

“Is anything the matter?” Ye Fan raised an eyebrow and looked at the person who called after him.

The Australian fighter was a little displeased at how cold and aloof Ye Fan looked.

Even though this youth had indeed defeated the masked man, he was still someone younger than themselves, and he ought to have some manners when he talked to people older than himself. They didn’t expect Ye Fan to be so rude.

But even though they were annoyed by this, they didn’t show it. “We’ve always heard about how China is a country that values manners and internationally, China has always been a helpful nation who rids evil, helps the good and never does anything for the sake of being repaid. In the past, we didn’t think that this was true and we just thought that the country was just claiming such things to boost their reputation.”

“But today, when we were in a crisis, you not only helped us in our time of need, but also helped to take back the treasure that belongs to Australia. Your actions have proved to us that China is indeed a country

that values manners and is a civil and friendly country.”

“We’re really grateful for your help today. If you hadn’t helped us, then the treasure that we fought so hard for would have landed in the hands of an evil man. Don’t worry, once we return to Australia with the spirit energy fruits, we will report this matter to our martial arts authority. We will send an envoy to China to thank you personally, as well as award you with a badge of friendship,” said the Australians with a warm smile.

These words were really a roundabout way of attempting to use China’s reputation to force Ye Fan to give the spirit energy fruit to them.

If China wanted to claim that they valued courtesy and was both a civil and friendly nation, then Ye Fan couldn’t possibly end up snatching the fruit that the Australian team had already obtained earlier. He should return this item to the original owner instead.

The leader of the Australian team went up to Ye Fan and stretched his hands out to take the two fruits back from Ye Fan.



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But before Ye Fan said anything, Angie made a face and retorted, “We got these from the man earlier. Why should we give them to you?”

“Young lady, it’s not right of you to say that. This item belongs to Australia. This young man helped us to take it back, so of course he ought to return it to us. Otherwise, that makes you two as good as robbers! If word of this gets out, wouldn’t that ruin your country’s friendly and polite reputation? And of course, we won’t make you help us for free. We’ll repay you in the future,” said the leader with a toothy smile, as if all this was the right thing for Ye Fan to do.

But Ye Fan just burst out laughing. His laughter was so sarcastic, he sounded like he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

Ye Fan turned to face this man and smiled coldly. “I’m not sure if you’re a complete idiot, or if you think I’m the idiot. You’re not young anymore, but you actually dare to speak so shamelessly to me. Don’t you know that the spirit energy fruits do not belong to anybody, and will go to the one who is able to get ahold of them? If you



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don't even have basic general knowledge like this, then you've lived your entire life in vain."

"Besides, even if these fruits truly belonged to you, so what? They're now in MY hands, so they're MINE. The Australian martial arts circle is worthless to me!" replied Ye Fan without caring about his reputation or the other party's feelings.

The man was livid and his entire body trembled in anger. He had never been scolded to the face like this before.

He was on the verge of an angry outburst. "How...how dare you scold me like this! How dare you! You're in big trouble! You've just smeared the image of your own country and you're going to end up starting an international conflict! You can await punishment once you get back!"

He knew that China kept a close eye on international relations, and if another country were implicated for any reason, they would usually place high importance on this matter and prioritize the other country's benefits.

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He also knew that if his team tried to snatch the fruits from Ye Fan in their current injured state, they would definitely be soundly defeated. The only thing he could do now was to make use of China's reputation to force Ye Fan to hand them over.

But to his shock, Ye Fan spun around and kicked the man to the ground instead.

Ye Fan continued his tirade, "My country's image? International conflict? Await punishment? What the fuck? Stop trying to blackmail me! This ruse doesn't work on me. If you want the fruits, then fight me for them if you can!" Ye Fan was so amused by these idiots.

Sometimes, he felt that people could be seriously ridiculous at times. If they were more powerful than you, then they would insist on basing the competition on strength. But if they weren't as powerful, then they'd try to talk to you about being courteous and ethical.

