

Everyone felt their brains burst when they saw how Ye Fan had completely shattered their attack with just one foot.

They thought that they were definitely going to emerge victorious in this fight since so many of them were attacking a severely injured person at the same time.

But things did not turn out the way they had expected.

The fight had barely started, but it didn't look good.

"Reilo, what...what do we do?"

"Should we still fight?"

Ye Fan's kick had not only shattered their attack, but it had also shattered everyone's confidence and motivation to fight.

Nobody dared to come forward and the thought of retreating soon filled their minds.

This was an impossible battle.

The combination of their best techniques couldn't even hold up against one move



from Ye Fan.

"There's no way we can win this fight. Forget it, let's not fight anymore. Let him go." Reilo was feeling indignant, but he understood well that there was no way they could win Ye Fan despite his injuries.

So he gave up and didn't think about trying to kill Ye Fan anymore. After he had made this decision, he looked at Ye Fan and said regretfully, "We're not going to fight you anymore. We won't attack you anymore. You can go your way and we won't block you anymore..."

But while Reilo was still speaking and clearly stating his plan to back off, Ye Fan had already started preparing his second move.

It came down fiercely and suddenly on the crowd.

"Second move of the Invoke the Celestial Cloud, Mountain Breaking Landslide!"

A storm seemed to hit the land as a blast of energy soared into the sky.

The gigantic shadow of a fist formed around



Ye Fan's hand.

The shadow was so huge that it nearly blotted the sun.

It cast a terrible shadow on the ground, as if a meteorite was plummeting onto the ground.

Wind caused by the fist swirled in all directions.

Everyone who could feel the pressure from this fist paled instantly.

Reilo was even more horrified.

"You...you're still going to attack us?! We've already decided against attacking you, so how dare you attack us instead?!" shouted Reilo angrily.

The rest just thought that Reilo must be an idiot. What logic was Reilo even going on about? If they could attack Ye Fan, of course Ye Fan could attack them too. He wasn't going to stop just because they had.

"Bro, don't just stand there and shout at him! We'd better hurry up and run!" Reilo's two



companions dashed over and dragged Reilo along with them.

Ye Fan was really too powerful for them to fight. He had crushed their combined efforts with just one foot.

The only thing in everyone's minds was to run.

Nobody even thought of trying to retaliate.

They were now desperate to get away from Ye Fan's demonic claws that could kill them.

All the martial artists who were arrogantly declaring war on a supreme grandmaster just moments ago were suddenly too terrified to fight and started running for their lives like a bunch of lunatics.

But how could these people outrun Ye Fan's intense rage and power?

That hefty fist came down on the people.

It was as if a bomb had gone off.

Boulders and rocks rolled down and the ground split in half.



Even solid granite blocks turned to nothing but dust and powder from the impact.

A terrifying crater in the ground appeared in place of where the crowd once stood.

It was at least a hundred meters in diameter and several meters deep.

A few dozen people had literally been turned to mush within that crater.

They had died without even being able to scream one last time.

Their blood and crushed bodies flowed and filled the crater.

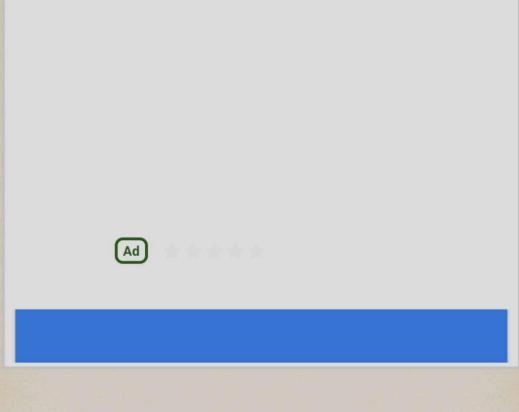
"This..."

"Oh my god..."

The scene before them horrified the remainder of the crowd.

They were stunned speechless as they looked in horror at the carnage of flesh and blood in that crater. An intense terror seeped out from the very depths of their heart.







"He's a demon...he's a demon! He's a demon who doesn't even blink an eye when he kills!"

"Run!!! Hurry up and run!!"

Some were in tears while some were screaming at the top of their lungs.

Ye Fan's viciousness had frightened them out of their wits.

They didn't think Ye Fan would be this aggressive!

One punch had killed so many people at once.

How was he so ruthless?

Didn't he fear retribution?

Wasn't he afraid that other countries would take revenge for the death of their martial artists?

But Ye Fan didn't wait for them to wrap their heads around the situation. He continued with the next move.

"The third move, Earthshaking Palm!"



A palm large enough to cover the sky began to form as he shouted these words.

The terror in the air was even more intense than before.

That palm in the sky was even more fearsome than the fist earlier!

The survivors from the previous attack suddenly realized that Ye Fan was going to kill them all.

"He's crazy!!"

"He's gone mad!"

Some cried loudly, others howled, while some exhaled sadly.

Their words were filled with bitterness, regret, horror and even some vengefulness.

They ran in all directions as they screamed and shouted.

But it was useless.

After that gigantic palm came down, every human being within its reach burst under the



pressure like a bunch of rubber balls.

Bright red blood sprayed everywhere.

The sky, ground and even the trees around Ye Fan were dyed red.

It was as though blood had just rained down on the land.

But that wasn't the end of the battle. Ye Fan's massacre was not done yet.

He was like a grim reaper wielding his scythe and harvesting lives in bulk.

These esteemed martial artists from all over the world had been cut down like grass as their lives were easily harvested and they were so easily killed.

All these people were indeed highly killed martial artists from all corners of the earth.

There were nearly a hundred of them at first.

But Ye Fan continued on his way as if there wasn't anybody to begin with.

There was no counterattack or fight. It was a



one-sided massacre.

One after another had fallen, and blood was flowing everywhere.

This bloody and cruel scene looked like hell on earth.

Anybody who saw something like that would have been filled with shock and despair.

But Ye Fan remained expressionless as he continued to enjoy this killing spree.

In just a few moments, the crowd had been reduced to barely twenty survivors.

These fortunate survivors gave up on escaping and resisting. They fell to their knees and pleaded with Ye Fan with a look of terror in their eyes.

They felt as though their souls had already left them.

"Grandmaster Ye, please, please spare us!!"

"We were too blind to see how powerful you are!"



"We were the audacious ones for provoking you and we were in the wrong, so we deserve to die! But I'm still young! My youngest child was just born, my mother still needs me to take care of her in her old age and my wife is still awaiting my return..."



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"I can't afford to die! I really can't! If you spare me, I, Reilo, will do anything to atone for my sins today!"

The ten odd martial artists knelt fearfully before Ye Fan.

Their faces were petrified and they looked like they were in great despair.

Reilo in particular, was deathly pale.

He kowtowed profusely to Ye Fan.

He had used so much strength to kowtow that his forehead was beginning to bleed.

He pleaded desperately with Ye Fan as terror gripped his heart and tears and mucus covered his face.

Reilo was really terrified now.

He thought that Ye Fan wouldn't have dared to do anything to them even if they surrounded him and attacked him.

Every single person in the crowd represented their country's martial arts circle.



As long as Ye Fan offended even one person, he would have offended the entire martial arts circle that backed that one person.

Reilo never imagined that this harmless looking young man was actually a killing machine.

This machine viewed all of them as ants and thought their lives were cheap.

He didn't care about offending the martial arts circles of so many countries and was just bent on killing everyone who tried to attack him.

Reilo never thought that that this simple idea of his would have brought a calamity to the global martial arts world.

And worse still, his own life was now in danger.

He was filled with regret. If he had known this would happen, he would never have tried to provoke Ye Fan in the first place.

But it was too late for regrets now. The only thing he could do now was to pray that Ye



Fan would stop here and spare his life.

"Grandmaster Ye, please spare us! We really don't want to die!"

