

Since the negotiation had failed, Chu Family Protectors had no choice but to forcefully attack despite their fear.

“There is something really strange with this man! Everyone, let's join forces and defeat this outrageous man together.”

At Sixteenth's command, the twelve Tiger Guards behind him attacked simultaneously.

The torrents of attacks surged toward Ye Fan like a tsunami.

However, despite being ambushed by a large group, Ye Fan remained unfazed and composed.

He looked as calm as an ancient well. Regardless of what happened, nothing could stir up any emotions within him.

On the mountain paths beneath the river, a bloody battle unfolded secretly on Mount Chumen.

Bursts of Qi surged everywhere and blood splattered across the air.

While the bottom of Mount Chumen was in chaos, the scene in the hall at the peak of the mountain was still harmonious.

Rose petals were scattered all over the red carpet.

Accompanying by melodious music, the host's emotional and loud voice reverberated across the entire hall.

“On an auspicious day like this, with the fragrance

of roses and wine wafting in the air, with the music gently playing in the background, a joyous time has arrived. All of us have childhood dreams. I'm sure that every girl has dreamed about wearing a beautiful wedding gown and walking toward her Prince Charming. Today, the most beautiful princess and the most dignified prince are standing right in front of us. Now, let's welcome the bride and groom on stage with our warmest applause!"

The most solemn moment had come.

The enthusiasm in the host's voice was infectious. As his voice echoed across the hall, the ceremonial cannons outside fired simultaneously.

The slow music had now been replaced with an extremely lively tune.

Just like that, amidst the bloodshed and applause, amidst the ceremonial cannons and congratulations, the bride and groom entered slowly.

At the same time, that young man at the foot of Mount Chumen stepped on the corpses and blood. While his sword glinted against the light, he ascended the steps.

On one side was a majestic wedding filled with flowers and applause. Yet, on the other side was a battlefield that had just witnessed countless murders and bloodshed.

Although both places were merely a few thousand meters away from each other, what happened at each venue was worlds apart.

One side was filled with joy, while the other was filled with death.

One side was filled with enthusiastic cheers, while the other was filled with miserable shrieks.

It was as if Ye Fan had been possessed by a demon, slaughtering anyone in his path.

Even when the fighters from Chu Sect blocked him, it was as if he could see no one.

His murderous aura sent shivers down one's spine, while his strength filled one with despair.

After Ye Fan's killing spree ended, the fighters left surviving were utterly terrified.

"A demon. He's a living demon!"

Some screamed in fear, while others had tears covering their faces.

Corpses were strewn all across the ground.

In front, a mountain path stretched ahead to the far distance.

Only this young man continued climbing up alongside the streams of blood as if he was walking up to heaven.

Faced with his intimidating aura, the lucky survivors of Chu Sect staggered backward instinctively. No one dared to stop him anymore.

Needless to say, they were all terrified.

After witnessing Ye Fan's massacre, they became fearful.

No one in the world could overcome the fear of death.

Even those who confronted death would definitely still harbored some fear, just like these guards from the Chu family.

Usually, they would declare their undying loyalty to the Chu family and their willingness to go to any lengths for them.

However, when they saw their lifeless friends lying in pools of blood, they would inevitably feel scared.

News of the devastating scene at the bottom of the mountain had not reached the hall yet.

Chu Qitian, Chu Zhengliang and the other family members were still immersed in the joyous atmosphere of the wedding, receiving the well-wishes of all the guests.

By then, Chu Qitian and Angie had already reached the highest point in the hall. They stood in the center of the stage.

Alongside the spotlights that shone on them, everyone's gazes were now fixated on them.

It was as if they were situated at the center of the earth, enjoying everyone's attention.

Chu Qitian enjoyed this feeling the most—being the main character and having the attention of all

these prominent people.

His ego and pride had been satisfied at that moment.

“Hahaha! I really want to share this moment with you, Chu Tianfan. You'll never experience what it feels like to be noticed by all the political leaders and heroes in the world. This is the distance between you and me—the legitimate young master of the Chu family and an abandoned child.”

Standing at the center of the stage, Chu Qitian mocked Ye Fan arrogantly in his mind. Pride and delight filled his gaze.

At someone's proudest moment, the person he would wish to share it with was not his family, but his enemy!

At that moment, Chu Qitian yearned to let Ye Fan witness his current glory.

However, Chu Qitian knew that a country bumpkin like him would never see this.

An abandoned child did not have the right to enter Mount Chumen, let alone reach the peak of the mountain and enter Chu Sect Castle.

Naturally, Chu Qitian was not the only one who was feeling this way—his father, Chu Zhengliang, was equally proud.

