



## Chapter 1615

Even though Qiu Mucheng's voice wasn't loud, the authority of her words stunned the crowd, including her parents.

Even Qiu Mucheng's best friend, Su Qian, stared at her with widened eyes.

All this while, Su Qian assumed that Qiu Mucheng stayed by Ye Fan's side not because of her feelings for him but out of habit instead.

She always thought Qiu Mucheng didn't abandon Ye Fan due to the platonic bond they shared.

However, she no longer thought that way because she now knew that Qiu Mucheng had truly fallen in love with Ye Fan.

In fact, the woman was so deeply in love with him that there was no way she could pull herself out.

*My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.*

At that very moment, the quote about eternal love kept flashing in Su Qian's head.



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*Indeed, her words do carry the meaning of "For richer or poorer, till death do us part."*

Consequently, Su Qian felt that she should be happy for her friend.

At the very least, Qiu Mucheng had found a man whom she was willing to sacrifice herself for.

From the perspective of a woman, this was bliss and something to be envious about.

After all, only love could bring meaning to one's lives.

Unfortunately, Qiu Mucheng's parents didn't share Su Qian's sentiments.

"You've gone mad, you foolish girl. Ye Fan doesn't care about you anymore, and yet, you're willing to die for him? Are you trying to kill us both? Despite how shrewd your father and I are, how did we end up having a blunderous daughter like you? I don't care what you want. You are definitely leaving with us today because we are the ones who gave you your life. You have no right to give it up for his sake."

Just like a raving madwoman, Han Li exploded at



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Qiu Mucheng as she tried to forcibly make her daughter leave.

Nevertheless, Qiu Mucheng had steeled her resolve and naturally ignored Han Li's rants.

After shoving Han Li aside, she walked bravely toward the five Grandmasters.

With an indifferent expression, she declared coldly, "I, Qiu Mucheng, am Ye Fan of Jiangdong's wife. As my husband isn't in Jiangdong today, I shall deal with Jiangdong's affairs in his stead. Gentlemen, whatever grouses you may have, you can inform me about them and I will personally pass Ye Fan the message when he returns."

She continued, "However, before you do that, let me first warn you. Ye Fan has always been steadfast in his principles throughout his life. Consequently, the rumors about him working with the enemy to betray the country are just baseless accusations. As a result, I hope that you gentlemen do not sully my husband's reputation indiscriminately!"

Qiu Mucheng didn't mince her words at all, as she was unfazed by the domineering aura of the five Grandmasters.



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In response, the look Yan Buping and the other Grandmasters gave Qiu Mucheng couldn't help but change slightly.

“Given that Ye Fan is a coward to not show his face, we didn't expect him to have such a courageous wife. In fact, you are in no way inferior to him at all. It's just a shame that you have been wasted on a scum like him. If you were still single, I would be glad to matchmake you with my grandson. Unfortunately, you have been sullied by Ye Fan and missed the opportunity.”

Shaking his head as he spoke, Ke Zhe gave Qiu Mucheng a sympathetic look.

“Nevertheless, it's pointless to defend him despite your loyalty to him. After all, it's an irrefutable fact that he has betrayed his country. If you are looking to plead mercy for him, I would advise you to tell him to come out of hiding and turn himself in. Perhaps, the War God Castle of China would spare his life and look past his impulsiveness.”

Ke Zhe spoke with a condescending tone as if he was an imperial commissioner questioning a criminal.



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“Haha... Hahaha...”

All of a sudden, Qiu Mucheng burst into laughter.

In fact, one could hear the contempt and mockery in her tone.

“Hmm? What are you laughing at?” Yan Buping was upset by her reaction.

As for the other Grandmasters, they too furrowed their brows.

Nonetheless, Qiu Mucheng continued laughing before she retorted, “What do you mean by it's a fact? I would like to know which carries more weight in China, your words or the law? Since the matter has yet to be investigated or gone on trial, how can you conclude that Ye Fan is a traitor? And yet, you have the cheek to insist that it's an irrefutable fact? Gentlemen, that's really brazen of you! Even I, the governor of Jiangdong, do not have the gall to hurl such baseless accusation.”

Qiu Mucheng's words were grave, as she had accused them of disrespecting the law.

Any ordinary citizen would have flown into a rage



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after hearing what she said. However, Yan Buping and the others simply shook their heads and smiled.

“Lady, I wonder if you're ignorant or just plain naive. Perhaps, you have never truly understood the world he lived in despite being his wife. In his world, there may be rules and thresholds, but it's raw power that overwhelms them all. In China, the one who holds the most power is none other than the War God Castle. Thus, whatever they decide will become an undeniable fact that no one can challenge or doubt,” Yan Buping explained calmly as if he was a teacher lecturing a student on the rules of the martial arts world.

Despite his attempt to help her understand, Qiu Mucheng was unlikely to grasp the meaning behind his words, as the martial arts world was an unfamiliar territory for an ordinary citizen like her. After all, it was human nature to second guess something that felt foreign.

“Forget it. A weak lady like you knows nothing about the martial arts world. Nevertheless, since Ye Fan isn't showing up, you will have to come with us to Mount Yan. As long as he doesn't turn himself in at Mount Yan, you will never be able to return to Jiangdong.



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“Didn't you say that Ye Fan is a loyal person? In that case, I want to find out just how devoted this man who attained the title of the Unrivalled Supreme at such a young age is.”

Yan Buping stood by the lakeside with his hands behind his back and his robe fluttering in the wind.

Despite the simplicity of his speech, it was filled with authority, as if every single word would determine if one lives or dies.

When he finished, Yan Buping waved his hands and ordered the Grandmasters he brought with him, “Seize her!”

Just when Ke Zhe and the rest prepared to apprehend Qiu Mucheng, the energy from a sword slash suddenly cut right in front of them.

Shocked, the men backed off at once.

The next moment, a mocking laugh filled the air.

“I have heard that China is a respectful country. However, I can now see that it's nothing but a joke. How dare a group of old fogies like you gang up on a weak and defenseless girl? Is it because you don't





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have the guts to face Ye Fan in battle, so you end up taking his wife hostage instead? Aren't you embarrassed by your actions? If I were you, I would have killed myself out of shame!"

A scathing admonishment was unleashed upon Yan Buping and the rest of the Grandmasters.

Meanwhile, the crowd by the lake began to gossip and gesticulate in indignance over Qiu Mucheng's treatment.

"That's true."

"One should hold the actual perpetrator responsible instead."

"They shouldn't involve innocent family members."

"It's obvious this bunch of old fogies didn't dare to face Mr. Chu so they chose to bully a girl instead."

"Despite their fearsome looks, they are nothing but cowards underneath, huh?"



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By the side of Yunwu Lake, many in the crowd were berating the Grandmasters.

After all, men naturally pitied the weak, let alone a helpless woman facing the pressure of five Grandmasters by herself.

Faced with a barrage of criticisms, Yan Buping, and the others felt unsettled despite their experience.

A gloomy expression descended upon their faces.

Furious, Ke Zhe turned toward the girl in a red dress and demanded, "You b\*tch! Who the hell are you? How dare you twist the facts and ruin our reputation?"

Unfazed by the question, Meng Wanyu declared her identity, "I'm Meng Wanyu of Chu Sect."

From her perspective, there was no need for her to hide, as she had a clear conscience.

Although China's martial arts world held a hostile view toward Chu Sect, there had been no conflict between them for many years.

Furthermore, Meng Wanyu hadn't done anything

controversial on her visit to China.

Even though she had taken Qiu Mucheng hostage, she didn't harm a hair on her head.

As a result, Meng Wanyu didn't see why she should hide who she was.

“Chu Sect? In that case, you must be the evil woman that has been causing trouble all over Jiangdong. Looks like you've decided to turn yourself in before I even start looking for you. This is great. We will now take you along with us,” Ke Zhe replied with a smile.

Knitting her brows in response, Meng Wanyu sneered, “It seems that you're nothing but a bully. Other than trying to capture Ms. Qiu, you're going to apprehend me too? Not only do you ignore the facts, but you also oppress the weak with impunity. Is this how China's Grandmasters are supposed to behave?”

“Shut up! We do not need a reason to apprehend you. I'll teach you a lesson right now!”

Ke Zhe was outraged by the insults Meng Wanyu hurled at him.

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With a loud roar, he stomped his foot on the ground before launching himself forward like an arrow shot from a bow.

After that, he balled his hands into fists before aiming a punch at Meng Wanyu's chest.

His strike carried such massive power that everyone thought Meng Wanyu would either die or be grievously injured upon impact.

“Ms. Meng, be careful!” Qiu Mucheng screamed in shock.

However, Meng Wanyu didn't show any fear and she simply looked on at the approaching attack. With a soft chuckle, she gently struck out with her palm.

Her palm strike was so graceful that it seemed to be dancing through the air.

