

“You arrogant prick! How dare you insult me? How dare you say I’m unfit and call me shit? That’s the biggest joke on earth!”

Mo Wu-Ya’s face turned livid with fury in his eyes as he stood in front of Sword Shrine.

His booming voice cut through the air like swords.

He stared coldly at the youth before him.

His angry words kept blowing up in the air.

“Do you know anything about martial arts? Do you know about War God Castle? Do you know who the six pillars of the nation are? You are such a nobody that you probably never even heard about them before. How dare you speak so shamelessly?” Mo Wu-Ya spoke aggressively in fury.

He stood upright loftily with coldness in his heart.

His resounding voice sounded like gold clanging as it reverberated through the air.

“I have traveled the world near and far. Everywhere I go, I am treated with respect by each country’s martial arts leaders, and even their presidents welcome me with open arms. The King of Fighters is my father,

while the God of War and Sword Saint are like uncles to me. All six pillars of the nation have taught me martial arts. I come and go as I please at War God Castle. I am second to the pillars of the nations! One day, I will get my title and join War God Castle! How dare a nobody like you offend me?"

Mo Wu-Ya's angry voice sounded thunderous.

It sounded like the rolling of thunder ripping through the air.

Suzumiya Eigetsu's face turned pale instantly under Mo Wu-Ya's imposing words.

All the fighters were struck with astonishment.

He was only the son of the King of Fighters, but his aura was already so imposing.

Then how strong were the six pillars of the nation?

"China certainly is the country with the strongest martial arts. The only other countries that can compete are probably Europe and America, right?"

Everyone sighed in their hearts.

They keenly sensed the disparity between the Chinese and Japanese martial arts circles.

This gap could only be reduced after the rebirth of Tsukuyomi Tenshin.

However, Ye Fan remained particularly calm about Mo Wu-Ya's fury while everyone else was in shock.

His expression remained calm and fearless.

Instead, Ye Fan shook his head and scoffed after hearing what Mo Wu-Ya said.

"You sure talk a lot. But so what? I don't even care about your father, let alone you."

His indifferent voice was filled with contempt and dominance.

It seemed as though Ye Fan was unafraid about anything in the world.

It was Chu Tian-Fan's greatest pride to stand fearless against all!

The Book of Celestial Cloud was the source of Ye Fan's confidence and prestige.

"Are you tired of living or what?!"

Mo Wu-Ya almost blew up in anger.

Fury continued seething in his heart.

Initially, he thought Ye Fan would kneel and beg for mercy after learning he was the son of the King of Fighters.

However, Mo Wu-Ya would never have foreseen how arrogantly this young man would reply him.

Despite Mo Wu-Ya's amazing background, all Ye Fan said was, 'so what'?

He didn't even give a hoot about Mo Wu-Ya's father.

Damn!

What the hell?

What a pretentious kid!

Mo Wu-Ya was so angry that his face turned livid as the corners of his eyes twitched.

He had met many people in his life.

However, it was his first time meeting someone as pretentious as Ye Fan.

Ye Fan was simply preposterous.



“In that case, there is nothing left for us to say. Brat, I gave you a chance, but you refused to take it. Now you will answer to Sword God and the Japanese martial arts circle!”

HUUU!

Mo Wu-Ya’s turned icy cold at the drop of his voice.

In an instant, his energy exploded, causing the wind to gust as dirt flew in the air.

He clenched his fists tightly before hurling a hefty punch at Ye Fan.

His blow was so strong that one could literally hear it blast through the air.

The impact of the punch was so huge that it came crashing at Ye Fan with the weight of a mountain.

Ye Fan shook his head instead. “So much for being the King of Fighters’ son. Your punches are simply too slow.”

Ye Fan took a step leisurely and evaded Mo Wu-Ya’s attack as he smiled.

A dull thud came.

The punch came landing on the ground, making the dirt fly in the air.

Mo Wu-Ya attacked him with full force but missed his target.

“Don't get too cocky just yet. This is only the first blow. You might have gotten lucky and dodged it, but can you do the same for my second and third punches? Do you really think you will keep getting lucky?”

Mo Wu-Ya didn't get angry from hearing Ye Fan's words.

Instead, he raised his fist and smashed it at Ye Fan again.

**BAM BAM BAM!**

A few consecutive punches instantly blew up in the air.

The impact of his punches were so strong that it made the birds in the nearby forest fly away in fright.