“Did you see this, my brother? Are you witnessing my son's success now? While my son is here, basking in his glory, your abandoned son is still living in the countryside. This is only the start.

After the wedding ends, it'll be time for me to become the head of Chu Sect. At that time, not only will your son be inferior to my son, but you will also be underneath me! From now on, my son and I will crush you and your son beneath our feet!"

It was human nature to have the urge to compare, especially amongst siblings.

If they were of the same gender, the rivalry would become more intense.

When Chu Zhenghong took over the Chu family, Chu Zhengliang had been forcing himself to keep a low profile. He accumulated power over time, hoping that he could crush his brother one day.

The fateful day had finally arrived.

His son, Chu Qitian, had finally married the eldest daughter of the Jones family. In the future, his son would be able to harness Angie's mysterious power.

As for himself, it would be even easier for him to secure the position as head of Chu Sect with the Jones family's support.

Upon that thought, Chu Zhengliang felt extremely excited.

The look of pride on his face could not be more obvious.

By then, the wedding was reaching its final climax.

All of the guests rushed forward to offer their well-

wishes.

“I, Mochizuki Kawa, represent the martial arts circle in Japan. I'll be gifting this painting from Da Vinci, as a blessing that Mr. Chu and Ms. Jones will live happily ever after.”

“On behalf of the martial arts circle in Korea, I present this ancient sword as a gift. I hope that the love between the bride and groom will be stronger than diamonds!”

With Japan and Korea taking the lead, the representatives from other nations stood up and offered their gifts.

Tang Hao from China, King Folo from India, Prince Carlo from Erihal, and Great Emperor from Bera all relayed their well-wishes to the Chu family on behalf of their nation's martial arts circle.

“Haha! Very well! Thank you everyone.”

The father-and-son pair thanked the guests profusely while they instructed their subordinates to receive the gifts.

While Chu Qitian and his father were enjoying this moment of glory, no one noticed Angie's crestfallen and despondent expression underneath the veil.

She was supposed to be the female lead for today, yet it felt like all the hustle-and-bustle had nothing to do with her.

Despite the ceremonial cannons, the beautiful music and the well-wishes filling the entire hall,

she could not hear anything.

Perhaps, the only sound she could hear was that of her heart breaking into pieces.

When no one was paying attention, Angie turned around and glanced at the sky outside the window.

The huge sun shone brightly in the sky.

Not a single soul could be spotted in the vastness of the sky.

Alas, she still did not get to see Ye Fan.



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Drops of crystal-like tears flowed slowly down Angie's cheeks.

Each drop fell to the ground and splashed into a thousand sparkling droplets.

At that moment, no one could have understood how shattered Angie's heart was.

However, Angie did not want Ye Fan to appear either.

It did not matter whether it was the Chu family or Chu Sect—both of them were equally strong.

Even if Ye Fan were there, he might not have been able to save her at all. In fact, he might have just ended up risking his own life for nothing.

However, for some reason unknown even to her, Angie was so hurt and disappointed that he had not come.

Perhaps it was because of her longing for him.

She just wanted to see Ye Fan one last time during her final hour of life.

Yet, Angie knew that her dying wish would remain unfulfilled.

Between Angie's silent tears, a cold blade appeared under the skirt of her dress.

This was the dagger that she had carefully hidden in her skirt before the wedding.

Everything had been carefully planned and

prepared for this very moment.

Angie was headstrong, so she would not just simply give in to the whims of fate.

She would rather die than become a victim of destiny.

She would rage against this unjust world to her final breath.

Angie thought about the moment her lifeless body would fall to the ground during the wedding. She imagined the terrified looks on the faces of the Chu family, and the remorse and helplessness of her own family.

At that moment, all the powerful and influential guests were flocking around the two families, trying to congratulate them on the happy match.

The Chu family and the Jones family were basking in the glory.

Chu Qitian, too, was enjoying all the attention. His eyes were gleaming with pride.

However, no one noticed that under Angie's voluminous white gown, the cold blade was slowly inching its way to her chest.

"See you in another lifetime, Ye Fan," Angie whispered to herself as she drew in her last breath, tears streaming continuously down her cheeks.

The sharp blade pierced through her delicate skin.

No one could see her grief and sorrow with her face hidden behind a veil.

Fireworks were exploding in the sky above her, and the wind was singing in her ear.

She let her eyes slowly slip shut. Her tears flowed like twin rivers down her cheeks.

This was her final farewell to the world.

However, just as the dagger was about to plunge into her heart, a loud bang sounded.

*Bang!*

It sounded like thunder.

The ground shook with the echoes of the sound. Even the entire room was rumbling.

