

Upon hearing what King of Fighters said, Ye Qingtian smiled and shook his head before uttering sarcastically, "Indeed, Ye Fan had only been practicing martial arts for a few years. How could he possibly be ranked first in the Sky Ranking? Furthermore, how could he possibly become a supreme grandmaster? Lastly, he couldn't have possibly nearly destroyed Chu Sect on his own, right?"

Consequently, King of Fighters was embarrassed. He could no longer make any doubtful comments after that.

As Ye Qingtian had said, Ye Fan had done countless wonders despite his tender age. Hence, it would be foolish to rule out another incredible feat of his.

King of Fighters and Sword Saint could only keep mum in response.

In the past, Sword Saint and the others had their fair share of conflicts with Ye Fan. When Ye Qingtian mentioned Ye Fan in front of them, it was only natural for them to be reluctant to make further comments.

"All right. We should drop that topic. Chu Sect's defeat is temporary. I think they'll be back in no time. In the meantime, I'll get you guys out of here." Ye Qingtian knew time was of the essence. Although he had just defeated the martial artists of Chu Sect with Heavenly Palm, he knew those people were only a small part of Chu Sect's strength. *Soon, Chu Sect will*

definitely attack Mount Yan again. If we stay here, we'll surely die. It's best if we leave as soon as possible!

"Leave this place now?"

"If we leave Mount Yan, where should we go?"

King of Fighters and Sword Saint asked puzzledly. *Where could Ye Qingtian possibly take us? Chu Sect is wreaking havoc on the whole of China now. Besides, most of the provinces had already fallen.*

"If you're planning on taking us abroad, I would rather just stay on Mount Yan," King of Fighters uttered stubbornly.

Sword Saint wasn't keen on fleeing the country as well.

Ye Qingtian shook his head in response. "Don't worry. We're not going to flee the country and hide abroad. Things aren't that dire yet. I'm taking you guys to Jiangdong. From what I know, when Ye Fan was still alive, he left something in Jiangdong to protect the martial arts world there from intruders. In other words, I think Jiangdong is the safest place in China now. In order to fight against Chu Sect, I'll bring all of you guys there and set up a base. This time around, Chu Sect had launched a major scale of attacks and declared war on various martial arts worlds. If we can prolong the war, we might be able to crush Chu Sect's greed and ambitions!" Ye Qingtian said in a deep voice.

"What? Go back to Jiangdong? Are you joking, Ye? The sacred land of China's martial arts world is Mount Yan! War God Castle is the most powerful in China! We should guard Mount Yan and China's War God Castle! Why should we guard Jiangdong for Ye Fan's sake?" King of Fighters fumed.

To him, Mount Yan was the symbol of China's martial arts world. He was worried about what others would say about him if he were to give up on Mount Yan and guard Jiangdong.

If we do that, others will surely think Jiangdong is the symbol of China's martial arts world. In other words, they'll think that Ye Fan is above War God Castle! Most importantly, everyone knows about the conflicts between Ye Fan and War God Castle. If we escape to Jiangdong, everyone's going to think that War God Castle is good for nothing. Otherwise, why would we run toward Jiangdong to seek protection from a dead man? Along with War God Castle, we'll end up becoming everyone's laughingstock! Neither King of Fighters nor Sword Saint could swallow their pride and do as they were told.

Ye Qingtian got angry, and he fumed, "Do you guys think it's wise to think about your reputations now? Are you guys going to risk the last hope of China's martial arts world for the sake of reputation?"

At that moment, the hundreds of martial artists standing behind them remained silent.

It was as if they were the last troops that were waiting for their general to make a crucial decision that would determine whether they were to live or die.

Suddenly, a burst of hubristic laughter was heard coming from the bottom of Mount Yan. "Hahaha! Hope? Ye Qingtian, do you really think there's still hope for China?"

Ye Qingtian and the others were shocked, and they immediately turned toward the voice.

That was when they saw the members of Chu Sect had returned once again.

This time around, even more of them showed up.

The Chu family's Dragon Guards, Tiger Guards, and Wolf Guards had also arrived. Among them, there were thirty-six expert martial artists.

Besides, a few more elders from Chu Sect were seen standing next to Anderson.

*F*ck! They're back already?* Ye Qingtian's expression turned grim.

Ye Qingtian instructed, "Wuya, I'll stall them. Look for an opportunity to take Mr. Xiao and your dad away from Mount Yan, okay? You guys need to get out of here!" Right then, he knew a gruesome battle was about to break out.

Although Chu Sect had brought along countless experts, Ye Qingtian could still make an escape if he ended up not being able to defeat all of them.

However, he was worried about the others.