Ye Fan had obtained the spirit energy fruits by his own ability, but these people were now telling Ye Fan to give them the fruits so as to protect his country's image.



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If Ye Fan listened to him, then he would seem like a really upright man, but he would also be called a huge idiot. There was no way Ye Fan was going to give them these fruits.

“How...how dare you kick me?!” The Australian team was so shocked by Ye Fan’s behavior.

Chinese martial artists were well known internationally for placing great importance on manners and having a good reputation. They would never make the first attack, and would only return the attack if provoked first. That was why they never got the respect and honor they deserved even though they were powerful martial artists.

On the contrary, it was the countries who ignored all of this and displayed a high level of aggression who earned everyone’s respect and ingratiation.

The Australian team didn’t expect this Chinese man to make an attack like this and even shout at them so crudely.

But even though they were furious, they knew that they were no match for Ye Fan, so



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they continued to try talking sense into him to make him hand the fruits over to them willingly.

“Fine, we won’t talk about how you’ve kicked me for the time being. But you have to return those fruits to us. The Australian team was the first team to find the fruits, and you were only able to fight off that masked man because he fought us first and spent a large portion of his energy. If we hadn’t taken the first attack from the masked man and weakened him as a result, you wouldn’t have been his match at your age.”

“So it’s only right of you to return the fruits to us. Or at the very least, you should return one fruit to us. Otherwise, I’ll go up to the International Martial Arts Union and report that the Chinese martial arts circle robbed us!” said the Australian team leader righteously.

Ye Fan laughed, then waved a hand in their direction to tell them to come towards him.

The team was instantly delighted and thought that Ye Fan was convinced and was going to return the fruits to them.



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But just as they came closer to him, Ye Fan slapped all of them silly again. Their skulls sank in and blood sprayed from their noses. Their leader's face even went out of shape!



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The Australian team howled in pain as they clutched their faces.

The rest of the martial artists watching this scene unfold remained silent.

Ye Fan smiled coldly as his malicious stare scoured the crowd in the vicinity. His icy words reverberated in the air like a ghost was talking, "Stop trying to reason with me. Only fists work here. If you try to provoke me again, I'll kill all of you."

The cold wind blew harshly, carrying Ye Fan's murderous words to their ears.

Everyone was too frightened to speak anymore.

Even the Australian team shut up and behaved themselves after that slap from Ye Fan.

Ye Fan just shook his head and laughed mockingly.

It was the same everywhere in the world. People only feared the powerful and didn't care for morals.



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They didn't respect things like courtesy, ethics, civility and friendliness at all. They only respected strength!

Only the strongest survived, while the weaker ones could only wait to be eaten.

If one possessed sufficient power, you could do anything you wanted and nobody would dare to offend you. But if you were too weak, then no amount of giving in and groveling would earn you any respect.

After he was done dealing with all these people, Ye Fan turned to leave.

But Angie purposely turned to yell at them before leaving, "Remember my brother's name! His name is Lv Hua! Lv Hua! His name is Lv Hua! Remember that!" She repeated his name three times as if she was afraid that they might not remember it well.

After the two of them had disappeared out of sight, the Australian team roared angrily, "Damned these Chinese! This damned Lv Hua! Just you wait! We'll make sure you pay a thousand times over for what you've done today!!" They clenched their fists furiously and their gaze was frosty. Their voices were



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filled with great hatred towards Ye Fan.

On the other side of the forest, a luxurious tent was set up on the peak of a low mountain.

A large number of powerful martial artists in suits were standing guard outside the tent.

A young man sat with his legs crossed as he sipped from a glass of red wine.

An exquisitely made up blonde woman in revealing clothes sat in his arms as she rubbed herself seductively against him.

He looked out of the window of the tent and he could see the wind blowing through the trees below.

The setting sun dyed the skies red.

The wind blowing through the rainforest with the setting sun in the sky formed a beautiful picture outside the tent. This beautiful scene together with the beautiful woman in his arms formed a masterpiece.

