

If I can't be the lover by his side, let me be his friend standing behind him... Noa appeared to be in a daze as she repeated the line to herself in her head.

After what seemed like a long time, she declared with a determined nod of her head, "Junie, you were right. I've made up my mind. I won't go to China with Ye Fan. I'll remain here to help him cement his authority in India. If there comes a day when everyone turns against him, I'll be the safe harbor for him to seek refuge in!"

After talking to Junie, she had gained a much clearer perspective of her internal struggles over the past few days. Even if I like a person, I can't insist on him liking me back. Perhaps I can also find happiness in standing behind him and watching over him from afar. Just like what Junie said, even if I can't be his lover, I can still find contentment in being a friend that he can turn to in times of need.

The heart to heart talk that Noa had with Junie had brought the two of them closer to each other.

From that day on, Noa started looking upon Junie as her sister. "If someone as remarkable as Junie can't win over Ye Fan's heart, who am I to think I can keep him by my side?"

After she sorted out her feelings on the matter,

she felt relieved of the burden she had been carrying in her heart.

Following Ye Fan's move into seclusion, peace was returned to the once-chaotic martial arts world in India.

However, to Noa and Junie, the challenge had just begun.

They were just two women who had no martial arts training and no physical prowess. It would be an uphill battle for them to lead the entire sect and make their subordinates submit to them.

Nevertheless, the storm seemed to have been quelled in India.

The same could not be said about the rest of the martial arts world, where a new storm was just beginning to brew.

First of all, the Grandmasters who had gone to India to attend the wedding seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Secondly, news of the demise of Fen Tian, the King of India, was just beginning to spread across the martial arts world.

Finally, the most astounding news of all was the reappearance of Chu Tianfan, the Dragon

God Hall Master who once topped the Sky Ranking!

As the saying goes, one stone creates a thousand ripples.

These three pieces of news were spread like shockwaves across the world.

The Folo Palace in India was inundated with calls from the heads of Western Epea, Remdik, the Sword Shrine in Japan, and the War God Castle in China, all wanting to find more information.

The calls were answered personally by King Folo. "Hello, Mr. Aaron! What? Your representatives from Remdik have yet to return to your country? Oh, I'm not sure about that."

He continued. "Really? Fen Tian is dead? Is it just a rumor? I saw him returning to his wedding chamber on the wedding day itself with my own eyes."

There was more. "What? Chu Tianfan is back? That's even more ridiculous! If he's back in India, how would I not know about it?"

He picked up many calls that were similar in content.

Without exception, he answered all of them

with “I have no idea” or “I'm not sure”.

He ensured that there was no real information conveyed in anything he said.

This was the strategy he had decided on after discussing with Bapei and the rest.

No matter what, they would not disclose the reappearance of Ye Fan to the rest of the world.

It was the most logical thing to do.

If the news that Ye Fan was alive was leaked to the rest of the world, all hell would break loose.

When that time came, all the armies from the various countries would join forces to surround Chu Sect and attack Ye Fan.

As Ye Fan was still in India, King Folo naturally wanted to protect his own citizens and did not wish to see bloodshed happen on his soil.

After all, this was a battle between the gods.

If they were not careful, even the residual energy waves from their battle could wipe out an entire city.

Why did the War God Castle not allow Ye Fan to return to China years ago?

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It was precisely to avoid having a war erupt in China!

How would they answer to their people for all the misery and suffering that would result from the war?

That was why Sword Saint and the rest blocked Ye Fan from entering China.

Even if he were to die, he would have to die on foreign soil.

He was not to be allowed into the country no matter what.

Of course, this was just part of the reason.

The other part of the reason was that King Folo was truly terrified of Ye Fan.

If the martial arts world knew he was still alive, they would want to take his life.

It would be great if they could succeed in killing him. But if they failed, King Folo was sure that Folo Palace would be the first place Ye Fan would attack once he recovered from his injuries.

When that time came, even if King Folo got down on his knees and kowtowed to Ye Fan, he would not hesitate to take his life.