"It's Reilo who got us to surround and attack you! He's the bastard who instigated all of us! We were blinded by this despicable man and ended up committing a terrible crime. Reilo deserves to die a thousand times over, but we're all innocent!"

Everyone was also groveling and pleading at Ye Fan's feet.

Their miserable voices rang out loudly.

But while they pleaded with Ye Fan, their hearts were also filled with hatred towards Reilo. They were more than happy to slice Reilo into a thousand pieces now.

If Reilo hadn't goaded them into this and hadn't come up with this lousy idea, their companions wouldn't have died so tragically. Their own lives wouldn't be in such grave danger now either.

But Ye Fan wasn't moved by their desperate pleas.



There was no sign of compassion on his face. Only malice and nonchalance could be seen.

Sometimes, one had to pay the price for even trying to do something, even if one had not succeeded.

Ye Fan was no saint. As long as someone was trying to kill him, he was going to kill that person!

The winds started howling again. Everyone watched hopelessly as Ye Fan's final move came down on them anyway.

The giant finger in the air came hurtling down on them like a great mountain falling from the sky.

"NOO!"

"N0000!"

"I don't want to die!!"

Red flames shot into the sky and threatened to burn everything in its way.

The last few survivors screamed and



shrieked when they saw Ye Fan's Red Flame Finger.

Their shouts of despair and howls of misery were like the sounds of struggling ants in a fire.

It was useless.

It was impossible for any of them to survive the Red Flame Finger.

Everyone turned to nothing but ash as the fiery finger came down on them.

Just before he died, Reilo felt so much regret in his heart.

He really hated himself for provoking a demon like Ye Fan.

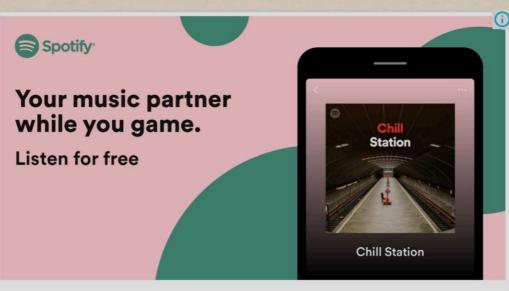
He was the one who caused the death of his companions.

He was also the one who had caused the deaths of so many highly skilled martial artists.

In his last moments, Reilo was on his knees as he looked up and cried in anguish.









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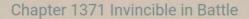


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He didn't blame anybody else. His actions had resulted in this end and he deserved what he got.

If he hadn't instigated the crowd to make an attempt on Ye Fan's life, all of them would still be happily drinking away in that little makeshift pub.

But now, they were all dead.

Everyone was dead!

Everything was over now.

Reilo was once a highly respected martial artist in the Indian martial arts circle, but he had to carry his regret and guilt into the nether world as Ye Fan's fiery finger turned him to ash.

After Reilo died, the entire place fell back into silence again.

Only a chilling wind blew across the wasteland as it carried the smell of blood and fire.

This place was previously covered with lush greenery and many were enjoying a drink not



too long ago. But now, it had been ravaged by Ye Fan's attacks, and dead bodies were strewn everywhere.

The martial artists who had hoped to kill Ye Fan and rob him of his treasures would remain here forever.

One fist, one palm and one finger.

Ye Fan had destroyed everything in his way like an invincible warrior.

Three moves was all it took to annihilate nearly a hundred high level martial artists.

When a grandmaster got angry, dead bodies could be seen for a thousand miles.

When Ye Fan got angry, blood flowed throughout the forest.

This young man had used the most ruthless and vicious method possible to make these people pay the price for their greed.

He used this bloodied reality to tell the world that grandmasters were not to be humiliated like this.



It was hard to blame Ye Fan for being so cruel.

He had really suffered more than enough.

Reilo and the rest had tried to attack Ye Fan again and again.

Back at the valley, Ye Fan had already kindly spared them their lives.

But instead of being grateful for the mercy that Ye Fan had shown them, these Indian martial artists had worsened in attitude. They actually tried to instigate others to kill Ye Fan.

Since being compassionate and tolerating their ways only brought himself harm, Ye Fan didn't see the need to be endure such suffering anymore.

On top of that, that attack from Tang Yun had truly broken Ye Fan's heart.

Nobody knew how upset and dejected Ye Fan was feeling right now.

Provoking Ye Fan at a time like this was really as good as asking to be killed.



After suppressing these feelings for a long time, Ye Fan finally exploded in a moment of absolute fury.

He ended up blasting all the martial artists who tried to kill him to nothing.

Perhaps only bloodshed and their deaths were able to appease this young man's anger.

Just like what Reilo said, none of them could blame anyone else for their deaths.

They all deserved to die.

They were the ones who had coveted something they shouldn't have, and they offended a person they shouldn't have.

Everyone had to pay the price for the decisions they made.

The mountain winds blew past, stirring up the bloodstained fallen leaves.

Everyone else was dead, so only that young man stood by himself in the setting sun.

One figure stood alone in the sunlight.



All the leaves were red. All the trees were dead.

This was a tragic and bloody scene to behold.

Ye Fan stood right in the middle of this picture.

His feet were on the horizon and the clouds billowed behind him.

He looked like the embodiment of Asura as he stood in the bloodbath.

It was as if he was immortal and indestructible. He was invincible in every battle!



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## PFFT!

After a long period of silence, the young man who stood proudly against the setting sun was finally unable to endure the injuries in his body.

His body shuddered and he sprayed a large mouthful of blood out.

The bright red color that sprayed into the air was even more glaring than the sun's rays.

Ye Fan himself finally collapsed like the falling leaves in autumn.

He was really too tired.

He wasn't just physically tired, but also emotionally exhausted.

Everything that happened during this time had dealt Ye Fan a terrible blow.

Yu Yun, in particular, had been very traumatic to him.

Even though he hadn't spent a long time with Yu Yun, they had really gotten along well.



After so many years, Yu Yun was the only person who had matched Ye Fan in terms of martial arts level and prowess, and she was also pursued this aspect as passionately as he did.

There were billions of people in the world, but it was hard to find someone who really understood you.

Ye Fan had long treated this woman whom he had met purely by coincidence as his closest friend in the world.

But fate always had a way of toying with humans.

Ye Fan never expected Yu Yun to actually be the sect leader of Chu Sect, and to be Chu Qi-Tian's teacher.

In short, their fates were destined to be at odds.

They were once a pair of fellow martial artists who trained their Dragon God Body on the same bed, but they would eventually have to be at each other's throats in the future.



This was a terrible blow to both Ye Fan and Tang Yun.

On top of all that, Yu Yun had stabbed him with her sword, while Chu Qi-Tian and the Black Guardian had ambushed him, which injured Ye Fan severely.

After that, Ye Fan then unleashed Invoke the Celestial Cloud and pushed himself past his limits.

With the accumulation of factors, Ye Fan's already exhausted body couldn't hold up anymore.

He felt dizzy and finally fell to the ground, unconscious.

"Dragon Master!"

Gaia had finally managed to get out of his fight with Brahma and caught up with Ye Fan after he heard the commotion from the battle earlier. The first thing he saw when he arrived was Ye Fan fainting. Gaia exclaimed in shock and ran over to hold Ye Fan in his arms.

"Dragon Master, you must not die! Dragon



God Hall still hasn't accomplished its mission, so you can't abandon us now! If you die, then who is going to lead all the Dragons of the hall? If there is nobody to lead us, the hall will be in chaos!" Gaia shouted miserably as tears nearly came rolling down his cheeks. He was in a panic when he saw how much blood was on Ye Fan.

He was really afraid that Ye Fan would die just like that.

Ye Fan was the leader of the Dragons, so if he died, then Dragon God Hall would fall apart.

After all, everyone within Dragon God Hall was willing to stand as one body purely for Ye Fan's sake.

This young man was their faith and their benefactor.

