

"Is she really not going to see me?" said Ye Fan quietly as he looked in the direction of a particular room.

In the end, he shook his head and smiled bitterly.

"Sigh! She has such a temper. Never mind. Yu-Yan, let's go."

Ye Fan waved his hand and left with Ye Yu-Yan.

Over a hundred people from the Xu and Xue families had gathered in front of the Xu residence.

Ye Fan was leaving today, so everyone was here to see him off.

"Tong Shan, Qing Tan, I am leaving Lei's safety to both of you after I leave. You ought to know how the formation works. The formation in Yanjing is powerful enough to deal with average fighters, but if they are too strong, remember to retreat to Mount Yunding Villa."

Ye Fan bade farewell to his subordinates, Tong Shan and Qing Tan before he left.

"Don't worry, Dragon Master. We will remember that," replied Qing Tan and Tong Shan.

"Dragon Master, will it start once we get there?" asked Xue Ren-Yang quietly after he walked

over.

Ye Fan nodded and smiled. "Now that I have completed my unfinished business, it is time to get to work."

Xue Ren-Yang's expression became even more serious.

He instantly stepped forward and bowed. "Please let me come with you!"

Ye Fan nodded. "There's no need. I didn't create Dragons so that you could follow me there. You should focus on mundane affairs, finance, and attack their businesses. After I leave, continue to attack them at the financial level. That's all."

Ye Fan waved his hand. "Tong Shan, get the wine."

Many glasses of wine were served.

Ye Fan raised a glass to everyone. "Some of you barely know me while the rest of you have loyally followed me for over a decade.

Regardless of how it started, we are all friends now. After we part ways today, I don't know when I will come back. If I have the good fortune of returning, I will drink with you again here!"

The moment he finished his sentence, Ye Fan finished the wine in his glass.

He turned without restraint, got into the car with Ye Yu-Yan, and left for the airport.

"Farewell, Dragon Master!" Xue Ren-Yang cried as he sent Ye Fan off.

"Farewell, Dragon Master!" Tong Shan's eyes turned red as he knelt onto the ground with a thud.

Tears had already covered Qing Tan's face.

They even chased after the car for several meters as they choked and shouted, "May you return triumphant, Dragon Master!"

The other people who were here to see Ye Fan off felt puzzled by their reactions.

They couldn't help wondering why they were acting as though they were saying their final goodbyes.

After joining Dragon God Hall for years, Tong Shan, Xue Ren-Yang, and the others were keenly aware that Ye Fan was walking into immense danger.

The words 'Chu family' were synonymous with immense power. No one knew exactly how powerful they were.

After all, no one had challenged their authority ever since they gained power.

Ye Fan was about to make history by confronting them.

Despite years of planning, Tong Shan and the others felt that Ye Fan was very likely to perish on this journey.

Even though Dragon God Hall was powerful, it had only been around for over a decade.

They were so new in comparison to Chu Sect, yet they wanted to challenge the top martial arts family in the world.

No one would think that they had any chance of success.

Even a Dragon like Xue Ren-Yang felt the same way.

They were in tears because they felt that they were going to part ways with Ye Fan forever today.

Ye Fan's car drove away into the distance.

He reached his hand out the window and waved when he heard Tong Shan and the others crying. A domineering voice reverberated throughout the atmosphere.

"The sun and moon will still shine while the rivers and mountains will still stand, so don't cry."

WHIRR!

The car wheels spun as the car cut through the roads and disappeared into the horizon.

Only Ye Fan's deep and powerful voice echoed in the air.

The moment Ye Fan left, War God Castle received a call from an informant.

Tang Hao and the others exhaled deeply in relief.

"He is finally going to leave. Now things will return to peace."

"Miss Xu, Mr Chu has left. Why didn't you see him off?"

Two silhouettes stood quietly on an upper floor of the Xu residence.

One of them was none other than the head of the Xu family, Xu Lei.

She had been standing here watching Ye Fan say goodbye until he left.

However, she was reluctant to go out and see him.

"There's no need to. So what if I see him? He won't stop for me. It will only make me sad if I go out and say goodbye. I don't want him to see me crying, and I don't want to say goodbye to him forever," said Xu Lei softly with a smile. Despite the smile, Li Wen-Jing saw tears trickling down Xu Lei's face.

Xu Lei was so sad that she couldn't stop herself from suddenly calling Ye Fan. Xu Lei got Ye Yu-Yan to pass the phone to Ye Fan after it got through.

"Lei..."

Before Ye Fan finished his sentence, Xu Lei interrupted him.

"Ye Fan, I don't care what you are going to do now, but you must come back alive. You aren't allowed to die! Absolutely not! If you don't come back, I won't go for matchmaking and will stay single for the rest of my life. Also, you must come back to celebrate my birthday with me this year! You have to!" shouted Xu Lei with tears brimming in her eyes.

