

"Grandpa, why do I suddenly feel so cold?" asked the girl puzzledly as she looked up from counting the takings for the day. She had noticed the sudden drop in temperature.

The young lady wasn't the only one who had felt the drop in temperature. All the martial artists drinking in the pub had felt it too.

"What's happening? Who is giving off such a murderous vibe?" Many of their faces paled as they frowned.

Reilo, however, remained as calm as before and wasn't bothered by this at all. He continued to drink and muttered disdainfully, "What a bunch of cowards. It's just the wind. Look at how scared all of you are. All of you look like a bunch of frogs in the well. That battle between supreme grandmasters was so many days ago, but you're all still so tense and jumping at the smallest thing."

He just laughed mirthlessly at them as he looked at them with a mocking glance.

To everyone's surprise, a skinny figure exuding a freezing presence walked into their line of sight just after Reilo's scoff.

The young man continued to walk on slowly without any expression on his face.

His battered and blood covered body staggered slightly because of the severe injuries he had suffered.

But even though he looked so haggard, the murderous vibes the young man gave off were not weak at all.

"Isn't that..."

"Isn't that Ye Fan, the Chinese boy?"

Everyone started exclaiming in shock when they got a closer look at who this young man passing by was. Their pupils constricted in terror as they trembled violently.

"Ye Fan? You've got to be kidding, right? That punk is long gone. I think all of you have really been scared silly by a young fellow. Just look at you guys! A little wind makes you tremble and you're like soldiers made from paper or something," snorted Reilo even harder when he heard everyone mention Ye Fan's name. He couldn't care less and helped himself to another cup of wine.

"Bro...Bro...you really should take a look yourself. I think...I think it's really that young punk," said one of Reilo's companions as he nudged Reilo in fear.

Reilo's back was facing the door, so he couldn't see anything outside unless he turned around.

"What's there to look at? You mean he's back as a ghost?" retorted Reilo in annoyance before turning back to look.

The moment he spotted the figure walking past the door, Reilo froze.

His face paled and his eyes nearly popped right out as he stared at the bloodied skinny youth slowly making his way forward like he was staring at a ghost.

"How...how...what the...how is this even possible?! How is this fellow not dead yet?! It's impossible! It's completely impossible! The Indra paid such a high price just to injure this boy as severely as possible. How could he possibly even survive such injuries?! We're looking at a ghost, right?!" Reilo nearly peed himself in fright.

He lost his balance and rolled right off his own chair.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined that Ye Fan was still alive.

"Bro...what do we do? Since the Indra tried to kill him, once this guy returns to China and

recovers, he's going to come to India to take revenge for sure. The Indra doesn't have to be afraid of him since he's very powerful and has other supreme grandmaster friends who will help him, but we really don't stand a chance against this Ye Fan. Why don't...why don't we just run for it and not return to India? Let's hide ourselves in some forest and erase our identities for the time being. When everything blows over, we could go back to India," came the trembling and frightened voice of one of Reilo's companions. He was truly terrified.

After all, these surviving Indian martial artists had seen how powerful Ye Fan could really be.

When they were fighting for the spirit energy fruit, Ye Fan had killed several of their brothers with just one slap.

When they met again on the island, Ye Fan wasn't afraid of Brahma at all. He even fought fiercely against Brahma and wasn't any weaker than Brahma either.

All of them were truly afraid of Ye Fan now.

They thought that Ye Fan wouldn't be able to survive such serious injuries. That was why they were enjoying a drink at the pub now.

Now that Ye Fan turned out to still be alive, it meant that their nightmare was back to haunt them again.

Reilo and the rest were both afraid and panicky.

"Calm down. All of you, calm down. Why are all of you so frantic? It's not as if the world is ending." Even though Reilo was indeed truly surprised that Ye Fan had survived, he soon calmed down and began to think of a plan.

"Got it. I know what we can do." Reilo thought of something after a brief period of contemplation.

"What can we do?" asked one of his companions anxiously.

"What else can we do? We'll have to attack him directly!"

What?

"Bro, are you nuts?"

"This Ye Fan is as powerful as a supreme grandmaster!"

"Even though he's injured now, we still don't stand a chance if someone at his level decides to go all out."

All of Reilo's companions were pale in the face and shuddered when they heard Reilo's idea. It sounded like suicide.

"Let me finish. I know it's difficult for just the few of us to get rid of Ye Fan. But don't forget, there are nearly a hundred highly skilled martial artists here. What if all of us join hands?" said Reilo with a sly and malicious smile on his lips.

His two companions' faces immediately lit up.

"That sounds feasible! But even though we've got a vendetta against China, the other countries don't. How are we going to persuade them to help us?" They soon realized a second problem on their hands.

But Reilo just chuckled. "Don't worry, I have a plan for that. Just play along."

Reilo then stood up and shouted loud and clear, "Everyone, I'm sure you have all been sent here by your respective countries to fight for treasure in this rainforest, right? All of you are fighting for the sake of your own countries and your nation's martial arts circle. I'm sure none of you want to return emptyhanded, right? We've got a rare chance right in front of us, so now, it depends on whether you dare to seize this opportunity."

Chapter 1366 Reilo's Plan

His words were clearly trying to stir up the crowd and goad them into cooperating with him.

“What? Reilo, don't tell me...you intend to attack Ye Fan?!” someone in the crowd realized what Reilo was driving at.

Reilo nodded his head gravely. “That is correct!”



