

Y Master 231

Chapter 231: [Trying to Steal a Chicken but Ending Up Losing the Rice]

"Slap—"

Upon hearing Ye Fan's words, Wang Zhong, who served as Bai Luo's shadow, was moved, and quickly stepped forward to stand in front of Bai Luo, clearly seeing Ye Fan flick his fingers.

Magic?

This discovery shocked Wang Zhong!

He was an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist with no research on magic, but he had heard of magicians and magic.

"Ye Fan, Director Zhao of the Yanhuang Organization will be here any minute with reinforcements. Are you sure you want to make a move?"

Ye Fan's words brought a trace of fear to Bai Luo, but he didn't show the fear on his face. Instead, he looked at Ye Fan fearlessly, silently warning Ye Fan not to play with fire.

Play with fire?

"There's a Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi fluctuation upstairs—let's hurry up there!"

In the lobby on the first floor, Zhao Meng, who had reached the peak stage of Innate, was originally with two subordinates getting an understanding of the situation. Startled by the subtle fluctuations of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi upstairs, he quickly spoke.

If even Zhao Meng downstairs had noticed it, what about Wang Zhong, who was at the scene?

"What... What are you going to do?"

Sensing the fluctuation of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, Wang Zhong confirmed Ye Fan had used magic. The surprise on his face didn't increase, but mingled with it was a measure of fear.

He never dreamed that Ye Fan was actually proficient in Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts!

"Swoosh—"

Without answering, in an instant, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi in the corridor split in two, with yin energy and yang energy being separated by the 'Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array' Ye Fan set up with his bare hands.

The next moment.

While everyone was oblivious, the segregated yin energy, under Ye Fan's control, gathered into a torrential flow, entering Bai Luo's body from above his head, and crashing into Bai Luo's consciousness!

With the influx of yin energy, Bai Luo felt as though he had plummeted into the Nine Nether Abyss, with thousands of lost souls wailing and rushing towards him, seeking his life!

An unprecedented fear instantly took hold of Bai Luo's consciousness.

Under the light, his face turned deathly pale, his eyes filled with fear, his body tensely coiled up, even his facial muscles were somewhat twisted!

Illusions sprouted, and Bai Luo's consciousness was completely breached!

Swish!

Seeing this scene, Wang Zhong, who was standing in front of Bai Luo, had his expression drastically changed, and immediately reached out to grab Bai Luo!

It's over!

Before Wang Zhong could act, Ye Fan did not stay his hand, as a force of mind power stealthily blasted into Bai Luo's consciousness.

"Bang—"

The very next moment, just as Wang Zhong's right hand swung out, under the incredulous stares of everyone, Bai Luo, who previously radiated a lofty aura and displayed the splendor of the Young Master Bai, now seemed soulless, with a dull gaze and buckled knees.

What is the chairman trying to do?

Witnessing this, Han Tie and others blinked in shock.

What to do?

"Huh!"

Wang Zhong grabbed at the air, watching Bai Luo kneel down to Ye Fan as if a grandson seeing his grandfather.

"Bang—"

With knees hitting the ground and a thud echoing, the previously high and mighty Young Master Bai and chairman of the Hong Ding Club fell to his knees in front of Ye Fan in an exceedingly crisp manner.

Swish!

This unexpected turn of events sent Han Tie and the others' faces into a panic!

It's an illusion!

This must be a damn illusion!!

They shook their heads frantically, screaming in their hearts—they refused to believe that Bai Luo, a leading figure within Huaxia's circle of privileged scions, would kneel before Ye Fan right before their eyes!

An illusion, huh?

"Lord Bai!"

Wang Zhong yelled loudly, dashing forward to Bai Luo, with his right hand placed on Bai Luo's forehead. Power flowed from the palm into Bai Luo through his Yintang point above his brows, scattering the Evil Yin Qi surrounding Bai Luo's consciousness!

As the Evil Yin Qi covering Bai Luo's consciousness was shattered, his consciousness was no longer interfered with and completely stabilized, regaining control over his body!

Hmm?

As consciousness cleared, Bai Luo immediately felt a pain in his knees and subconsciously looked down, to his shock finding himself kneeling on the ground like a cowering dog!

How... What happened?

This realization startled Bai Luo, and then... he abruptly looked up!

The next moment, he saw Ye Fan standing before him, looking down at him.