However, everyone was surprised by how much control Meng Wanyu wielded over her counterattack and how efficient it was despite its gracefulness.

Consequently, her palms steadily absorb the power emanating from Ke Zhe's punch.

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“What a stunning strike!”

“What's the name of the technique?”

“The gracefulness it displayed is simply unrivalled.”

The crowd gathered by Yunwu Lake expressed their amazement, as many of them were martial artists too.

However, Yan Buping and his men scoffed, “It only looks good on the outside but has no substance on the inside. In martial arts training, we always have to go back to the basics. Only the most ordinary technique can unleash the strongest power imaginable. Young people nowadays prioritize fancy moves just to gain the attention of others. They have lost themselves and their initial motivation to practice martial arts. That aside, an attack such as this is nothing but a fancy display. Against Ke Zhe, you will not last more than a second.”

Yan Buping stood up proudly with his eyes looking far out and his hands behind his back.

His words rang out in a monotonous drone as if he was giving a lecture.



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At the same time, the Grandmasters beside him nodded in agreement.

“Just as expected of an elder. Your observations are really sharp.”

“You have managed to see through the girl with a single glance.”

“With just a few words, you have already exposed her weakness.”

“It seems that I will never catch up to your level given how far ahead you are in the world of martial arts.”

Bursting into laughter, the Grandmasters took turns to flatter Yan Buping, who was relishing in their praises.

With a smug smile breaking out on his face, it was clear that he was enjoying the attention.

“In martial arts, you shouldn't focus on comparing yourself to others. After all, everyone's talent is different. There are some whom we can never beat no matter how hard we try. Thus, it's more important to focus on improving oneself continuously. This is





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the advice I have always given to Ke Zhe,” Yan Buping plainly replied.

“I see. No wonder Mr. Ke's skills have been improving by leaps and bounds recently. It appears that he has received guidance from you. We too have also learned something today.” The rest of the Grandmasters bowed in respect.

“All right now, we'll continue this topic when we're free. For now, let's see how Mr. Ke toys with the evil woman from Chu Sect,” Yan Buping remarked nonchalantly while stroking his beard.

The way he conducted himself emanated a haughty air.

*Bam!*

Ke Zhe's punch finally struck Meng Wanyu's palms, causing a rumble to echo throughout.

Still feeling confident of victory a moment ago, Ke Zhe suddenly spewed a mouthful of blood while his face turned all red.

After that, he was sent flying like a cannonball by Meng Wanyu's palm strike.

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“What? How is this possible?”

When he saw what happened, Yan Buping, who was gloating a while ago, felt as if his eyes were about to pop out in shock.

With a reddened face, he looked as if he had just been slapped.

As for the other Grandmasters, they too were equally astounded.

“Mr. Yan, what's going on? Didn't you say that Mr. Ke would thrash that evil woman? Why was he beaten instantly?”

The question put Yan Buping in an awkward position.

“Ke Zhe was careless. He has used too much power against a lesser enemy. You have to take this as a lesson too,” Yan Buping calmly explained.

“B\*tch, how dare you hurt me! Let's have a go again!”

Ke Zhe picked himself up from the ground. After spitting out the fresh blood in his mouth, he charged

forward, brandishing his iron fists.

*Bam!*

Both of them clashed again with the same results.

Just like a weakling, Ke Zhe was thrown far back by Meng Wanyu again.

“It appears the Grandmasters of China are nothing but talk,” Meng Wanyu gloated, her exquisite features looking as ravishing as ever.

“Mr. Yan, was Ke Zhe being careless again?” the group of stunned Grandmasters asked again.

*Just shut it with the questions!*

Despite being rendered speechless and red in embarrassment, Yan Buping cursed them in his heart.

“That useless piece of trash! There's no point in relying on him now. Let's all attack together and get this over and done with. Or else, once Ye Fan returns, we won't be able to leave this place unscathed.”



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Having seen how strong Meng Wanyu was, Yan Buping couldn't afford to care for his pride anymore. Hence, he prepared to launch an all-out attack to quickly subdue Meng Wanyu.

After all, they were still fearful of Ye Fan despite declaring otherwise.

In truth, the War God Castle had sent them to Jiangdong and punish Ye Fan a long time ago.

However, Yan Buping and the others kept delaying their action because they were afraid.

After all, Ye Fan was responsible for the massacre in Jiangbei and had almost leveled the whole of Mount Yan in anger.

As a result, the Grandmasters were truly worried that Ye Fan would kill all of them in a fit of rage.



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When the Grandmasters found out that Ye Fan was away, they finally gathered the courage to visit Yunzhou and execute the order.

As such, their pompous arrival was nothing but an act since Ye Fan wasn't around.

Or else, they wouldn't have dared to show their faces and gloat in front of a Supreme's home, as that was the equivalent of suicide.

Nevertheless, to prove that they had done something, they had no choice but to take Qiu Mucheng back to Mount Yan with them.

Once they did that, the matter would just be between the War God Castle and Ye Fan.

Consequently, they had to subdue Meng Wangyu as quickly as they could before their plan could proceed.

“All right!”

Yan Buping's concerns were shared by the rest of the Grandmasters.

Compared to their own lives, their pride meant



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nothing.

With that, all of them sprung to action upon Yan Buping's command.

In the blink of an eye, the four Grandmasters leaped into the air.

Brandishing everything they had, they carried with them a massive force that swept through the land like a tornado.

Upon landing, they had Meng Wanyu tightly surrounded and attacked her relentlessly.

Pressured on all sides, Meng Wanyu was like a candle in the wind fighting off the storm by herself.

“Those old fogies are truly shameless. Not only are they bullying a girl, but they even have the cheek to attack in unison.”

Li Er couldn't help but curse at what he saw and felt ashamed on the Grandmasters' behalf.

Lei San cleared his throat and reminded, “Li Er, be mindful of your position.”



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Even though Yan Buping and the others were despicable, they were still China's Grandmasters.

As for Meng Wanyu, she was a foreign agent at the end of the day.

Therefore, Li Er and Lei San were supposed to side with Yan Buping by default.

“F\*ck our position. I'll curse at whoever that goes against Mr. Chu!” Li Er cussed.

Previously, he was filled with hatred for Meng Wanyu. However, when he realized she never had the intention to hurt Qiu Mucheng and was vehemently defending her now, his perception of her changed.

Meanwhile, the battle in front of them had already begun.

Although Meng Wanyu was Tang Yun's disciple, she still wasn't powerful enough.

In fact, her true strength was less than that of a Grandmaster.

Just a while ago, she was at the limits of her talent



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when she defeated Ke Zhe with her Terminal Level skills. It was an impressive feat considering Ke Zhe was ranked second among China's Grandmasters.

However, faced with four Grandmasters at once, she was naturally no match for them.

Soon, she quickly fell on the defensive.

*Bam!*

Another devastating punch landed.

Seizing an opportunity, Yan Buping broke through Meng Wanyu's defense and smashed his fist into her.

With a loud grunt, Meng Wanyu threw up a mouthful of blood as she was forced back.

“Now die! B\*tch!”

The best time to strike one's enemy was when they were down.

Hence, when Ke Zhe saw that Meng Wanyu had been grievously injured, he charged forward and threw a kick into her abdomen.





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At that moment, Meng Wanyu's rhythm had been entirely disrupted.

As if she was a dam that had burst, she kept puking blood till she could no longer stand.

“You Chu Sect b\*tch, how dare you trespass in China? I will end your life here today!”

Ke Zhe wasn't satisfied with just one attack.

Subsequently, he focused his Qi in his hands, causing his veins to bulge.

The next moment, the elemental force within him gushed through his veins like a raging wave.

“Dragon Claw Strike!”

Forming a claw with his hand, Ke Zhe thrust it at Meng Wanyu's throat.

From the way he was attacking, it was obvious that he was looking to kill her.

“No!” Qiu Mucheng screamed with tears in her eyes when she saw what was about to happen.

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However, Ke Zhe ignored her.

He didn't let up on his attack and aimed to take Meng Wanyu's life.

“Stop!” At the crucial moment, a deep voice rang out.

The next instant, Yan Buping launched a palm strike to push Ke Zhe away by force.

“Mr. Yan, what are you doing?” Ke Zhe asked curiously after regaining his balance.

“Calm down. Don't forget that she's a member of Chu Sect. If we capture her, there would always be room to turn things around. However, if we kill her, the situation would go out of control. The big picture takes priority!”

At the end of the day, Yan Buping was the highest-ranked Grandmaster. Thus, his thoughts were a lot more comprehensive.

Consequently, he was cognizant that they couldn't underestimate the powers behind Meng Wanyu.

“Hmph! You b\*tch, I'll spare you this time. However,

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it will still be difficult for you to avoid the death sentence for trespassing into China and causing trouble in Jiangdong. Now that we have captured you, you will be brought to Mount Yan to be interrogated.”

