

“I...I haven't lost yet. I...I haven't lost.”

A hoarse voice that sounded like stones being split apart came from the rubble.

Mo Wu-Ya staggered and stood up. His body was covered in blood.

There was also blood in his eyes, which gleamed with indignation and loathing.

He looked at Ye Fan maniacally as he roared resentfully.

Then he ran over and attacked Ye Fan once again.

“Go to hell!”

BAM!

The moment Mo Wu-Ya finished his sentence, Ye Fan kicked him.

Mo Wu-Ya was incapable of withstanding a single blow from Ye Fan when he was in his top condition, let alone in this state.

BAM!

Mo Wu-Ya was kicked right into the rubble again.

But Mo Wu-Ya refused to give up.

He gritted his teeth and climbed out again.

“I am the King of Fighters’ descendant. How can I lose? I will not lose. I...I will not lose!!” roared Mo Wu-Ya nonstop like a lunatic.

Even till now, he was incapable of accepting the defeat he suffered at Ye Fan’s hands.

Mo Wu-Ya had always enjoyed a smooth and easy life since he was born. He had almost never encountered any setbacks.

His ego became even bigger after he became a grandmaster.

He always thought no one else could defeat him except the six pillars of the nation.

So Mo Wu-Ya didn't care about anyone else but the legendary generals.

However, he ended up losing to a nobody.

Also, it was a crushing defeat.

It felt as though the pride he had all these years were blown to smithereens.

Mo Wu-Ya felt so completely defeated that he lost control of his emotions.

But Ye Fan had no pity for him at all.

He simply looked at Mo Wu-Ya indifferently.

Mo Wu-Ya was covered in blood. He suddenly staggered and walked over again in an attempt to attack Ye Fan once more.

Ye Fan shook his head at the sight of this.

“We only gain the power to create heaven after suffering in hell. You are the King of Fighters’ son for crying out loud. Yet you don’t even have the courage to face your failure. How can you be the leader of War God Castle and the Chinese martial arts circle? If this is all the determination you have, then your career as a martial artist is doomed!” Ye Fan suddenly shouted.

Air currents exploded and made the dust swirl in the air.

Then Ye Fan’s angry words echoed nonstop in the atmosphere.

“You ought to have died for insulting me. However, I can spare your life today on account that we are both Chinese. Although you escaped death, you will definitely get punished. I will break all your limbs today, so you will remember for life that I, Chu Tian-Fan, will not suffer any insults!”

BAM!

At the drop of his voice, Ye Fan kicked Mo Wu-Ya twice on his knees.

“AHHH!” screamed Mo Wu-Ya in agony. Both his legs were completely broken as blood dripped from them while he knelt on the ground powerlessly.

Ye Fan beat the crown prince of the Chinese martial arts circle and the King of Fighters' son so hard that he was crippled.

But who else could Mo Wu-Ya blame?

He had asked for it.

To begin with, Ye Fan's vendetta with Sword Shrine had nothing to do with Mo Wu-Ya.

However, Mo Wu-Ya wanted to ingratiate himself to Sword Shrine so that he could marry Suzumiya Eigetsu. Hence, he volunteered to fight Ye Fan and claimed that he would enforce justice and purge the ranks of the Chinese martial arts circles by killing Ye Fan.

But he couldn't compare to Ye Fan and ended up maimed!

Ye Fan was no saint, so he wasn't going to

repay evil with kindness.

Ye Fan was already being kind by sparing Mo Wu-Ya's life.

"AHHH! That hurts!"

Mo Wu-Ya screamed excruciatingly in agony as he knelt on the ground. He was in so much pain that he felt giddy. His tragic howls echoed throughout Sword Shrine.

"Hmm? What's happened?"

Mochizuki Kawa and Nakai Masami walked out of Sword Shrine when they heard the commotion.

Mochizuki Kawa and the others were shocked to see Mo Wu-Ya kneeling before Ye Fan with all his limbs broken.

"You bastard! How dare you maim him? Don't you know who he is? He is the King of Fighters' son! He is the crown prince of the Chinese martial arts circle! How could you do this to him so recklessly?" cursed Mochizuki Kawa as he instantly panicked and yelled at Ye Fan with his face livid and teeth gnashing.

Mochizuki Kawa wasn't angry out of concern for Mo Wu-Ya.

He was worried about how War God Castle would react when they found out.