But this young man had already been waiting in this tent for a long time. He was



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running out of red wine, and the woman in his arms was falling asleep.

He finally looked at the time and waved a subordinate in. "It's about time. Still no news from Keith?"

"No news yet, Young Master," replied his subordinate.

The young man frowned. He had a bad feeling about this.

"Could something have happened?" murmured the young man to himself.

"Young Master, it should be fine. Elder Keith is very powerful and he's a grandmaster too. The most powerful person within the rainforest should only be at imminent grandmaster stage, so Elder Keith shouldn't face any problems," said the subordinate with a smile.

The young man nodded. "I hope that's the case."

Another half an hour passed.

The call he had been waiting for finally came



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in. Keith had used a satellite phone to make the call.

“How did it go? Did you get the first batch of spirit energy fruits?” asked the young man immediately.

The other side was silent for a moment before replying, “Young Master, I’m sorry. I’ve failed. The first two fruits were taken away by someone else.”

The wine glass in the young man’s hand fell to the floor and shattered to pieces.

The young man’s gaze turned icy immediately and his tone of voice instantly rose in anger. “Useless fool! You can’t even get such a simple thing done? Why did the Chu family spend so much money on you for? Why did Chu Sect bother grooming you?”

“What happened! How could someone with your prowess possibly lose to someone else? Is there a grandmaster hiding in this rainforest?!” asked the young man coldly as he tried to suppress his anger again.

“Young Master, it was a Chinese who made



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trouble,” said Keith quietly with guilt and fear in his heart as he explained what happened earlier.

“Lv Hua from China, was it?” The young man clenched his fists tightly after hearing Keith’s account of the battle earlier. The frosty look in his eyes threatened to freeze everything he looked at.

“Leave this person to me. Continue to look for the next spot. If you fail here as well, you don’t have to come back to me anymore. You understand?” the young man spoke with in a sinister voice and an authoritativeness that left no room for negotiation.

The man on the other line acknowledged these words, then hung up.

The young man called three martial artists and instructed them, “Go into the rainforest and look for a Chinese martial artist named Lv Hua. Bring him here once you find him.”

“Yes, Young Master!” The three men dove into the depths of the rainforest immediately after they received the orders.

The cold wind blew hard against the young



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man's face, but it wasn't as cold or harsh as the iciness in this young man's eyes.

"China again! This damned Chinese martial arts circle! That Chu Tian-Fan is already a big headache, and now I've got some Lv Hua ruining my plans. But it doesn't matter. Whoever dares to stand in my way will get eliminated by me, Chu Tian-Qi!"

The young man in the tent was indeed Chu Qi-Tian, Ye Fan's own biological cousin.

Neither of them would have thought that they were actually within such close proximity of each other right now.

But while Chu Qi-Tian was fuming and getting his men to hunt Lv Hua down, Ye Fan and Angie were headed for their next destination. Angie was still sitting on the shoulders of the black bear, while Ye Fan was just walking alongside the two of them.

"According to the map, there are three spots where one can find spirit energy fruit trees. That was the first one, and we've got two more to cover. But we might have to walk for a long time before we reach the next spot. Fan, why don't we take a rest first?" said



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Angie to Ye Fan as she looked at the map she stole from her older brother.

Ye Fan nodded. "Sure."

The two of them found a fairly flat area, put up their tent and rested for the day.

Meanwhile, Lv Hua and his two companions were carefully trekking through the rainforest not too far from them.

"Hua, that was a really close shave. If you hadn't attacked those wolves in time, I would have become their food by now," said Lu Yan-Xi.

The three of them looked rather disheveled because they had just been attacked by a pack of wolves.

They were all trained in martial arts and weren't afraid of just one or two wolves. But if they were attacked by an entire pack of wolves, then imminent grandmasters like Lu Yan-Xi was in danger of losing their lives if they made just one wrong move.