As long as he was around, Dragon God Hall would remain standing!

Why didn't Dragon God Hall have a headquarters?

Because there was no need for one.



This young man was its headquarters.

No matter where he went, he carried the power and the heartbeat of Dragon God Hall.

But now, this young man wasn't responding to anything Gaia was yelling at him.

Only a weak golden glow was flickering around Ye Fan's body.

"What is this? Is this the Dragon Master's secret physical martial arts technique?" Gaia was instantly stunned when he saw the flickering glow emanating from Ye Fan's body.

He remembered that Ye Fan had displayed a technique that could protect his body from harm.

It gave him a golden glow like this, and the illusion of a dragon would rise from behind him.

Nothing could hurt him once he was armed with that technique.

Gaia had a very deep impression of this technique precisely because it was so



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He immediately connected the dots when he saw that similar golden glow around Ye Fan's body.

"Looks like this technique not only increases his strength, but also provides healing when his life is in danger." Gaia could clearly feel Ye Fan's shallow and intermittent breathing slowly stabilize as the golden glow enveloped his body.

Gaia marveled at this technique, but at the same time, he decided to carry Ye Fan on his back and leave the forest.

Even though this technique had managed to stabilize Ye Fan's condition, Gaia knew that the effect might not last long.

Ye Fan was too heavily injured, especially after Tang Yun's sword had pierced him.

She was the sect leader of Chu Sect and her sword skills were unrivalled in the world.

Her Ice Energy Flow was at such a high level, even highly skilled martial artists shuddered at the mere thought of it.



So many supreme grandmasters had died from this technique.

Ice Energy Flow was Tang Yun's most famous move. It made use of dipping temperatures to kill her opponent, so if the iciness in the body was not removed in time, one's internal organs would be permanently damaged by the low temperatures.

If one was lucky, you would just suffer severe internal injuries and never be able to practice martial arts again.

If one was unlucky, one would eventually die.

That was why Gaia was very anxious after he saw how Ye Fan had been stabbed by Tang Yun's sword earlier.

"This won't do. I'd better bring Dragon Master away to be treated. I've got to find someone to help him get rid of that icy energy within his body." Gaia was extremely worried and quickly started walking once he got Ye Fan on his back.

But the minute he started walking, he nearly tripped over something.



He looked down and suddenly realized that he was actually standing in the midst of dead bodies.

Thousands of broken body parts and flesh were strewn all over the place.

There were even some heads that still had their eyes open, and their eyes were still filled with terror.

It wasn't difficult to imagine how fearful these people must have been just before they died.

The grass on the forest floor was also dyed red from the blood.

The blood from the bodies were quietly flowing into the large crater in front.

"Is this...was this...was this done by the Dragon Master?!"

Gaia looked at the sight that looked like a scene from hell in front of him. He was a supreme grandmaster, but even he couldn't help but tremble while his eyes twitched.

"My god! Dragon Master is really incredible!



He's already on the brink of death but he could still wreak so much havoc. If he were at his peak, I'm sure even the sect leader of Chu Sect would get thrashed by him," murmured Gaia to himself with a sad smile.

Just after he said this, a wintry wind quietly blew past.

It blew sand into the air, as well as the blood from the leaves.

A beautiful silhouette appeared before Gaia.

Her purple dress flapped in the wind and her black hair cascaded down.

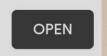
Her lips were a fiery red and her eyes as black as ink.

Her incomparably gorgeous face suddenly made everything around her pale in comparison.

Any normal person would have gone into a daze and thought that a fairy had descended from heaven.

But when Gaia saw who had come, he nearly peed himself.





"Tang...Tang Yun?"

Gaia shivered and his eyes nearly fell out of their sockets. He carried Ye Fan on his back and subconsciously took several steps back.



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# Chapter 1373 Gaia's Jealousy

"You...you...I..." Gaia was too frightened to even speak properly.

Tang Yun was too famous in the martial arts circle for being a fierce fighter.

She was the sect leader of Chu Sect, the top fighter of the Sky Ranking and nobody in the world was her match.

These credentials alone were already frightening enough.

But now, these frightening woman was standing right in front of him.

Gaia was about to buckle from the pressure he felt from this woman.

Tang Yun hadn't even said a word yet. Her presence was enough to make Gaia feel like he was under the weight of a mountain and his forehead was already covered in cold sweat.

After a long time, Gaia managed to pull himself together and looked at her with an ingratiating smile.

"Uh...Miss Tang, I was just talking to myself

# Chapter 1373 Gaia's Jealousy

earlier, I wasn't trying to put you down or anything like that. You're highly respected and greatly esteemed, and you're also the sect leader of Chu Sect. Never mind about Dragon Master being at his peak performance level – even if we combined forces, we wouldn't be your match. I was just spouting rubbish earlier, please don't take it to heart," explained Gaia with a sheepish laugh as he trembled.

He was really afraid that this woman would suddenly decide to just slaughter him on the spot.

An intelligent person knew the right thing to do at the right time.

This woman had hurt his Dragon Master, but this wasn't the right time to take revenge. It was more important to keep both of them alive first.

So Gaia purposely humbled himself and tried to sound as polite as possible for the time being.

"Miss Tang, I have urgent matters to attend to, so I won't hold you back, I'll take my leave for now. If I get a chance, I'll visit you at Chu

## Chapter 1373 Gaia's Jealousy

Sect." Gaia quickly ran off with Ye Fan on his back. He didn't dare to stick around anymore.

"Stop right there," came a cold and distant voice from behind him.

That was exactly what he had been afraid of.

Gaia's heart tensed up. He just knew Tang Yun wasn't here for anything good.

In fact, she might be here to kill Ye Fan.

Gaia wasn't going to stand around and let Tang Yun kill his Dragon Master. After he heard her call out after him, he didn't stop and started running even more quickly than before as he tried to make a mad dash for it.

"How dare you defy me!" Tang Yun frowned and she pointed her finger towards the sky like it was a sword.

Her icy energy were like flying knives.

They shot out from Tang Yun's hand and headed in Gaia's direction swiftly.

"Damn it! Her attack is too swift for me to

avoid it!" By the time Gaia realized he was being attacked from behind, it was too late for him to move aside. He panicked and had no choice but to take the attack head on.

The blast of energy hit Gaia with a loud boom.

Gaia groaned and fell from the sky like a kite whose string was broken.

It was already too difficult for Gaia to save himself after an attack like that from Tang Yun, never mind Ye Fan who was on his back.

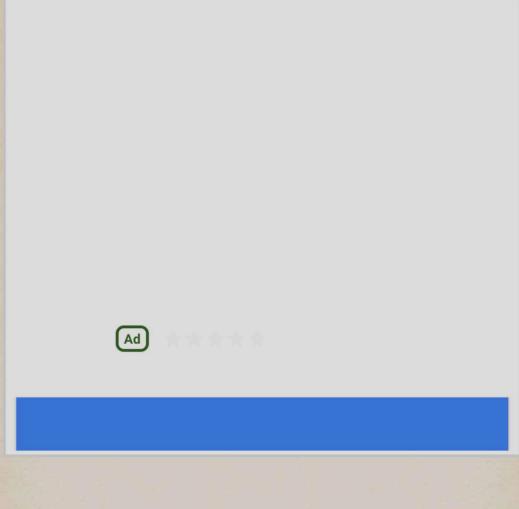
After Tang Yun's attack hit Gaia, the young man on his back started freefalling as well.

"Oh no! Dragon Master!" Gaia suddenly realized this problem after he hit the ground first.

He shouted out anxiously and got up from the ground and tried to save Ye Fan.

But he wasn't going to be in time.

Ye Fan was less than ten meters from the ground now.



Even if Gaia dashed over now, he wouldn't be able to catch Ye Fan.

Just then, to Gaia's surprise, a beautiful silhouette suddenly moved.