Ke Zhe's words were filled with rage, as he was obviously holding a grudge against Meng Wanyu for hurting him earlier.

Just as he finished, he grabbed Meng Wanyu like a dog and turned to leave.

Of course, they were also going to take Qiu Mucheng along with them.

“Stop! You cannot take her! Given that she's a woman, how can you...”

When they saw that Qiu Mucheng was in trouble, Li Er and the others were outraged.

Despite the fear they felt, they continued with their protests.

“Move aside if you value your life!”

Just as Ke Zhe shouted, he waved his hands and

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shoved Li Er and the others aside.

After that, the five Grandmasters grabbed Qiu Mucheng and left.

“Tong Shan, Qing Tan, stop them!”

Given the circumstances, Xu Lei couldn't sit idly by.

At her cue, the warriors she brought with her from Yanjing attacked.

They were joined by members of the Green Dragon Force left behind by Ye Fan to defend Yunzhou.

At that instant, more than ten martial artists surged forward.

“Hmph, they're nothing but cannon fodder.”

Letting out a snort, Ke Zhe launched a sequence of attacks half-heartedly.

Given that he alone managed to stop all the attacks, there was no need for the other Grandmasters to get involved.

Amidst cries of agony, Tong Shan and the others

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flew backward while vomiting blood at the same time.

The gap between their skills was simply too big.

The Grandmasters' prowess was unfathomable. Anyone who had reached their level would see their powers dramatically increased.

Only exceptionally talented martial artists like Meng Wanyu were capable of holding their own against someone of a higher level.

Or else, even ten men wouldn't be enough to balance the scales against a Grandmaster.

"How dare a bunch of pests like you try and stop us?" Ke Zhe scoffed as he looked down upon the men that he had defeated.

He then turned to Yan Buping. "Mr. Yan, I feel that the martial arts world of Jiangdong needs a revamp. The martial artists here only respect Ye Fan and not the War God Castle. In fact, they have no sense of patriotism for their country at all. At this rate, what is going to happen to the authority of the War God Castle? Or even that of China's martial arts world?"

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Yan Buping nodded. "That's true. Once we return to Mount Yan, I will propose to Sword Saint to reconstruct Jiangdong's martial arts world."

With that, Yan Buping and the other Grandmasters prepared to bring Qiu Mucheng and Meng Wanyu back to Yanjing.

Although Xu Lei and the others were filled with anxiety, there was nothing they could do about it.

In the face of absolute power, whatever they did was futile despite their large numbers.

All they could do was watch as Yan Buping took the two ladies away.

*Sigh!*

"Who is to blame for this?"

"No one other than Ye Fan himself, I guess."

"Due to him gallivanting around elsewhere, his wife has to suffer in his place."

"I can't believe how unbecoming he is."

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While the crowd by Yunwu Lake sympathized with Qiu Mucheng, they also blamed Ye Fan for what happened.

Just when everyone thought that the matter had come to an end, a frosty gale began blowing from a dark corner.

In the midst of the wind, a slender figure appeared from the darkness just like a phantom.

Every step he took was like lightning striking the ground, causing the entire city of Yunzhou to tremble.

Dark clouds covered the skies while a thunderstorm fell upon Yunwu Lake.

Amidst the heavy downpour, the lonely figure of a youth gradually emerged.

He looked just like a demon who had emerged from the deep abyss to cull the likes of men.

Suddenly, both heaven and earth fell silent as everyone was enveloped by a sense of terror.



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*Whoosh!*

The turbulent and icy wind howled while enveloping the entire sky.

As the figure emerged from the darkness, an aura as domineering as the thunderstorm descended upon the scene.

Yan Buping, Ke Zhe, and the others were stunned by the sight.

Slowly, a sense of dread began to creep into their hearts.

“M-Mr. Yan, w-who is that?” one of the Grandmasters asked in a soft yet terrified tone.

However, Yan Buping remained silent as he continued to stare intently at the figure before them.

For some reason, he felt as if there was something heavy hanging over his head the moment he saw the man.

In fact, he could even feel his breathing becoming labored.

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Considering that even Yan Buping felt pressured, it went without saying that the sensation was stronger for Li Er, Lei San, and all the other common folks.

In fact, all of them felt as if they were suffocating.

“What a powerful aura.”

“This feeling... Can it be...”

Holding that thought, Li Er looked up. As he narrowed his gaze, he almost jumped up in excitement.

“Mr. Li, are you saying...”

When they saw Li Er's response, Lei San and Wang Jiexi suddenly thought of something.

The next moment, their bodies trembled as their eyes widened in shock.

They weren't alone in their reaction. Simultaneously, Xu Lei and the others looked ahead with anticipation and delight.

Even He Yurou, who had been standing by the lake in silence, felt a jolt of emotion within her.

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Standing on her toes, she looked out far and strained her eyes to get a clearer look at the figure's face.

*Could it be him?*

*It should be him, right?*

"It definitely is," she muttered under her breath.

At that moment, He Yurou didn't understand why she was so excited and filled with anticipation to see him.

After all, she wasn't even friends with him and they barely had anything to do with each other.

In spite of that, she was still hopeful that the youth would turn out to be him.

At that moment, the crowd at Yunwu Lake began to feel so anxious that they even held their breath.

Even though no one could clearly see the figure's face, many in the crowd couldn't resist picturing it in their minds.

Just when everyone waited with anticipation, Ke Zhe

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furrowed his brows at the figure within the darkness and demanded, "Who are you to try and pull such a ghastly stunt in broad daylight? Speak your name at once!"

One second...

Two seconds...

For a whole ten seconds, no one responded at all.

The only sound that could be heard was the pitter-patter of raindrops and the terrifying footsteps of the figure.

Just when Ke Zhe grew impatient and wanted to ask again, an indifferent voice rang out through the torrential rain.

"I'm Ye Fan of Jiangdong."

*Boom!*

The few words blew everyone's mind.

As Yan Buping trembled and Ke Zhe widened his eyes, China's top five Grandmasters felt a shiver down their spines.

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As for Qiu Mucheng, who was being held captive by Ke Zhe, she felt her body jolted for a fleeting moment before her eyes began to redden.

“Haha!”

“Mr. Chu!”

“It's Mr. Chu!”

“Mr. Chu is here!”

“The King of Jiangdong is back!”

“Everyone, quick! Follow me to greet Mr. Chu!”

Ye Fan's appearance was greeted with joy by some and dread by others.

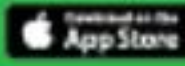
In contrast to the grim expression on Yan Buping's face, Li Er was screaming in delight as he darted forward to greet the dark figure.

“Mr. Chu, welcome back! Li Er at your service.”

His words sent shockwaves throughout the crowd.

At the same time, Lei San and Wang Jiexi who were

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following Li Er from behind quickly joined in the welcome.

“Welcome back, Mr. Chu. Lei San of Jingzhou, at your service.”

“Welcome back, Mr. Chu. Wang Jiexi of Jianghai, at your service.”

“Welcome back, Mr. Chu!”

Their voices thundered in all directions.

When Yan Buping and the other Grandmasters saw the hundred-odd men drop to their knees and heard them bid the figure welcome, their faces turned ashen at once.

“Mr. Yan, w-what are we going to do?”

“S-Should we flee?”

What they were worried about had now become reality.

They had assumed that they would be able to avoid Ye Fan during the kidnap.



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Hence, none of them expected the man himself to appear in the end.

Suddenly, Yan Buping and the others felt trapped.

Just then, Ke Zhe scoffed. "What are you panicking for? We still have the War God Castle, King of Fighters, Sword Saint, and China's War God backing us. Regardless of how powerful Ye Fan is, there's no way he can take us all on. Besides, we are the top five Grandmasters. Why should we be afraid of a youngling like him?"

Before Yan Buping could reply, one of the Grandmasters asked Ke Zhe with a terrified expression, "But don't you forget, despite his young age, Ye Fan is a Supreme Grandmaster. Are you saying that you're going to challenge him?"

All this while, a Supreme Grandmaster was worshiped like an idol within the martial arts world.

Even though Yan Buping was the highest-ranked Grandmaster, it never crossed his mind to fight a Supreme Grandmaster.

It wasn't because he had not tried it before. Instead, he was actually afraid to even think about it.

## Chapter 1618

To Yan Buping and the other Grandmasters, a Supreme Grandmaster was the equivalent of being invincible, as it was the highest level attainable in the martial arts world.

Usually, they would accord the War God Castle's Six Pillars of China the utmost respect and never even considered challenging them.

Therefore, they began to feel nervous when Ke Zhe declared that he wasn't afraid of Ye Fan.

Still being as indifferent as ever, Ke Zhe spat, "Is he really a Supreme Grandmaster? Who knows, maybe he's a fake. Even though everyone says that he has the power of a Supreme, has any one of you actually seen his true strength? Besides, if he really has the power of a Supreme, why doesn't Sword Saint and the others organize an official ceremony to recognize it?"