Hence, he decided to send King of Fighters and the rest out of there first. "My fellow countrymen, what happens today will directly determine the survival of China's martial arts world. We don't have to win the battle today. Instead, all we need to do is make it out alive! When the battle begins, I'll try my best to hold off the martial artists of Chu Sect. As for the rest of you, do everything you can to get away from Mount Yan and stay alive. If possible, I hope to meet all of you at Jiangdong again after this!"

It was as if Ye Qingtian had just said his last words because he knew most of the countrymen before his eyes would die soon after. *Now, all I can do for them is wish them luck. Hopefully, they'll make it out alive.*

"No! I'm not leaving! I'll guard Mount Yan with my life! I would rather die than flee! If Mount Yan falls, I'll be useless as a pillar of China!" King of Fighters was adamant about guarding Mount Yan till his last breath.

Sword Saint wasn't willing to leave, either. War God Castle was everything to him, and he had fought for Mount Yan throughout his life. Hence, he would rather die there than live

somewhere else.

“Wuya, drag them away!” Ye Qingtian couldn't give a hoot about what they wanted, so he told Mo Wuya to forcefully drag the both of them away from Mount Yan.

“Do you think you guys can leave? None of you will get away alive!” Anderson smirked.

“Is it? Do you think the few of you guys can stop us?” Ye Qingtian retorted coldly. His domineering tone suggested that he was looking down on his opponents.

In fact, Ye Qingtian wasn't intimidated by Chu Family Protectors and Chu Sect elders.

“Of course not! I have their backs!”

Whoosh!

A gust of wind swept through, sending the leaves fluttering and the sand flying wildly.

After that, there was a thunderous crash.

The initially peaceful sky was suddenly disrupted by strong gusts of wind.

While panicking, the martial artists from China saw a figure dressed in a grey robe walking slowly toward them.

Despite his slow movements, his footsteps were creating rumbles throughout the area.

Just like that, a domineering and powerful elderly had arrived on Mount Yan.

“Long live Old Master!”

“Long live Old Master!”

Upon seeing that elderly, all the martial artists from Chu Sect on Mount Yan knelt and greeted him.

It was as if they had just seen someone they were all worshipping.

The expressions of the martial artists from China changed dramatically when they heard that.

King of Fighters had his eyes widened in shock, while Sword Saint's face had turned pale.

Even Ye Qingtian, the protector of China, was startled when he saw the elderly. *That's Chu Yuan! That's the former head of Chu Sect, Chu Yuan! He's the main reason Ye Fan died back then. Moreover, he's widely regarded as the strongest in the world. Chu Yuan, he's a supreme and a god realm! Why did he come to Mount Yan in China personally?*

The wind had weakened, and the stormy sky was calm once again.

Like the weather, the previously rowdy atmosphere on Mount Yan quietened down as well after Chu Yuan appeared.

The place became eerily quiet. Everyone stopped what they were doing, and members of Chu Sect knelt on the ground to reverently welcome Chu Yuan.

The martial artists from China looked up, and colors drained from their faces. They felt vulnerable in the presence of his aura of power.

Chu Yuan ignored those prostrating Chu Sect members. He stood on high grounds and gazed around, taking in the sights of Mount Yan.

“How many years has it been? I remember I was still a kid when I came to Mount Yan last time. Time flies, and in the blink of an eye, half my life has gone past...” The familiar place brought back memories for Chu Yuan, and he couldn't help but recall the good old days.

“Back in those days, China's martial arts world was flourishing. Fighters with the Supreme title were feared by their foes. After all these years, I did not expect to find that the martial arts world had declined so badly. Without Chu Tianfan, you are nothing at all.” He shook his head as he mocked the Chinese, a wry smile on his face.

When he initially planned his attack on China,

he thought he had to mobilize the whole sect to fight against War God Castle. After all, China was where martial arts originated, and the Chinese had a long history of producing top martial artists. Thus, Chu Yuan would not dare to underestimate them.

However, when the actual battle began, he realized he had overestimated the martial arts world of China.

Those Supreme fighters under him successfully dominated China and cornered those top fighters in Mount Yan. He did not even need to mobilize Demonic Duo.

However, Ye Qingtian presented him with a surprise.

“You are the War God of China, Ye Qingtian, right? I remember you were not even among the top ten on the Sky Ranking previously. However, you actually managed to single-handedly stop my army and broke through our Comprehensive Array Attack formation. Looks like you've made great improvements over the years! With that ability, I would not be surprised if you are among the top five in the Sky Ranking now,” he complimented as his gaze landed on Ye Qingtian.

Chu Yuan had a good understanding of the situation he was facing.

Basically, China's martial arts world had already lost to Chu Sect.

