"I...I...didn't..."

Ye Fan blushed and almost coughed blood when he heard the cleaning lady sighing outside the door.

What the hell did the cleaning lady mean?

He didn't do anything at all.

This was all a misunderstanding!

Ye Fan smiled bitterly as he wondered what on earth was going on.

Fortunately, it was only the hotel cleaning lady who saw it.

Ye Fan couldn't be bothered to explain to her.

However, Ye Fan probably wouldn't be able to explain himself if it was Qiu Mu-Cheng.

"Master, I'm sorry. I was too clumsy. I can't even do such a simple thing."

Suzumiya Eigetsu finally composed herself while Ye Fan sat on the couch and was unsure whether he should laugh or cry. She hurriedly stood up from the ground and



bowed as she apologized to him.

Ye Fan waved his hand. "It's fine. You were born to be a princess, so you are not good at serving someone else. Enough. Have an early night. We are going to Sword Shrine tomorrow."

Ye Fan's words echoed in the room.

Then Ye Fan turned to leave.

Only Suzumiya Eigetsu stood by herself in the living room.

The night passed swiftly.

The next day, a handsome young man and a stunning young woman walked the streets of Tokyo at daybreak.

The sun was rising in the sky.

The land was bathed in sunlight.

The morning sun left two particularly long shadows behind them.

They were none other than Ye Fan and Suzumiya Eigetsu.



Suzumiya Eigetsu was taking Ye Fan somewhere.

They were heading straight for Sword Shrine!

Ye Fan had come to Japan for three reasons.

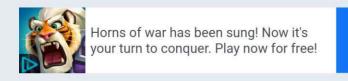
His first reason was to purge the ranks of Dragon God Hall. Secondly, he was here to settle his scores with Mochizuki Kawa. Thirdly, he had come to obtain the yasakani jade.

Now that he had wrapped things up with Rock Dragon, it was time to settle the score with Mochizuki Kawa.

Ye Fan was careless and let him escape previously.

But this time, Ye Fan was going to slaughter him for sure!

"Master, must you fight? Sword Shrine holds high status in the martial arts circle here. Even if you defeat my teacher and annihilate Sword Shrine, you will incur public wrath. Sanshin Organization won't let you off. You



will be surrounded and might not survive."

Suzumiya Eigetsu felt worried on their way there.

She kept persuading Ye Fan out of fighting her teacher with a look of worry on her face.

Ye Fan and Mochizuki Kawa were both equally important to Suzumiya Eigetsu.

She didn't want to see them fight each other to their deaths.

More importantly, it was a matter of life and death for Ye Fan.

Regardless of whether Ye Fan defeated Mochizuki Kawa, he would probably end up dying.

If he failed to defeat Mochizuki Kawa, Sword Shrine wouldn't let him off.

If he won and managed to defeat Mochizuki Kawa and destroy Sword Shrine, would the other martial artists let him leave in one piece?

Even the number one martial artist in Japan,





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Yukiteru Tenshin, the head of Sanshin Organization, might get involved.

Then Ye Fan would end up in an even more precarious predicament.

Ye Fan shook his head and smiled calmly at Suzumiya Eigetsu.

"Be surrounded and fail to come back in one piece? Eigetsu-chan, is that all the confidence you have in me?"

Ye Fan laughed gently.

"Eigetsu-chan, do you know that Sanshin Organization and the Japanese martial arts circle mean nothing to me? I don't even give a hoot about the Chu family, never mind a tiny little Sanshin Organization and your martial arts circle. Just wait and see. I will show you how powerful your master is," said Ye Fan proudly.

His deep voice echoed through the air like the sound of swords clanging.

HUUU!

In an instant, the wind gusted and swept up



all the fallen leaves.

Ye Fan walked off with a sneer in his eyes.

No one knew about the tempest the young man would cause in Japan after this.

In the Tokyo suburbs.

A huge structure stood erect.

It consisted of red walls and green tiles and resembled Tang Dynasty architecture from China.

This huge structure was none other than Sword Shrine, the place that dominated the Japanese martial arts circle.

In the martial arts world of Japan, Sword Shrine only ranked second in terms of actual prowess.

The first was Sanshin Organization.

The number one martial artist in Japan, Yukiteru Tenshin, was head of Sanshin Organization.



However, Sanshin Organization was always mysterious, and avoided the outside world and conflict.

It kept its distance from the outside world and never got involved in martial arts matters.