The next thing Gaia saw was the aloof, authoritative, elegant and lofty sect leader of Chu Sect swooping over to catch Ye Fan, disregarding her status and gender.

Tang Yun held the barely breathing young man in her arms and landed back on the ground gently like a fairy descending from the heavens.

"I...Oh my..." Gaia was in a daze as he watched this happen.

He was both shocked and jealous at the same time.

He was shocked that Tang Yun had saved Ye Fan. Wasn't she here to kill him?

He was jealous that Ye Fan had all the luck with women.

A woman had also saved him at the cave.

And now, the top ranked martial artist of the Sky Ranking, the gorgeous but fearsome sect leader who headed the top martial arts organization in the world, was now holding Ye Fan in her arms so intimately.

This was way beyond Gaia's wildest dreams.

In fact, this was something that every martial artist in the world probably dreamed of but would never experience. But Ye Fan was experiencing it right now.

Of course Gaia was so envious and jealous of Ye Fan.

He had fallen from the sky too! Why didn't she catch him instead!

Gaia was so envious.

Any man would have been.

After all, Tang Yun was simply too beautiful.

She was so perfect, any man would have defined her as a goddess.

She was poised and elegant, and her looks were out of this world.

She wasn't only beautiful, but also gifted in martial arts.

She stood at the peak of beauty and power.

Which man wouldn't dream of being able to conquer a woman of such standing?

Gaia knew countless supreme grandmasters who had openly tried to court Tang Yun, and he was sure that there were many more who carried a torch for her.

It was said that the God of War of China, Ye Qing-Tian, had refused to marry all these years because of her.

But now, the sacred and untainted goddess of every martial artists' dreams was hugging a man. This really shocked Gaia to the core.

His impression of Tang Yun had also altered slightly.

It was as if an untouched and pure piece of land was now inhabited by humans.

But this was not the time to think about such things.

Besides feeling all that jealousy, Gaia was also feeling puzzled and curious.

"Why did Tang Yun save Dragon Master? Aren't they supposed to be enemies?"

Gaia had just discovered that Ye Fan was his Dragon Master not too long ago, so he had no idea what had transpired between Ye Fan and Tang Yun before all of this.

He only knew that Ye Fan had a feud with Chu Sect.

Tang Yun was the sect leader of Chu Sect, so it was only right for her to be enemies with Ye Fan.

But she had behaved in a way that had defied Gaia's understanding of the situation.

At the same time, Tang Yun had also realized that her actions had been inappropriate.

A strange look of panic appeared on her beautiful face.

She had been too rash.

She didn't know why her body had instinctively gone forward to catch Ye Fan when she saw him falling.

She looked down at the barely breathing youth and sighed in her heart.

She had lived all her life as a calm and quiet person, but she kept behaving so emotionally in his presence.

This young man was the biggest challenge she had faced all these years.

After she sighed, Tang Yun regained her usual aloofness and authoritativeness.

She flung something towards Gaia.

If Ye Fan were conscious, he would immediately recognize the item as the Blue Spirit Jade that Tang Yun had given him.

"If you don't want him to die, put this jade round his neck. This Blue Spirit Jade will suck out all the ice energy residing in his body." "Wait...what?" Gaia had just climbed up from the ground and was still trying to understand the situation when Tang Yun's words finally hit him.

"So you're not here to kill Dragon Master? You're...you're here to save him?" Gaia was even more confused and shocked by her response. He really couldn't figure out what was happening anymore.

He initially thought that Tang Yun had caught up with Ye Fan in order to kill Ye Fan.

But he had clearly been worried for nothing.

Everything that Tang Yun had done showed that she had actually come here to save Ye Fan.

But that didn't make sense.

Logically speaking, Tang Yun and Ye Fan were supposed to be enemies.

Why did the sect leader of Chu Sect disregard her status and help Ye Fan again and again?

Did Ye Fan and Tang Yun share a

relationship that nobody else knew about?

Gaia thought about these things quietly in his heart as he looked at Tang Yun.

Tang Yun ignored Gaia's questions and turned to leave.

But just before she walked off, a cold and threatening voice rang into Gaia's ears, "You'd better pretend that you didn't see what happened today. Otherwise, you're not going to end up any better than the people at your feet."

After saying this, Tang Yun disappeared into the distance.

Only that icy voice of hers was blown by the wind and echoed around Gaia.

For that one moment, Gaia's body shuddered really violently.

He finally snapped out of his terrified state long after Tang Yun had left.

He realized that his entire back was covered with cold sweat.

"Good heavens, that is one scary woman. Not just anybody would be able to withstand her presence," laughed Gaia sadly to himself as he sighed.

Even a supreme grandmaster like Gaia felt so much pressure in front of Tang Yun.

Once he was done sighing about his frailty, Gaia didn't linger around.

He carried Ye Fan on his back again and started sprinting towards the east.

Even though Tang Yun's Blue Spirit Jade was able to resolve the ice energy that was inside Ye Fan's body, Ye Fan had sustained other very serious injuries.

The most urgent matter at hand was to bring Ye Fan back to be treated.

Besides, Gaia was still unsure if Tang Yun was telling him the truth.

What if that woman was secretly scheming to hurt Ye Fan?

"I'd better look for Chandra first," thought Gaia with darkened eyes. He carried Ye Fan and quickly went through the rainforest.

But shortly after running off, Gaia came back again.

He looked at the broken limbs and flesh that was lying around on the ground and frowned again.

"Dragon Master has killed so many people here, so if I don't do something about it, this will become a problem in the future. One Chu Sect is already hard enough to handle. If the other countries where these people belonged to join hands and take revenge on Dragon Master because of this massacre, Dragon Master is going to be in terrible danger. I've got to think of something."

Gaia was very worried and he tried his best to think of a way that could disassociate Ye Fan from this massacre.

While he was in deep thought, he suddenly noticed a very frightening looking head not too far from his feet. Its eyes were huge and looked on in horror as it lay in the mud.

Gaia recognized the owner of this head. This

Ad

head belonged to an Indian martial artist.

This man had come with Brahma. Gaia had seen the other Indian martial artists when Brahma met up with them.

Gaia had some impression of these people.

"Aha! Got it!"

After discovering this head, an idea struck Gaia and a sly glint gleamed in his eyes.

Gaia made a simple grave for that head at the foot of a tree.

At the same time, he engraved some words into the tree: Since you dared to kill my fellow Indian martial artists, I will make sure every martial artist from around the world accompanies my brothers in hell!

"Haha! Done! Brahma, just wait for this wonderful surprise from me!"

Gaia looked at his lovely artwork and felt a sense of accomplishment. After that, he quickly took off again.

This time, he didn't come back.

Peace and quiet finally returned to this section of the rainforest after Ye Fan and Gaia had left.

They had no idea what terrible storm they were going to start within the martial arts world just days after leaving.

\_\_\_\_

The various martial arts circles around the world were all waiting for the martial artists they sent out to return to their home countries.

Many countries had heard that several supreme grandmasters had gone to South America as well.

The leaders of the various nation's martial arts circles were naturally worried about the situation.

But even though they had waited for a long time, none of their martial artists had returned.

They tried to contact them via satellite phone, but to no avail.

"Maybe they ran into a problem on their way back. Let's just wait for a while more. If things remain this way, perhaps we should try asking the other countries if their teams have returned," someone within the Australian martial arts circle was beginning to get worried.

"What? Africa has lost contact with their folks too? What about India? Call India and ask if they have any news from their team."

"What? The Indian team can't be contacted either?"

"What? Korea can't contact their team too?"

Initially, nobody was too bothered by this. They thought that their teams might have run into some trouble on the way out, but they would eventually be able to contact them.

If this happened to just one team, it could be easily explained away in this manner. But after realizing that several countries had all lost contact with their teams, it didn't take a genius to figure out that something terrible must have happened.



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Chapter 1374 What Happened?