King of Fighters and Sword Saint could no longer fight against them as they were gravely injured.

Out of the ten so-called Grandmasters, more than half were already dead, and the remaining ones were of no threat to Chu Sect.

The only person they had to be wary of was Ye Qingtian, the man standing right before his eyes.

Ye Qingtian turned around and looked straight into Chu Yuan's eyes, his determined face betraying no hint of sorrow or joy.

"Should I feel honored, or should I be fearful that Old Mr. Chu actually knows me by my name?" he said wryly.

"It doesn't matter if it is honor or fear. You only have to realize that today is the last day for you, War God Castle, and also for China's martial arts world. That's all you need to know," Chu Yuan said with a smile. He spoke calmly, but there was an arrogant and menacing tone in his voice.

"Hahaha, I would not question that today could mark the end of me, Ye Qingtian, and War God Castle. However, don't you think you are being too arrogant to say this will be the end of China's martial arts world?" Ye Qingtian refuted.

"In the past five thousand years, the world had seen uncountable heroes who rose to dominate

their era, and China's martial arts world had faced no lack of challenges from those powerful foes. However, we survived and made it to this day. You may be the most powerful one at this moment, Chu Yuan, but when compared to those historical legends, you are nothing. So if we survived all of them, what makes you think you can totally wipe us out?" Ye Qingtian scoffed mockingly at Chu Yuan.

"Let's see for ourselves then." Chu Yuan raised his hand and instantly, the ground below them began to tremble, and the skies turned stormy and dark.

All the energies from heaven and earth seemed to be spinning toward Chu Yuan and gathering into his hand. The atmosphere was boiling over.

One move from Chu Yuan and the universe could not help but tremble.

That had to be the mightiest god realm power!

"Leave, War God!"

"Quick! Leave!"

"You are not his match!"

"Don't worry about us. You have to live on!"

"Help our martial arts world regain the glory days!"

"So long as you're around, our martial arts

world has hope and will not be wiped out!”

After witnessing Chu Yuan's devastating prowess, King of Fighters and Sword Saint knew China was in a precarious position. Although they were in great danger themselves, they selflessly urged Ye Qingtian to leave and save himself.

“Please leave, War God!”

“Please get out of Mount Yan, War God!”

All the martial artists were in despair. They could not hide their sorrow, and tears were brimming in their eyes. They knew the end was near, but they harbored hope of keeping a spark alive so China's martial art world could flourish again in the future.

That spark was Ye Qingtian!

So long as they kept him alive, the hope of reviving China's martial arts world stayed alive.

Instantly, all the bloodied and desperate Chinese martial artists knelt on the ground and pleaded sorrowfully with Ye Qingtian, urging him to make an escape and leave Mount Yan.

However, Ye Qingtian shook his head and rejected their request.

“Sword Saint, you have known me for so many years, so you should know my personality by now. You are all my brothers and my fellow

countrymen. Do you want me to abandon all of you and then live on with guilt for the rest of my life? Sorry, but I can't do that! I will stand by you and we'll face this together! If we were to die, we die together!" Ye Qingtian spoke calmly. He seemed to have a nonchalant attitude toward life and death.

"This is not the time to be emotional, Ye! As Ye Qingtian, the War God of China and the most senior Hall Master of War God Castle, you have to see the bigger picture! Compared to the continuity and survival of our martial arts world, our lives mean nothing! So leave now!" Sword Saint pleaded, nearly bursting into tears in despair.

King of Fighters also harshly chided Ye Qingtian for being myopic and urged him to get out of Mount Yan immediately.

"See the big picture?" Ye Qingtian suddenly laughed out loud.

"So you gave up on Ye Fan back in those days because of this so-called big picture? So what happened in the end? Our martial arts world ended up being run to the ground, and China is in grave danger now. Is that the big picture you envisaged?" he questioned.

"Mo Gucheng and Xiao Chen, remember this—I'm different from you! I don't care about your so-called big picture. In my eyes, the big picture is the people! It's all of you, those that are still alive! So long as I'm here, I will not allow

anyone to hurt my fellow countrymen. I'll fight till the end, and if I have to, I'll die by my people!" Ye Qingtian announced loudly, his voice echoing through the whole of Mount Yan.

King of Fighters and Sword Saint were left speechless. They stayed dumbfounded for a long while. They knew Ye Qingtian was not only expressing how he felt about the situation at that moment. He was also berating them for what they had done to Ye Fan. Although many years had passed, he had not forgotten about their decision to forsake Ye Fan.

At that moment, the energy field radiating from Chu Yuan had reached a peak. Even from afar, one could feel the suffocating pressure.