I... I knelt to this bastard of the Ye Family?

Seeing Ye Fan's face, which bore a semblance of a smile, reflected in his eyes, Bai Luo silently questioned himself. His mind went fuzzy, as if he was living a dream.

"Lord Bai!"

What answered Bai Luo was Wang Zhong's frustrated call, as he pulled Bai Luo up from the ground.

Feeling the strength from Wang Zhong's hand, Bai Luo's heart shook.

He knew, this was not a dream!

Just now, he truly knelt down like a cowering dog at Ye Fan's feet!

Swish!

Realizing this, Bai Luo's face once again turned ashen.

He felt the pride that belonged to Young Master Bai of the Bai Family and the president of the Hong Ding Club being trampled into pieces by Ye Fan!.

An indescribable humiliation filled his heart, causing his body to tremble wildly as if shocked by electricity!

"Ye... Ye Family's bastard, what did you do to me??"

Under the lights, Bai Luo's body trembled, his face twisted, and he roared at Ye Fan in a hoarse voice, like a lion that had been completely infuriated.

Without answering, Ye Fan treated Bai Luo's words like they were nothing.

Just now, he had formed seals and used magic to drive the "Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array," manipulating the Evil Yin Qi into Bai Luo's body. This caused Bai Luo to lose his mental defenses and experience hallucinations. Then taking the opportunity, Ye Fan's Mind Power invaded Bai Luo's body, temporarily controlling it and making Bai Luo kneel before him in public.

All of this was done without anyone being the wiser—not to mention Bai Luo, even Wang Zhong, who could sense the fluctuations of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, had no idea what he had actually done!

Wang Zhong indeed had no idea how Ye Fan had managed it; he only knew that Ye Fan had used magic!

Seeing Bai Luo question Ye Fan like an angry lion, and even though he also felt extremely suffocated, he still wisely shut his mouth.

At the same time, led by Qin Tie, Hong Ding Club members, including Zheng Xun's fiancée Song Ying, came back to their senses from the shock. They immediately understood that the reason Bai Luo had knelt before Ye Fan in front of them was entirely Ye Fan's doing!

As they came to this realization, they all felt a tingling sensation in their scalps!

As ordinary people, they had no idea what Magicians and Magic was, nor could they fathom what Ye Fan had actually done, but one thing became crystal clear to them: if Ye Fan wanted them dead, it would be easier than squashing an ant!

They also understood what that one kneel meant for Bai Luo!

"Hey, just now you knelt like a dog, and now you're calling someone a bastard; I think you must have escaped from a mental hospital," Su Liuli said with a mocking face.

"Bitch, you're looking for death!"

Because of that kneel, Bai Luo's pride and dignity had been utterly trampled. He was on the verge of going insane. Hearing Su Liuli's mockery, he bellowed and took a step toward her.

"You try touching a hair on her head," Ye Fan said, squinting his eyes and staring coldly at Bai Luo.

"Bai... Lord Bai, don't!"

Seeing this, Wang Zhong's face changed with fear, and he quickly grabbed Bai Luo. Although he was an Innate Martial Artist, he was utterly unable to help Bai Luo resist Ye Fan's Magic Attack.

With Wang Zhong's pull, Bai Luo woke up as if from a dream, and his emotions somewhat stabilized.

"Ding-dong—"

Shortly afterward, before Bai Luo could respond to Ye Fan's words, a light sound came from the entrance of the corridor.

Whoosh!

Hearing the noise, including Ye Fan, everyone involuntarily turned their gaze towards the elevator entrance and saw Zhao Meng walking out of the elevator with two subordinates, quickly approaching.

"Hoo~"

Seeing Zhao Meng appear, Bai Luo took a deep breath, forcibly adjusted his emotions, then stared at Ye Fan full of hatred and said word by word, "Ye Family's bastard, you, as a Martial Artist, forced me to kneel before you with Demon Techniques, which is a serious violation of the Yanhuang Organization's rules. You will be severely punished by the Yanhuang Organization!"

"When did I force you to kneel before me?" Ye Fan scoffed, "Wasn't it you who actually forced someone to kneel?"

"You... "

Bai Luo shook with rage, pointing at Ye Fan, but unable to utter a word—he had no evidence to prove what Ye Fan had just done to him!