"Something must have happened. Hurry, send a private jet to South America and investigate. It's not possible for so many countries to lose contact with their teams all at the same time. Something must have cropped up."

Several countries' martial arts circles became more and more certain that some terrible accident must have occurred in South America.

Everyone sent out yet another group of representatives to South America to find out what happened.

The Amazon rainforest had barely quietened down when it became the center of yet another storm.

The eyes of martial arts circles around the world were focused on this place.

Nearly a hundred teams from various nations were going through this gigantic ancient rainforest.

This matter was even trending on the internet.



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Chapter 1374 What Happened?

It was the hottest topic on the martial arts forums for several days in a row.

"The most shocking mysteries of the 21st century: How did a 90 year old woman die naked along the streets? Why is a sow screaming continuously in the middle of the night? How did high level martial artists from all over the world disappear at the same time? Is this a decay of morals or are human minds more twisted now?"



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"In order to resolve all these strange mysteries, I've gone personally to South America to investigate. I will reveal the truth behind all these tonight, please continue to follow this post."

That was the most popular forum post on the martial arts forum right now.

There were countless comments and martial artists around the world waited for an update on the post.

The martial arts forum was livelier than usual and the number of posts went up by more than ten times as the number of users online was way higher than usual.

This was a problem that concerned martial artists around the world after all.

Nearly a hundred martial artists had suddenly vanished, and they were from a few dozen countries.

This was the biggest international mystery of the year.

Everyone online and in real life were waiting for an answer to this mystery.

The various countries had sent their own teams to investigate, and some small time martial artists had also gone to the Amazon rainforest purely out of curiosity.

But the rainforest was so large. Finding these people was like finding a needle in a haystack.

Everyone was prepared to spend a long time hunting their folks down.

To their surprise, the teams found a large clearing just outside the rainforest.

Everyone froze when they set their eyes upon this clearing.

Their faces were deathly pale and their pupils constricted. Horror and terror were written all over their ashen faces.

They could see a gigantic crater, splintered rocks and broken trees lying everywhere. It looked like a huge battle had occurred here.

That wasn't what terrified everyone, though.

The terrifying part was how the huge crater was filled with broken limbs and flesh, as

well as broken clothes and shoes.

By the time everyone reached this clearing, several wild beasts were feasting on the flesh and white bones could be seen all over the ground.

Even though the animals had already eaten a number of pieces, everyone was still able to tell that these were human remains.

There were broken arms, leg bones and some skulls buried in the ground.

They also noticed that the ground was dyed red.

The terrible stench of blood hit them almost immediately.

It had been several days since that battle happened, but the scene before them was still horrifying.

It looked like what they imagined hell to be like.

"Are these..."

"These bones..."

"Were all these...humans?"

Everyone was so frightened that they all gasped.

Their faces were void of color.

Some female martial artists felt faint and subconsciously moved to hide behind the men.

"Oh my god! What on earth happened here? Why did so many people die? And who were these people? Were these ...were these the people we lost contact with?" someone remarked with a trembling voice.

Nobody expected to come across such a mortifying scene just outside the rainforest.

"I...I don't think so, right? The teams we sent out all comprised of high level martial artists. It would be difficult even for a supreme grandmaster to destroy nearly a hundred imminent grandmasters. I think these are the indigenous people. They don't know any martial arts, so it's not surprising that they were wiped out all at one shot."

The man who just spoke was an Indian



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martial artist, Reimon. He was Reilo's nephew.

He had been sent to South America for the sake of locating his uncle.

But just after Reimon made that conclusion, one of his companions whispered, "Reimon, look over there. There's a prayer bead on the ground. Doesn't it look like the one Uncle Reilo wears?"

"Huh?" Reimon looked over.

One prayer bead lay in the mud and was covered in dirt.

"This doesn't belong to my uncle. It does look like it, but my uncle's prayer beads are all carved with a 'Rei'. This one doesn't have that," said Reimon with a smile as he rubbed the dirt off the prayer bead.

His expression changed as he continued rubbing the bead.

After rubbing all the mud off, the word 'Rei' appeared on the bead.

Reimon felt like he had been struck by

lightning. He froze instantly.

The look of horror in his eyes only increased.

"You mean...you mean...Uncle Reilo...No! That's impossible! That's impossible!"

While Reimon was filled with shock and uttered to himself like a madman, several others among the teams who had come along began to recognize some of the items lying about.

"This watch...this watch belonged to Ferson!"

"This...this is my brother's phone..."

More and more items were slowly being identified.

Some even recognized the heads of the deceased.

They could hardly believe it, but all the clues pointed to the fact that everyone in this clearing were actually the martial artists that many countries had lost contact with.

In other words, the high level martial artists



who had gone missing were actually all dead.

And they had died very terribly.

Some of them were in many pieces, and some of them had missing pieces.

Not a single one was left in one good piece.

The cruelty and ruthlessness of their attacker shocked everyone present.

News of this matter was sent back to their respective countries.

The entire martial arts world was shaken up because of this.

Martial artists around the world were horrified.

The scene of the massacre had caused a tsunami to surge through the international martial arts circles overnight.

Everyone was both shocked and furious at what happened.

They gave orders to hunt the killer down.



The online martial arts forums completely exploded after photos of the actual scene were uploaded.

"Oh my god! This is awful! Even the ground is red from all that blood. Goodness, how many people died here?!"

"Many of those who perished were elites in their own martial arts circle, but they've all died at the same time. A lot of countries are really going to feel the pinch."

"Good god! That's insane! Nearly a hundred high level martial artists dead? You'd need at least five supreme grandmasters to do this, right? Who could possibly get five supreme grandmasters to do this at the same time? This is as good as posing a challenge to the entire world!"

"That's not necessarily true. If it were one of the top martial artists of the Sky Ranking, one of them is enough to kill all these people."

All sorts of opinions flooded the online forums.

Most of the users guessed that either a



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#### Chapter 1375 Who Did This

group did this, or someone ranked highly in the Sky Ranking did it.

In short, no ordinary grandmaster could have massacred so many people.

Every country's focus was now on finding the murderer.

Who on earth carried out this mass murder?



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The first people that everyone suspected was Chu Sect.

They were definitely capable of something like this.

As the most powerful group of martial artists in the world, they naturally became a suspect when something of this scale happened.

But it was just a suspicion they held. If they couldn't find any evidence, they couldn't jump to any conclusions either.

The teams from the various countries spent the next few days searching for more clues.

Someone soon discovered a grave behind one of the large trees in the area.

"Hmm? Why is there a grave here?" someone asked puzzledly.

"Maybe it's just a larger mound of dirt. Who would bury their dead in this sort of place?"

"Who knows? Maybe the murderer buried his dead companions before leaving?"





"There's no point in arguing. We just need to dig it up to know if it's a grave or not," suggested Reimon as he walked over.

"That's a good idea!" Everyone agreed with Reimon's suggestion quickly.

One of them came forward to aim a powerful palm at the top of the mound.

The mound of soil burst upon impact, and an unkempt head that was covered in dirt flew out from the mound at the same time.

"Good heavens! Was that a head? This is really a grave then! If my guess is right, the murderer must have put this grave up for a dead companion. Once we find out who this head belongs to, we'll soon be able to find out who this bloodthirsty massacrer is."

Reimon was quick to put the facts together.

He was certain that whoever was buried in this grave definitely had something to do with the killer.

"He's right. All our martial artists have been killed and no one has come back alive except for the murderer. So this grave must have been made by the killer for his





companions." Everyone else nodded in agreement with Reimon.

"In that case, call everyone over and see if anybody recognizes this head then," said Reimon as he kicked the head into the nearby river, waited for the river water to wash the dirt off the head, then flung it in front of everyone again.

After everyone took a look, they all shook their heads and said they didn't know who this was.