Ye Qingtian stomped on the ground and leaped into the sky. He decided to take Chu Yuan on in mid-air so as to minimize the dangers to the Chinese martial artists.

"Ye Qingtian, if you submit to me now, I can spare your life. Otherwise, Mount Yan will become your burial ground!" Chu Yuan looked at Ye Qingtian from afar and calmly said.

Ye Qingtian laughed out loud and replied, "What is death? It is but a long peaceful sleep. I have practiced martial arts all my life, so it would be an honor to be able to have a battle with a god realm master before I die."

"However, may I ask you a question before we begin, Old Mr. Chu? Why did you put in so much

effort to lead Chu Sect into battles all over the world? Is it merely to satisfy your ambition to be the superpower and to lead the world?" Ye Qingtian put forth the question that had been bugging him.



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"To lead the world? I'm already the most powerful person in this world, so why do I care about leading the world?" Chu Yuan gave a wry smile and said in a tone full of contempt.

"This tiny earth and you people are nothing in my eyes," Chu Yuan arrogantly declared.

He had placed himself in a league beyond mere humans, and even the Earth was considered small and uninteresting to him.

If such words came out of another person's mouth, that person would be seen as a madman who was talking nonsense.

However, it did not sound wrong coming from Chu Yuan. After all, he had earned the right to be arrogant.

Ye Qingtian believed him when he said that, and Chu Yuan's words aroused his curiosity.

Chu Sect had devoted a lot of efforts and resources through the years to dominate the world. If Chu Yuan's aim was not to lead the world, Ye Qingtian could not help but wonder what his motive was.

"Can you tell me what is your motive? I'm about to die anyway, so the least you can do is to let me die without the regret of not knowing why," Ye Qingtian probed.

"Sure. No harm in telling you this. For the past centuries, all the heads of Chu Sect wanted to

unite the martial arts worlds under us. We're not after riches or power. Our aim is to achieve sainthood!" Chu Yuan shared.

What?

Chu Yuan's reply shocked Ye Qingtian.

King of Fighters, Sword Saint, and all the Chinese martial artists stared with their eyes wide open, astonished to hear such a reply as well.

Sai—sainthood? Do saints really exist? Can laymen like us really attain sainthood?

Ye Qingtian's eyes narrowed as he pondered on the many questions in his mind. His emotions were in overdrive, stunned by Chu Yuan's revelation.

What Chu Yuan had said was beyond reality, and beyond anyone's imagination. Saints belonged to myths, and it was a concept most people found difficult to comprehend and accept.

Yet, the head of Chu Sect openly and affirmatively revealed that was his ultimate aim, making everyone wonder if saints really do exist.

"Ignorant fools like you have tunnel vision. All you see is the tiny world around you. You fail to see the true essence of things. Just like the frog in the well knows nothing of the sea, you

commoners have no clue of the existence of saints and the magical sainthood.” Chu Yuan belittled his doubters.

“Ye Qingtian, I have some respect for you, so I shall share a secret with you before you die. Our forefather, Chu Yunyang, was a man that had attained sainthood!

“You doubt the existence of saints, but our ancestor Mr. Yunyang had reached that realm long ago. His title is Saint Yunyang. The Chu family can dominate the world for so many years because we have holy blood in us!” Chu Yuan proudly declared.

Many people were dumbfounded by his declaration. They were utterly confused and flabbergasted.

So the Chinese mythical stories about saints are real!

“No!”

“That's impossible!”

“There is no ghosts nor saints in this world!”

“This is superstition and a primitive belief.”

“You are trying to confuse us!”

“Stop this nonsensical talk, Chu Yuan. I, Mo Gucheng—King of Fighters, don't believe in such superstition!” Mo Gucheng suddenly raised his

voice and chided, rejecting the notion of saints and sainthood.

He could not accept such ideas and found them beyond belief.

However, Chu Yuan could not care less. Regardless of what others said, just like Mo Gucheng, he held firm to his belief.

No one could change his mind or salvage the situation.

War God Castle was destined to be eradicated, and all the Chinese martial artists were heading for death. Chu Sect would confidently run over the whole world.

Sai—saint Yunyang? So there is really sainthood? A realm beyond us humans do exist?

Ye Qingtian was dazed by Chu Yuan's revelation and lost in deep thoughts.

For a long time, he had always thought the pinnacle of power and skills in the martial arts world was to achieve the status of supreme grandmaster, to be ranked number one in the Sky Ranking.

However, the appearance of god realm masters made him realize there was another level beyond what he knew—the god realm.

Suddenly, it was revealed to him that beyond the god realm, there was sainthood!

At that moment, it struck him that knowledge and skills knew no boundaries. One could always strive for a breakthrough and reach greater heights.