He continued, "Back then, the title of the Unrivalled Supreme was given posthumously. My guess is that even if Ye Fan is stronger than us, he can't be that much stronger. After all, martial arts training takes a very long time. Given that he is only in his twenties, there's no way he can achieve Supreme Level unless he started training in his mother's womb."

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All this while, Ke Zhe had doubted Ye Fan's strength.

Back then, Ye Fan's Supreme identity was first revealed after the battle in Boguia.

At that time, War God and the others assumed that Ye Fan had fallen. Having no other concerns, they awarded Ye Fan the title of Unrivalled Supreme.

However, to many in the public, the posthumous title was given as an honor to the dead instead of a true sign of one's strength.

“What about the battle of Jiangbei where Ye Fan wiped out the Lu Clan? Lu Songliang was stabbed by his sword and consequently pinned on a stone pillar by it. Given that everyone knows about the incident, how can Ye Fan's strength be fake?” another Grandmaster asked.

“Lu Songliang was the lowest rank Grandmaster of all. After sealing himself off for training for many years, he declared that he had achieved Supreme Level. However, did anyone really see it? Therefore, the battle of Jiangbei doesn't show much. It only proves that Ye Fan is slightly stronger than a Grandmaster. However, don't forget that Lu Songliang was fighting alone back then. But now,

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there are five of us here!” Ke Zhe explained with a deep voice.

Having been convinced by Ke Zhe, the other Grandmasters fell silent as they nodded to express their agreement.

After listening to Ke Zhe's theory, the fear they felt toward Ye Fan began to diminish.

“Enough. Let's not talk about that now. If we can avoid conflict, we'll try our best to do so.” With a steady voice, Yan Buping made his stance clear.

With that, he looked ahead and asked grimly, “Are you the Unrivalled Supreme? By coming here, you've saved us the effort to search for you. We are here under the instructions of the War God Castle to inform you of your punishment!”



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## Chapter 1619

Yan Buping whipped out a document from within his robe.

There were neat rows of words embroidered in gold threads on the black silk.

Like an imperial eunuch from ancient times declaring the emperor's decree during an official ceremony, the grandmaster fixed an intense gaze on his audience before he read its content in a clear and authoritative voice.

“Ye Fan, the offender and a native of Jiangdong, is guilty of betraying his homeland. He disregarded his stance and fought against China, causing an unrest in the martial arts world. Instead of standing up for his country, he became a traitor to protect the foreign forces. For this unforgivable sin, he has been sentenced to death!”

The wind howled eerily in the torrential rain.

However, the storm failed to drown Ye Buping's booming voice.

The irrefutable verdict sent a cold chill down the spines of Qiu Mucheng and the rest.



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They were so terrified and worried that their faces paled in an instant.

“How... How did this happen? Do the people in command really want to see Mr. Chu dead? Seriously, aren't they even leaving him a lifeline?” Li Er cried out desperately, swamped in grief.

Horror-stricken, Master Lei was at a loss for words. Disbelief was written all over his face.

Li Er and the others had known Ye Fan for a very long time. They were well aware of his outrageous behavior. *Mr. Chu can't be bothered about the rules and authorities. He's often impulsive and follows his heart to live the life he wants all the time.*

With a personality like that, Ye Fan's growing-up years were inevitably rough and challenging.

Thus, they were not surprised to discover that the War God Castle was displeased with him.

The rise of a new talent was often regarded as a threat to experienced fighters. Hence, it was normal for the new blood to be oppressed by his seniors.

However, it never occurred to Li Er or the others that



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the War God Castle would resort to get rid of Ye Fan completely.

Just as the crowd was trying to come to terms with the verdict, Yan Buping announced solemnly, "But considering Ye Fan is young and ignorant, and has also contributed to the martial arts world in China, the leaders have decided to spare him just this once. Nevertheless, he still has to be punished in order to pay the price for his wrongdoings."

After a brief pause, the grandmaster continued, "The leaders of War God Castle have unanimously agreed that Ye Fan is to depart for Yaleview, Jingzhou immediately. He must wear mourning attire, be on his knees, and mourn for three days. This is to pay respect to the few hundred thousand of our citizens who have passed on, so that their souls may rest in peace. In addition, Ye Fan must admit to his crime and make a public apology to the entire martial arts world in the nation."

His strong voice resounded in all directions.

Many let out long sighs of relief upon hearing that.

"Darn it! Is this old chap a stupid donkey? What the h\*ll was that? Hearing the death sentence literally



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scared the living daylights out of me! I thought they were really going to kill Mr. Chu," Li Er grumbled with a smile.

That was considered a happy ending to them.

*Phew, Mr. Chu only needs to kneel and apologize. Though it's embarrassing for him to do so, it's not a big deal! At the very least, he gets to stay alive. As long as he's still breathing in one piece, everything in Jiangdong will be under control.*

Meanwhile, Qiu Mucheng and Xu Lei were not as optimistic as Li Er.

In fact, Xu Lei became even more worried when she heard how the War God Castle was going to punish Ye Fan.

"Haha! Ms. Xu, the worse is over. Just as I have predicted, the leaders of War God Castle don't have the nerve or determination to fight the Dragon Master till the end. After all, they are fully aware of his capabilities. They will surely suffer a great loss if they were to have a fallout with him."

In the midst of the large crowd, Xue Renyang, the head of Xue family, was laughing.





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## Chapter 1619

*The justification is utter nonsense! Ye Fan being young and ignorant? The leaders considered his contributions to the martial arts world in China? Even the dumbest person on earth could easily tell that those f\*ckers from War God Castle don't dare to lay a finger on him because the price to pay is huge. Therefore, they concluded the matter with such a meaningless punishment.*

Xu Lei, on the other hand, was not delighted at all.

With a troubled expression, she shook her head and said, "Do you really think the matter ends here? You guys don't know Ye Fan well enough. He is an arrogant man. To him, honor and dignity are everything. Humiliating him is far worse than punishing him physically. In other words, making him kneel in mourning attire and apologize is more cruel than taking his life away. Like it or not, things are going to turn ugly between the War God Castle and Ye Fan."

Xu Lei furrowed her brows. One could hear the panic she felt in her voice.

"So, Ms. Xu, what you're saying is that... the master will defy the order?"



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Her words broke Xue Renyang's beautiful reverie.

It suddenly dawned on him that everything that had happened thus far would lead to an unimaginable outcome.

“Step forth to receive your orders, the Unrivalled Grandmaster.” In the midst of talking, Yan Buping handed the document over to Ye Fan. “You don't have to thank me. The martial arts world in China always upholds justice and practices kindness. The War God Castle is magnanimous towards all of its martial artists. He doesn't aim to punish people, but to use the opportunity to act as a warning.

“The King of Fighters would like me to convey a message to you. He wants you to turn over a new leaf and watch yourself going forward.”

Dressed in a long robe, Yan Buping stood by the lakeside with the document in his hands.

Upon speaking those words, his gaze fell on the young man standing in front of him, and he scrutinized the latter while waiting for a response.

Apart from Yan Buping, the other four grandmasters were also watching Ye Fan like a hawk observing its



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prey to see how he would react.

Ye Fan remained silent throughout the announcement of his sentence. To the surprise of Yan Buping and the other grandmasters, the offender did nothing to challenge the verdict or showed his defiance by questioning the rationale behind it.

He seemed to have acquiesced in the decision made.

“He's wise enough to know what to do. Though he doesn't deserve to be called 'the Unrivalled Grandmaster', he knows how best to adapt to his current circumstances. Oh, by the way, the Unrivalled has the most gorgeous wife. He makes all men turn green with envy. Haha!”

Ke Zhe's deep and cold laughter was threaded with a hint of mockery.

As he spoke, he turned around and grabbed Qiu Mucheng's arm.

Shortly after, a firm voice interrupted his cackle, “Let her go!”



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The tone was unswerving, making it clear that there was no room for negotiation.

“Huh? Are you ordering me?” Ke Zhe's smile faded and replaced with a frown.

Initially, he had planned on releasing Qiu Mucheng when he saw Ye Fan accept the verdict without objection.

However, Ye Fan's attitude, which was reflected in his speech, displeased Ke Zhe.

*Had I let Qiu Mucheng go under everyone's nose, people would surely think that I'm a scaredy cat.*

“Let her go,” Ye Fan ignored the question and repeated his demand.

Despite his laconic reply, there was an undertone of hostility in his chilling words.

“Might you consider your manners, the Unrivalled? Especially when you're the one pleading for help,” Ke Zhe reminded him, looking grim.

“I'll say this one last time. Let her go.”



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Once again, Ye Fan uttered his request with a poker face. He was calm and indifferent. No one could really read his mind or guess his emotions.

However, those who knew him well knew his nonchalance was a disguise for his simmering fury.