"But these features look Asian. Can the folks from the Asian countries come over and see if you know who this is?" someone in the crowd shouted out.

When Reimon heard that it was an Asian, he immediately snapped coldly, "An Asian? Looks like it's got to be the Chinese martial artists. Only the Indians and the Chinese would be capable of something like that in all of Asia. My uncle, Reilo, has perished here, so it can't be us. By elimination, we can conclude that this must have been done by China!"

"Besides, did all of you notice something? All





of us have lost fighters from our countries here, but China didn't lose anybody. I'm very sure the killer is a Chinese! Let's take this head back to War God Castle in China and demand an explanation from them!"

Reimon suspected it was China right from the beginning.

India and China had a longstanding history of feuds after all.

Only martial artists from China would have wiped out India's martial artists, and would have done it in such a ruthless manner.

He didn't have any evidence at first, so he didn't say anything. But now, so many clues were pointing towards the idea that the killer was a Chinese.

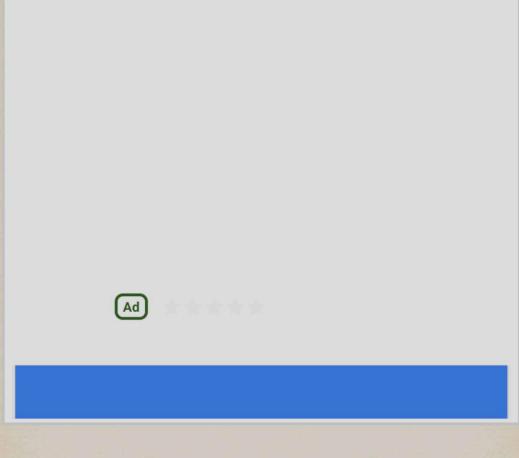
After the crowd listened to Reimon's analysis of the situation, they felt enlightened.

"Gosh, you're right! I didn't notice at first. The Chinese team doesn't seem to have any victims in this massacre."

"Besides, the six pillars of China's martial











arts circle are definitely more than capable of killing so many strong fighters at once. This head here looks like an Asian, so I'm pretty sure War God Castle is behind this."

"Reimon, we'll go with what you said. Let's storm War God Castle with this head and demand an apology!"

Reimon's few words had quickly directed everyone's anger at China.

The crowd agreed with his logic and started declaring their intentions to head for China for revenge.

"Excellent!" Reimon was delighted at this sight.

Even though the Indian martial arts circle had lost several respectable martial artists this time, if their deaths were able to force the entire world against China and be punished by the international martial arts circle, then it was worth the sacrifice.

"Reimon, er..." One of Reimon's companions quietly tugged at Reimon's sleeve.

"Why are you tugging at me? Hurry up and





call home! Tell them we've found the killer! It's War God Castle! War God Castle and all of China's martial arts is doomed this time. They've killed so many people, so they've practically offended the entire world. They're definitely going to be sanctioned by the International Martial Arts Union! I'm going to make sure this matter damages China as much as possible!" said Reimon without covering up any of his excitement.

India's Folo Palace and China's War God Castle had been at odds for years now.

They had long wanted to find a chance to defeat War God Castle and oppress their martial arts circle.

This chance had come!

Reimon was naturally overcome with joy.

As long as this matter could do sufficient damage to War God Castle and keep them from developing their martial arts prowess, India would soon become Asia's greatest martial arts center, which would greatly empower the nation as well.

Reimon was so excited that he just picked





up the head without looking at it and couldn't wait to head for China.

But his companion nudged him again.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Why do you keep nudging me? Just spit it out! Stop being so wishy washy!" Reimon was so annoyed that his useless team mate kept poking at him without saying anything useful.

"Reimon, calm down, take a look first," whispered his companion.

"Look at what? The head?" Reimon had no idea what this team mate of his was up to. This head belonged to a dead man. What was there to look at?

But Reimon did look at the head for a moment.

When he first discovered the head, it was covered with dirt and Reimon couldn't see any features clearly.

After it had been washed by the river, Reimon didn't bother taking a good look at it either.





It would have been better if Reimon hadn't taken a look at it. The moment he did, his entire face paled.

His pupils constricted and his body shuddered violently.

His eyes were as wide as saucers.

"This...this...this is..." Reimon felt like he had just been struck by lightning.

It never crossed his mind that the head in his hands right now actually belonged to an Indian martial artist.

All the martial artists who came with Reilo to South America were all close friends of Reilo, as well as highly respected seniors in the martial arts circle. Of course Reimon knew who this was.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Reimon, what's wrong? Why did you suddenly stop? Don't tell me you know who this is?" The people around Reimon noticed something amiss about him and started asking.

Reimon forced a smile and quickly explained, "N-no, I don't know who this is. This fellow is from China, so how could I possibly know him?"

He smiled sheepishly and quickly tried to draw the line, but he sounded a little guilty.

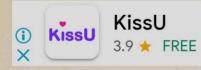
"In that case, what are you waiting for? Let's go! We've got to demand an explanation from China!" someone else hurried him along.

"Er..." Reimon looked very awkward and wasn't sure what to do.

He initially hoped to use this matter to deal a heavy blow to China's martial arts circle, but this head turned out to belong to an Indian instead.

This was as good as digging his own grave.

"Reimon, why don't we just keep insisting





that this head belongs to a Chinese and has nothing to do with us?" one of Reimon's team mates suggested.

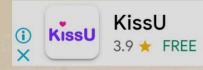
"You want to keep insisting? Do you think the Chinese are as dumb as you? China will be able to determine who this head really belongs to with a quick check! Unless I destroy this head, it's impossible to hide this head's identity for long." Reimon had clearly realized how serious this matter was.

It was best to quickly destroy this head before anybody else from another country recognized who it really was.

Even though he wasn't able to push the blame to China anymore, at least it would get India out of trouble.

But while Reimon was still wondering how he should get rid of the head in his hands without a trace, someone suddenly started shouting.

"Everybody! There are words on the tree! There are words carved into the tree!" Everyone's attention was drawn to the shouting and looked at the tree he was talking about.





They found the words: Since you dared to kill my fellow Indian martial artists, I will make sure every martial artist from around the world accompanies my brothers in hell!

The words were written with great flourish and were carved quite deeply into the wood.

Just looking at it made everyone feel a tremendous pressure come their way.

One's handwriting reflected one's characteristics.

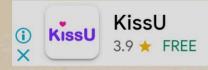
It was clear that the person who had carved these words must have been a supreme grandmaster!

While everyone was still stunned by the pressure from these words, Reimon and his companions instantly paled.

They started to take steps backwards and were hoping to sneak off while everyone else was still distracted.

There was no way they could hide the truth anymore.

If they didn't run for it now, they might die





here!

But sometimes, it was impossible to escape.

"And where do the Indians think they're going? Don't you think you owe all of our countries an explanation?" Someone noticed their movement after Reimon and his team took just a few steps.

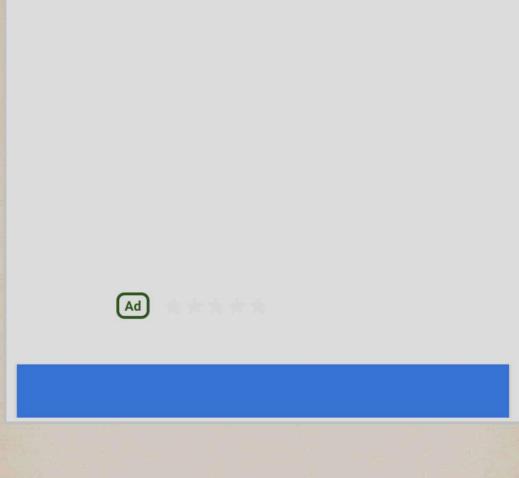
Countless furious and hateful stares turned to look at them.

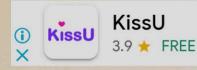
It was as if those stares were knives and swords that had been placed on their necks.

