

In the end, he couldn't bring himself to tell Qiu Mu-Cheng the truth.

Neither did he tell her how dangerous his plans were.

Ye Fan always kept plans to himself and never said much to the others.

It was the same for both his mother and Qiu Mu-Cheng.

In reality, Ye Fan wasn't so sure whether Qiu Mu-Cheng was lucky to marry him or not.

Just the night before, Qiu Mu-Cheng said she relied on Ye Fan the most and that she had nothing to fear with him around.

But Ye Fan simply shouldered so much that he was destined to be incapable of staying by Qiu Mu-Cheng's side all the time.

Once upon a time, Ye Fan once considered letting go of his vendetta with the Chu family and spend the rest of his life with the ones he loved.

But he couldn't do it.

Ten years had gone by.

He had quietly suffered in silence for ten

years and spent lots of time coming up with his master plan.

He had to settle these old scores with the Chu family.

Even Qiu Mu-Cheng couldn't stop him.

"Mu-Cheng, I, Ye Fan, might not be able to remain by your side for your lifetime. Before I leave, allow me to give you a safe and prosperous future. Take care!"

Ye Fan stood under the heavens with his hands behind him.

His deep voice got sucked by the cold wind after it echoed through the air.

Ye Fan called Lei San over after taking care of everything that very night.

"Did you want to see me, Mr Chu?" asked Lei San respectfully with an ingratiating smile the moment he caught sight of Ye Fan.

After witnessing Ye Fan's prowess time and time again, Lei San knew how powerful he was, so even the Lei family's head lost all airs when he spoke to Ye Fan.

.....

“What? Mr Chu, you want me to lock down Mount Jingzhou?” After a brief conversation with Ye Fan, Lei San was in shock.

Mount Jingzhou was a barren mountain in Jingzhou’s suburbs which had been developed into a tourist destination quite recently.

But even though it was a tourist spot, people rarely visited it.

After all, it was just a barren mountain with very little to see.

So Lei San found it perplexing that Ye Fan would suddenly ask for it to be locked down.

“Yup.” Ye Fan nodded. “You can’t do it?”

“Mr Chu, it's not a question of whether we can do it. A lot of people are involved, and even the government has to approve. If there is no good reason to do it, I can't send our men in to do this,” said Lei San sadly.

The wily old fox merely said all this to find out what Ye Fan was up to.

“Do you need me to help you find an excuse? Lei San, I'm warning you to mind your own business. Or else, you will meet with the same fate as the Meng family from

Liaocheng!”

His words struck Lei San like a bolt of lightning that quietly exploded in their room.

Ye Fan's cold tone terrified Lei San.

Lei San was so startled that his face blanched as he trembled. He knelt before Ye Fan and begged, “Sorry, Mr Chu! I have been too nosey! I swear I am absolutely loyal to you! Please forgive me, Mr Chu!” implored Lei San nonstop as he shivered.

The mighty leader of Jingzhou was on the verge of tears.

But Lei San couldn't be blamed for being cowardly.

Ye Fan was simply too vicious!

At the battle of Mount Tai, the bloodthirsty wolf, Wu He-Rong, was killed with a single blow. Even the richest man of Jiangdong was exiled.

More recently, the influential Meng family was destroyed by Ye Fan too.

Also, Lei San caught wind that the young master of the Meng family, Meng Chun-Hua, killed himself shortly after departing from

Jiangdong.

All in all, Ye Fan had repeatedly proven that people who offended this young man will come to no good end.

Now that he had provoked Mr Chu, Lei San naturally feared for his life. He felt as though half his soul had extinguished and was worried that he would follow in Meng Chun-Hua's footsteps.

In his panic, Lei San knelt and implored him repeatedly.

"Lei San, mark your words! Don't worry. If you are loyal to me, I will treat you kindly and I will shower you with endless riches. But similarly, if you dare to be disloyal, don't blame me for hurting you!"