"Director Bai, what's going on?"

Shortly after, just as Bai Luo was once again provoked by Ye Fan, Zhao Meng came over with his people, a displeased expression on his face.

Although he didn't know what exactly had happened, seeing Ye Fan and recalling Bai Luo's earlier words, he knew Bai Luo wanted to use the Yanhuang Organization's power to deal with Ye Fan again.

"Zhao... Director Zhao, your timing is perfect. Just now, he abused his status as a Martial Artist to attack me without authorization, using demon techniques to make me kneel. This seriously violates the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization, and you must severely punish him!" Despite lacking evidence, Bai Luo no longer cared about that, he had to have Ye Fan punished at all costs.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Meng asked with a stern voice, "Director Bai, you don't seem to have any injuries on you. Are you certain he attacked you? Do you have any evidence?"

"_"

Bai Luo opened his mouth wide, speechless.

"Director Zhao, hello, he didn't attack Director Bai just now, instead, he used magic on Director Bai!" Wang Zhong hurriedly spoke up.

Magic?

Hearing this word, Zhao Meng was momentarily taken aback, then he asked calmly, "And who are you?"

"Reporting to Director Zhao, I am Director Bai's personal driver," Wang Zhong said.

"You claim he used magic on Director Bai. Do you have any evidence?" Zhao Meng asked in a grave tone, albeit knowing in his heart that what Wang Zhong said might be true—he had learned of Ye Fan's true identity before he came and had heard from Xing Feng about Ye Fan using magic while treating Situ Ruoshui and Jin Ye, knowing that Ye Fan was the disciple of the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, proficient in both Magic and Martial Arts!

"Just now, I sensed fluctuations of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and felt an influx of Evil Yin Qi into Director Bai's body, which caused his mind to become disoriented, leading him to kneel in front of him!" Wang Zhong explained, pointing at Ye Fan.

"Evidence, what I need is conclusive evidence."

Zhao Meng frowned, his tone becoming unpleasant. The members of the Yanhuang Organization already had a disdain for the Bai Family, and now Bai Luo was trying to use him to deal with Ye Fan, which irritated him greatly.

Moreover, didn't he also know that Ye Fan was the disciple of the Savior, the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji?

"__"

Left without a response, Wang Zhong knew that Magicians specialized in killing without trace. Not to mention that just now Ye Fan merely made Bai Luo kneel, even if he had outright killed Bai Luo with magic in front of everyone, he would have no way to provide evidence, right?

"Director Bai, since you have no evidence, it's best not to make unfounded accusations!"

Seeing that Wang Zhong failed to provide evidence, Zhao Meng didn't mince his words. "Furthermore, as a public servant, you keep referring to demon techniques. Are you trying to promote feudal superstition?"

"You..."

Bai Luo, already suffering unprecedented humiliation and holding back immense anger, became even more infuriated when Zhao Meng turned the tables on him. As rage overwhelmed him, he spat out a single 'you' but then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Penny wise, pound foolish.

This became the perfect description of his situation!

Chapter 232: 【Noble, Look Up】

"Lord Bai!" Wang Zhong, seeing this, had his face turn pale with fear, and immediately supported Bai Luo, "Are you alright?"

Without answering, Bai Luo's face was ashen, and, full of resentment, he glared at Ye Fan. He wanted to say something, but before the words could leave his mouth, his head tilted, and he fainted on the spot.

Clunk!

Witnessing this scene, Han Tie and the others felt their hearts seize with fear, their faces filled with unease—if Bai Luo truly lost his life because of this incident, not to mention how the Bai Family would deal with Ye Fan, they themselves wouldn't get off easily either!

Beyond their unease, the fear Ye Fan instilled in them kept climbing... and climbing, to the extent that none of them even had the courage to look Ye Fan in the eye anymore.

Compared to them, Wang Zhong felt even more anxious!

As Bai Luo's bodyguard, his duty was to ensure Bai Luo's safety. If Bai Luo truly died so inexplicably, even as an Innate Martial Artist, he would absolutely have to face death alongside Bai Luo!

After all, he was well aware that the Bai Family had ensnared not only him but many other Martial Artists, and more than one were stronger than him!

Besides, as he saw it, there was no need for those Martial Artists ensnared by the Bai Family to take action. Emperor Bai, the current number one genius in Martial Arts dominating the Qing bang, could extinguish his life with just one hand!