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“This is a lunatic we're talking about! From now on, we can offend anyone in the rest of the martial arts world, but we must never offend Ye Fan!” This was a common understanding among the three Supremes in Folo Palace.

It was also a lesson that King Folo paid a painful price to learn, after engaging in a prolonged battle with Ye Fan.

From now on, whoever wanted to kill Ye Fan could just go ahead, but India would have nothing to do with it. They had had enough, and they wanted no more part in it.

“Is it really just rumors?”

“I don't buy it. Why would Grandmaster Ke Zhe disappear for so long without a word?”

“Something must have happened in India.”

“Sword Saint, shall I make a trip there and check out the situation myself?”

In China, on the top of Mount Yan, King of Fighters, Sword Saint, and the rest were discussing what was going in India.

Sword Saint said with a wave of his hand, “Just send a few men there to take a look. For now, the few of us should stand guard here in Mount Yan and be ready to react to any emergency

situation that might crop up. I fear some major event is going to erupt over at Chu Sect.”

The numerous incoming reports about Chu Sect's redeployment of troops were causing him some anxiety.

What happened to Ke Zhe and whatever was going on in India were just trivial matters to them here in the castle.

The whole reason why he had personally made the call to King Folo was all because of one person.

The person who was the whole world's nightmare.

It was a fact that even Sword Saint and the rest could not deny.

Now it seemed like it was just a rumor, just like how it was in the previous times.

“All right, I'll arrange for a few men to go to India and look for Ke Zhe,” King of Fighters agreed.

Similar scenes were playing out in other parts of the world as the leaders of their martial arts world began sending men to India to look for their own people.

After all, it was too bizarre.

How could someone just disappear into thin air after attending a wedding?

Erihal was one of those countries that had sent a representative and not heard from him since then. They enquired with their neighbouring country and found out that it was the same there.

All the countries that had sent people to attend the wedding had lost contact with their representatives.

If only one of them had met with some accident, there might still be a reasonable explanation behind it. However now it seemed that all the martial arts world representatives from all the countries had mysteriously gone missing.

The whole situation was simply too strange.

As a result, hordes of martial artists began pouring into India within the next few days to investigate.

They were not met with any resistance from King Folo.

If they wished to carry out their own investigation, he was happy to just let them go

ahead with it.

If they ended up not finding anything, at least they could still return to their countries alive.

If they did end up finding out the truth, he figured that all of them would perish anyway.

In Japan, at the Sanshin Organization, Moon God had just finished her practice session and had summoned Mochizuki Kawa, Sword Shrine Head Priest to see her.

“Any news of him lately?” Seated high up on her throne, Moon God's flawless face exuded a sense of majesty and authority.

Mochizuki Kawa reacted with an agonized look on his face.

Indeed, the heart of their highest god in Japan had been stolen by that man.

For nearly three years, every time Moon God emerged from her practice sessions, the first thing she would enquire about was not the latest developments in the Japanese martial arts world or the grooming of new talents among the younger generation. The first thing she asked for was always news about that man.

Mochizuki Kawa felt that in this entire world,

the only thing that could capture Moon God's attention was news about him. "Your Highness, there's been rumors of sightings of that man in India lately. However, I have enquired with Folo Palace, and they have denied any knowledge of the news. Hence it appears that it is nothing but a rumor, just like all the other times."

For nearly three years, rumors like this would resurface once in a while.

People would claim that Chu Tianfan was still alive, or that the Dragon God Hall Master had reappeared.

But without exception, they would all turn out to be nothing but fake news.

That was why most people believed that this time was no different.

Moon God's face betrayed a trace of disappointment.

She dismissed Mochizuki Kawa and walked out of the room herself.

A light breeze tousled her long flaxen hair and lightly lifted her flowy white dress.

As her dress was flapping in the wind, glimpses of her porcelain white wrists could be seen.

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On one of her wrists, the red love knot bracelet hung waving in the wind.

If Mochizuki Kawa or any other Japanese martial artist had seen their most revered god adorning herself with such a common trinket that was used to symbolize love between couples, they would probably be so shocked that their eyes would pop out of their sockets.



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