When he mastered the palm technique that Ye Fan taught him, he thought he was close to being among the top! However, at that instant, he realized he still had a long way to go in terms of his training and achievements.

Suddenly, Ye Qingtian was overwhelmed by a sense of dejection. He was demoralized by the thought that he would die before achieving the god realm and had no opportunity to take a peek into what was beyond that. To someone obsessed with martial arts, that was something deeply regrettable.

He refused to accept that! He desperately wanted to see for himself what sainthood was like. He wondered if a saint would develop the ability to fly away and leave the earth. He was also curious about the world beyond the earth, the universe where the saints reside.

Suddenly, Ye Qingtian looked up into the sky.

Chu Yuan saw that and laughed out loud.

“Don't tell me you are dreaming of becoming a saint too? Forget it, Ye Qingtian! At this moment, the only person who has the ability to achieve sainthood is me, Chu Yuan! Whoever stands in my way will be eliminated!” Chu Yuan boasted.

"I have to admit Chu Tianfan was indeed a threat to me some years back. I feared he would be the one to attain sainthood instead of me. Thank goodness he is dead! With him gone, no one in this world can stop me from my ambition!" Chu Yuan burst out in arrogant laughter, pleased with himself.

"All right, I've granted your wish and told you what you wanted to know. Now, it's time I send you to meet your maker!" Chu Yuan had no hesitation anymore.

He waved his arm, and millions of blinding sparks shot out from his hand, flying toward Ye Qingtian. It was as if millions of darts were heading toward the target board. The blinding lights brought with them shadows of death.

"Duck, Ye!"

"War God!"

"Watch out!"

King of Fighters, Sword Saint and the other martial artists screamed at Ye Qingtian, warning him. No one expected Chu Yuan would launch his attack so suddenly.

Ye Qingtian could not dodge! Behind him were the few remaining fighters of China's martial arts world. He had vowed to protect them, even at the cost of his own life.

Instead of dodging the light darts, he chose to

take them on, heads-on!

“Heavenly Palm!” He executed his most powerful strike.

“Heavenly Palm!”

“Heavenly Palm!”

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

In a split second, Ye Qingtian launched more than a dozen Heavenly Palm strikes.

Like a gushing river, the intense energy from his strokes formed a wave crest and crashed toward Chu Yuan.

King of Fighters and Sword Saint watched in awe.

Similarly, the other Chinese martial artists froze in tension as they watched the battle unfold.

Some wondered why Ye Qingtian always resorted to Heavenly Palm and suspected that was the only skill he mastered.

What happened to his previous techniques and skills?

Like the rest, King of Fighters was puzzled.

“He had no choice. Ye can only rely on this stroke! This is an exceptionally powerful technique, way more outstanding than any

other skills we have in China. Only this technique can elevate Ye to a higher realm, and enable him to be more powerful than he had ever been." Only Sword Saint understood why.

"Previously, I thought Chu Tianfan was a rare talent, a prodigy in martial arts. I overlooked the fact that the secret techniques he had mastered were exceptional treasures as well," he added.

At that moment, Sword Saint realized why Ye Qingtian could make such big progress within a short three years to become the top five in the Sky Ranking. It was all thanks to that palm technique.

Bang, bang, bang...

Sounds of explosions rumbled through the air as the millions of golden darts hit the wave crest that acted like a solid steel wall to stop them.

After what felt like a long deadlock, Chu Yuan's attack was blocked off, and Ye Qingtian's heavenly palm's wave continued to cruise toward Chu Yuan.

What?

Calm faded from Chu Yuan's face, and his expression turned to that of shock.

He waved his arm to block off the remaining energy wave that had reached him, then turned

to Ye Qingtian and tore into him. “Where did you learn this palm technique from?” he howled.

“Tell me! Did Chu Tianfan hand you the Book of Celestial Cloud before he died?” There was a menacing mix of fury and greed in Chu Yuan's eyes when he questioned Ye Qingtian.



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Chu Yuan had not seen the Book of Celestial Cloud before, but he had read about it in his family records.

It was rumored that Mr. Yunyang recorded all his skills and knowledge in that book.

There were not only secret techniques written in the book but also detailed records of amazing formations and other secrets and information.

In short, Book of Celestial Cloud had comprehensive records of valuable knowledge and information. In a way, it was respectfully honored as the book of saints.

Chu Yuan wasn't sure if such a book really existed.

When Ye Fan came to challenge Chu Sect and showed off Invoke the Celestial Sky, a technique totally different from Chu Sect's skills, Chu Yuan began to believe that the existence of the Book of Celestial Cloud was not a myth.