HUUU!

The cold wind gusted while Ye Fan's words echoed through Lei San's ears.

Lei San was terrified and didn't dare to say a word. He nodded hurriedly and promised to obey Ye Fan's orders.

"Very well. In that case, I will leave it to you to take care of things. Mount Jingzhou must be closed off first thing tomorrow morning

by 8AM. No one is allowed to enter within a 500 meter radius without my orders. Do you understand?" said Ye Fan In a deep voice as he stared coldly at the middle-aged man in front of him.

Lei San quickly nodded and acknowledged, "Yes yes yes. Don't worry, Mr Chu. Leave it to me. From tomorrow onwards, not even a bird will enter the mountain!"

That very night, Lei San start working on it the moment he got back home to his bungalow.

"Send my orders. Tell the head of the Thunder Martial Arts Academy to come to the suburbs with all our men first thing tomorrow and take over Mount Jingzhou! Before 8AM, we have to lock down the mountain and everything within a 500 meter radius. No one is allowed to enter!"

All 12 branches of the Thunder Martial Arts Academy received their orders that very night and immediately gathered their men and headed to the suburbs.

The Thunder Martial Arts Academy was the largest of its kind and belonged to the Lei family.

Since the orders came directly from Lei San,

no one dared to oppose him.

First thing in the morning, hundreds of their men came to the foot of Mount Jingzhou.

All roads up the mountain were closed and no one was permitted to enter within 500 meters of the mountain.

The foot of Mount Jingzhou was entirely cordoned off!

The Thunder Martial Arts Academy officially took over the zone.

No unnoticed a skinny silhouette sitting cross legged at the peak of Mount Jingzhou amid the uproar.

Before him were the heavens while tons of jade was piled up behind him and shone gently in the light.

It was the eighth day of the Lunar New Year.

Ye Fan had officially started his martial arts cultivation at the peak of Mount Jingzhou!

HUUU!

The cold wind made the pine and cypress trees all over the mountain sway. It also swept over the young man's clothes and left

them flapping nosily in the wind.

Miles away, an old man stood looking from a distance.

His hair was already white.

He couldn't help praying in his heart.

"I hope everything goes smoothly and I wish Young Master success."



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In Japan...

Roughly 80 kilometers away from Tokyo, a tall mountain stood erect.

The mountain was so high that it went straight up into the clouds.

The winding mountain range crossed the Shizuoka and Yamanashi prefectures.

From a distance, it resembled a wild beast lying on its belly.

An old man dressed in a long gray robe with white hair sat cross-legged quietly in the mountain.

There was green cypress all over the mountain while a brook gurgled by his feet, and the birds sang sweetly.

A light breeze made his robes flutter gently.

However, the old man didn't move a muscle.

He closed his eyes tightly and breathed deeply.

And he seemed to be one with nature.

No one knew how long he sat there or what he was doing here.

Beside him, a long sword was pierced into the ground, giving off a threatening glow as sunlight radiated off it.

BOOM!

At this moment, a rumbling sound suddenly came from mid-air.

A helicopter came whizzing over and finally landed on an empty spot nearby.

A young woman dressed in a purple kimono with her long hair scattered behind her shoulders appeared before long.

Her skirt swayed in the wind and revealed her long slender legs under her skirt while her complexion was flawless.

Also, she had an immaculate face, so the woman look like she had just stepped out of a painting.

She looked ethereal.

Even more shocking was that despite her outfit, she didn't seem cold at all.

It was as though the cold gusts of wind was nothing but a summer breeze to her.

The young lady didn't say anything after she

arrived.

She only stood next to the old man respectfully with patience.

After the wind stopped gusting, the young lady smiled and said reverently, "In the dead of the winter when everything dies, and only Master is capable of making this place as warm and exuberant as summer. The water keeps running while the birds and insects keep dancing in your space. Judging from your Aoki Sword Technique, you have reached the purest state and succeeded in mastering your art. Congratulations, Master! You will become number one in Japan before long with this sword in hand!" said the girl as she smiled. Her gentle voice sounded like a pleasant summer breeze.

