

The lamp in the living room swayed.

The fragrance of the tea filled the living room as the two men sat at the long table and continued to toast each other with tea.

Ye Fan got Qiu Mu-Cheng to wait for him upstairs instead.

The situation in the living room was not something that a frail woman like Qiu Mu-Cheng could be a part of.

But the scene of two complete strangers toasting each other did seem rather strange.

But Ye Fan wasn't worried about this situation at all.

The other party didn't say why he was here, so Ye Fan didn't ask about it either.

Ye Fan remained as calm as ever and drank his tea leisurely.

Ye Fan's calmness certainly shocked the man seated across from him.

"You are indeed as legendary as they say you are, Mr Chu, since you've managed to rule over Jiangdong. You are actually still able to remain so calm and unnerved in front of me. I don't think there are more than ten

people who even have the mental strength to do this, never mind what you're capable of," praised the man generously.

Ye Fan wasn't affected by this man's praise and just asked coldly, "I'm pretty sure you didn't brave the cold night just to send me a few compliments."

Ye Fan did not remember seeing this man in the past, so since they didn't know each other, there was no feud between them.

So he became curious as to why this man would come all the way here in the middle of the night.

"Of course, I haven't come all the way from Yanjing just to compliment you. I'm here to kill you," said the man in a composed voice. But the iciness in his eyes instantly intensified.

"You're from Yanjing? So you're sent here by the Lu and Xur families?"

Ye Fan frowned. He was rather surprised that these two families had decided to take revenge so quickly.

He was even more surprised that these two families with nothing but material wealth and reputation were actually able to make

such a highly skilled martial artist work for them.

According to Ye Fan's senses, this man sitting in front of him was indeed extremely highly skilled.

He was even more highly skilled than Wei Wu-Ya.

His aura didn't even seem too far off from the most highly skilled martial artist in China, Ye Qing-Tian.

This man was the third truly highly skilled fighter Ye Fan had come across besides Ye Qing-Tian and Yu Yun.

But the man did not answer Ye Fan's questions. Instead, he just smiled faintly, picked up the teapot and poured himself another cup.

The steam rose from the tea in the cup, while the tea reflected the man's authoritative and stern expression.

"You're of lowly birth, without a father from a young age and your mother is merely an ordinary woman from the village. You have no background and no family support. Besides your physical ability, you don't have anything else to speak of. But yet, you still

dared to kill the descendants of the Lu and Xur family. Did you ever consider the consequences of doing so?" said the man coldly as he continued drinking his tea and didn't even look up at Ye Fan once.

At the same time, a tremendous amount of authority surged out from this man as he spoke these ominous words.

If Li Er and the rest were still around, they would have definitely peed themselves under this pressure.

But Ye Fan's expression didn't even flinch. He just chuckled. "And why do you bother thinking about these things?"

Ye Fan's question caught the man off guard.

He thought that Ye Fan would defend himself by saying that he was really powerful and didn't need to fear anyone. But to his surprise, this boy didn't even bother explaining and just didn't think about any of these things.

What audacity!

What complacency!

This was the first impression Ye Fan left the man. And obviously, this wasn't a good



impression at all.

This was the sort of attitude that often enraged others.

And so, the man's expression quickly darkened after Ye Fan said these words.

"What a young and brash man. You do not consider consequences and the effects of your actions, but you just satisfy your immediate need for gratification."

"Someone like you will not go further than where you are right now. You will only reap rewards within tiny Jiangdong. Even if you try to take on anything bigger, you will not achieve anything," he said in a deep voice, which sounded both sinister and frosty.

These few sentences were as good as sentencing Ye Fan's future to death.

Ye Fan immediately burst out laughing upon hearing these words.

He laughed so brightly and so cynically, it was as if he had heard the biggest joke in the world.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the man in a low voice as he tried to suppress his anger. Ye Fan's laughter made him feel

deeply offended.

“Nothing really, I just pity you. I think you’ve been living a way too cowardly life.”

“Nonsense!” the other man immediately yelled. His voice was so explosive that the cups in front of him shattered.

An ordinary person would have been so terrified at the sight of this. This man’s shout could actually cause a teacup to shatter. How powerful did this man have to be in order to achieve this?

But Ye Fan wasn’t afraid of him at all. Instead, he smiled and looked straight back at the other man.

