wan'er had merely kissed him, nothing more.

It was the only way for Duanmu Wan'er to transfer the feminine energy into Ye Fan's body.

For a girl as pure as Duanmu Wan'er, even a kiss was asking a lot of her.

"Wan'er, I... you..." Ye Fan stammered, at a loss on how to express his gratitude.

In the end, all he could manage was a sigh. "Poor girl."

What have I done!

"I agree," chimed in Huangniu. "I pity her for giving away her first kiss to someone like you."

"Get lost!" Ye Fan roared.

"You should go, Ye Fan," Duanmu Wan'er murmured, as if she had guessed his intent. "Don't let the people you care about wait too long.

"Having already broken through the seventh level

of Raijin Thunderdrake, you should have no trouble with passing through Well of the Thunderdrake.”

Ye Fan's heart twinged with another pang of guilt as she pushed for his departure.

What a messy night it had been. I was so focused on my training that I did not notice anything else. After everything has been made clear, I suddenly realized how much Duanmu Wan'er has sacrificed for my sake. I can't just leave like that. I feel obligated to her.

“I'll be fine, Ye Fan. I'm just feeling a little drained, that's all. I'll be back to normal after a few days of rest.” Duanmu Wan'er addressed all of his unspoken concerns in a gentle voice.

“Drained?” repeated Huangniu with a sneer, clearly enjoying instigating the situation. “How could you be so rough with her, Ye Fan? She is such a delicate girl!”

“Shut up,” Ye Fan said with a scowl before turning to inspect Duanmu Wan'er.

After being satisfied that there was no lasting damage to her body, his heart finally eased for the first time that day.

“I guess this is goodbye, then. Take care of yourself, Wan'er.”

Without another word, he turned and began to trudge toward the Well of the Thunderdrake.

“Wait a moment, Ye Fan.”

Ye Fan was already at the well when Duanmu Wan'er caught up with him with an arm around Huangniu's shoulder for support to hand him a little jade bottle.

"I've made a pill from the herbs found in the cave before. I hope it might help you on your journey. Hang on, let me grab some of the paintings I've done, and some spells and incantations I've jotted down..."

Seizing the opportunity before Ye Fan's departure, Duanmu Wan'er brought him all of her treasures.

I'm not sure what would be of help to him, so I'll just give him everything and let him sort it out by himself.

"Thank you, Wan'er!" said Ye Fan gratefully. "Once I'm out there, I will help you find your brother and have him come for you as soon as possible."

What she has done for me cannot be repaid. Looks like I owe the little monster a big favor.

However, Duanmu Wan'er's words served as a reminder.

After exiting the room of stone, he returned several minutes later with the ten magical swords collected by the ancestor of India slung all over his body.

Instead of leaving them there to rust, they'd better be used by Gaius and the rest to get some real work done.

"D*mn, are you a smuggler?" the calf exclaimed as

Chapter 1957

it eyed the items in Ye Fan's arms with disdain.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Huangniu was flabbergasted by the greed he witnessed in Ye Fan.

It's a good thing that that's the most he's able to take. Otherwise, he's going to strip our cave clean! If the ancestor could see his life's work of going into the secret realm to acquire the weapons only to have them fall into Ye Fan's hands, I think they'll be pissed.

However, Ye Fan did not feel guilt regarding the matter.

I haven't even taken revenge for the ambush! Consider this exchange a downpayment!

"What a pity I can't take any more items," Ye Fan lamented. "I would have gladly taken everything."

With all the preparations in place, Ye Fan prepared to restore the Dragon God Hall.

As its Hall Master, it is my duty to show my gratitude to my loyal followers.

Though Ye Fan did not have the power of feudal kings to allocate land to his subjects, he felt that some tokens of appreciation were necessary.

I can't think of a better way to reward my comrades by sharing the treasures of this cave with them. What a pity I couldn't take more!

"Maybe I'll come back another trip if I get the chance," he said cheerfully.

Unbeknownst to him, Ye Fan would not be able to find the cave after departing.

Duanmu Wan'er giggled at the sight of Ye Fan carrying all the treasures.

What an interesting and funny man.

"I'll take the pill and leave the rest behind, Wan'er," Ye Fan said briskly as he deposited her handwritten notes. "The well is treacherous. I'm afraid your spells and incantations wouldn't be able to do much."

Duanmu Wan'er nodded.

He's right. Good thing he anticipated that possibility before it happens.