He truly believed the Book of Celestial Cloud was in Ye Fan's hands.

Without that, no matter how talented Ye Fan was, he could not have gained such frightening prowess within a short decade.

In the past few years, while Chu Yuan was recuperating, he had sent his spies to

Jiangdong to track down the Book of Celestial Cloud.

Unfortunately, he had not gotten any positive outcome from that.

When Ye Qingtian executed Heavenly Palm earlier, Chu Yuan was even more convinced Book of Celestial Cloud existed.

However, Ye Qingtian turned to him puzzledly and asked, "The Book of Celestial Cloud? What is that?"

Chu Yuan's face turned solemn. Looking at Ye Qingtian's puzzled expression, he could tell he was not lying.

"You really don't know what that is? Then where did you learn that technique from? Don't tell me it is a self-taught technique!" Chu Yuan stared intently at Ye Qingtian with those cold, dark eyes of his.

Ye Qingtian could tell Chu Yuan desperately wanted to find out about his heavenly palm technique. He decided to err on the side of caution and not reveal that Ye Fan was the one who taught him. He just said he had a lucky break and got the opportunity to learn it.

"Ye Qingtian, you should know it is not a wise decision to lie to me!" Chu Yuan smirked.

"Even if you have not seen Book of Celestial Cloud, I'm sure Chu Tianfan had something to

do with this palm technique. Actually, I have to thank you for confirming my suspicion about the Book of Celestial Cloud. Now I'm sure it exists, and if I'm not wrong, it is in Jiangdong. After I wipe out War God Castle, I'll make a trip to Jiangdong to retrieve this heirloom of our family!" he added.

A smirk appeared on Chu Yuan's face as he calmed down, no longer feeling anxious or desperate. He knew he had to take one thing at a time.

The top priority at that moment was to eliminate all those on Mount Yan.

"Don't be so arrogant, Chu Yuan! You may be able to wipe us out at Mount Yan, but you won't be able to have your own way in Jiangdong," Ye Qingtian confidently retorted.

Mount Yan was almost flattened and totally ruined. His last hope for China's martial arts world hinged on Jiangdong. As such, he would never allow Chu Sect to create trouble in Jiangdong.

Chu Yuan gave him a mocking smile and asked, "Don't tell me you are going to stop me! Do you really think you can stop me with that single palm technique from Invoke the Celestial Sky?"

Chu Yuan shook his head and looked at Ye Qingtian with disdain. Although he was taken aback to see the prowess displayed by Ye Qingtian earlier, it was merely a moment of

surprise.

Boom!

The look in Chu Yuan's eyes turned cold, and before anyone could react, he launched a strike that was almost the same as Ye Qingtian's Heavenly Palm.

Heavenly Palm was a technique Ye Fan modified from Invoke the Celestial Sky.

As such, it was no surprise Chu Yuan had mastered a similar technique.

When that endless wave of familiar palm energy came toward Ye Qingtian, his eyes popped out in shock. Instantly, he knew he would be defeated.

In recent years, Ye Qingtian managed to secure his wins in battles with the aid of Heavenly Palm. However, with Chu Yuan, that would not work anymore.

There was a definite gap between the prowess of a supreme grandmaster and a god realm master, and it was plain for all to see when he went against Chu Yuan.

Despite knowing his own disadvantage, Ye Qingtian was not going to sit back and do nothing.

“Heavenly Palm!”

“Heavenly Palm!”

“Heavenly Palm!”

Ye Fan had only taught him one technique, so that was all he could use.

Two versions of the modified Invoke the Celestial Sky went against one another on Mount Yan for the first time in history.

The miracle that Ye Qingtian had hoped for did not happen.

With his god realm prowess, Chu Yuan easily overwhelmed Ye Qingtian.

Ye Qingtian let out a groan and vomited a big mouthful of blood. His badly injured body flew across the air like a projectile.

Chu Yuan was not about to let him off so easily. He went ahead and landed another strike on Ye Qingtian.

Ye Qingtian felt as if a tall mountain had crashed onto his body. The intense force broke all his rib bones and instantly, his blood spouted from his body like a geyser.

That marked the end of Ye Qingtian, the legendary top fighter of China.

His bloodied body fell limply into the ground below.

Boom!

His body crashed into the ground in a deafening thud, and a crater formed from the impact.

The loose stones fell on top of his body, burying him deep into the crater.

“War God!”

“Ye!”

King of Fighters and a few others almost broke out in tears, while Sword Saint rushed over like a madman.

Those Chinese martial artists' hearts were aching with sorrow and they did not bother to hide their pain.

Ye Qingtian's collapse was a devastating blow to China's martial arts world.