Moreover, he had heard rumors that Emperor Bai's master, a Supreme Strongman ranked within the top ten of the Dragon Ranking, was actually a covert Guardian of the Bai Family?

With the strength of that Supreme Strongman, killing him would be no different than crushing an ant!

Perhaps because he was genuinely too worried that Bai Luo would suffer misfortune from this, upon seeing Bai Luo spitting blood and fainting, Wang Zhong, without hesitation, picked up Bai Luo, leapt up, and quickly left the scene, intent on taking Bai Luo to the hospital.

Seeing this unfold, Zhao Meng did not interfere; instead, he feigned ignorance and asked, "Director Bai just called me, mentioning that a brawl had occurred here involving Martial Artists. Does it have anything to do with you all?"

Whoosh!

Astonished at Zhao Meng's inquiry, Han Tie and the others all turned their gazes towards Zheng Xun.

"He... he just twisted my bodyguard's arm and ruthlessly slapped me multiple times," said Zheng Xun.

Feeling the gazes of Han Tie and the others, Zheng Xun, despite his extreme fear of Ye Fan, knew that Bai Luo had suffered great humiliation at Ye Fan's hands today. If he didn't dare accuse Pan Jueming, he would definitely be kicked out of the Hong Ding Club by Bai Luo and become the target of his rage.

Even worse, he suspected that his entire Zheng Family would have to bear the wrath of Bai Luo and the Hong Ding Club, and even the Bai Family itself!

If it came to that, he would become the criminal of the Zheng Family, and due to his cowardice, the Zheng Family would completely fall and be struck off the list of Huaxia's commercial families!

"Director Zhao, this is what happened," Zheng Xun began.

Seeing Zheng Xun come forward to accuse him, Ye Fan pondered for a moment and then offered his explanation, "His bodyguard inexplicably attacked my friend Su Jindi. Pan Jueming stepped in to stop him, but he and his bodyguard attacked Pan Jueming instead. Pan Jueming was forced to defend himself, twisting the bodyguard's arm and slapping him as a lesson!"

"You're talking nonsense; it was clearly Pan Jueming, that bastard, who started it!" Having made his choice, Zheng Xun's fear of Ye Fan diminished slightly. Hearing Ye Fan's words, he immediately roared in anger.

"That's right, Pan Jueming was the first to act. I can testify to that!" Song Ying hurriedly spoke up to agree.

"I can also testify; it was them who hit first."

As Zheng Xun and Song Ying both came forward to testify, Su Jindi also stood up, pointing at Zheng Xun's bodyguard Ma Long, "The receptionist on the first floor can prove that he threw me to the ground there. Later, after I went up to the fourth floor, he choked me by the neck again and threw me to the ground. There are marks on my neck."

"There's also a handprint on my face to prove he hit me!" Zheng Xun, following suit, pointed to his face, which was swollen like a steamed bun, continuing to accuse Pan Jueming.

"According to the Yanhuang Organization's regulations, Martial Artists injuring ordinary people and violating the Yanhuang Organization's rules are subject to punishment by the Yanhuang Organization. The severity of the punishment is proportional to the extent of the victim's injuries."

Hearing their statements, Zhao Meng spoke solemnly, "Both of you have superficial skin injuries. According to the Yanhuang Organization's regulations, the Martial Artist who injured you will be subject to detention for 3 to 15 days, or a fine of 2000 to 10000 yuan. Do you have any objections?"

"He also twisted my bodyguard's arm!" Zheng Xun was first taken aback, then said, "That shouldn't count as a superficial skin injury, right?"

"Your bodyguard practiced Martial Arts and is an Early Innate Martial Artist. If you can provide evidence to prove that it was he who struck your bodyguard first, he will spend a year in prison."

Zhao Meng explained, "If you can't produce evidence, then I'm sorry, but according to the Yanhuang Organization's regulations, when a Martial Artist is attacked by another Martial Artist, they are allowed to act in self-defense. Not to mention twisting your bodyguard's arm—even if your bodyguard had been killed, there would be no responsibility to bear!"

"Evidence?" Zheng Xun was stunned, then said subconsciously, "The restaurant should have security camera footage."

"Based on what we've learned so far, this restaurant only has cameras in the parking lot and at the cashier desk, no other places are covered," said a member of the Yanhuang Organization accompanying Zhao Meng.