Reimon and his team nearly peed their pants in fright.

"It's a misunderstanding, everyone, there's been a misunderstanding somewhere. Or rather, someone has tried to frame us. I know! It must be China! Someone from China must have done this to frame India! That must have been what happened! Everyone, please calm down, don't be fooled by these underhanded Chinese martial artists!" explained Reimon in a pale face as he looked frantically at the crowd.









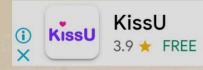
"Misunderstanding my foot!" Someone lost his temper and kicked Reimon immediately. Nobody in the crowd was willing to listen to his explanation anymore.

"I was wondering why you were dawdling at the back! So you realized that this head belongs to a fellow Indian martial artist, didn't you? How dare you say that War God Castle has framed you? You're the one framing them! You're the one trying to make us think it's China! You Indian martial artists are really scheming! How dare you fool us like this! If we hadn't noticed these words in time, we would all be fooled by you!"

"That's right! I got information some time back saying that the Indra, Brahma, has appeared in the Amazon rainforest. I suspected earlier that it might have been him. Now, my suspicions have been confirmed! All of this is enough to prove that our martial artists were killed by Brahma! Reimon, if you don't give us a satisfactory explanation for this massacre, we won't let this matter go!"

"That's right! We won't let this matter go!"

Everyone was shouting angrily.





They looked at Reimon and his team with frosty and sinister gazes.

Reimon was really terrified by the fury from the crowd.

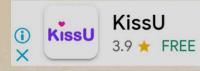
"Please, please calm down, please calm down! There's no point in getting angry with me. I'm...I'm just a junior and I don't know anything. Besides, there...there might really be a misunderstanding here," Reimon tried to explain to the crowd again as he got up from the ground and looked miserably at the crowd.

He was on the verge of tears and his heart was terrified. These people might suddenly flare up and kill him here.

"Misunderstanding again? How dare you still call it a misunderstanding? You bloody asshole, give my brother back to me!!" A riled up man dashed out from the crowd and dropkicked Reimon in the face.

Reimon yelped and flew out, crashing to the ground with blood and teeth mixed in his mouth.

Once that man started, the rest also dashed





over and started bashing up everyone in the India team so as to vent the anger and hatred inside their hearts.

After a long time of bashing, Reimon and his team didn't look like themselves anymore.

Their bodies were covered with blood and they could barely breathe.

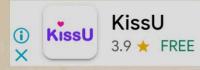
"Go back and tell Brahma that he's gone against the international agreement by massacring our martial artists. If he doesn't give us an acceptable explanation for all this, none of us will let this matter go! We will not let the elites of our countries die for nothing! Humph! Let's go!" came an angry shout from the crowd.

Everyone then left and went back to report to their respective countries.

They didn't kill Reimon and team because they wanted them to go back to India and get Folo Palace to answer for what happened.

"Reimon, are you...are you alright?"

The Indian martial artists finally dared to get



INSTALL

Chapter 1377 Big Trouble

up long after everyone had left.

Their own faces were swollen, but they came over to ask after Reimon.

Reimon didn't reply them. His heart was filled with bitterness and anxiety.

"We're really in big trouble this time. But seriously, don't you think the Indra is really stupid? It's one thing to kill so many people, but why did he have to leave a message? How stupid does one have to be in order to do something like that?!" Reimon was both angry and upset, and his expression looked worse than if he were crying.



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#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

Reimon really couldn't understand why Brahma would have done such a thing.

Wasn't that as good as drawing hate towards the Indian martial arts circle?

Nobody would dare to offend Brahma himself because he was a supreme grandmaster, but everyone else in India's martial arts circle was going to suffer.

Reimon knew that if this matter wasn't properly resolved, Indian martial artists were going to be targeted and attacked everywhere they went.

"Reimon, the Indra has always been an arrogant man and never cared about the consequences of killing others. Leaving a message behind after proving his prowess is pretty much in line with his domineering personality. At the very least, everyone will truly be afraid of him now," remarked one of Reimon's team mates.

They didn't think there was anything strange about this behavior.

To them, all supreme grandmasters were arrogant and did whatever they liked without

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

caring about anything else.

Leaving their name behind after a massacre without any fear of the revenge that might come after them really wasn't anything to be surprised about.

"It's true. But while he's made a name for himself, all of us are going to suffer for it. Oh forget it, we're not responsible for this anyway. Let's go back and report this to Folo Palace, and see what they decide to do," sighed Reimon. He dragged his injured body back to India.

Even though Brahma possessed the highest level of martial arts in India, he had only become famous in the last 50 years. He didn't have as much experience or standing as his seniors who had become famous before him.

So the person that the Indian martial arts circle looked up to was still the elderly leader of Folo Palace, the almighty grandmaster who had controlled India's martial arts circle for nearly a century – King Folo!

This international mystery had finally been

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

solved.

Martial arts circles around the globe were furious after they found out that Brahma had been the one behind the massacre.

32 countries sent a petition to India, requesting that India's martial arts circle give an acceptable explanation and apology.

Some of them also asked Folo Palace to hand Brahma over to be punished publicly so as to avenge the ones who died.

In just one night, the reputation that India had painstakingly built for its martial arts had shattered.

Almost every faction of martial arts in the world was rebuking India and accusing them.

This matter did not only affect their reputation and image, but many international partnerships were also called off as a result.

Many of their martial artists who had gone abroad to hone their skills had been sent back.

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

Everyone was against India right now.

This matter blew up so badly that even the ordinary mundane world was affected.

Many friendly exchanges were terminated.

Some business projects suffered partial losses.

The prime minister of India was incensed by this matter.

The martial arts world and the mundane world were ruled separately after all.

He never interfered with any martial arts matters because Folo Palace was in charge of that.

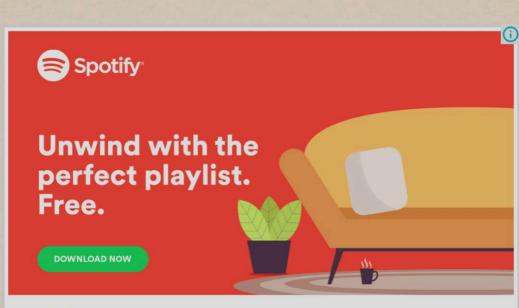
But this time, he had no choice but to give King Folo a call, because the country had suffered so badly in terms of their foreign relations with other countries.

At the same time, Folo Palace was not faring any better.

King Folo in particular, was going mad from everything that was happening.

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#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

"Where's Brahma?! Why isn't he back yet? Send people out to look for him! I want him back here, dead or alive, I don't care! This little bastard! He's created such a disaster for the Indian martial arts circle and he thinks he can just hide himself?!" King Folo bellowed furiously within the palace.

The phone on the desk behind him couldn't stop ringing.

King Folo initially took the calls personally, but it became too difficult to handle the people calling and there were way too many calls as well, so he got his subordinates to handle the calls.

"King Folo, it's a call for you," reported one of his subordinates.

King Folo waved his hands. "Say I'm not in."

"I think you should take the call though...the prime minister is on the line."

"What?" King Folo frowned slightly.

"Why is he calling? He's never interfered with the martial arts side of things," thought King Folo as he walked over to take the call.

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

"King Folo, what on earth is happening? What sort of martial arts leader have you been? How could something like this happen? Do you know how badly it has affected our country? You'd better make sure this matter blows over as soon as possible!" The prime minister started his angry tirade before King Folo could even say anything.

King Folo's expression darkened but he didn't reply and kept quiet.

"King Folo, why aren't you saying anything? Did you hear me or not?" came the same angry voice over the phone.

This time, King Folo replied with a nasty expression on his face, "You'd better show some respect when you speak to me! If you dare to speak to me this way again, don't say I didn't warn you beforehand. Also, just deal with your own matters. Do not interfere with the martial arts side of things, because you can't. I hate it when others tell me what to do. The last person who did that died by my sword!"