Although Ye Fan's reputation was greater than that of Ye Qingtian a few years back when he was ranked number one in the Sky Ranking, the general population still looked up to Ye Qingtian. He was the pillar of China's martial arts world. War God was the greatest idol for most Chinese martial artists.

The respect that he commanded was way beyond what a junior like Ye Fan could ever dream of.

One could imagine the pain and shock the Chinese were experiencing at that moment.

Despite the injuries they had, many of them struggled and made their way toward the place where Ye Qingtian had fallen and started wailing as if they had lost a parent.

“Ye Qingtian is dead. Settle the rest of the people.”

After killing Ye Qingtian, Chu Yuan pointed to the rest of the Chinese martial artists and instructed Anderson to finish them off. After that, their next destination would be Jiangdong.

“Oh, leave some men in Yanjing. Chu Tianfan has some accomplices there as well. I heard Chu Tianfan's gang still has some influence in that area.” Chu Yuan started giving out instructions and listed all the chores for his men in a businesslike manner.

After giving out the instructions, he got ready to leave.

Other than Ye Qingtian, which he had to deal with personally, Chu Yuan knew the rest of the matters could be entrusted to his subordinates. That was a good opportunity for his men to gain invaluable experience.

Moreover, the whole purpose of investing so much in grooming them was so they could lighten his load and free him from the mundane chores.

Just as Chu Yuan was about to leave, he heard a rumble from a distance. A bloodied figure was seen struggling from the ground and finally rose from where Ye Qingtian had fallen

"It's Ye Qingtian!" Mo Gucheng and his team exclaimed in joy.

"What? That fella is alive?" Chu Yuan was visibly shaken.

Indeed, Ye Qingtian was still alive. Even though his body was badly mutilated and he had no energy to fight anymore, he had stood up once again.

He stubbornly stood up and roared at Chu Yuan in his hoarse voice. "It ain't over, Chu Yuan!"

That challenge infuriated Chu Yuan.

"Is that so? Then let me give you a hand and send you on your final journey!" he replied.

Chu Yuan had wasted too much time at Mount Yan, and he was losing his patience.

He took a big stride, charged forward, and directed his fist directly at Ye Qingtian's head.

He dispensed all the frivolous techniques and chose to finish Ye Qingtian in the most primitive and violent manner.

Just as King of Fighters and his compatriots gasped and looked on in horror, a bawdy voice

sounded from afar saying, “Here I come! Let me see which assh*le is bullying my compatriots from Jiangdong!”



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Huangniu's bawdy voice echoed through the mountains and stunned everyone present.

Chu Yuan was especially shocked at the mention of Jiangdong. His face fell and his whole body tensed up.

To both War God Castle and Chu Sect, Jiangdong was a place that they could not take lightly. Even a god realm master like Chu Yuan had respect for that place and anything associated with Jiangdong.

After all, Ye Fan was from Jiangdong, and that was also where the Chu ancestors hailed from.

Even Chu Yuan's mother, the Grand Old Lady of the Chu family, was residing somewhere in Jiangdong incognito. She was the reason why Chu Yuan left Jiangdong to the last in his battle plan.

Although she was far away, she managed to instill fear in him without being physically present. Chu Yuan had no wish to confront her unless absolutely necessary.

Upon hearing Huangniu's naughty voice, he immediately suspected he was a Jiangdong fighter sent by the old lady.

He went on a high alert and focused his attention on the intruder, temporarily halting his pursuit of Ye Qingtian.

When he turned around and saw that it was a

calf instead of a prominent fighter, his face fell and he insulted, "Who is this ugly beast? Are you courting death?"

He casually waved his arm and directed a few strikes in Huangniu's direction, and bursts of energy shot toward Huangniu.

After that, he turned around and couldn't be bothered with Huangniu anymore.

After all, it was just a calf, albeit an unusual one that could talk.

Chu Yuan was not about to waste his time and energy on a mere animal. He assumed that the few casual strikes he directed at Huangniu were sufficient to take care of it.

"Take note, you Chinese martial artists. Don't dream of a miracle happening and that someone would come to your rescue. No one has the capability to do that. There used to be such a person, but unfortunately for you, he is dead," he said.

"Come to think about it, I have you, War God Castle, to thank. I was badly injured then, and if you had worked with Dragon God Hall to save Chu Tianfan, I would not be able to stop you. Thankfully, you chose to turn a blind eye to his plight, and thus, I could successfully finish him off. As a gesture of appreciation for your past assistance, I will grant you a quick death today!" he gloated, laughing gleefully.

One could hear the pride and arrogance of a winner in his laughter.

Ye Qingtian was infuriated by that, and his teeth and fists subconsciously clenched tightly in anger.