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“Ye Fan had taken all the spirit energy fruits for himself. Besides, so many supreme grandmasters had gathered on that island. Why? It’s obvious that there’s a very precious treasure inside the cave that has made all the supreme grandmasters go wild for! If a spirit energy fruit is able to increase our chances of becoming a grandmaster, then the treasure on the island is very likely to help all of us become supreme grandmaster,” Reilo continued to stoke the crowd with his provoking words inside the pub.

Many people started getting riled up as a result.

The previously terrified look in everyone’s eyes as they looked at Ye Fan slowly became a burning gaze.

Nobody could remain unmoved when faced with the possibility of attaining great treasure.

Furthermore, this treasure could possibly help them to become supreme grandmasters.

A supreme grandmaster was the highest level one could go in the martial arts world.

Everybody wanted to become a grandmaster

in order to be acknowledged as a good fighter, but everyone wanted to become a supreme grandmaster because they would become the religion and deity to the people around them.

And now, the road to becoming a deity was right in front of them.

It was difficult for anybody to remain calm now.

Even if they only stood a slim chance, they weren't going to let it go.

When Reilo spotted the increasingly tense and excited atmosphere, a smug smile immediately surfaced on his lips.

But not everyone here was stupid.

In fact, most of them knew what Reilo was hoping for.

They knew that these Indian martial artists wanted to make use of them to get rid of Ye Fan.

But so what?

They stood to benefit from Ye Fan's death too.

So even though they knew that this was Reilo's plan to kill Ye Fan, they didn't mind going along with it.

What they wanted was the treasure that Ye Fan had.

"But Reilo, how do you know if the treasure is really on this boy? What if it has been taken away by the lady who was travelling with him?" asked someone who was still able to think logically.

Reilo didn't pretend to be sure and confessed, "You're right. I'm not 100% certain myself. But we can't always be certain about everything in the world. I can't promise that there's treasure on this Chinese boy. But I can guarantee you that if we just stand here and let him leave our sight, we won't get anything." His voice was firm and valiant sounding.

He paused for a moment before continuing, "Besides, as all of you can see, the young man is badly injured and he's no longer as powerful as he was. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. As long as all of us combine our efforts to attack him, I'm sure we'll be able to kill him in no time."

"Everyone, are all of you really willing to let go of this rare opportunity that's right in

front of you? Isn't anybody willing to take a gamble with me? If this works out, then in a few decades' time, you might very well be ranked on the Sky Ranking. Even if it doesn't work out, we won't lose anything either. In fact, we'll successfully pare down China's martial arts prowess. That's not a bad thing for our own martial arts circle."

"So whether we make it or not, none of us here stands to lose anything. It's now up to all of you to decide whether you want to actually do this together with me," said Reilo in a low voice as he looked at everyone around him with a fire in his eyes.

Everyone fell silent for a moment and nobody said anything as they weighed the pros and cons of cooperating with Reilo.

"Screw it, I'm doing it! You can't get rich if you don't work for it. I'm going all out for that treasure!"

"You're right! We should all just join hands and kill that fellow together."

A couple of voices suddenly called out within the crowd. If one looked carefully, one would have noticed that these instigating voices actually belonged to the Indian martial artists with Reilo who had quietly hidden themselves in the crowd.

The moment someone publicly displayed his support, a lot more people started to display their support as well.

In no time, everyone in the pub was willing to join in the fight.

“You’re right! There are so many of us, so why should we be afraid of one young man? He’s already so badly injured, so he’s no longer a threat. If he refuses to hand the treasures over, then all of us can just finish him off on the spot.”

Everyone eventually agreed to surround Ye Fan and force him to give up the treasures he had on hand.

“Hoho! Bro, we did it! Didn’t we do a good job? If we didn’t voice out our support first, I don’t think these fellows would have made such a quick decision to join us, right?” said Reilo’s companions gleefully when they saw that everyone was playing right into their hands.

Reilo had a gleeful and sinister smile on his face too.

“Ye Fan, you’re doomed this time. If I can destroy a supreme grandmaster personally, then I’m going to be able to brag about this for the rest of my life!” Reilo looked smug

and confident that he was going to win this fight for sure.

Once everyone had reached a decision, Reilo led all of them out of the pub. They blocked Ye Fan's way and surrounded him tightly.

When he felt the murderous gazes of all the other martial artists, Ye Fan also stopped walking.

He stood all by himself in the middle, and his bloodied body looked so tired and lonely.

He looked like a defeated general who had been cornered by his enemies.

He looked up and stared at the person who stood right in front of him with an icy gaze.

Reilo looked back with a sinister and murderous expression.

"Ye Fan, I'm sure you didn't expect us to meet again. But heaven is on my side! You killed so many of my fellow Indian martial artists, so the gods sent you to me so that I can avenge my dead brothers. But I seriously can't believe you actually managed to survive that brutal attack by the Indra."

Upon seeing Ye Fan again, Reilo looked down disdainfully at the injured youth before

him with a lofty and arrogant attitude. His malicious laughter was uninhibited and relaxed. The thought of getting his revenge made Reilo very happy indeed.

“Enough of these unnecessary words, Reilo! Get to the main point! Things might change if we delay further!” grumbled the other people unhappily. Nobody wanted to hear Reilo swagger about now.

At the same time, someone stood out and decided to do this in a polite and gentlemanly fashion. “Mr Ye, we don’t want to strike someone when they’re down either. As long as you hand over the treasures you have on hand, we promise not to make things difficult for you and we won’t be part of your feud with Reilo. What do you think?” said this person in a well-mannered tone of voice.

Everyone looked at Ye Fan with great anticipation.

They didn’t have any feud with Ye Fan and they just wanted those treasures.

As long as Ye Fan was willing to hand those treasures over, they weren’t keen on fighting Ye Fan.