PAK!

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

King Folo slammed the phone back down on the receiver and sauntered off.

The prime minister was probably too stunned for words.

Everyone at Folo Palace was stunned too.

All the servants and subordinates were in admiration of King Folo's domineering personality.

What did it mean to behave like a king? That was how!

He argued back to the leader of a country and didn't bother to sound polite even!

The last thing that King Folo said was an even clearer display of his power.

Their prime minister probably ended up peeing his pants in fear.

"This world respects the strongest after all. Once you are strong enough, then you can boldly disregard all else the way King Folo does," exclaimed many people within the palace.

#### Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

That was why martial artists were so highly revered despite being such a small percentage of the population.

It was because they held strength and power in their hands.

King Folo continued to send people out to hunt Brahma down.

At the same time, the upper echelons of Folo Palace were thinking of a way to deal with this mess.

"We've got to settle this as soon as possible. The protests against our martial arts are getting more and more vehement. I'm worried that if we don't say anything soon, they will force the International Martial Arts Union to sanction us. If that happens, we will be in an even more difficult position," said an older man in a white turban worriedly.

The International Martial Arts Union was like the United Nations of the martial arts world.

If the International Martial Arts Union decided to sanction India, then all their

Chapter 1378 Public Enemy

martial artists would become the world's public enemy.



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Once India faced sanctions, the martial artists they had overseas would find it difficult to move around and might even face threats to their lives.

"I think it's best if we just surrendered Brahma. He's the cause of this mess, so as long as we don't hide and protect him, the other countries won't blame Folo Palace for this," someone inside the palace's hall suggested.

King Folo just listened to everyone's opinions and didn't say anything for a long time.

Just then, a man with only one arm marched into the hall.

Brahma had just returned from South America.

He had been spending the last few days recuperating quietly and only made it back to Folo Palace that very morning.

"Oh my, everyone's around? I'm surprised."
Brahma was clearly clueless about what
was happening in the martial arts world and
just smiled and greeted everyone since they



were all gathered in the same place.

After that, Brahma sat down next to King Folo, picked up the glass of water on the table and downed it.

The entire hall was silent. All of them were looking strangely at this man who looked like nothing had happened.

King Folo was staring at him too.

"What? Why is everyone looking at me? Continue your conversation, you don't have to be bothered by me," said Brahma with a smile and wave of his hand.

He turned to look at King Folo. "King Folo, do you know who I met in South America this time? You wouldn't believe it. The sect leader of Chu Sect, the top fighter of the Sky Ranking, Tang Yun, was in the Amazon rainforest as well! Unbelievable, right? I actually managed to run into this woman whom nobody has ever been able to track," said Brahma with a cheeky grin, as if he was talking about something worth bragging about.

But King Folo was in no mood to listen to



such talk. After a period of silence, he snapped in an icy voice, "Brahma, I'm amazed that you actually came back. Do you know that your brief moment of joy has brought a terrible catastrophe on Folo Palace and the Indian martial arts circle?!" His angry voice echoed loudly in the hall.

Brahma was confused. "Me? What did I do? All I did was to help Chu Sect kill a Chinese boy. Why are you overreacting like this?" Brahma glared back at King Folo and sounded angry.

"Overreacting? How dare you say that I'm overreacting? Do you know that the martial arts circles of nearly 50 countries are now demanding an explanation from us and we might face sanctions from the International Martial Arts Union? Your audacious act of massacring has made India a public enemy!" roared King Folo furiously as he slammed the table in rage.

But Brahma was even more confused now and couldn't understand a thing that King Folo was going on about. "What on earth happened? What massacre? What are you talking about?"



"Do you really have no idea what's happened?" King Folo started frowning when he noticed that Brahma's reaction seemed genuine and smelled something fishy.

King Folo then briefly recounted everything that happened.

After hearing what happened, Brahma was so furious that he slammed the wooden table in front of him to pieces with one palm.

"Who is that asshole who dared to frame me?! If I find that fellow, I'm going to tear him to pieces!!" Brahma clenched his fist tightly and his entire arm was red from his fury.

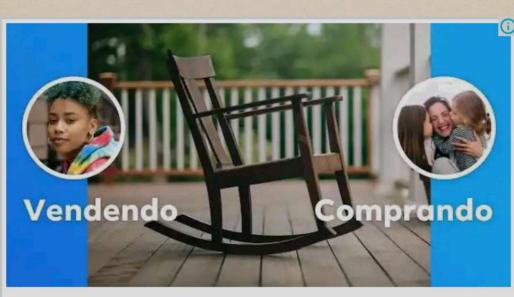
"So this matter really doesn't have anything to do with you?" asked King Folo.

"Of course it doesn't! If you didn't tell me about it, I wouldn't even have known! Think about it yourselves. I'm not very close to Reilo and his men, so why would I actually offend the international martial arts circle for a bunch of nobodies who aren't even at grandmaster level?"



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### Chapter 1379 A Furious Brahma





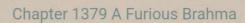
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"Besides, I went through major battles within the rainforest and was injured very severely. Even if I wanted to kill so many people, it would have been impossible. Someone is obviously trying to set me up and harm the Indian martial arts circle!" said Brahma through clenched teeth. He felt like his chest was about to burst from how angry he was.

He had always been the one who schemed against others.

He never imagined that someone would scheme against him this time.

## What an insult!

"King Folo, you don't have to bother about this matter anymore. I'm going to find out who on earth did this terrible thing!" Brahma stormed off after making this declaration.

"Brahma, come back! Brahma!" King Folo tried to stop him, but Brahma ignored him and walked off.

"Oh dear, this fellow is still as rash as ever," sighed King Folo with a heavy heart.

"So what should we do? How should we

answer the nations?" The rest of the martial artists in the palace still had to think of a response to the other countries.

King Folo replied in a low voice, "There's nothing else we can do. We just have to tell them the truth. Say that the Indra, Brahma, was framed by someone. This massacre has nothing to do with us! We didn't do it, so we're not going to take any responsibility for it!"

He decided to remain firm and not give in to what the other countries demanded.

This quickly caused an even bigger reaction from the international martial arts circles.

But unlike the chaos out there, the Chinese martial arts world was calm and quiet.

After he returned from the Amazon rainforest, Ye Qing-Tian remained on Mount Yan and waited for news about Ye Fan.

One day passed, then two days, then half a month.

There was still no news about the young man.



All Ye Qing-Tian heard about was the deaths of many martial artists from other countries.

It was now evening time, and the sun was setting. An authoritative looking man in white stood at the peak of Mount Yan with his hands folded behind his back. His deep eyes looked out towards the Pacific Ocean.

Nobody knew what this man was feeling in his heart right now.

After a short while, footsteps came up from behind him.

"So you're here. We're all looking for you," said Sword Saint with a smile.

"Why? Is there news about Ye Fan?" asked Ye Qing-Tian anxiously when he saw Sword Saint walk towards him.

Sword Saint shook his head. "Not yet. I've already sent some people to Jiangdong. If he's still alive, he will definitely contact his family. But it's been so many days. If his family hasn't heard back from him either, I'm afraid we have to be prepared for the worst."

He sighed and fell silent for a moment



before continuing, "By the way, I'm sure you've heard all about the massacre in South America, right? All the various countries suspect the Indra, Brahma, did it. What do you think?"

Ye Qing-Tian nodded and replied, "I did hear about it. But I don't think Brahma is the killer. I've already investigated a little on this. When Brahma and Ye Fan were fighting, a mystery woman chopped off one of Brahma's arms. It's not very possible for someone so badly injured to kill nearly a hundred imminent grandmasters at one shot."

"Besides, this person supposedly massacred people from so many countries for the sake of a few fighters from his own country, then left his name behind? None of this makes sense."



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