However, Ye Fan continued to smile calmly amid Mo Wu-Ya's storm of punches.

He stood with his hands behind him as he moved in the tempest.

His striking face was filled with disdain and mockery.

“You are too slow. Haven’t you eaten?”

“Your punches are too weak. Are you sure you are the King of Fighters’ son?”

“How dare you claim to be second to the pillars of the nation? You are just a joke.”

Mo Wu-Ya kept attacking madly while Ye Fan moved about leisurely darting everywhere.

He was untouchable!

Also, Ye Fan kept smiling and mocking Mo Wu-Ya's skills while he dodged Mo Wu-Ya.

“You asshole! Shut your gap! I am going to rip your mouth apart for saying nonsense.”

Mo Wu-Ya was incapable of remaining calm now.

His eyes were bloodshot, while his face looked ferocious like a rabid dog as he kept cursing Ye Fan and hitting him manically.

It was obvious that his heart was already in a panic.

He clearly aimed each punch at Ye Fan’s

chest, but he kept ending up missing his target by a hairsbreadth and grazing past Ye Fan's garments.

He had already punched Ye Fan over a hundred times, yet none of them landed on Ye Fan.

"Why? What's wrong? Am I really too slow? Are my punches really that weak?"

"No! Impossible. That brat is just saying nonsense! I have traveled the world to hone my skills. There is no way I can't handle a rookie like him."

Mo Wu-Ya roared deeply in his heart as his punches flew through the air.

After Ishino Ryuichi and the others caught sight of this, their faces instantly sank.

Ishino Ryuichi and asked Mo Wu-Ya worriedly, "Wu-Ya, do you need my help?"

"No! I can kill him on my own! If he keeps defending himself only, he won't get lucky all the time."

Mo Wu-Ya remained insistent and went on as he gnashed his teeth and roared deeply.

His eyes were bloodshot and gleaming



menacingly.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Mo Wu-Ya summoned all his energy into his fist as though he was making a final desperate move.

Everyone watched as Mo Wu-Ya stood under the skies with his body like a bow fully drawn back and ready to shoot its arrow.

He released all the energy that he accumulated in an instant.

“King of Beasts Fist!”

BAM!

Mo Wu-Ya's immensely powerful punch almost ripped the sky apart as he released it with a deep roar.

It was so swift that it almost broke through the sonic barrier.

Mo Wu-Ya smashed his overwhelmingly formidable attack towards Ye Fan.

The instant Mo Wu-Ya's punch landed, it felt as though a rock landed in the ocean and left a tsunami in its wake.

“Wait...that's...Isn't that the King of Fighters' most famous move, King of Beasts Fist? Mo Gu-Cheng used this fist technique when he singlehandedly fought six grandmasters

from the Chu clan at the southern sea and defended China! He made a name for himself overnight and established himself as a Chinese martial arts circle leader. Now his son is walking in his footsteps. It's so shocking that the King of Fighters' son, Mo Wu-Ya, is able to pull off the King of Beasts Fist technique too."

A huge commotion rose outside Sword Shrine.

Ishino Ryuichi and the others were shocked by the scene.

Ishino Ryuichi thought Mo Wu-Ya was overestimating himself when he wanted to challenge Mochizuki Kawa to a duel. There was no way he could beat Mochizuki Kawa.

From the looks of it now, he had underestimated Mo Wu-Ya's true talent.

"It seems even if Mo Wu-Ya isn't a supreme grandmaster yet, he will become one in no time," said Ishino Ryuichi deeply in joy.

"HAHA! Deputy Head Priest, it seems we don't have to lift a finger to kill this kid from China. The kid can't possibly survive the King of Beasts Fist! He will die for sure!"

The fighters watching the battle commented

on the sidelines with laughter in their voices.

Ishino Ryuichi nodded. "Yes. This farce is going to end soon. The King of Fighters' son will definitely help us avenge the humiliation he made Mochizuki-senpai suffer."

Everyone turned to look at Ye Fan with pity as they spoke.

No one felt Ye Fan could survive the King of Beasts Fist technique.

After all, it was Mo Gu-Cheng's secret technique and most famous move. And it was also this move that made him so well-known and revered.

On the contrary, Ye Fan was a nobody. According to Mochizuki Kawa, he only ended up beaten by Ye Fan because Ye Fan sent fighters to exhaust him first and resorted to other unscrupulous methods to hurt him.

How could despicable people like Ye Fan stand a chance against Mo Wu-Ya's King of Beasts Fist technique?