"Take some more stuff then," Duanmu Wan'er said as she disappeared behind a small room. She had the air of a gracious hostess who insisted that her guest were well-equipped for his departure.

It did not take long before she and Huangniu reemerged, with a wooden box atop the latter's back that smelled strongly of herbs that seared the nostrils.

When the box was dropped to the ground at Ye Fan's feet, he saw that it was a crate filled to the brim with the pills.

Some were stored in jade bottles like the one she gave him while the rest rolled around freely within the wooden box.

Some of the pills had even gone stale and lost their potency.

"That's a lot of pills," Ye Fan muttered, his eyes

wide with shock and awe.

Having already inspected Duanmu Wan'er's creation earlier, he had concluded that they were no concoctions of earthly charlatans.

Rather, they were actual magical pills made via ancient knowledge that aided and augmented the body.

Wan'er had mentioned that the pills were made with the ingredients available in the cave, which contained the collections of the Indian ancestor.

Ye Fan put two and two together.

The Indian ancestor must have been a fighter of the god realm. Only rare and valuable herbs like that are worthy of his attention. The combination of such powerful ingredients could only yield a pill of magical power.

"I was pretty bored, so I began tinkering around," Duanmu Wan'er explained, slightly apprehensive that Ye Fan may not find her creations helpful. "With an archive of recipes and concoctions in my head, a near-limitless inventory, and the well that acts as an oven, I had a lot at my disposal. I did not expect my noodling around to bear any fruit as I did that to kill time. I hope that they may be of some use to you."

"Pill of the Thunderdrake?" murmured Ye Fan, thunderstruck. "You are really a little monster, Wan'er."

The concoctions that Ye Fan was more familiar with were mostly from the Book of Celestial Cloud,

though they were mostly cultivated by fire.

It was the first time he had heard the Power of Lightning could be used to aid the process.

If he was sure of one thing, it was that the pills had miraculous power.

Contained within each pill was the spiritual energy of an array of herbs unleashing their full potential as it mashed and boiled together, granting Ye Fan a vigor, unlike any other stimulant.

Over the past couple of years, Ye Fan had not seen much progress in his training. He found himself helplessly stuck at the fourth level of Invoke the Celestial Sky for the longest time without even a glimmer of hope to advance to another level.

The altercation two years ago had even caused me to lose some of my powers. It was only with Junie's help that I was able to once again claim dominion, though it's still not enough to face Chu Sect with these alone. Hopefully, the pills provided by Wan'er would give me the push I need when the time comes!

Ye Fan began to see the young woman before him as his savior who had helped him greatly.

"I don't know how to thank you, Wan'er. The pills are going to be very useful for me. Your pills might make all the difference in the possibility of me finally executing my plan for revenge once and for all.

"Gratitude requires action for it to be worth a d*mn," Huangniu chimed in.

"Would you like to sleep with her again before you leave?"

"Mind your own business!" Ye Fan rebuked.

What a buzzkill!

Duanmu Wan'er did not catch Huangniu's meaning, nor did she care about it.

I am so honored to have played my part in helping Ye Fan. It's as if I'd found my purpose for existing.

"I'm glad to be of help," she said happily. "Besides, I don't have much use for them. Take them all. Maybe they can help you on your quest."

Though Ye Fan did intend on bringing the whole box of pills with him, it remained an unrealistic endeavor as it was simply too much to take.

Finally, Ye Fan settled on bringing with him twenty jade bottles as the rest did not fit.

With a sudden burst of inspiration, Ye Fan grabbed a handful of pills and stuffed them all in his mouth.

"Hey, we live in a civilized society!" Huangniu exclaimed, scandalized.

Sometimes I wonder if he's more of a beast than I am.

"Oh, and take this token," Duanmu Wan'er added, pressing a black and ancient military token against his chest. "Mr. Long has entrusted this to me for safekeeping. Since I don't even know what

it's used for, you can have it."

On its face, the words "Order of Yanhuang" were emblazoned in gold in striking contrast to its black surface.

"I can't take any more things from you, Wan'er," Ye Fan said abashedly, his unusually thick skin nearing its limit. "You've given me so much."

Though he and Wan'er had gotten close, he could not find it in him to take everything she owned.

"Please take it!" she insisted as she pushed it against him. "It might come in handy someday."

Ye Fan's hands and pockets were full. In the end, he took the token from her hand with his teeth.