“How dare you!” The public humiliation caused Ke Zhe to hit the ceiling.

Upset by Yan Fan's reaction, he was about to bellow in rage, but Yan Buping held him back.

“That's enough, Mr. Ke. Don't stir up a hornet's nest. He's a Supreme in China, after all. Moreover, it's disgraceful for a senior to argue with a junior. Since he has admitted his crime and accepted the punishment, there's no need to bring his woman to Mount Yan.”

Yan Buping was determined to let the matter slide.

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Indeed, it was difficult for Yan Buping and the other seniors to accept Ye Fan's accomplishments. It was a tough pill to swallow for the more experienced grandmasters.

Hence, few people in the martial arts world revered Ye Fan, let alone paid him any respect despite his title as 'Supreme Grandmaster'.

Yan Buping and the other experienced men did not give a hoot about Ye Fan.

On the contrary, they would show respect toward other supreme grandmasters in China.

Naturally, it was never easy for a young newcomer like Ye Fan to gain the approval of his seniors.

"Hmpfh! For Yan Buping's sake, I'll let you go this once," scoffed Ke Zhe while trying hard to suppress his anger.

Then he shoved Qiu Mucheng aside callously.

Perhaps he exerted too much force because he dislocated Qiu Mucheng's shoulder, causing her to clench her jaw in extreme pain as tears welled up in her eyes.





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Ke Zhe pretended not to see her anguish.

“Let's go!” He wrapped his arm around Meng Wanyu and prepared to leave.

“Unrivalled Grandmaster, I'm heading back to Mount Yan to report for duty. Please be reminded that you have seven days to get to Yaleview and atone for your sins. I hope you'll not create any more trouble.” Those were Yan Buping's last words for Ye Fan before leaving.

Then he gestured for the four grandmasters to follow his lead.

“Hang on,” Ye Fan called out for the men after they took a few steps.

“Hmm? Is there anything else, Unrivalled Grandmaster?” Yan Buping turned around and asked.

Ke Zhe and the others followed suit. At that instant, all eyes were on Ye Fan.

“If you want to express your gratitude, there's no need to. If you insist, make a trip to Mount Yan to thank the King of Fighters and Sword Saint



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personally.”

He paused before continuing, “In China, the wages of sin for committing treason is death. But a few Supremes have graciously granted you a chance to redeem yourself. Henceforth, you...”

With his hands behind his back, Yan Buping was lecturing Ye Fan in a way that best epitomized his status as a proud senior.

Out of a sudden, Ye Fan demanded coldly, “Kneel.” He did not allow the former to complete his sentence.

*What did he just say?*

The word hit Yan Buping like a bolt from the blue.

He doubted for a moment, thinking he had heard the man wrong.

Ke Zhe's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at Ye Fan.

“Wait... What did you just say? You want us to do what?” Ke Zhe could not stop himself from blurting the puzzling questions.



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“Kneel.” It was the same casual, one-word answer.

The aloofness from Ye Fan resembled the calm before a storm.

Li Er and Lei San, who already had a taste of the terror, turned ghastly pale.

Shocked to the core, the crushing presence exuded by Ye Fan caused them to shudder.

They were petrified, knowing that another gory fight was about to break out on Yunwu Lake.

“How dare you! How could a youngster like you be so arrogant and speak without any reservation? You didn't even pay us any respect. Now, you intend to trample all over us?” Ke Zhe barked at his atrocity.

Knitting his brows, Yan Buping narrowed his eyes unhappily at Ye Fan. “Please watch your words, the Unrivalled. No doubt, being young is an edge. You shouldn't be so insolent.

“I address you by your title out of respect to the Sword Saint, and the King of Fighters – leaders of the War God Castle. It wasn't entirely because of who you are. I've said this once, and I'll say it again;

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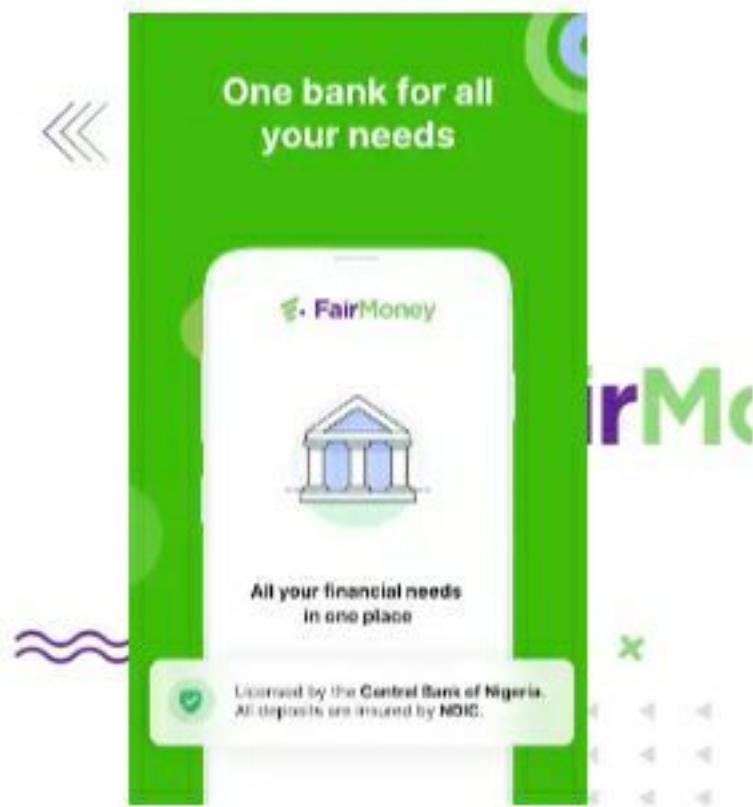
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know your place and watch your attitude. The new may be constantly replacing the old. But sometimes, it's easier said than done.”

Yan Buping kept his composure, unlike Ke Zhe who had gone ballistic.

Though he was polite in his speech, the underlying threat in his message was crystal clear.

After saying his piece, Yan Buping instructed Ke Zhe and the rest to leave.

“Mr. Yan, how can we leave without receiving an apology from the rude junior?” The latter was not satisfied with how everything turned out, and he wanted to teach Ye Fan a lesson.

“That's enough! I've told you, he's still a Supreme Grandmaster. Regardless of how he attained the title, he's not an easy character to tackle. There's no need to create further conflict by engaging in a fight with him,” Yan Buping reprimanded him softly.

“Mr. Yan, why have you become so weak? I can't tolerate him like you do. If we don't teach him a lesson, he'll never learn to respect us.” Ke Zhe was extremely upset.



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“You can say anything you want, but don't forget that he did defeat a grandmaster. Perhaps it would require a joint effort from all five of us to subdue him. However, when he unleashes his power, it's very likely that he will drag a few of us down to h\*ll with him.”

Although Ke Zhe had analyzed Ye Fan's skills in detail, Yan Buping felt they should not let their guards down.

*I shall bear what I can, however long I can.* That was Yan Buping's mantra for the day.

In the end, he managed to convince a fuming Ke Zhe not to pursue the matter further.

Right when they were about to leave, Ye Fan commanded once more, “For the last time, kneel.”

*Boom!*

With no prior notice, he unleashed his power. A strong current of wind simultaneously came roaring in their direction and blew away the dark clouds.

That being said, the ground beneath his feet started to crack. The lines grew wider and wider like a



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cobweb.

The scene was witnessed by Yan Buping and all those who were present.

Wearing a grim expression, his hands started to tremble uncontrollably from the rising anger.

“It seems like the Unrivalled Grandmaster really wants us to kneel before him today. You are indeed full of yourself. After betraying the nation, you still have the cheek to put on airs and act like a big shot? Even the War God, Ye Qingtian, won't be so arrogant to ask me to kneel before him.”

Yan Buping could no longer suppress his emotions. Chuckling, he continued to lash out on Ye Fan, “Do you really think you have exceptional power just because of your title? It's all a joke! You're just a young fellow who has practiced martial arts for over twenty years. Don't act all high and mighty. Had the War God not pleaded on your behalf, the martial arts world in China would have stripped your title away!

“In all my years of conquest, I've seen it all, be it the good, the bad, and the ugly. However, I've not encountered someone who is as ridiculously outrageous and defiant as you! You want us all to

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kneel before you? What gives?”

Each word was meant to hurt Ye Fan to the core, like a resounding smack across his face.

“If that's the case, there's nothing more I have to say. Since you refuse to kneel, I shall give you a hand.”

As soon as he said that, the menacing look on Ye Fan's face became more intense.

He raised his foot and stomped on the ground hard as he exuded a frightening aura.

“Kneel!”

*Thump!*

Simultaneously, a massive gravitational pull unleashed from his feet hit Yan Buping's knees.

The latter's clothes ripped apart, and his body turned into a mass of bleeding flesh.

“Arghhh!” Yan Buping fell on his knees with an agonizing yelp.