"Humph! That's nonsense. Master won't get beaten so easily."

Suzumiya Eigetsu instantly argued with them like an angry kitten when the rest said



Ye Fan would lose.

“Hmm? You stupid girl, did you know what you just said? Are you going to betray Sword Shrine and your teacher?”

Suzumiya Eigetsu's words made Ishino Ryuichi fume angrily.

They had wanted Suzumiya Eigetsu to help them slaughter Ye Fan.

Not only had she failed to kill Ye Fan, but she had also ended up standing on his side.

While Ishino Ryuichi was reprimanding Suzumiya Eigetsu, the energy from Mo Wu-Ya's unstoppable blow came charging in front of Ye Fan.

Ye Fan continued standing in the eye of the storm as the punch came for him.

He stood with his hands behind his back with a cold look in his eyes.

His lips curved upwards as he looked at Mo Wu-Ya with a mocking smile.

“This looks more like it. I wonder which move will have the last laugh. Will it be your King of Beasts Fist or my Mountain Breaking Landslide?”

At the drop of his voice, Ye Fan's eyes turned icy cold.

Then he lifted his hand into the air.

Immense energy merged from the earth, gushing towards Ye Fan's legs before gathering in Ye Fan's arm.

Ye Fan's right arm swelled visibly before their eyes.

Everyone was shocked by the sight.

"What?"

"Does the brat want to use a fist technique against Mo Wu-Ya's King of Beasts Fist?"

"Is he crazy?"

"He's trying to fight the King of Fighters' son with a similar technique?"

"Does he have a death wish?"

"He's simply overestimated himself!"

"He's such a fool."

Everyone scoffed and laughed at Ye Fan.

Everyone thought Ye Fan was a complete

idiot and dumbass.

BAM!

Ye Fan gathered energy while everyone scoffed.

Then he threw a violent punch of unstoppable force towards Mo Wu-Ya.

The punch looked like a stone falling into the ocean...

...that was about to stir a storm in its wake!

"It's just an elaborate looking move. He will get defeated in no time."

No one paid Ye Fan's attack any attention.

Ishino Ryuichi even sneered, saying Ye Fan only had fancy impractical moves.

Everyone waited for Ye Fan to be defeated. However, the moment their punches met, an agonizing scream suddenly rang in the air.

The punch was unstoppable.

The moment their punches collided, Ye Fan's punch broke Mo Wu-Ya's arm with overwhelming force.

What?

"H-how is this bloody possible?"

Ishino Ryuichi was instantly stunned.

Did Ye Fan just break Mo Wu-Ya's arm with one punch?

This had to be a joke, right?

Everyone's pupils constricted in shock.

Ye Fan disregarded their shock as he continued hitting Mo Wu-Ya a few more times.

BAM BAM BAM BAM!

The first blow broke Mo Wu-Ya's arm.

The second blow made his chest cave in.

The third punch left blood and flesh hurtling in its wake.

Mo Wu-Ya was completely powerless and was like a leaf that got caught by the wind or snow against hot oil.

No one thought that the moment their blows collided, Ye Fan would defeat Mo Wu-Ya so overwhelmingly.



His last punch sent Mo Wu-Ya flying for more than a hundred meters like a rubber ball.

Sword Shrine was located in the suburbs and surrounded by mountains and greenery.

So Mo Wu-Ya's body was sent flying into the shrubbery before it landed on a small hill at the back with a thud.

Boulders were smashed to smithereens and fell onto the ground.

The insufferably arrogant Mo Wu-Ya was now lying in rubble thanks to Ye Fan's blow.

HUUU!

The leaves rustled as the mountain wind swept past.

Other than the sound of the wind, there was a deathly silence.

Everyone was awestruck.

The huge Sword Shrine was completely quiet.

Ishino Ryuichi stared with his eyes wide while the others shivered in shock.

Everyone turned to look at Ye Fan like he was a ghost.

No one expected the battle to end so suddenly!

Mo Wu-Ya was the King of Fighters' son, but he was incapable of surviving even one blow from Ye Fan.

Ye Fan had broken Mo Wu-Ya's arm with the first punch and continued pummeling him with overwhelming force.

"How...how is this young man so s-strong..." stammered Ishino Ryuichi with his eyes twitching.

All of them had seriously miscalculated the outcome.

After a long silence, some broken stones moved suddenly.

Then a bloody hand suddenly reached out from the rubble.