But these people were met with nothing but silence.

Ye Fan stood where he was quietly and didn't say a word.

His blood covered face did not show any emotion whatsoever.

It was as if he was a statue and not a living human being.

"Mr Ye? Won't you say something? Keeping quiet isn't going to solve anything. We really don't have any evil intentions and we honestly just want a chance at getting the treasure. Besides, you're probably going to get into trouble sooner or later since you're so badly injured but you're also carrying such valuable items on hand. Those who carry valuable items are always targeted after all. If you hand the items over to us, then you'd be free of this danger," continued the same man. He was on the plump side and spoke in a very friendly and humble manner, smiling throughout his speech.

But even though he had said so much, the young man in the middle of the crowd didn't bother to respond to him at all.





Just when the plump man was getting a little impatient, Ye Fan finally moved his lips slightly.

Everyone was instantly excited, thinking that Ye Fan was finally going to cooperate with them.

To their surprise, Ye Fan wasn't going to hand anything over. He only had one icy cold word for them.

"Scram."

He didn't say this word loudly, but it could send shivers down everyone's spine.

Everyone was shocked by this response.

They didn't expect Ye Fan to remain so complacent and audacious despite being threatened by so many of them and having no way of escaping.

"Shit! I tried to be nice and this is how you respond? Did you think we're really scared of you just because you're a supreme grandmaster? You're now like a toothless tiger, so why should we be afraid? I thought I'd be nice and save you some dignity. But





since you don't care for it, then don't complain that we're ganging up to bully you!" cursed the plump man angrily at Ye Fan. He lost his patience and stopped trying to speak kindly to Ye fan.

After he was done shouting at Ye Fan, the plump man turned to say to the crowd, "Everyone, you saw that, didn't you? This little punk would rather die than to hand the treasures over to us. Since that's the case, let's not waste any time on him. Let's combine forces and slaughter him right here! He doesn't want to hand them over, so we'll take them ourselves!"

"He's right! Hesitate no more! Let's attack him together! We'll kill him in one fell swoop! As for the treasures he has, it's first come first served!" Reilo chimed in to instigate the crowd.

The greedy hearts of the crowd were instantly set ablaze.

A number of people in the crowd instantly leapt up to attack.

They were like arrows shooting out from bows as they charged towards Ye Fan.



They swung their swords wildly as they thrust their bodies forward.

The moment one person led the way, the remaining people in the crowd stopped hesitating.

"Punk, I'm going to kill you!"

"You asked for it!"

"Those treasures are ours!"

Countless figures dashed forward in an instant, stirring up a whirlwind.

The flurry of attacks seemed to cover the sky as they poured towards Ye Fan from all directions like the waves of the ocean.

All their attacks were directed at where Ye Fan was standing.

They roared with threatening expressions and a greedy glint in their eyes.

These people were like man devouring wolves as they made their way swiftly towards Ye Fan.





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"Wave Riding Palm!"

"Running Thunder Sword!"

"Six Beam Slash!"

Every single person unleashed the best move they had.

Each one chose their most fatal techniques.

Even a lion used its full strength just to catch a rabbit. There were many of them attacking Ye Fan at the same time, but none of them dared to underestimate him or let their guard down.

Ye Fan was a supreme grandmaster after all.

Even though Ye Fan was heavily injured, a toothless tiger was still a tiger. If they weren't careful, they might still end up injured or dead.

Nobody dared to be careless at this point.

As everyone launched their attacks at the same time, the entire place was thrown into turmoil, like a pot of boiling water.



The attacks were like hundreds of rivers that flowed towards the sea.

The energy that was unleashed was enough to shake the whole area.

It split the ground and caused the mountains and rivers to tremble violently.

All the tall trees in the vicinity broke apart and fell like glass crashing to the floor.

The little makeshift tent that they were drinking in earlier was overturned and all the barrels of alcohol inside exploded.

The hard liquor spilled onto the ground and was impossible to save.