However, the old man kept sitting there with his eyes closed.

He shook his head and said deeply, "The Aoki Sword Technique is the hardest skill in Sword Shrine. How can it be that easy to succeed? I can't compare to how enlightened Grandmaster Aoki was back in the day. Even then, I will have far fewer opponents from now on."

His words were as sharp as the sheathed sword by his side and sounded proud.

“Oh yes. Do you have any news about Ying-Tian? It has been a month since he went to China. Hasn't he found the body yet?” asked the old man deeply with his eyes closed still.

Something changed in her expression before she replied deeply, “Master, I am here to tell you about this. I recovered the body, but...”

Then she paused for a moment.

The old man frowned. “But what?”

The young woman bit her lip and gritted her teeth before she said, “This body is Ying-Tian senpai's.”

What?

The old man hastily opened his eyes at the news.

A bright light flashed across the sky with a swish!

The old man instantly turned to look at the young woman.

“What did you just say? Is Ying-Tian dead? Who killed him?”

The old man spoke calmly without throwing a temper.

But no one knew the emotions that were flooding through his heart beneath his calm exterior.

“Master, someone from the War God Castle sent us the body. I sent people to investigate the matter the moment we received his body. It appears Ying-Tian senpai was killed by that young Chinese man, Ye Fan. He was killed with a single strike to his neck, so he is probably a grandmaster.”

After a martial artist became a master and was able to cut gold and jade like a hot knife through butter, he could start his own sect and become a grandmaster!

Grandmasters were like dragons.

In the martial arts circle, anyone who made it to the grandmaster level would definitely be one of the country's most powerful fighters.

However, it wasn't the end of their development.

In reality, even more powerful martial artists existed.

So when the old man found out Ye Fan was already a grandmaster, he wasn't too surprised.

The only thing that shocked him was Ye Fan's age.

"He is only in his early twenties, but already a grandmaster. So he's another young grandmaster, I see. Does this mean other than China's God of War, Ye Qing-Tian, they now have another God of War named Ye Fan?"

Suzumiya Eigetsu could sense the change in her master's mood when the subject of Ye Qing-Tian was brought up.

It seemed her master was still bearing an old grudge.

"Master, don't worry. Ye Qing-Tian is one in a million. Even though Ye Fan is highly accomplished, but the path of martial arts is long and tough. It isn't that easy to become the next Ye Qing-Tian," said Suzumiya Eigetsu softly.

But the old man waved his hand when he heard this nonsense. Then said deeply as he sat on the bluestone tiles, "Finish your story."

"Yes, Master." Suzumiya Eigetsu nodded and continued, "After we received Ying-Tian senpai's body, I immediately checked his wounds. Although he died of a fatal blow to his throat, he already suffered a critical

internal injury before that. The other party seems to have used the same method of killing as Demon King Chu! It looks like the Invoke the Celestial Cloud technique from the Chu family!”

CRAACK!

The moment Suzumiya Eigetsu finished her sentence, the bluestone tiles beneath the old man broke without warning.

This particularly cold stone was retrieved from the North Pole.

After being sealed in ice for centuries, it was indestructible!

Now it had suddenly broke.

It was evident that the old man felt emotional.

Suzumiya Eigetsu was caught by surprise. She asked worriedly, “Master, are you okay?”

The old man waved his hand. “He is just a nobody! Now that my Aoki Sword Technique has improved vastly, even Demon King Chu is no match for me. What is one little brat?”

The old man got up slowly, but his breathing became increasingly uneven.

And the sword beside him kept ringing and shaking.

“Since the man who killed both my disciples is such a rare young and talented young grandmaster, I would like to make a trip to China to meet him.”

His words sounded threatening, and a cold murderous look radiated from his eyes!



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