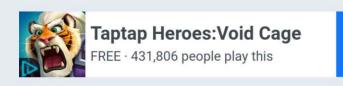
Hence, Sanshin Organization was like a religion and a holy land to martial artists in Japan. It was something they could only look at from a distance and couldn't blaspheme against.

So Sword Shrine ended up becoming the highest authority in the Japanese martial arts circle and took care of all related matters.

"Master Mochizuki, I have been waiting for days. When can you have a duel with me?" said Mo Wu-Ya politely in the hall. He sounded relatively respectful.

After all, Mochizuki Kawa had already carved a name for himself when he was still young. He was a top fighter from the same generation as his father and God of War.

Since Mo Wu-Ya was younger than



Mochizuki Kawa, he treated Mochizuki Kawa with respect.

Mochizuki Kawa sat on the ground crosslegged and closed his eyes as he said deeply, "I told you, now is not the time. After I settle a feud, I will agree to a duel. So, please leave. Help me send a message to your father when you get back. Tell him I applaud China for finding yet another martial arts genius. Sadly, Sword Shrine will be finishing him off."

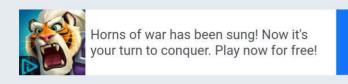
Mochizuki Kawa spoke frostily.

But Mo Wu-Ya was completely lost and didn't know what Mochizuki Kawa was talking about.

But he didn't care about it either.

All he cared about was when Mochizuki Kawa could fight with him.

"Back in the day, the God of War became famous after defeating Mochizuki Kawa and became the number one fighter in China. If I can defeat Mochizuki Kawa now, I'll make a name for myself in the martial arts circles too! With such an accomplishment under my



belt, I will definitely be conferred a title and join the ranks of War God Castle as the seventh pillar of the nation."

Mo Wu-Ya had come to Japan hoping to achieve something.

If he wanted a title and become a supreme grandmaster in China, he needed talent, and more importantly, he needed astounding achievement.

Even though Mo Wu-Ya's father was the King of Fighters, Mo Wu-Ya didn't have sufficient experience. If he didn't have any other achievements under his belt, it was hard for him to get promoted.

This was the reason why Mo Wu-Ya was so anxious to fight Mochizuki Kawa.

However, Mo Wu-Ya was oblivious that Mochizuki Kawa had already been defeated by Ye Fan during all this time he spent outside War God Castle honing his craft.

And of course, he didn't know that the person Mochizuki Kawa was waiting for was Ye Fan!

"Master Mochizuki, I came to ask for a duel out of admiration for you. How can I leave empty-handed after waiting for days? In any case, it is unacceptable. How about ten moves? The duel will only last ten moves. Then I will leave and stop disturbing you," said Mo Wu-Ya to Mochizuki Kawa with no sign of giving up.

However, Mochizuki Kawa turned a deaf ear to Mo Wu-Ya's request.

"I said I'm busy. I don't have time to fight! Please go. Ryuichi, send him away!"

Mochizuki Kawa lost all patience as he waved his hand to send Mo Wu-Ya away.

"Sword God, I..."

Mo Wu-Ya wanted to say more, but the second Sword Shrine priest, Ishino Ryuichi, stopped him.

"My child, stop trying to force Mochizukisenpai. He's in a bad mood recently because he has some problems to deal with," persuaded Ishino Ryuichi.

Since Ishino Ryuichi had once gone to China

to advance his martial arts skills, he had plenty of connections in the country.

Ishino Ryuichi was acquainted with most of the legendary generals.

Among them, Ishino Ryuichi was the closest to the King of Fighters.

If he wasn't close friends with the King of Fighters, he would have driven Mo Wu-Ya away ages ago.

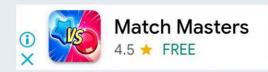
After all, it was considered rude to knock on an elder's doors to ask for a duel.

"Hmm? Master Mochizuki is highly respected in Japan and one of its top five fighters. What could he be possibly worried about?"

Mo Wu-Ya instantly found it perplexing.

Ishino Ryuichi shook his head and sighed deeply.

"You know Sword God had three disciples, right? But two of them were killed, while the third one has been hostage. Now the culprit has come to Japan and is demanding to





exchange the surviving disciple for one of our sacred objects."

What?

"I didn't know about that at all."

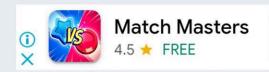
Mo Wu-Ya was instantly shocked.

No wonder Sword God was in a bad mood recently. It was because of this incident.