“Was I wrong in saying that? The Lu and Xur families were the ones who failed to teach their sons well. They not only tried to invade my territory, but they also destroyed my business, tried to harm my family and even burnt my house down. Since they did such an outrageous thing, their entire families deserve to die, but I only killed the two of them, so I’ve already shown sufficient mercy.”

“But now, you’re saying that I’m arrogant and audacious? And you’ve even concluded that I will never achieve anything great in my life.

So you think that a person will be able to take on great responsibility and become successful only if he allows someone to humiliate his family, allows his wife to be violated, allows his territory to be destroyed and allows himself to be targeted by assassins?”

“If that is truly the case, then I have to say that you’ve really lived a very repressive and cowardly life that deserves to be pitied,” said Ye Fan as he shook his head. He stared at the man in front of him with such sympathy in his eyes.

“Why, you...!”

But the muscular man realized he didn’t know how to respond to Ye Fan’s words at all.

His face twitched and his expression was nasty, but he was too stunned for words.

Ye Fan smiled even more brightly when he noticed the other man’s reaction.

He picked up the teapot and poured himself another cup of tea as he continued speaking, “Heavenly Grandmaster, do you know why you’ve been unable to breakthrough to the next level of martial arts even after you’ve trained for so many years?”

Do you know why you were conferred the title of supreme grandmaster earlier, but Ye Qing-Tian ended up overtaking you? Do you know why you've been practicing martial arts for the longest time among the members of War God Castle but simply can't get into the top three ranks?"

Ye Fan's string of questions really struck the core of the man's heart.

The man's face was livid as he yelled hoarsely, "You little punk! How dare you investigate me?!"

After a brief moment of anger, the man shook his head.

"Wait, you're just a nobody and you're so young, plus you only have control over such a tiny province. How did you manage to find out so much about me? Spit it out! Why do you recognize me? And why do you know that I've been stuck at my current level of martial arts for a long time?" asked the man in shock as he stared coldly at Ye Fan.

He could no longer maintain the calm and emotionless look he had before. His expression was now filled with surprise and grimness.



Before coming here, Tang Hao never thought that he would behave so emotionally in front of a young man despite being a grandmaster and one of the six pillars of the nation.

The man standing in front of Ye Fan wasn't just anybody. This was Tang Hao, one of the members of War God Castle, otherwise known as Heavenly Grandmaster!

Of course, Ye Fan hadn't recognized him because he had done any investigation or had gotten to know him beforehand. Ye Fan had guessed it was him.

After all, the only people in China who could exert this much pressure on Ye Fan were the six pillars of the nation in War God Castle.

Ye Fan was the leader of Dragon God Hall and had been executing many plans in secret, so he knew the situation of many countries' martial artists very well.

The only one among the six pillars in War God Castle who used a hammer was Heavenly Grandmaster, Tang Hao.

It wasn't hard for Ye Fan to guess this man's identity after he put Tang Hao's choice of weapon with his level of martial arts ability.

As for how he knew that Tang Hao's ability

to level up had stopped, that could be seen from the ranking of the six members of War God Castle over the past number of years.

When War God Castle was first established, Tang Hao was ranked at number two. But over the last few years, the others surpassed him in ranking.

So it was quite clear that Tang Hao must have hit some bottleneck or difficulty in increasing his level of martial arts. It didn't take Ye Fan any shocking ability to deduce this.

It was difficult for the person involved to see beyond his own situation after all.

But even though Ye Fan didn't think much of it, Tang Hao was in deep shock.

He just felt as if his private matters had been laid bare in front of this young man, and he couldn't accept it after being held in such high regard for so many years.

But Ye Fan ignored Tang Hao's questions.

He picked up his teacup, took a sip and continued nonchalantly, "It's because of the mindset you have! The cultivation of martial arts is not only a training of the body, but also the mind. If your mind is not strong

enough, then even if you shut yourself in and train for a hundred years, you will not be able to make any improvements.”

“If you look at all the strong fighters on the Sky Ranking and the things they have achieved, you will find that all martial artists have a particular sort of energy. It’s a sharp and unstoppable energy that keeps moving forward! The extremely capable are all extremely bold too! They traverse the world with their swords, they know who owes them and who they owe, and they never get entangled with too much emotion. Once decided, they would move forward with their decision! That’s how they are able to reach such high levels of martial arts ability.”

“But someone like you, who’s watching your back all the time, behave cowardly and fear the consequences and effects of killing someone who deserves to die, has a weak mind, so you will only go this far in life. You might try very hard all your life, but never enter the Sky Ranking!”