"My wine! My wine! That's all money! You assholes! Why can't you fight further away from my business?!" The old man's heart felt like it was bleeding when he watched all the barrels of alcohol explode before his eyes.

"Grandpa, this is not the time to care about your wines! Hurry up, let's leave right now! Otherwise, we're going to explode just like those barrels!" shouted his granddaughter anxiously when she realized that her



grandfather was more bothered about the loss of his alcohol stock.

She dragged her grandfather along and quickly made a run for it.

Meanwhile, everyone's attacks had come together and were only several meters away from Ye Fan.

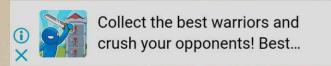
In just a few more seconds, they were going to watch Ye Fan be completely beaten to a pulp from the weight of their combined attack.

"Haha! Just die! I, Reilo, am going to complete what the Indra had failed to do!"

"What a stupid boy! You could have lived but you insisted on choosing the path that leads to death."

"Wouldn't it have been better if you just handed the treasures over? Look at the situation you're in now! Even the gods can't save you now!"

Some were smiling threateningly, some were mocking Ye Fan and some were uttering words of disdain.





The wind howled and the clouds trembled.

Ye Fan was now in a terrible crisis and a target of many martial artists.

The crowd thought that they would see Ye Fan struggle in despair and howl in misery.

But they were sorely disappointed.

Despite being in such peril and with no way out in sight, this young man remained as calm as ever.

There was no emotion on his face as he stood where he was quietly.

There was no fear, no despair and no cries of hopelessness.

All they got was a frosty stare from his bloodied body.

Just when their combined attacks were about to fall on him, the young man looked up.

He looked at the clouds in the sky, looked at the forest around him, looked at the ants and dirt on the ground. His quiet and eerie





laughter soon filled his surroundings like the rumbling of thunder, piercing everyone's ears.



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"The Indians tried to kill me, the Chu family tried to kill me, Tang Yun tried to kill me. And now, even you worthless ants want to kill me too? Am I so irksome in everyone's eyes? Is there no place for me in this world? Am I so deserving of death?"

The young man stood beneath the skies as the blood on his body shone brightly in the sun. All the emotions that he had kept hidden in his heart was exploding violently out of him now.

He raised his head and laughed with hair all over his face.

That bright laughter was filled with misery and loneliness.

He seemed like a great warrior who was about to meet his end.

It was impossible to describe the pain and dejection in that laughter.

But once he was done laughing, an unstoppable murder and fury surged from within the depths of Ye Fan's heart.

When he looked at all the people around

him, everyone immediately shivered in fear.

It felt as though a demon had climbed out from hell and had opened its bloodthirsty eyes.

An overwhelming murderous aura swept through the crowd.

The remnants of Ye Fan's laughter was still echoing in the distance.

But now, it sounded much more sinister and unfeeling.

"Fine! So shall it be. All of you can come at me. Neither the Chu family, nor Tang Yun, nor all of you combined will be able to scare me. Even if I have to go through great tribulations, and nearly lose my life, my desire to storm the Chu family will never change! Even if the Earth continues to spin and nothing in this world is changed, I will not regret wanting to kill the Chu family! Even though thousands may block my way, I will still walk on!" his valiant and determined voice shook his surroundings like a loud clap of thunder.

With this angry shout from Ye Fan,





thousands of trees within a one kilometer radius were uprooted on the spot and the ground trembled violently. Spiderweb-like cracks appeared in the ground from beneath Ye Fan's feet and extended outwards.

Just one shout had caused this much damage.

Reilo and the rest were shocked by this. None of them expected Ye Fan to still possess so much power despite being so badly injured.

"He's just putting on a brave front! Everyone, don't be afraid of him! Chinese martial artists have always been a sly bunch, and pretending to be more powerful than they really are is a common tactic they deploy. We Indians have fought the Chinese for many years, and nobody understands their schemes better than we do. The more powerful he seems to be, the weaker his body really is."

