

“Apologize?” Instead, Ye Fan laughed when he heard what Tang Hao said.

His calm laughter was filled with ridicule.

“What wrong have I done? All of you are so blind that you couldn’t tell right from wrong and protected an evil man. It is the greatest misfortune of the Chinese martial arts circle to be led by idiots like you! it is such a great misfortune for our country.”

Ye Fan’s cold laughter echoed on the mountain.

His resounding voice was like an unexpected peal of thunder.

Everyone was beside themselves with fear when they heard what Ye Fan said.

That was brutal.

Ye Fan was simply too brutal with his words.

He was undoubtedly reprimanding Sword Saint and the King of Fighters.

Tang Hao almost pissed in his pants and was so anxious that he almost cried.

“Oh no. There’s no way to save him now.” Tang Hao sighed. His eyes were filled with

powerlessness and anxiety.

Sure enough, the King of Fighters exploded the moment Ye Fan finished his sentence.

“Shut up. How can you have the audacity to say such things? How dare you? How could you speak to the pillars of the nation so rudely? You aren't fit to talk to us!” Mo Gu-Cheng's face was livid as he pointed at Ye Fan's face and scolded him.

Perhaps out of fury or humiliation, the King of Fighters looked like he was going berserk as he shook angrily.

All these years, this was the first time anyone dared to insult them.

And he had used such harsh words on them as well.

He called them blind fools and the misfortune of the Chinese martial arts circle.

Even the most good-natured person couldn't stand hearing such a thing.

To begin with, the King of Fighters didn't have a good temper.

The King of Fighters was already angry with

Ye Fan, so he was even more outraged when he heard what Ye Fan said.

The King of Fighters clenched his fists as he spoke angrily. Internal energy surged around him, and he wanted to punch Ye Fan.

However, Tang Hao rushed over to hold the King of Fighters back.

“King of Fighters, calm down! How can we fight a countryman on Mount Yan? If word got out that you got into a fight, War God Castle would end up becoming a laughingstock. Do as Sword Saint says and think hard before you act!” persuaded Tang Hao as he pulled the King of Fighters back.

“Tang Hao, let him go.”

Just as Tang Hao tried to stop the King of Fighters, Sword Saint’s words rang quietly.

“Sword Saint, what are you...”

Tang Hao was stunned. He turned to look at Sword Saint.

Sword Saint’s face was completely sullen.

A cold air radiated from his imposing face.

“There is a limit to our patience. I gave him a

chance, but he refused to take it. In that case, why should I do him any favors?" said Sword Saint slowly as he shook his head.

The moment Sword Saint finished his words, he raised his head and looked at the young man.

"Ye Fan, right? Other than Chu Tian-Fan who died in Japan, you are probably the youngest man to be given a title as supreme grandmaster. In the past, I kept tolerating your actions on account of your youth and talent. However, just because I am patient doesn't give you an excuse to do as you please. King of Fighters is right. You are talented but lack morality. Even if you end up becoming one of the top ten on the Sky Ranking, you are nothing but a disaster for the country. In that case, why should we keep you around?"

"King of Fighters, go ahead and fight him. I order you to throw him behind bars as soon as possible. If he retaliates, just kill him! Just remember to leave his corpse intact. Since God of War thinks so highly of him, we should do God of War the favor."

Sword Saint waved his hand as he spoke coldly and sounded like he was passing his final sentence on Ye Fan.

He had given Ye Fan the death sentence.

“Sword Saint, you should have done this ages ago! He is immoral and rebellious, so we should take him out before he grows any stronger. Otherwise, we will be letting a threat grow. If his skills continue to advance, we won't be able to kill him even if we wanted to.” The King of Fighters laughed. The internal energy radiated from him forced Tang Hao aside.

BAM!

The King of Fighters jumped into the air with a bang as energy radiated from him immediately.

He stood in mid-air as his threatening voice reverberated through the atmosphere.