“Mr. Yan! Bastard, how dare you lay a finger on Mr.

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Yan in such a sneaky way! You ask for this.”  
Glowering at Ye Fan, Ke Zhe shouted angrily and  
charged toward him.



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He launched an attack at Ye Fan using his iron fists.

The energy force emitted was so severe as if a mountain were upon them.

As a result, a gust of strong wind blew past, seemingly brewing a storm.

“Ye Fan, look out!”

“Be careful, Ye Fan!”

Everything happened in a flash.

Nobody expected their conversation to have such a dramatic development. One moment, Yan Buping was lecturing Ye Fan; and the next moment, the former was forced to kneel while Ke Zhe flipped out.

The situation had spiraled out of control before anyone knew what was happening.

When they saw how Ke Zhe blew a gasket, Qiu Mucheng and Xu Lei's hearts plummeted.

The two women let out a scream due to the extreme shock.

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However, Ke Zhe was too fast.

While the forewarnings from the ladies were still hanging in the air, his powerful fist had already landed on Ye Fan's chest.

Seeing that his sudden attack was successful, Ke Zhe gloated, "Haha! Just as I have suspected, you are unworthy of being a Supreme Grandmaster. Why didn't you dodge my punch? You son of a b\*tch, stop pretending to be what you're not. You're just digging your own grave; do you know that? I'll do everyone a favor and send you to h\*ll today. It's also the least I can do for the dead Songliang."

Ke Zhe actually doubted himself before making his move.

When he tasted some success for the first time, it instantly increased his level of confidence, and he started getting full of himself.

While he was enjoying a hearty guffaw, the energy seeped away rapidly from his fists.

Moments later, his laughter stopped abruptly when he realized his punch seemed to have no effect on Ye Fan.

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It was as if he had hit an unmovable mountain instead of a man.

“Huh? How is this possible? My punch should hit him like a ton. How is he still standing?”

Seeing that the young man did not move an inch, Ke Zhe's face darkened.

Fear began to creep up on him again.

“Mr. Ke, what's going on?”

“Come on, hit harder!”

“Do you need our help?”

The other grandmasters mocked him after they helped Yan Buping up.

They were astonished to see that Ye Fan was not shaken at all.

A few of them rolled up their sleeves and were ready to render support, but Ke Zhe turned them down.

He waved his hand dismissively and told them, “Something is off with this one. He's not great, but

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his strength is exceptionally powerful. Anyhow, it's not a big deal. I, alone, can take on this insolent rookie. He's going to be beaten to a pulp once I give my all."

The others nodded in agreement.

Seeing that Ye Fan could not avoid one blow from Ke Zhe, Yan Buping and gang assumed Ye Fan did not have what it takes to deserve his title.

Ke Zhe looked menacingly at Ye Fan like a cobra flicking its tongue, ready to devour its prey.

"You punk sure can take a hit. You might be able to take a punch from me, but can you withstand tens and hundreds of it?" taunted Ke Zhe coldly.

Subsequently, he rubbed his palms and gathered his energy, only to unleash it all at once toward Ye Fan.

*One punch... Two... Ten...*

Initially, Ke Zhe was certain that Ye Fan would not last long against him.

After close to two dozen punches, he started to falter.

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Ye Fan stood rooted to the spot as though he was anchored there.

No matter how vigorous and violent the bashing was, it had no adverse effect on him.

“I don't believe this. Argh! Die! Die! Die! Die!”

With a pair of bloodshot eyes, a crazed Ke Zhe rained frantic punches at Ye Fan in all directions.

*Bam! Bam! Bam!*

The more Ke Zhe attempted to harm his opponent, the more desperate he became.

Alas, one of his arms was broken. Yet Ye Fan remained unharmed at the same spot.

Everyone was stunned by the peculiar sight. *Ke Zhe has completely overestimated himself!*

The feeling was like seeing an ant using up all its might to hurt an elephant.

“This... erm... How...”

All the grandmasters were dumbfounded.

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## Chapter 1621

When they saw how confident Ke Zhe was at the very beginning, they thought he would prevail in this fight. They trusted in his ability to take Ye Fan on alone.

It turned out that they were so wrong. Ye Fan emerged unscathed while Ke Zhe suffered an injury!

*In the end, the joke is on me!*

“That's enough. Stop looking and start fighting. Otherwise, us grandmasters are going to lose our dignity because of this piece of trash!” Yan Buping was boiling.

*If this persists, Ke Zhe's arm will probably end up disabled. However, that's the least of the concern right now. The worst thing that could happen is the humiliation of being defeated by a young punk!*

“But Mr. Yan, you're wounded.”

Yan Buping waved his hand. “I'm fine. I was too careless just now. Who would have expected such a low-class ambush from a young man? I deserve it for letting my guard down. Anyway, it's nothing serious. I can still join forces with you guys to fight him.”

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His words assured the other three grandmasters.  
“Great! Then, let's charge forward.”

“Yes, that's right!”

“Let's go!”

“With the combined forces of all five of us, we will crush him into pieces once and for all.”

“Let's mete out heaven's punishment to him on behalf of our nation.”

The four grandmasters exclaimed, one after another.

*Whoosh!*

In a flash, four figures launched themselves forward like an arrow shot from a bow.

They leaped rapidly, shouting, “It's time to end this!”

Despite being drenched in blood at the knees, Yan Buping still got that intimidating aura on him.

His voice resounded through the entire realm. “Our main purpose here today was to convey an order.

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We didn't intend to harm you. Yet, you're absolutely impudent. You aren't remorseful after committing a heinous crime, and you disrespect the seniors continuously. You showed no grace, righteousness, or good manners. The five of us representing the War God Castle will now proclaim judgment on you. It's our duty to destroy the one who betrays his nation."

Then he led the troop forward.

"Listen up, everyone. Unleash your full power!" His instruction received positive responses from the men.

Yan Buping stretched out his arms and made a symbolic hand gesture while chanting accordingly. Almost instantly, an invisible energy gathered around him.

"Is this the Surreal Motion from Surreal Pulse?"

"Oh, it seems like the young fighter has pushed Mr. Yan to his limits."

"Whoa, he's going to perform the real deal already?"

Many martial artists by the lake started discussing

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and commenting. They all had their hearts in their throats.

In the midst of the anxious voices, Yan Buping executed his move and pointed right at the center of Ye Fan's forehead.

“The Tyrant's Kick!”

“Hades' Palm!”

“Tai Chi!”

Just like that, the respective launched their kill blows, hoping to defeat the opponent.

The coalition formed by the five grandmasters erupted violently, like an eager volcano. They were brutal and malicious.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan clasped his hands behind his back as though he was the sole survivor braving the raging sea in his sailboat.

Nobody knew if he could calm the storm or be consumed by the fearsome tides.

“Oh man, five against one? How embarrassing!”

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These old geezers are so ridiculous,” Li Er chided.

“Will Ye Fan win?” He Yurou was dead worried.

“For sure. He must stay strong and fight on.” Qiu Mucheng prayed hard while Xu Lei held her hands tightly, getting all jittery. Both broke out in a cold sweat.



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## Chapter 1622

In the past, Xu Lei and the others had seen Ye Fan fought in battles such as the ones at Tai Shan and Yanqi Lake.

The only difference was he was engaged in a one-on-one combat.

This was their first time watching Ye Fan fight against five people. Naturally, the new experience was making their hearts skip a beat.

*Whoosh!*

As the wind howled, an immense energy emitted from the battle rustled the leaves and ripped them into pieces.

All eyes were on the grandmasters as they launched a series of attacks at Ye Fan.

The terrifying aura they exuded was plentiful, and it created a whirlwind that swept across the land. They were unstoppable!

“Oh, no!”

“Retreat!”

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“Hurry up and go!”

The rancorous blitz shocked Lu Tianhe and the others.

They quickly warned the crowd to back away to avoid getting hurt.

“Ms. Qiu, let's hide,” Li Er hurried over and advised Qiu Mucheng to take shelter elsewhere.

She refused to leave despite the danger! Biting her lips, she said resolutely, “I'm not going anywhere as long as Ye Fan is here.”

“Why do you want to put yourself through all that, Ms. Qiu?” Li Er sighed helplessly.

Right then, Yan Buping and the other four men had charged forward. They were practically right under Ye Fan's nose.

Looking on in panic, Qiu Mucheng thought her heart would stop beating from the stress. She screamed in anguish, “Dodge, Ye Fan!”

The words spoken in trepidation and her quavering voice rang out in the rain.

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The expressionless young man turned his head the moment he heard her voice. "Don't worry about me, Mucheng. These insignificant bugs won't hurt me." He plastered a smile.

"What the f\*ck! Insignificant bugs? How impertinent! Have you read too many novels and lost your mind? You'd better control your tongue," one of Ye Fan's opponents cursed in anger.