"Aren't you leaving yet?" Huangniu complained, in a testy mood at the prospect of having his cave ransacked and emptied.

After being as prepared as he could ever be, Ye Fan stood beside Well of the Thunderdrake at long last.

With a deep, deliberate breath, the seven Thunderstripes on his forehead seared brightly as the seventh level of Rajin Thunderdrake was channeled.

As a precaution, Ye Fan activated Dragon God Body in him at the same time.

This double protection should keep me alive from the thunderbolts in the Well.

Ye Fan turned to see Duanmu Wan'er for the last time. "Take care, Wan'er. Until our paths cross again."

Huangniu was irritated by Ye Fan's persistent dawdling. As the latter was waving goodbye, the cow aimed a kick at Ye Fan's back to send him into the well.

Despite losing his balance, Ye Fan flung his hands out just in time.

To all of their surprise, Ye Fan's scrambling hands happened to grab hold of Huangniu's tail.

A deafening vacuuming sound began to emit from the well.

Ye Fan found himself pulled by the vortex. Instinctively, he tightened his grip on Huangniu's tail.

Despite their best efforts, he and Huangniu inched closer and closer toward the vortex as the suction grew more powerful.

"D*mn it, Ye Fan!" Huangniu bellowed as he dug his hooves into the ground to no avail. "You'll be the death of me!"

I can't believe I'm going to die in this undignified manner after surviving for several centuries in the cave!

Chapter 1958



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Niu!" Duanmu Wan'er screamed.

It was too late. Huangniu and Ye Fan had already fallen backward into the eye of the storm.

"I hope Niu is happy now! This is what he gets for picking fights with Ye Fan."

Duanmu Wan'er was thoroughly amused by the incident as she pictured Huangniu's terrified moos as the pair of them spiraled into oblivion.

She was not too worried as Mr. Long had mentioned once before that Huangniu was no ordinary beast.

Though he looked and felt like an ordinary calf, his hide and flesh were as tough as steel.

Mr. Long has also said before that out of the three of us, Huangniu would be the only one to survive the Thundersea!

Back then, Mr. Long tried to persuade Huangniu to venture into the Thundersea to emerge from the other side in pursuit of Duanmu Wan'er's brother to rescue them.

However, Huangniu flatly refused to leave the safety of the cave to plunge into the unknown depths of the well.

This time, he has no say in the matter.

After standing over the well for a moment, Duanmu Wan'er left for the place she had called her home for the past several centuries.

What had been a merry little nest several minutes ago was now ringing with deafening silence.

Ye Fan's specially made deck of cards was scattered all over the floor the way he had left them. The magical bed still bore traces of his body warmth was proof of his existence. Huangniu's yoga mat that he used often was unrolled and spread over the floor as if he was returning soon for another session.

At that moment, it suddenly hit Duanmu Wan'er that she was all alone in the world.

So this is what loneliness feels like. How awful! It's like a hole in my heart that cannot be filled. Like the world has moved on and forgotten all about me.

Unable to bear the miserable feeling consuming her heart like a cold, clammy hand, She sat on the floor next to the desk and hugged her knees.

Suddenly, Duanmu Wan'er felt the overwhelming urge to cry.

Before she could do so, a page on the desk with several lines scrawled across it caught her eye.

Shyly, she peeked, lovely as you please,

The roses in her cheeks swayed with the breeze.

Alas, fare thee well must we say,

Sweet melancholy in my heart shall stay.

It was a poem that Duanmu Wan'er had never come across.

Below the stanzas was another sentence.

Only the most beautiful verse for the most beautiful girl. Cheer up! I'll look for your brother after my affairs are put in place.

Signed next to his name was a caricature of himself with a crooked grin.

Duanmu Wan'er could almost see if she squinted her eyes just the right amount, the uncanny resemblance of Ye Fan in the drawing.

Picking up the letter, she hugged it close to her like a girl holding her only matchstick left in the cold winter would.

"Thank you, Ye Fan."

Her soft murmur reverberated through space and time. An entire space-time conundrum away, Ye Fan awoke with a start.

It hurts! It hurts like I'm being burned!

Ye Fan opened his eyes and he winced from the pain coming from his eyelids.

"He's awake, Grandma!"

Ye Fan's eyes adjusted to the sunlight just in time to see a scruffy-looking boy run out through the door and returned several moments later with an old woman in shabby clothing.