Then, to the surprise of all the guests, the iron gates of the hall were bent and deformed in front of their very eyes. Finally, the gate was breached with a loud bang.

Sunlight flooded into the hall through the open gates, like a sea tide rushing to shore.

“Who is that?”

“Who is so bold to crash the wedding?”

“How dare you break into the Chu family wedding?”

The sudden turn of events had startled all the wedding guests, and they all sat up in surprise.

Some of the guests were starting to feel frightened.

Even the patriarch of the Chu family, Chu Zhengliang, was shocked speechless by the scene that had just happened right in front of his eyes.

After all, this was Chu Sect Castle.

This was a place of strength and power.

In fact, this was the place with the highest concentration of strength and power in the world.

It was a holy place, and someone had defiled it. Its gates had been kicked down violently.

This had never been done before in the centuries-old history of Chu Sect.

It was no wonder that everyone present was surprised and frightened.

One of the elders of Chu Sect who was amongst the guests was furious at such a desecration of the hall. He cursed angrily in the direction of the destroyed gates.

The eyes of all the guests were focused intensely on the scene.

From amongst the fragments of the destroyed gate, a thin young man silently emerged.

He stood facing the hall with the sun shining behind him.

Sunlight and shadow weaved around his

silhouette.

The cold wind from the mountains blew into the hall with him.

The guests looked at his face which was all lit up by the sun, and were swept into a momentary trance.

Just as they were all staring at the uninvited guest, a faint bitter laugh escaped his lips.

“Uncle, why wasn't I invited to my cousin's wedding? Well, I guess it doesn't matter. I'm here now. I hope I wasn't too late.”

It was a familiar laugh and a very familiar voice filled with arrogance and pride.

Angie, who had already decided that she would die on that day, felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

Her body started trembling uncontrollably.

She immediately ripped off the veil covering her face and stared straight ahead towards the far end of the hall with tearful eyes full of hope.

Sure enough, it was that mischievous young man—the Ye Fan that she knew very well.

After so many days of suffocating with sorrow, it was as if she could finally breathe again. The moment Angie looked at Ye Fan, she lost all control of her emotions.

Sometimes, a reunion was too sudden and

unexpected.

Sometimes, joy came hand-in-hand with grief.

Angie was like one who was finally able to see the sun after having lived in darkness for so long.

She threw away the bouquet of flowers in her hands and ran while weeping and desperate into the arms of the young man.

“Ye Fan!”

All the guests present were hit with by a second wave of shock. The daughter-in-law of the Chu family, the wife of Chu Qitian, was swooning in the arms of Ye Fan.

She wrapped her arms around him and called his name over and over again.

That was all she could say.

In truth, there was no need to say anything at all.

A thousand words were hidden in the way she called his name.

“Angie, everything is okay. I'm here now. With me here, no one will hurt you. No one can force you into doing anything you don't want to do.”

Ye Fan gently caressed Angie's back and whispered into her ear soothingly.

He wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes with his thumbs.

The guests watched the intimate exchange, completely dumbfounded.

“W-what's happening here?”

“Who is this man?”

“Why is he holding the Chu family's daughter-in-law in his arms?”

Confusion contorted nearly every face in the hall.

However, Tang Hao, Sword Saint, and Mochizuki Kawa were not among those puzzled people.

These old friends of Ye Fan were stunned at the sight of him.

They stared at him with their mouths open, dumbfounded. Neither one of them was able to utter a word for a long time.

Never in their wildest dreams did they think they would lay eyes on Ye Fan on that day.

Neither did they imagine that he would appear in such a shocking manner.

To say the least, they were all taken aback.

On the other hand, Chu Zhengliang and his family members were not just shocked but furious at the sudden turn of events.

Chu Qitian was especially angry. It was supposed to be his big day, but he was now looking at how his bride was crying in another man's arms. His eyes turned bloodshot.

“Chu Tianfan! You b\*stard! Stop whatever you're doing right now!” Chu Qitian roared furiously.

Finally, Chu Qitian could not control his wrath any longer.

He could not believe that Ye Fan had actually appeared to rescue Angie who had already given up all hope and had been ready for death.

Angie was so moved by her white knight rescuing her that she could not contain her joy. She brazenly kissed him in front of all the wedding guests.

Not even Ye Fan had expected such a bold display of affection from Angie.

It was not until Angie's red lips were pressed against his that his mind registered what was happening. His eyes widened in surprise.

But Chu Qitian exploded in fury.

“You b\*stard! Stop whatever you are doing now! That is my wife! I have not even touched her yet. How dare you lay your dirty hands on her? Assh\*le!” Chu Qitian raged.

He angrily spat out a mouthful of blood.



Chapter 1652



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