Although Ye Fan was the culprit who hurt Mo Wu-Ya, it happened in Japan.

So Sword Shrine had to bear part of the responsibility.

If the King of Fighters was determined to seek revenge, he might decimate Sword Shrine in the process.

This might even end up becoming an international feud between both countries.

How could Mochizuki Kawa remain calm, considering the consequence?

But Ye Fan turned a deaf ear to Mochizuki Kawa's fury.

A cold smile even emerged on his face.

“Mochizuki Kawa, you have finally appeared! You should know why I came to Japan. I won't beat around the bush. Hand over the yasakani jade, and I will spare you. Or else, I, Chu Tian-Fan, will annihilate Sword Shrine!”

HUUU!

Cold wind gusted as Ye Fan spoke

murderously.

Mochizuki Kawa made trouble in Jiangdong previously.

Tong Shan lost an arm thanks to him.

Xu Lei almost died because of him.

Ever since the incidents that transpired in Jiangdong, Ye Fan had already sentenced Mochizuki Kawa to death.

Now that his enemy was before him, he felt particularly angry.

The moment he spoke, he sounded murderous.

“Teacher, why don’t you obey Master and hand over the yasakani jade? He is a man of his word. If you hand over the yasakani jade, I will convince him to leave.” Suzumiya Eigetsu stepped forward to persuade Mochizuki Kawa when she saw him.

She really couldn't bear to see Ye Fan and Mochizuki Kawa fight each other to death.

“You useless child! Can you hear what you are saying? How dare you call him master? How can you ask me to give him our sacred object? You traitorous animal! You are a

disgrace to the Japanese martial arts circle and deserve to die a thousand times over!”

Mochizuki Kawa was furious when he heard what Suzumiya Eigetsu said.

He didn't expect that his disciple would end up becoming Ye Fan's slave.

How could Mochizuki Kawa ever hold his head up high if word got out?

Instead, Ye Fan laughed when he heard what Mochizuki Kawa said.

“Mochizuki Kawa, I can't believe you have the gall to call Eigetsu-chan an animal. You people planted a spirit seal in her body against her will, then you stripped all rights from her and want to send her to her death when she comes of age. People who are capable of committing acts that are devoid of conscience like this are worse than animals, right?”



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“Shut up! What gives an outsider like you the right to judge? Moreover, it is Eigetsu-chan’s honor to be selected by Tsukuyomi Tenshin. It’s an opportunity of her lifetime. How can you make it sound so heinous?” Mochizuki Kawa retorted angrily when he heard what Ye Fan said.

His angry words echoed through the air.

However, Ye Fan continued to smile with an intense look of mockery on his face.

“Her honor? If dying is deemed glory to you, I don't mind giving you the honor.”

Ye Fan smiled wickedly as he spoke nonstop furiously.

His cold words were so thunderous that they swept through the air.

It was so cold that that the temperature swiftly fell by a few degrees.

The air became so cold that frost almost appeared.

No one knew why Ye Fan was so angry.

Over these few days together, he was touched by how sensible and kind Suzumiya Eigetsu was.

Ye Fan honestly pitied the young woman.

He felt sympathetic about the things that happened in her life.

Suzumiya Eigetsu was only a 17 year old girl and at the prime of her life.

She could have led an ordinary life if not for the spirit seal within her.

She could have gone to school and travelled the world.

She could have gone to see the cherry blossoms and visit the tourist destinations with the man of her dreams.

She could have enjoyed nature and admired it through the seasons.

But now?

She had to give up everything because the martial arts circle wanted Tsukuyomi Tenshin to be reborn.

If Mochizuki Kawa and the others were the slightest bit guilty, Ye Fan might not be as angry.

It horrified Ye Fan to find that they didn't feel like they had done anything wrong.

They even self-righteously said it was her honor and an opportunity of her lifetime.

What sort of glory and honor was this?

What right did these mere ants have to decide whether she lived or died?

How dare they even shamelessly say it was her honor?

The cold wind gusted while a murderous intent surged from Ye Fan's body.

Although Ye Fan had yet to make a move, his imposing aura left them petrified.

Everyone looked at Ye Fan in fear as they trembled.

He was capable of making the temperature drop with a single shout.

Only god knew how powerful he was.

Suzumiya Eigetsu was stunned when she witnessed this.

She looked so touched by his outburst.