"Uh..."

Zheng Xun went blank; he clearly remembered that aside from himself and Song Ying, there had been no other witnesses when Pan Jueming took action, and now with no video footage, where would he get evidence from?

"Can you provide the evidence?" Zhao Meng turned to ask Ma Long directly.

"I..."

Ma Long hemmed and hawed, struggling to articulate, as during Pan Jueming's attack, he sensed it and tried to resist, even raising his hand. Even if there had been a security camera, it would have been hard to clarify who started the conflict; it could only prove whose actions were faster!

"Since there's no evidence, you two come with me to the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch to give statements and accept punishment."

Seeing this, Zhao Meng decisively said, "If any of you others can find convincing evidence that it was Pan Jueming who initiated the attack, you can go to the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch to seek the relevant staff to readdress this case. I need to remind you that we require conclusive evidence, not baseless claims like 'John said Mark hit Tom.'"

"Do any of you have objections?" Zhao Meng asked after making the temporary judgment.

"No!"

Pan Jueming was the first to respond, yet he secretly felt fortunate that Ye Fan had warned him with a gaze when he was about to strike Zheng Xun, reminding him not to be too harsh.

If Ye Fan hadn't warned him at that moment, considering his hatred for Zheng Xun, he would have beaten Zheng Xun half to death for sure!

In that case, he would have faced extremely severe punishment, possibly years of prison time.

As Pan Jueming was secretly feeling relieved, Zhao Meng glanced at Ye Fan somewhat deliberately yet with a hint of confusion in his eyes.

The confusion stemmed from the fact that before coming here, after reviewing Ye Fan's exploits and seeking information from Xing Feng, Zhao Meng learned that Ye Fan was recklessly bold, preferring to resolve issues with brute force, often engaging in fights at the drop of a hat and frequently violating the rules of the Yanhuang Organization.

However, based on what had transpired tonight, the impression Ye Fan gave was not at all reckless; on the contrary, he was clever and didn't resort to magic to put Bai Luo in a life-threatening situation!

In Zhao Meng's view, if Ye Fan had really used magic, or forcibly used Mind Power to shatter Bai Luo's Consciousness, causing his death, there would have been traces inside Bai Luo's body. In such a case, if the Bai Family raised a ruckus to the skies and conducted a thorough investigation, it would have been difficult for Ye Fan to come out unscathed.

Besides not leaving any incriminating evidence, Zhao Meng also faintly felt that Pan Jueming's restraint was probably under Ye Fan's suggestion, thus perfectly utilizing the rules of the Yanhuang Organization to his advantage.

If that were the case, he thought that Ye Fan was so clever that he was almost cunning!

Unlike Pan Jueming, who took the initiative to express his stance, Zheng Xun and his bodyguard Ma Long, though extremely reluctant, knew they couldn't alter the situation and had to swallow the broken teeth in their stomach and accept Zhao Meng's provisional judgment.

This outcome made the expressions on the faces of Han Tie and others exceedingly unsightly.

If someone had told them at the moment they learned that Bai Luo was coming to stand up for Zheng Xun that not only would Ye Fan be unharmed tonight, but even Pan Jueming would be safe and sound, they would have never believed it.

"Go back and tell your master that he and his clan have wronged me and my father once—this great favor, I have always remembered it."

Later, just as Zhao Meng was about to lead people away, Ye Fan suddenly said to Han Tie and others, "Even though he knelt and apologized to me today, this matter is far from over—it's just the beginning!"

"Ss~"

Shocked at Ye Fan's words, Han Tie and the others' mouths twitched as they sucked in the cold air, half in surprise and half in anger!

The shock was because they simply couldn't imagine what Ye Fan was counting on to challenge Bai Luo and the entire Hong Ding Club!

Was it his martial prowess and the mysterious magic that he possessed?

They considered this utterly impossible; after all, the person who held the reins in Huaxia wasn't the strongest in terms of martial power, and besides, they all knew of the martial arts genius of the Bai Family, Emperor Bai, whose strength was enough to instantly overpower Ye Fan!

As for being angry... they understood clearly that putting aside whether Ye Fan had the capital to contend with Bai Luo and the entire Hong Ding Club, Bai Luo and the Hong Ding Club had thoroughly become a tragedy tonight!