"Hurry, Geetha," the old woman urged. "Bring him some water."

Ye Fan regained some of his wits after a sip of water.

As soon as he could sit up, he began channeling Invoke the Celestial Cloud.

The energy in the surroundings began gathering around Ye Fan.

As his strength returned, the searing pain in his body seemed to ebb away slightly.

He gazed about his surroundings, clearly dumbstruck.

"What happened to you?" the old lady asked, clearly relieved by his recovery.

"You looked as if you've been struck by lightning. You were entirely charred when we found you in the mountains. We weren't even sure if you could survive. Look at you now! What a miracle."

She did not expect Ye Fan to regain consciousness at all.

If an ordinary man were to sustain injuries like that, there is no hope of him ever regaining consciousness. This young man before me has demonstrated an extraordinary will to live. The burned skin has fallen off to make way for new and completely healed skin in just three days! In all my years living in this world, I have never seen such a capacity for self-regeneration.

However, the old woman was not aware that it was not Ye Fan's skin that was charred.

As he had channeled Raijin Thunderdrake before he fell through the Well, Ye Fan's skin had turned into dragon scales which had borne most of the damage caused by the Thundersea.

Suddenly, Ye Fan's memory of the entire incident rushed back to him.

The last thing I remember is falling through the well!

"By the way, was there anything else around me where you found me?"

As though suddenly recalling something, Ye Fan began frantically searching about him.

"Are you referring to these?" the boy named Geetha handed the jade bottles and the military token to him.

Ye Fan heaved a sigh of relief.

Phew, I didn't lose anything on the trip. All of these, especially the pills made by Wan'er, are priceless. What's left of the supply in the entire world is in my hands now.

"Wait a minute," Geetha's grandmother frowned. "Where are the swords strapped to him?"

With another jolt, Ye Fan remembered the weapons.

I'd taken a lot of effort to bring those with me. I can't lose them!

Geetha quickly reassured Ye Fan that the weapons were intact, though they were forced to leave them

where they were because they were too heavy to be moved.

Within seconds, Ye Fan had Geetha lead the way to their location.

There were five large weapons impaled into the rocks at the location where Geetha and his grandfather had found Ye Fan.

Only five had managed to withstand the punishment of the elements while the other five had been shattered by the force of the tempest in the well.

Ye Fan did not seem bothered by the loss of half of the items as if he had already anticipated it.

The lesser weapons have been destroyed. What's left has been forged by fire and thunder.

Ye Fan sauntered over and casually extracted the weapons from the rocks as if they had been impaled in butter.

Next, he attached all five blades to his back with the help of a rope.

"Let's head back, Geetha."

With the weapons on his back, Ye Fan departed.

Geetha was dumbstruck. "You're awesome, sir! Grandma and I can't even get any one of them to even move."

Ye Fan chortled dismissively. "This isn't particularly impressive. Would you believe me if I

told you that I can lift this mountain with only a finger?"

With both Dragon God Body and Raijin Thunderdrake being simultaneously activated, his body had become an indestructible weapon of mass destruction.

Reducing this mountain to a pile of rubble isn't just possible—it's just a piece of cake.

As they spoke, Ye Fan aimed a kick at a boulder the size of a car and sent it flying up in the air before departing with the boy.

Thud!

"Ow! Who did that? What a barbaric act!"

The boulder landed on a calf whose body was charred and still smoldering.

Huangniu was just regaining consciousness. Before he could get to his feet, the boulder landed on his back with such force that it almost knocked him out again.

With a bellow of pain and rage, he sent a lot of birds fluttering off from the trees.

"What? You know the King of India?"

On their way back, Ye Fan had been ascertaining the situation in his absence when he paused in surprise at his young companion's unexpected acquaintance.

The first question he asked pertained to his

location and how far away it was from Folo Palace.

Next, Ye Fan asked the boy if he knew Fen Tian.

Initially not having high hopes for any answers as the boy grew up in a village far removed from the upper levels of society, Ye Fan was shocked to discover that Geetha was familiar with what had become of Fen Tian.

The boy nodded. "I do. And I heard he's in Xenhall! Grandma and I go into the mountains to pick herbs for him, as a matter of fact. For some reason, the King of India has been offering incentives to us to gather herbs for him. It seems like we can never collect enough for him as he keeps increasing the reward. Many of us here in the village jumped at the lucrative opportunity and pick the herbs for him."



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