"I can't believe there is such scum in the Japanese martial arts circle. He couldn't do anything about Sword God, so he attacked his disciple instead and held him hostage to force Sword God's hand? Martial artists should be upright. How could he do something so underhanded? Scum like him will never succeed," said Mo Wu-Ya deeply with his voice filled with contempt and rage.

Mo Wu-Ya was from an elite martial arts family. His father was a pillar of the nation and a War God Castle council member, so Mo Wu-Ya was proud and above board.

He despised people who used underhanded methods to achieve their objectives.





If they wanted anything, they should just come and ask for it.

If they were capable enough, they could have what they wanted. If they weren't, then they should be prepared to die.

Holding someone hostage was underhanded and disgraceful.

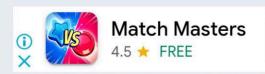
"Uncle Ryuichi, Sword Shrine controls the Japanese martial arts circle, so you can't always only focus on martial arts skills. You have to work on ethics too. People can't stand tall in society without ethics, and the same goes for martial artists. A truly respectable martial artist has to be strong and upright. Japan has to work on their martial artists' ethics," said Mo Wu-Ya earnestly.

Ishino Ryuichi looked at Mo Wu-Ya quizzically. "But he is from China."

What?

Mo Wu-Ya's stared with his eyes wide open.

It felt like a slap on his face.









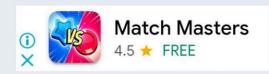
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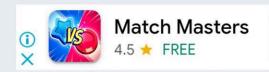
His face became pale and livid, and he looked particularly embarrassed.

"Huh? That scum is Chinese?" asked Mo Wu-Ya deeply.

Ishino Ryuichi nodded and said, "That's right. Actually, Sword God went to China to avenge his disciples and fight. However, that Chinese brat was completely despicable. He was too afraid to engage, so he sent fighters to take turns fighting Mochizuki-senpai to exhaust him. Then he pulled a scheme against Mochizuki-senpai, and he ended up accidentally falling for his plot. Fortunately, Mochizuki-senpai kept his cool and survived the desperate situation, so he managed to escape."

"However, his disciple wasn't as highly skilled and ended up getting caught. Now, this scum is using that disciple to threaten Sword Shrine. I can't believe there are such despicable people in China since it is supposed to be the mecca of martial arts. My boy, you have to work hard on grooming ethical martial artists."

Ishino Ryuichi patted Mo Wu-Ya's shoulder as he spoke sadly.





Mo Wu-Ya's face flushed crimson in embarrassment. He almost wanted to dig a hole and hide from shame.

He had assumed it was a local problem.

However, a Chinese martial artist was surprisingly involved.

Mo Wu-Ya felt disgraced and furious.

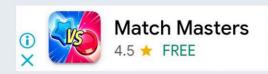
BAM!

He slammed the long table before him, and it broke into smithereens!

"Uncle Ryuichi, since the culprit is from the Chinese martial arts circle, I should take care of it. Don't worry. Let me handle this! I will kill this scoundrel and purge our ranks! I promise to give Sword Shrine a satisfactory outcome," said Mo Wu-Ya angrily with a murderous aura.

He declared that he would kill Ye Fan and answer to Sword Shrine.

Just as Mo Wu-Ya was about to leave and kill the culprit, Mochizuki Kawa finally broke his silence and instantly said deeply, "This is





an evil and scheming man, so you can't go alone. Ryuichi, take some men and go with him. There is safety in numbers!"

Ishino Ryuichi nodded. "Okay, Mochizukisenpai! I will gather all the Sword Shrine fighters, so we can kill him together!"

Ishino Ryuichi had a highly driven personality, so the moment he received Mochizuki Kawa's order, he gathered ten highly skilled martial artists to come to Sword Shrine.

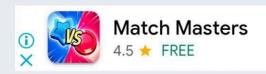
"Everyone, a Chinese kid has offended Japan. He killed our kinsman and insulted our country. By order of Mochizuki Kawa, Sword Shrine's head priest, we are going to kill the scum! I swear never to return until he is dead!"

"Swear never to return until he is dead!"

"Swear never to return until he is dead!"

Ishino Ryuichi and Mo Wu-Ya stood proudly at Sword Shrine.

At their feet, dozens of Japanese martial arts experts bowed to them reverently.





Their murderous voices surged and crashed down resoundingly like huge waves.

Amid their booming voices, no one noticed a skinny silhouette walking in the morning sun under the skies.

He was walking over proudly.



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