Even though Ye Fan didn't tell her about his mission, women had keen instincts.

From the moment Ye Fan arrived in Yanjing, Xu Lei had a sense that he was here to handle his final affairs before he died.

She forced herself to smile just to make Ye Fan happy.

However, Xu Lei couldn't help feeling sad when Ye Fan had to go.

She had already lost him once, so she didn't want history to repeat itself.

Xu Lei knew she was unable to stop Ye Fan from doing anything he set his mind to.

This was all she could do for him.

Ye Fan went quiet for a long time while Xu Lei sobbed before he replied succinctly, "Okay."

But there were many things beyond his control. Such promises were merely hopes, and not guarantees.

That very night, Ye Fan boarded a flight to Jiangdong.

He had ordered the Dragon Gods to meet him in Fenghai.

That was where the old Chu residence was located, where his vendetta with the family started.

Now, they would end it there!

HUUU!

Cold wind gusted, leaving sand spinning in the air.

Dark clouds were surging in the sky ominously.

No one knew how many martial artists had entered China in the cover of the night.

In Yanjing at War God Castle.

A white silhouette quietly appeared outside the hall.

"Damn it, God of War, you are finally back. Where did you go? Why couldn't we reach you?" asked Tang Hao in a hurry when he saw Ye Qing-Tian come in.

"Nothing. I ate some spirit energy fruit on the way here and suddenly felt the urge to cultivate. This spirit energy fruit is truly a treasure for martial artists. Even I feel that my powers have increased after taking it," said Ye Qing-Tian as he smiled and ate the fruit in his hand.

Those who had no idea what a spirit energy fruit was would probably have thought that Ye Qing-Tian was just munching on an apple.

"What? Spirit energy fruit? Did you just say you're eating spirit energy fruits?"

Tang Hao opened his eyes wide when he saw Ye Qing-Tian eating spirit energy fruits as though they were apples.

He walked over and snatched the half-eaten spirit energy fruit from Ye Qing-Tian.

"That's such a waste! That's a sheer waste of a treasure! This is a sacred item to martial artists. Each fruit is capable of making one a grandmaster! You are already a supreme grandmaster, so you should have saved it for those who need it. How could you just eat it? This is such a waste! A complete waste!" said Tang Hao in agony with his face contorted. It seemed as though God of War had eaten his very flesh and not spirit energy fruit.

Tang Hao finally stopped his angry tirade from exhaustion and picked up the remaining spirit energy fruit for a bite to quench his thirst.

"Oh wow! It tastes pretty good. It melts in the mouth and feels as though I have just drunk energy in liquid form. I can sense a warm current in my chest and I feel so much more energetic now."

Tang Hao took another bite as he spoke. In the end, he finished the entire spirit energy fruit.

Ye Qing-Tian was stunned. He laughed and said, "You sure didn't mind eating my saliva. How could you eat my leftovers?"

"This is good stuff. What is there not to like?" Tang Hao rolled his eyes at Ye Qing-Tian before he swallowed the entire spirit energy fruit.

"What good stuff are you eating? Let me try some too." Sword Saint came out of the hall when they heard the God of War and Tang Hao's bickering.

The moment he saw Sword Saint, Tang Hao complained, "Sword Saint, it's spirit energy fruit. God of War ate some behind our back."

What?

"Spirit energy fruit?" Sword Saint frowned instantly.

Sword Saint was familiar with spirit energy fruit.

Decades ago, his only direct disciple died abroad because of spirit energy fruit.

Sword Saint couldn't help feeling sad when he heard about spirit energy fruit again.

"Tang Hao, how could you cry thief? Didn't you eat any?"

"I only ate your leftovers."

"That's the same..."

Sword Saint asked as they bickered, "God of War, where did you get this spirit energy fruit from? Don't tell me they can be found outside of the Amazon rainforest?"

Ye Qing-Tian shook his head and said, "Nope. These were Ye Fan's. He didn't go on a wasted trip back in the day. He snatched a lot of spirit energy fruit from the other participants. He told me to take the spirit energy fruit when I went to Jiangdong. He wanted to contribute to the Chinese martial arts circle, so he told me to give them to those who needed it."

"Then why did you eat them?" asked Tang Hao as he glared.

Tang Hao was no fool. He knew Ye Qing-Tian must have eaten more than one spirit energy fruit.

The God of War ignored him. "I had good reason to eat them. Some of the spirit energy fruit packaging was damaged, so they lost energy on their way here. If I didn't eat them, it would be a sheer waste."

Ye Qing-Tian ignored Tang Hao and tossed a backpack to Sword Saint.

"They're all in here. If we use them wisely, we might be able to groom another grandmaster," said Ye Qing-Tian with a smile.