Sword Saint's body jerked involuntarily, and his heart was filled with mixed emotions. Back then, he chose to give up on Ye Fan because he was worried War God Castle was not strong enough to go against Chu Yuan.

When Chu Yuan revealed that he was badly injured at that time and they could have successfully saved Ye Fan, a deep sense of remorse and guilt arose in Sword Saint's heart.

Alas, it was too late to regret and repent as they could not turn back the clock.

What they could do was quietly await their demise.

Sword Saint and his compatriots had given up hope and closed their eyes, ready to take on that final blow from Chu Yuan.

Just when Chu Yuan was about to finish Ye Qingtian and his men off, something whizzed past behind him.

He immediately turned around, and the sight that greeted him shocked him.

Huangniu had fended off his attack and

appeared behind him.

“H-how is this possible? A casual strike from me can badly injure any supreme fighter. Don't tell me this stupid calf is more formidable than a supreme fighter!” Shock was written all over Chu Yuan's face.

He had not paid much attention to the beast earlier. However, it had overcome his attack and came straight up to him, so he had to be on his toes.

He decided to give Huangniu a deadly knockout blow, but before he could move his fist, Huangniu had already sent a lightning-quick kick in his direction.

Its sturdy hooves landed hard on Chu Yuan's chest.

Chu Yuan thought he could take on that kick directly with his Dragon God Body, but to his surprise, Huangniu's strength was beyond his imagination and he could not withstand that blow even with his Dragon God Body!

All those present stared in disbelief and dropped their jaws at that mind-blowing sight of Chu Yuan, the high and mighty head of Chu Sect, being sent hurtling across the air by a calf!

“Da*n! How dare you look down on me? I'm going to stomp you to death! I stomp, and stomp, and stomp!” Huangniu gave Chu Yuan

an earful as it stomped frenetically at him.

The frenzied attack started in mid-air, but even after Chu Yuan fell into the ruins, Huangniu had no intention of letting up. He went over and landed a few more kicks on Chu Yuan, sending him straight into the ground.

W-What?

All those present at Mount Yan gaped in astonishment at that surprising turn of the event. Anderson and his men, who were getting ready to go on a killing spree, were especially shocked.

Ye Qingtian, Sword Saint, and their team were similarly thunderstruck as they stared at the god-like calf.

“Th-this power is not for real, is it?”

“What kind of a beast is this?”

The incredulous sight of a god realm master being stomped by a calf gave Mo Wuya and those around him goosebumps.

It was simply unbelievable!

After defeating Chu Yuan, Huangniu landed back on Mount Yan and paced around, eyeing the two opposing parties.

Finally, his gaze landed on the fighters of Chu Sect, and he impatiently asked, “Are you the

family of Ye Fan, the heir of Jiangdong?”

“Although I detest that jerk, Ye Fan, I had no choice but to do this. My future happiness is at stake and in his hands. I'll save you just this once. Stand up straight and at the count of three, start marching forward. I will lead you id*ots back to Jiangdong,” he ordered.

Huangniu saw that those people looked like Ye Fan, and so he instinctively assumed they were Ye Fan's men and the people of Jiangdong.

Anderson's face fell and he sternly rebuked Huangniu. “W-What are you talking about? We are from Chu Sect, not the idiotic family of Ye Fan. Stop talking nonsense!”

Huangniu tilted its head in confusion and mumbled, “You're not? Some of you looked like Ye Fan, so I thought you are his family.”

Next, Huangniu turned toward Ye Qingtian and his men and said, “Since they are from Chu Sect, then you must be Ye Fan's id*ots. Count yourself lucky! Come with me, and I'll lead you back to Jiangdong.”

“But let me forewarn you—don't come with me unless you are Ye Fan's family! I'm only here to save that jerk's family and men! The rest of the people can die for all I care,” added Huangniu as it picked on its nose.

Huangniu was never a busybody. If not for the agreement it made with Ye Fan, it would not

have traveled such a long way to Mount Yan. In order to save itself as much trouble as possible, Huangniu decided it would only take Ye Fan's subordinates and family back to Jiangdong. It would not entertain requests for help from anyone unrelated to Ye Fan.

“Y-you are Ye Fan's pet?” Ye Qingtian was once again blown away. He never thought Ye Fan actually had such a formidable calf as a pet! It was so strong that it managed to bury Chu Yuan in the ground.

Although Huangniu took advantage of Chu Yuan's carelessness, the fact that it was able to defeat Chu Yuan put it on par with at least the top three on the Sky Ranking. It wouldn't be a surprise if it was a worthy match for those god realm masters too!

The thought that a calf could be so awesome made Ye Qingtian's hair stand on end.



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