“Your days of showing off are over. It stops now! Tonight, I will sacrifice your blood to all the martial artists who have died at West Lake.”

RUMBLE!

The King of Fighters' angry shouts sounded thunderous.

Energy rushed towards him, as if they had been summoned. Everything gathered on the

King of Fighters' palm.

The earth shook as he unleashed his power without holding back.

He had been waiting all too long for this.

Ever since the calamity caused by Chu Sect, the Chinese martial arts circles enjoyed a long time of peace.

The King of Fighters and the others hadn't used the full force of their powers in years.

He had been dying for a good fight.

This time, it was the perfect opportunity for Mo Gu-Cheng to show his true prowess, so he went all out.

He was determined to take out Ye Fan with a single blow to reaffirm War God Castle's strength.

He wanted to tell the world that the six pillars of the nations were still as powerful.

The six pillars of the nation were not dead yet!

He also wanted to tell the world that no new talent was going to be allowed to step all over War God Castle and disregard them.

Ye Fan remained calm as the King of Fighters prepared for battle.

There was no fear in his eyes whatsoever. Instead, he shook his head and laughed.

“Are you still going to protect them? War God Castle and the six pillars of the nation? All of you are really incapable of telling right from wrong. Forget it. Since you are unwilling to hand them over, I will take them myself. I will slaughter Lv Zi-Ming and Lv Hua this very day! Anyone who stops me will die!”

HUUU!

Leaves swirled in the air as cold wind gusted.

Ye Fan had lost his final bit of patience.

To think that he still held some hope that War God Castle would see the light.

From the looks of it now, he had been wrong after all.

They were just a bunch of stubborn and pedantic men. All they cared about was pride, seniority, and social status.

Why should he respect an authority like

them?



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Before coming, Ye Fan didn't have any intentions to fight War God Castle or challenge their authority.

He only wanted to kill Lv Zi-Ming and Lv Hua.

Although Ye Fan had a bad impression of War God Castle from how they handled the matter, Ye Fan knew that War God Castle wasn't like the Lv family.

He could raze the Lv family to the ground, but he couldn't do the same to War God Castle.

After all, War God Castle was the highest authority in the Chinese martial arts circle.

The moment Ye Fan decided to fight War God Castle, it would affect him greatly.

Hence, Ye Fan had been trying to control himself from the moment he entered Mount Yan.

Ye Fan merely swept the security guards out of the way using his internal energy and didn't try to kill them.

If the King of Fighters and the others were willing to hand over Lv Zi-Ming and Lv Hua, Ye Fan wouldn't want to fight them.

However, Ye Fan didn't expect War God Castle to choose to fight him rather than hand over Lv Zi-Ming and Lv Hua.

They even gave the order to kill him on the spot.

In that case, Ye Fan didn't need to hold back.

Ye Fan had his own way of dealing with things.

Those who killed deserved to die.

Since they had decided to kill him, they should be prepared to die as well.

BOOM!

Ye Fan's angry shout echoed through the air.

His face instantly turned as cold as ice as the King of Fighters prepared for battle.

He channeled Invoke the Celestial Cloud rapidly in his core.

A flood of energy gathered in his body.

Ye Fan's robes fluttered despite the still air.

His internal energy rose at a shocking speed as the energies converged.

Dragon God Body was instantly activated.

Although Ye Fan had yet to move, the energy radiating from him was as vast as the ocean.

Even the earth beneath his feet had shattered.

The martial artists on Mount Yan could sense his power keenly.

Ye Fan's strength was so profound that they couldn't help feeling cautious.

"This...this young man is so powerful."

"Why does he feel even more powerful than the King of Fighters?"

Everyone kept talking with shock in their eyes.

Something instantly rippled in Sword Saint's deep eyes when he sensed Ye Fan's strength.

Sword Saint had never witnessed Ye Fan's skills before.