"Oh wow! So many? No wonder we never found out who got all the spirit energy fruits in the end. It seems Ye Fan swiped them all! This boy is really more talented than he seems..." Tang Hao looked at the bag full of spirit energy fruit, each one stored in a special wooden box, and laughed.

Although spirit energy fruit was useless to supreme grandmasters like them, they were still considered a treasure in the Chinese martial arts circle.

Spirit energy fruit was a boon to martial artists who were yet to become grandmasters. They were even capable of making innate martial artists grandmasters.

Now that they had their hands on such a treasure, Tang Hao couldn't help feeling happy.

"What do you think, Sword Saint? I have a keen eye for talent, don't I? I told you Ye Fan might look proud, but he is upright and patriotic in nature. Men like him are meant for success," said Ye Qing-Tian proudly.

After all, he was the one who wanted to make Ye Fan join War God Castle.

Now that Ye Fan had done well, the God of War naturally glowed with pride.

Sword Saint nodded. "That's true. I didn't think that Ye Fan would be so generous. Even though he had a conflict with War God Castle, he didn't take it to heart and even offered this treasure. No one can compare to his generosity. I used to wonder how Ye Fan managed to reach such heights despite his poor family background. From the looks of it now, his generosity must have played a part. Qing-Tian, you win! If you want to recommend Ye Fan as a lord, I won't object anymore."

Sword Saint was so impressed by Ye Fan's noble character that he changed his mind and agreed to let him become the fourth resident lord of War God Castle.

The God of War instantly laughed out loud when Sword Saint gave his blessing.

After the brief laughter, he sighed.

"Forget it. Even if we offered him the post, he wouldn't want it."

Ye Qing-Tian shook his head as he walked into the hall.

Sword Saint and Tang Hao went chasing after him as they asked, "Did you ask him already?"

"I did. That was the reason I went to Jiangdong. However, he turned me down. Never mind. It's too bad that we don't have the fortune of working with such a prodigy." Ye Qing-Tian didn't want to talk about it and sighed.

He asked quizzically, "Where is the King of Fighters? Why don't I see him anywhere?"

Sword Saint and Tang Hao's mood immediately sank when Ye Qing-Tian brought up the King of Fighters.

"We asked you to come because something happened. Wu-Ya is back," sighed Sword Saint.

"Isn't that good? Why are you sighing? Don't you want him to come back?" asked Ye Qing-Tian perplexedly.

"Sigh. Wu-Ya is severely injured and on his last breath. Things are really bad for him, and the King of Fighters has been staying by his side."

"What? He got beaten up again? What the hell? The last time he went to Japan, he was sent back half-dead and only recovered after a year. This time, the same thing happened after he went on his first mission? This kid is so unlucky. Did you find out who did it?" asked Ye Qing-Tian with anxiety and worry.

Sword Saint and Tang Hao looked at each

other hesitantly. Finally, Tang Hao replied, "I guess you could say we know half the story."

"Half the story? What do you mean?" Ye Qing-Tian was even more confused.

"The King of Fighters was the one who landed him in this state. His injuries weren't serious when he first came back, but after the King of Fighters kicked him a few times, he became like this. Why don't you visit him and see if you could do anything to help?" said Sword Saint softly.

"What? The King of Fighters did this?!"

The God of War was so stunned that he didn't know what to say.

He was...really speechless.



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Mo Wu-Ya had almost been accidentally beaten to death by his own father.

Even if Mo Wu-Ya wanted to seek revenge, he couldn't.

Ye Qing-Tian sighed before going over to check on Mo Wu-Ya's injuries.

"Qing-Tian, you're back. Help me check my boy and see if there is any hope for him. His breathing has become increasingly weak recently, so I'm worried he won't make it." Mo Gu-Cheng pulled Ye Qing-Tian over to examine his son.

Ye Qing-Tian didn't say anything. He was certain that King of Fighters felt awful, so that was no point in rubbing salt in his wounds.

Ye Qing-Tian came out of the room 30 minutes later.

The King of Fighters hurriedly asked, "Qing-Tian, how did it go? Will he live?"

Ye Qing-Tian nodded. "I've examined him. Even though his injuries were serious, he won't die. I also gave him some spirit energy fruit. The fruit contains pure spirit energy and is capable of strengthening his core. I think he should regain consciousness soon after taking it."

"Great!" Mo Gu-Cheng was relieved to hear this.

It would be perfect if Mo Wu-Ya could be saved.

"Thanks, Qing-Tian," said the King of Fighters as he cupped his fists.

Ye Qing-Tian waved his hand. "Don't thank me. It's Ye Fan you should be thanking. He was the one who gave us the spirit energy fruit. If not for the spirit energy fruit, I don't know if Wu-Ya will live."