Her lonely and forlorn heart suddenly felt ripples going through it.

It felt as though a warm current was sweeping across her heart.

Suzumiya Eigetsu inadvertently ended up crying.

All these years, Ye Fan was the first person to care about her so much. He was also the first person to feel that things were unfair to her.

Tears kept cascading down her face. No one could understand what Suzumiya Eigetsu felt now.

It felt as though she had suddenly found light and the warmth of spring after walking in the winter night for so long.

Everyone felt it was Suzumiya Eigetsu's honor and good fortune that she could offer her body as Tsukuyomi Tenshin's vessel.

No one stopped to consider how she felt or cared about whether she died.

All her parents saw were the things that their clan would stand to gain.

And Sword Shrine only cared about the future of the Japanese martial arts circle.

No one cared about Suzumiya Eigetsu

herself.

Only Ye Fan did.

Prior to this, Suzumiya Eigetsu never thought that this young man would touch her so deeply.

“Mochizuki-senpai, stop wasting your time in talking to him. This cocky boy is such a smart mouth. He will only submit after blood has been shed! I will kill him now and avenge you!”

Ishino Ryuichi had clearly been losing patience as he stood at the back.

He took a step and leaped into the air with his sword in hand.

SLAAASH!

A green light swept through the air.

Ishino Ryuichi had already hacked towards Ye Fan with his swift and ferocious move.

It was as fast as the speed of lightning.

“Master, watch out!” shouted Suzumiya Eigetsu automatically the instant she saw Ishino Ryuichi attack.

However, Ye Fan stood fearlessly as the sword energy surged towards him.

He stood under the skies with his hands behind his back.

Ye Fan's right hand finally reached out only when the menacing glow of the sword was right in front of him.

Then he suddenly reached his hand out.

"Hmm? What is this brat up to? Does he want to fight Ishino Ryuichi empty-handed? He simply thinks too highly of himself!"

Everyone grinned gleefully at Ye Fan's impending doom.

Ishino Ryuichi looked at Ye Fan like he was looking at an idiot.

Everyone felt Ye Fan was attempting the impossible and was overly confident.

Just as everyone scoffed at Ye Fan, he reached his hand out and held it in midair.

Ishino Ryuichi's ferocious sword energy halted as though it was stuck in quicksand and was incapable of advancing.

After that, Ye Fan sent the energy bouncing

back to Ishino Ryuichi with a flick of his finger.

PFFFT!

Ishino Ryuichi was incapable of dodging the sudden attack, and the sword energy instantly hit his chest and caused a gory wound.

Blood instantly sprayed from the wound.

What?

“D-did it just get thrown back?”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

The third head priest of Sword Shrine, Nakai Masami, hurried over to help Ishino Ryuichi up worriedly.

“Ryuichi, are you okay?” asked Nakai Masami worriedly.

Ishino Ryuichi spat a whole mouthful of blood out and his face was livid. He waved his hand as he said quietly, “I’m fine. I was careless. But the kid’s moves are rather odd, and he isn’t as useless as we imagined. I don’t think Mo Wu-Ya got defeated because of bad luck.”

Before this, Mochizuki Kawa kept saying he had gotten hurt because he fell for Ye Fan's ploy.

So Ishino Ryuichi and the others didn't think highly of Ye Fan at all.

However, Ishino Ryuichi undoubtedly started to take the match seriously after their brief exchange of blows.

"Why don't we fight him together? Let's combine forces and beat him in one fell swoop. We can't keep wasting time with him. How can a nobody like him fight his way into the mighty Sword Shrine? It will make us a laughingstock!"

Ishino Ryuichi knew he would have trouble handling Ye Fan alone.

So to be safe, he suggested that all three head priests fight Ye Fan together.

Mochizuki Kawa had already experienced Ye Fan's prowess first hand, so he didn't reject the suggestion.

He nodded. "Okay. Let's combine forces and annihilate him together!"

**BAM!**



At the drop of his voice, their internal energy exploded.

Then swords clanged as they were unsheathed.

“Aoki Sword Technique!”

“Ishino Sword Technique!”

“Silent Kill!”

Three ferocious attacks were unleashed amid their roars and came sweeping towards Ye Fan.

All three of them surrounded Ye Fan in a crescent-shaped formation.

Their powerful attacks sealed off all paths for Ye Fan. He was incapable of escape now and could only wait to be killed!



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