"So there's really no need to be afraid.
Unleash everything you've got and kill this punk off right now! Once he's dead, all the treasures he possesses are ours! These are treasures that several supreme

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grandmasters fought for! If we can get our hands on them, then we can also reach a stage that we once only dreamt about!" shouted Reilo loudly.

Reilo was really good at instigating others.

It only took a few sentences to convince everyone to stop being afraid and wary of Ye Fan.

His last sentence made everyone go crazy.

The martial artists started attacking even more fiercely than before.

But at the same time, Ye Fan had already leapt into the sky.

His feet were in the air and his back faced the clouds.

He looked down at the crowd with a cold smile in his eyes.

A golden glow encapsulated his body while the clouds tumbled uncontrollably under his feet.

A boiling rage appeared on his thin face.





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"I did not intend to go on a killing spree, but you ants insist on sending yourselves to your graves. In that case, don't blame me for making you bleed to death in a foreign land!"

The energy in the air seemed to gather in huge amounts all of a sudden and rushed towards Ye Fan as if he could command it.

Ye Fan endured the pain of his wounds as he protected himself with his Dragon God Body and got ready to unleash his most powerful move.

"The first move of Invoke the Celestial Cloud, Cloud Sun Kick!" shouted Ye Fan in a sinister voice with an authoritative look on his face and frost covering his gaze.

With his back against the sky, the leg he lifted up felt like a great mountain stepping down on the combined attacks of the martial artists below.

BOOM!

It was as if a nuclear explosion just occurred.

A powerful surge of energy came hurtling

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down, causing rocks to splinter and fly in all directions.

Everyone watched as Ye Fan's first move collided with the combined attack of the crowd.

"HA! It's over, punk! Go to hell! So what if you're gifted? So what if you're a supreme grandmaster? How could you possibly fight so many of our best moves with that battered body of yours?" Reilo gloated merrily when the two attacks collided. He was already thinking of how he was going to claim credit for killing Ye Fan from Brahma.

He wasn't underestimating his enemy. Ye Fan did seem terribly injured and was at his weakest now.

Nobody would have thought that Ye Fan would be able to turn things around in this state.

But these people had no idea how strong his Dragon God Body was, and certainly didn't know how magical the moves of Invoke the Celestial Cloud could really be.

Ye Fan had suffered countless near fatal





attacks and had been thrown into peril so many times, but he had always managed to come out alive.

How did he manage to do that?

It was thanks to his Dragon God Body and Invoke the Celestial Cloud!

Dragon God Body was a technique that could train up and protect Ye Fan's outer physical body.

Invoke the Celestial Cloud was a martial arts cultivation technique that could protect all of Ye Fan's vital internal body processes.

And because Ye Fan had these two incredible techniques and they worked together seamlessly, Ye Fan was able to turn the tables on his opponents time and again, and survived even the worst of attacks.

So even though Ye Fan had been severely injured by members of Chu Sect, Reilo and these other low level martial artists were still no match for him!

As a result, even as Reilo and the crowd were sure of their victory, they watched in

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shock as their combined attack was shattered upon meeting with Ye Fan's kick.

The scene of Ye Fan being defeated that they had imagined earlier did not happen.

Instead, the total sum of their attacks fell apart easily like a broken pearl necklace.

Their combined attacks hadn't been able to weaken Ye Fan's kick and wasn't even able to hold up for one moment.

That seemingly mighty attack from martial artists around the world had been trampled to pieces just like that!

"How...how is this possible?! He actually...he actually just broke through all of our attacks with one foot?!" Reilo's glee turned to pure horror.

He felt like Ye Fan had just slapped him in the face.

He stared in disbelief at the scene in front of him.

He wasn't the only one in shock. Every single martial artist who had launched an attack





earlier was stunned.

They looked like they had been struck by lightning.

"One...one foot was all it took?"

"This...this is impossible..."

"How...how is he so strong?!"



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