Although Ye Fan hadn't started fighting, Sword Saint could still see how powerful the young man truly was.

Judging from the energy radiating from Ye Fan, the young man was probably not to be underestimated.

“Humph. He is just pretending to be powerful. I will beat you until you are forced to reveal your true self!” scoffed King of Fighters.

A powerful punch instantly came slamming down.

“Dragon King Fist Technique!”

BAM!

A gold light appeared in the dark night.

A gold dragon instantly appeared on Mo Gu-Cheng’s hand as he threw a punch at Ye Fan with unstoppable force.

Ye Fan was ready to attack at almost the same time.

Just as two supreme grandmasters were about to engage in battle on Mount Yan, an imposing shout quietly exploded.

“Both of you, stop it right now!”

That explosive voice left the earth shaking and the flora swaying.

Everyone felt as though their eardrums were about to burst as their heads kept ringing.

SWOOSH SWOOSH SWOOSH!

An imposing silhouette landed from the sky above and sent two powerful attacks, one after another.

The first blow landed on Ye Fan and took out his attack.

The second blow collided with the King of Fighters' attack.

BOOM!

The King of Fighters' Dragon King Fist attack was obliterated with a bang.

He groaned as he was forced back a few paces.

"God of War, what are you doing? How dare you fight me for the sake of the scum of the martial arts world?"

The King of Fighters steadied himself. He suppressed his volatile energies before he raised his head with his eyes bloodshot and veins popping on his forehead to scold the man in white.

The man who had just appeared was none other than Ye Qing-Tian, the God of War.

Ever since Ye Qing-Tian's trip to India, he had gone home and hadn't come out.

He had recently just completed his martial arts cultivation and happened to learn of the incident in Jiangbei.

Ye Qing-Tian was surprised to learn that Ye Fan was still alive, so he hurried to Mount Yan swiftly.

However, the God of War didn't expect to see the pillars of the nation fighting each other when he arrived at War God Castle.

"Why are you asking me this? I should be the one asking you! Mount Yan is the holy land of the Chinese martial arts circle, but you are fighting your own now. Aren't you worried about disgracing our ancestors? Aren't you worried about ending up a laughingstock if word got out?" scolded the God of War angrily at the King of Fighters.

"King of Fighters is not to blame. I gave him the go ahead. Ye Fan killed a pillar of the nation and slaughtered over a hundred martial artists at West Lake. Also, he killed the entire Lv family, both young and old. Even though he had committed heinous

crimes, he was unrepentant and spoke rudely to us. This is unforgivable. If we don't kill him today, he will end up wreaking havoc for us in the future," said Sword Saint as he suddenly walked over and persuaded God of War in a deep tone.

"What? Did you say Ye Fan killed a Chinese supreme grandmaster? Are you for real?" The God of War was instantly startled.

Before he came, he had heard about something happening in Jiangbei. He only knew that Ye Fan was involved, but he ran over without asking.

Now that the God of War heard what Sword Saint said, he was incapable of staying calm.

After all, this involved the death of a supreme grandmaster.

Ye Qing-Tian naturally treated the matter seriously.

"It's true! War God Castle had just given Lv Song-Liang his title as a supreme grandmaster, but he died at the banquet to celebrate this very fact. Also, over 130 martial artists in attendance died. If you don't believe me, you can ask him yourself," said Sword Saint coldly.

Ye Qing-Tian turned his head and looked at Ye Fan in disbelief. “Ye Fan, is this true? Did you kill all those people?”

Ye Fan had already reigned in his internal energy before he replied Ye Qing-Tian deeply, “They deserved to die.”

“Shut up! You still refuse to repent even now!” shouted the King of Fighters angrily.

The King of Fighters looked at Ye Qing-Tian. “You heard it, God of War. This little country bumpkin has admitted to his crimes. Are you still going to defend him? Considering your identity, shouldn’t you be able to tell right from wrong?”



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