"What? This spirit energy fruit is from Ye Fan? How could he be so kind?" the King of Fighters was shocked.

"It's true. Where else do you think the fruit would come from?" asked Sword Saint.

Mo Gu-Cheng instantly went quiet and didn't speak.

"Enough. Let's talk about this some other time. Since God of War is here, let's have a meeting," said Sword Saint before he gathered everyone at the round meeting room.

All important meetings at national level were conducted here.

"What did you just say? Wu-Ya was sent back in a coffin by a supreme grandmaster?"

Sword Saint told Ye Qing-Tian about the recent incident and the God of War was instantly infuriated.

"That's absurd! Mount Yan is the holy land of the Chinese martial arts circle. Even if he was a supreme grandmaster, he can't come and leave as he desires. It seems we have kept a low profile for too long. Now people are starting to think we are getting on in age and are pushovers. It is about time that we show them our true prowess and make an example of them!" Ye Qing-Tian surged with fury.

No one could blame Ye Qing-Tian for being so angry.

To begin with, this foreign supreme grandmaster had already provoked China by entering their borders without permission.

On top of that, he even sent the King of Fighters' son back to Mount Yan in a coffin.

These actions were undoubtedly meant to humiliate War God Castle and the Chinese martial arts circle.

How could the God of War not be furious?

"Sword Saint, send the order now. If any grandmasters or supreme grandmasters enter the country without authorization, we will kill them at will!" Ye Qing-Tian's outraged voice

echoed in the air.

"God of War, calm down. Listen, Tang Hao and I think they are here for Ye Fan. Judging from our intel, a lot of martial artists have entered our borders, including more than one supreme grandmaster. There are rumors that Ye Fan killed a Chu Sect elder in the rainforest after all, so they are probably here for revenge. The best thing to do now is to wait and see. Tang Hao has already told Ye Fan about this and told him to hide. If Chu Sect can't find Ye Fan, they will leave," said Sword Saint profoundly.

The King of Fighters anxiously clenched his fists. "Ye Fan again. If he didn't cause trouble abroad, my son wouldn't have ended up like this. Ye Fan is really a jinx!"

"King of Fighters, that's enough!" shouted the God of War sternly. "You can't blame Ye Fan. Don't you remember why Ye Fan was in the Amazon rainforest on a mission in the first place?"

The God of War's words left the King of Fighters speechless.

Ye Qing-Tian looked at them and said quietly, "Your analysis makes sense too. Ye Fan genuinely has a huge vendetta with Chu Sect. I just didn't expect Chu Sect to make a move first."

His eyes dimmed and his expression became hard to read.

No one knew what Ye Qing-Tian was thinking.

BOOM...

Meanwhile, a loud rumble suddenly echoed in the air.

A wave of energy swept in through the doors and windows like the raging wind.

Their robes were left flapping in the wind.

"What the...?"

"What was that?"

"What just happened?"

The sudden anomaly left Ye Qing-Tian and the others in surprise.

They got up, left the hall, and walked up the mountain peak to look into the distance.

In the distance was a red light.

It was so hot that it was scorched the earth.

Waves of energy kept surging towards them from the red glow.

"What on earth was that? Could it be a nuclear explosion?"

Tang Hao's eyes opened wide in shock when he saw the anomaly in the distance.

They had never seen nuclear explosions this powerful before.

"No, I don't think it's nuclear. It looks more like a pure explosion of spirit energy." Ye Qing-Tian stood at the peak of Mount Yan with a solemn look on his face.

A scorching wave of energy came sweeping over as Ye Qing-Tian spoke.

Sword Saint looked worried when he heard what the God of War said.

"So this is the work of a martial artist? That's impossible. If he was capable of creating a pure energy explosion of this magnitude, he must be incredibly powerful. Even the top ten martial artists on the Sky Ranking might not be capable of doing this," said Sword Saint in disbelief.

"We will know once we check it out. Isn't that where Jiangdong is?" Ye Qing-Tian looked into the distance solemnly.

He suddenly had an ominous feeling about this.

That feeling intensified when he realized that the red light was coming from Jiangdong.

"Don't tell me Ye Fan has already encountered someone from Chu Sect?" thought Ye Qing-Tian.

He wasted no time and jumped into the air to hurry towards the red light.

"Let's go check it out too. If a human did it, then he must be incredibly powerful, so it's not safe for Qing-Tian to go alone. It's better if we all go together," said Sword Saint gravely.

The rest of them followed behind, and all four supreme grandmasters of War God Castle headed towards Jiangdong.

No one knew what had just happened in Jiangdong.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan's flight had just entered Jiangdong when it was hit by this energy.

In an instant, the entire plane vibrated so violently that minute cracks appeared on the aircraft.

Everything was in chaos inside the cabin, and the passengers screamed in terror.