“Shut up!” Ye Fan’s low voice was still echoing when Tang Hao finally lost his temper and roared angrily at Ye Fan as he slammed the table and got up with a start. His face was livid.

“How dare you say that my mind is weak!



How dare you say that I'll never enter the Sky Ranking? I, Tang Hao, am one of the six pillars of China and a member of War God Castle! I am held in high regard and I lord it over this country! How dare a youngster like you teach me what to do! How dare you criticize my life this way! What utter nonsense!" The wooden tables and chairs instantly exploded as Tang Hao's furious voice boomed.

Even the LCD TV behind Tang Hao exploded to pieces from his fury.

Tang Hao was really angered by Ye Fan's audaciousness.

He had practiced martial arts for many years and had been revered for most of his life. Even Ye Qing-Tian didn't dare to despise him like this.

But now, a young man with no reputation or background whatsoever was declaring boldly that his mind wasn't strong enough and that it would be nearly impossible for him to ever get into the Sky Ranking.

"Since you despise me so much, then I want to see if an audacious young punk like you really has the right to despise me or not!" exploded Tang Hao in fury as his aura intensified and he walked out of the living



room.

Tang Hao stood confidently under the night sky and his authoritative voice resounded clearly, "Young man, do you dare to come out and fight with me?"

"And why not?" Ye Fan smiled arrogantly before leaping out into the open as well.

A huge fight just broke out like that.

There was no build up or catalyst.

The moment Ye Fan appeared outside the house, Tang Hao made his first attack and it was a fierce one.

The small hammer around Tang Hao's waist flew up and started expanding in the wind. In no time, a gigantic black hammer was in Tang Hao's hands as his presence soared.

"Young man! Take a blow from me!" roared Tang Hao as he swung his hammer angrily at Ye Fan.

One swing of the hammer!

Two swings!

A powerful wind covered the land as the gigantic hammer seemed to blot the sky out.

Tang Hao swung his Heavenly Hammer and crashed it down again and again where Ye Fan was.

His hammer came down six times consecutively.

Once the first strike came down, he would lift it up and strike a second time.

The scarier part was that each strike was stronger than the last.

These virtually unstoppable attacks came at Ye Fan from all directions.

This was a power that even Ye Qing-Tian wouldn't have dared to fight head on.

So Tang Hao thought that Ye Fan would choose to dodge the attacks and find some other way to counterattack.

To his surprise, Ye Fan didn't move aside or even step back. He swung his own fists and fought Tang Hao's hammer in the most primitive and insane manner possible.

Tang Hao's gaze froze at Ye Fan's response. Was this boy going to die because he was overly confident in himself? Or did this boy actually have the capability to fight him?

But just when Tang Hao was worried that Ye Fan might really get flattened by his hammer and was about to stop his attack, the sound of a dragon roar filled the night.

Tang Hao soon saw a golden beam shoot out from Ye Fan's body.

In the dark night, this skinny young man had suddenly transformed into a golden giant with bright rays emanating from his body as he raised his eyes to the sky and his feet split the ground beneath him. A tremendous amount of strength rose from his feet and accumulated within his fists.

His entire body curved like a bow that was fully drawn back and ready to release the incredible amount of energy surging within him.

That was how Ye Fan had just used his iron-hard fists to fight Tang Hao's six strikes of the hammer head on.

Six blasts rang through the clouds.

Those ear deafening sounds reverberated through all of Yunzhou like rolling thunder.

Even the waters of Yunwu Lake several kilometers away started to undulate from the tremors caused.

After a long time, everything finally calmed back down.

The two figures standing in the dark night slowly became clear again.

Ye Fan and Tang Hao were still standing, but they had both retreated several steps back.

The two of them had been matched equally in that exchange earlier.

Both of them had no expression on their face. Ye Fan stood with a cold look in his eyes while Tang Hao stared back at Ye Fan with a grim gaze.

After a long period of silence, Tang Hao suddenly shook his head and laughed a little self-deprecatingly, "I thought that the God of War was exaggerating when he wanted to recommend you so badly. It looks like I have been the superficial one after all. You are indeed worthy of all the praise that the God of War awarded you, and you are definitely worthy to become a supreme grandmaster of China."

"Congratulations, Ye Fan. You've passed the test. From today onwards, you will become the seventh grandmaster of China's martial arts world! You will be the youngest person in our history to achieve this! We will send



you the official documents in due course, just keep them away carefully.”



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