They were livid upon hearing his audacious remark.

At their advanced age, the grandmasters had reached the pinnacle of their combatting careers, attaining marvelous statuses.

Many people and factions revered them.

Yet, a junior outrightly implied that they were insignificant bugs.

The egotistic men could no longer stay indifferent after the ill comparison.

The blazing fury in their eyes drove them to inflict even harsher attacks on Ye Fan.

"Die, motherf\*cker!"



The five grandmasters charged in unison and besieged Ye Fan in a split second, ready to tear him apart.

Suddenly, the howling wind and pouring rain turned into a storm.

It became a massive waterspout after gaining momentum and evaporated into thin air miraculously.

Within moments, a layer of fog shrouded the land.

The slender figure of the young man had also magically disappeared into the fog.

“Ye Fan!” Qiu Mucheng cried as tears ran down her face profusely.

She felt as though someone had ripped her heart from her body.

Ignoring the danger and the sharp pain in her arm, she dashed into the fog.

“No, Ms. Qiu! It's dangerous.” Li Er and the others grabbed her immediately and dragged her back to safety.



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“Get your hands off me! Let me go, I need to go find Ye Fan!” Struggling with all her might, Qiu Mucheng wailed in anguish.

Li Er kept a vice-like grip on her despite her heartbreaking pleas.

*We've already lost Mr. Chu. Qiu Mucheng is his only family left in this world and she could be pregnant with his child. If any harm comes to her, it'll be the end of his bloodline.*

Li Er vowed to ensure Qiu Mucheng's safety, no matter what.

“Jin Bao and Yin Bao, send Ms. Qiu back to Mount Yunding Villa immediately. If I find out she's hurt, I'll chop you into pieces to feed the dogs!”

They were still reeling from the sudden twist of fate. No one noticed the tears on the faces of Jin Bao and Yin Bao, Li Er's two long-time subordinates.

The duo was sobbing. “Mr. Li, is Mr. Chu really... gone?”

Li Er fell silent. His gaze was fixated on the white mist, seemingly in a daze.



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At that moment, Ke Zhe's evil laughter was heard from Yunwu Lake.

“Haha! It's all over now. How dare the small fry challenge five grandmasters? He brought this upon himself. Hahaha!”

A smug settled on his face as he laughed to his heart's content, releasing all of his suppressed resentment.

Relieved, Yan Buping and the others also let out a lengthy sigh. “Finally, it's over.”

They were fully convinced that Ye Fan would not have survived the mighty combat prowess of five grandmasters.

After all, their combined forces were unparalleled.

The coalition believed they would put up a good fight should they engage a true Supreme in a duel.

*Ye Fan isn't our match. The possibility of his survival is next to zero.*

“Surely, he has bitten off more than he can chew.”



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“Eventually, the Grandmaster from Jiangdong has fallen into the hands of five grandmasters.”

“This marks the downfall of a formidable hero.”

“Jiangbei has taken its revenge and ended this rivalry.”

“I guess so. It's good news nationwide.”

Standing by the lake, groups of martial artists from Jiangbei lamented on the outcome and the loss of a life.

Although they loathed Ye Fan, they could not help themselves from grieving when they saw how his life ended.

“Let's not dwell on it. Come, we shall go over and thank the Grandmasters,” someone urged.

Instantly, close to a hundred martial artists made their way forward to pay respect to Yan Buping, Ke Zhe, and the other three grandmasters.

“As representatives from Jiangbei, we would like to express our utmost gratitude to all the Grandmasters for your acts of valor.”



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“All hail Grandmasters!”

“Thank you, Grandmasters, for your righteous deeds! You've successfully gotten rid of the traitor.”

Everyone rushed over to pay homage to the Grandmasters.

One could hear their thunderous voice from miles away.

As the crowd bowed their heads in respect, Ke Zhe loomed over them, dignified.

He was clearly on cloud nine, enjoying the recognition and limelight.

Bursting with pride, the five grandmasters stood haughtily, like a reigning monarch.

In contrast to the celebratory frenzy, the pin-drop silence from the Jiangdong natives was glaringly obvious.

At that moment, those from Yunzhou, Jianghai, and Jingzhou were at a loss for words.

Slumped in deep despair, they felt as though the



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entire Jiangdong was weeping for Ye Fan.

“Why are you mourning? As long as the sun continues to rise from the east, the Supreme Grandmaster of Jiangdong will live on forever. No one in this world can kill me, Ye Fan. There's no one capable of destroying Jiangdong, either.”

*Boom!*

Suddenly, a deafening roar shook the earth and dispersed the dark clouds in the sky.

While Li Er and the others were feeling despondent and disheartened, an imposing voice rang in their ears.

“Is that...”

Immediately, everyone lifted their heads to see who it was. The sight dumbfounded the five grandmasters.

Gradually, the fog vanished to reveal a slender figure that left everybody gasping in disbelief.

The man could withstand the fall of time. No trial and tribulation were ever too big or challenging for



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him.

“What? This can't be... No, this is totally impossible!”  
Yan Buping and his peers lost their minds completely.

They widened their eyes and stared at him, as if they were looking at a ghost. Much to their surprise, Ye Fan was unscathed!

An eerie feeling washed over them.

The five grandmasters were baffled.

*He's not harmed one bit? Is he... a monster?*



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## Chapter 1623

“No way! I don't believe this. No, absolutely not. The five of us have combined our powers to attack him. Even if he's a Supreme Grandmaster, it's still impossible for him to escape without a scratch! He's surely faking it. That's right, the bugger is faking it! I'm certain that he's suffering from critical internal injuries. Let's charge and strike him again. We shall see how long he can put up a show.”

Shaking his head vigorously, Ke Zhe repeated his suspicions umpteen times. He could not comprehend what had happened.

*I can accept the fact that I'm not his match. But I can't wrap my head around how he is still perfectly fine after the bashing from the five of us.*

He concluded Ye Fan was faking it. He was dubious about the latter's condition, thinking there was still hope of turning the tables around.

“Sure, let's continue the assault. I doubt he's made of metal.” The Grandmasters refused to believe that Ye Fan was invincible.

Putting aside their fear, Yan Buping and his peers made a leap into the sky and launched intensive attacks at Ye Fan from all directions.



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One sneaked up on him from the back, one threw punches at his chest, whereas another one smashed his head from the top.

The five grandmasters each picked an area of Ye Fan's body to attack.

*Bang! Clash! Thump!*

A deafening crash resonated in the air.

Endless rumbling sounds boomed as their aggressiveness grew.

Much to their disappointment, Ye Fan remained unharmed, no matter how brutal and savage the five grandmasters were attacking him. None of their tactics seemed to work.

“What doesn't kill him makes him stronger, and he continues to stand up tall regardless of his opponents. That's the Mr. Chu I know. As long as he lives, Jiangdong will continue to prosper and go from strength to strength.”

Seeing the action unfolding before him, Lei San expressed his confidence in Ye Fan with a grin.



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“Hahaha! No wonder he keeps letting them beat him up without fighting back. It's exactly like a battle between an ant and an elephant! Mr. Chu isn't bothered by their moves at all. He's just toying them around until they tire themselves out.”

When the weight was lifted off Li Er's shoulders, a bright smile finally appeared on his face.

He was not the only one to stifle a giggle. Qiu Mucheng was also grinning from ear to ear.

She stared at the fearless young man from a distance and grumbled, “This jerk is very good at making people worry about him. Can't he stay out of the limelight and keep a low profile for once?”

Xu Lei let out an adoring smile, too. It was a different joy compared to Qiu Mucheng's loving and doting smile.

One could tell Xu Lei was super proud of Ye Fan.

*He's full of pride, but he's not arrogant. He always shines, even in the darkest hour. He blossoms like a flower, and he always thrives. He makes people anxious and cries for him, but he also brings us joy and excitement. He's a keen and ambitious young*



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*man, but he's also a wise and matured leader. That's the Ye Fan I know.*

“Ye Fan, I hope you will always stay true to yourself and be the powerful person you are meant to be.”

There was a sparkle in Xu Lei's eyes as she gazed at her hero.

After a sentimental moment, she yelled at Ye Fan, “I think it's about time you put an end to this episode. If this persists, Ms. Qiu is going to catch a cold in the rain.”

Her words triggered Ye Fan's next steps.

Meanwhile, Yan Buping and gang seemed to be totally exhausted.

They started slowing down and retreated to observe him from a distance.

“Darn it! Is he made of steel? Why can't we hurt him at all?” Yan Buping's face fell. He was panting and drenched in his own sweat.

The fight had drained a lot of his energy.



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The others were in a far worse condition than him.

“What should we do, Mr. Yan?”

“This doesn't make any sense.”

At this point, a few of them were ready to throw in the towel.

Ke Zhe, who always took the lead, was as meek as a mouse.

Looking glum, Yan Buping did not utter a word. No one could read the mind of the top grandmaster.

While they were cracking their heads for a solution, Ye Fan shot them a glance. “You look exhausted. I guess it's my turn now.”

The annoyance in his voice sent a chill down the spines of the five grandmasters. In the next instant, a sense of danger and the fear of death welled in them.

“The Unrivalled Grandmaster, please cease the fight. Let's have a chat,” Yan Buping proposed.

“Cease the fight? Isn't it too late for that now?” Ye



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Fan smirked as he approached them.

His imposing aura grew with each step.

The refraction from the embroidered golden dragon on his robe created the illusion of a menacing creature watching them condescendingly.

A blinding glow surrounded his entire being, enhancing his intimidating dominance.

“Wow!”

“What a terrifying aura!”

“What sorcery is this?”

The grandmasters' pupils instantly constricted as they quaked in their boots uncontrollably.

An abrupt sense of unease shot through Yan Buping. “Something is amiss. Retreat quickly!” he yelled.

He spun around and ran, only to realize Ke Zhe had already sped off hundreds of feet ahead.

“That b\*stard! He shouted at the top of his lungs



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earlier to voice his displeasure, and he's also the fastest to escape when trouble comes," Yan Buping cursed before scurrying away with the other grandmasters.

"Fleeing for your lives? You really think you can escape me?" A chuckle followed them.

The crowd was dumbfounded when a shadow zoomed past them and caught up with the five men.

"What? Why is he as fast as lightning?"

The frightened grandmasters were covered in goosebumps.

Never in a million years did they think Ye Fan would be so formidable with the speed akin to a hunting leopard.

"F\*ck it! Let's go all out, everyone. We have no choice but to risk our lives."

Yan Buping and gang knew they could not get away. So, they took a gamble and fought him to death.

The person standing nearest to Ye Fan thrust his fist to no avail. It was like striking a boulder with an





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egg. Conversely, Ye Fan landed a tight slap across his face, resulting in a broken jaw. Blood spewed out from the latter's mouth as Ye Fan smashed him onto the ground.

An enormous crack swallowed the grandmaster. It became his final resting place.

“Mr. Zheng!”

“A\*\*hole, you are doomed!”

Tears welled up in the other men's eyes while their hearts sank.

Two of the remaining grandmasters flanked Ye Fan from both sides. They threw several kicks at him.

“Using your legs now?”

The young man let out a devilish smile and retaliated with a spinning kick.

A blur appeared before their eyes.

No one saw it coming; that powerful kick collided with the duo's legs.



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*Crack!*

A loud popping sound ensued. Ye Fan had broken their bones.



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It was still raining, but the atmosphere was heated with hostility.

After the collision, the two Grandmasters' legs were broken by Ye Fan.

Their arrogance and pride were replaced by fear as they collapsed to the ground.

"Ahh! My leg! How heartless can you be to treat your elders like this? You b\*stard!"

The two Grandmasters were beyond exasperated after losing their legs.

"There's no need to keep your legs. You will be losing your lives soon, after all," Ye Fan uttered with a cold smile on his face.

The two Grandmasters shuddered in fear upon hearing that.

"D\*mn you b\*stard. What are you trying to do?"

They panicked when they sensed the murderous aura oozing off of Ye Fan.

Their eyes were soon filled with horror as they



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turned toward Yan Buping. “Mr. Yan, please save us...”

Ye Fan ignored their pleas for help. He had no mercy to spare even after breaking their legs.

He cast another kick with all his might.

*Bam! Bam!*

The two Grandmasters were sent flying into the air before they plunged into Yunwu Lake, forming huge ripples.

It was uncertain if they were dead or alive.

“How could you? B\*stard! They are the Grandmasters of China. How could you treat such important men like this? Ye Fan, you will pay for this! Your reputation will be ruined because of this!” Ke Zhe cursed at Ye Fan like a rabid dog.

However, Ye Fan could not be bothered by it.

He had never cared about how others viewed him, and he would not care as well in the future.

Whatever he did, he always made sure his



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conscience was clear.

As for his reputation, it could be in tatters for all he cares.

As such, even after defeating three Grandmasters, he was not intimidated in the least.

The cold wind blew more fiercely as the sky started to turn dark.

Ever since fusing with Fire Spirit Fruit Technique, Ye Fan's Yin Yang Dragon God Body improved significantly.

His defense and strength had increased tremendously compared to when he first started training in the Chu residence.

In any case, even a Supreme was probably unable to break through Ye Fan's defense in a short time, let alone a few Grandmasters.

After his Dragon God Body got activated completely, his entire body was like a perfect weapon.

His punch and his kick were even better than a slash of a sword.



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As such, Ye Fan responded to Ke Zhe's cursing with another fierce punch.

“Maybe instead of worrying about others, you should worry about yourself first. Can you even protect your own life?”

His tone was one of indifference but filled with warnings.

Right after that, Ye Fan launched an attack on Ke Zhe.

Stars enveloped the sky while thunder rumbled ominously.

Ye Fan's power was so robust that the ground was quaking.

“Ke Zhe, dodge it!”

Yan Buping watched on in horror.

However, Ye Fan's speed was too fast.

There was no way Ke Zhe could avoid Ye Fan's attack under such circumstances.



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“D\*mn it. I'm taking you down with me! Tyrant's Punch!”

Ke Zhe gritted his teeth as he decided to face Ye Fan head-on.

The cold wind blew even more fiercely as the gathered Qi stirred in the air.

Ke Zhe mustered up every ounce of his remaining strength to release a powerful punch.

*Boom!*

Their fists collided straight on.

Ke Zhe's fingers broke on impact and blood splattered everywhere.

Screaming in pain, Ke Zhe was sent flying into the air.

He then fell into the center of Yunwu Lake.

At that instant, the world turned dead silence.

Everyone froze on the spot upon seeing that scene.



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Lu Tianhe's jaw dropped while all the color drained from Yan Buping's face. They both trembled incessantly, not knowing how to react.

Even Tang Yun's disciple, Meng Wanyu, was petrified as she stared at Ye Fan.

The five Grandmasters were like ants in front of Ye Fan.

He was able to defeat four of them in the blink of an eye.

The terrifying aura he exuded was plentiful, and it created a whirlwind that swept across the land.

Meng Wanyu thought it would be a difficult battle. Little did she expect it to be a merciless and quick one.

In fact, it was more like a slaughter rather than a battle.

She found it hard to believe that a man around the same age as her possessed such incredible power.

*He made those Grandmasters look useless.*



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At that moment, Ye Fan's mighty prowess stunned everyone and crushed Yan Buping's spirit entirely.

Yan Buping, who was the highest-ranked Grandmaster, was on the verge of collapsing from sheer terror.

His previous arrogance long since vanished after witnessing Ye Fan's capability.

With fear shrouding his entire being, he had lost all desire to fight Ye Fan.

In fact, when he met Ye Fan's eyes, the last shred of courage in his heart vanished completely.

*Thump!*

He slumped to the ground in despair.

His voice trembled as he pleaded with Ye Fan humbly, "The Unrivalled, please forgive us. We admit that it's our fault. Please don't kill them... They are all important heroes of the country. Please forgive us for the country's sake."

The once high and mighty Yan Buping had been reduced to a frail old man with a miserable



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expression.

Sitting on the ground, he kept begging for mercy.

He did not dare to look down on Ye Fan anymore.  
He did not even dare to call out the latter's name.

He became a totally different person than before.

Ye Fan walked over and stood before Yan Buping.

He cast the latter a condescending look as though  
he was looking at an ant.

“Important heroes? For the country's sake? Haha.  
What a joke!”

Ye Fan was somehow amused by Yan Buping's  
words.

He burst into a mockery-filled laughter.

“You make it sound so right. But I have a feeling you  
didn't say that for your country, but rather for  
yourself. Stop pretending to be so noble, will you?  
Even at the point of death, you're still a hypocrite.  
What a bunch of useless heroes. No wonder China  
has shown no development for the past fifty years!

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If I don't eliminate trash like you guys now, the country won't be able to improve.”

Ye Fan's words were firm and harsh.

Yan Buping's face turned red as he lowered his head in embarrassment upon hearing that.

Indeed, he did not care for the country but only himself. After all, he had no desire to die yet.

He had a beautiful wife and a big family. He still had a happy life waiting for him.

It was too early for him to leave the world.

However, it would be a massive insult if Ye Fan were to let him go out of mercy.

Thus, he had no choice but to use the country as an excuse.

“There are billions of citizens in China. We don't need a bunch of useless leaders like you. You use your power to exploit and bully those weaker than you. How dare you say you are for the country?” Ye Fan ranted furiously as he cast another punch.

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*Bam!*

Yan Buping's body crumpled upon impact and he suffered an injury so severe that his body became beyond recognizable.

In the end, he was also sent flying right into the lake.

A moment later, Yan Buping's body sank to the bottom of the lake.



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