As Ye Fan put it, it was as if a nightmare had come to life—once tonight's events spread, Bai Luo and the club he had established would become the laughingstock in certain exclusive circles!

However—

As annoyed as they were, they didn't have the guts to confront Ye Fan and could only keep their mouths shut.

"Yuxin, you take Ruoshui, Liu Li, and Jin Emperor back to the villa first, I'll return a bit later."

Ignoring the pent-up frustration of Han Tie and others, who dared to be angry but didn't dare to speak out, Ye Fan turned his head and arranged for Su Yuxin, then said to Pan Jueming, "I'll accompany you to record a statement."

"Mhm."

Pan Jueming's heart trembled, visibly moved, he nodded, and then followed Ye Fan's pace to leave.

Whoosh—

The next moment.

Without waiting for Ye Fan to speak, Han Tie, Zheng Xun, and the others, like mice seeing a cat, sensibly stepped aside, clearing a path to let Ye Fan and Pan Jueming leave.

"Ah—"

Because Han Tie and the others retreated too hastily, they accidentally stepped on Song Ying's high heels. Song Ying let out a cry of alarm, fell to the ground, her face twisted in pain.

Seeing this, Pan Jueming did not pause his steps, instead, he stood tall and followed the proud figure in front of him, striding past and leaving Song Ying with an imposing backdrop.

Song Ying looked up in amazement.

The scene froze.

The once down-and-out young master who had been betrayed and humiliated by Song Ying had transformed, after encountering the fortunate help of Ye Fan, into a figure she could once again only look up to!

Chapter 233: "On One's Own - The Sovereign and His Subject

Half an hour later, Ye Fan, accompanied by Pan Jueming and followed by Zhao Meng, arrived at the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch.

This was Ye Fan's second visit to this courtyard, which was regarded as the Yama Palace by martial artists.

The first time, he was transferred to the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch by Dong hai's police due to the Ao Xiang Villa case and held in the secret prison beneath their office, where it was pitch-dark. In the end, by his superb medical skills, he treated Situ Ruoshui and Jin Ye, turning the situation around, and dealt a fatal blow to the Bai Family!

"First, have someone tend to his injuries, and then have him record a statement."

After the car stopped in front of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch office building, Zhao Meng looked at the pale-faced Ma Long and gave the instruction.

"Yes, Director!"

Two members of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch immediately took the order, taking Ma Long out of the car.

Facing the members of the Yanhuang Organization, Ma Long was filled with fear. Despite his fear, he couldn't help but cast his gaze towards Ye Fan and Pan Jueming, who were getting out of the car nearby, feeling utterly desolate—both were subordinates, yet Zheng Xun completely disregarded his life or death, while Pan Jueming was personally accompanied by Ye Fan to this place. The difference between them was like heaven and earth!

"Move along, what are you gawking at?"

Seeing that Ma Long had a desolate expression and was looking enviously at Pan Jueming, one of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch members said impatiently.

Ma Long stayed silent, retracted his gaze, and followed the two members away, while Zhao Meng headed straight towards Ye Fan.

"Mr. Ye, let him go in to record his statement by himself. How about you and I go upstairs for some tea and a chat?" Approaching Ye Fan, Zhao Meng spoke with a smile, his demeanor very polite.

"Sure."

Realizing that Zhao Meng would not make things difficult for Pan Jueming, Ye Fan immediately accepted Zhao Meng's invitation, then said to Pan Jueming, "You go record your statement by yourself. I'll wait for you."

"Yes, Mr. Ye!" Pan Jueming bowed deeply to Ye Fan, filled with gratitude, and then turned towards the office building.

Seeing this scene, Zhao Meng was reminded of a passage from "Mengzi•Li Lou II": If a ruler treats his ministers as his hands and feet, they will treat him as their stomach and heart; if he treats them as dogs and horses, they will treat him as a fellow countryman; if he treats them as the dirt or weeds, they will treat him as an enemy.

As these words came to mind, Zhao Meng couldn't help but marvel at Ye Fan's ability to win people's hearts. In his view, after what Ye Fan had done for Pan Jueming that night, Pan Jueming would probably not hesitate to commit arson or murder if Ye Fan asked!

A few minutes later, Ye Fan followed Zhao Meng to the top floor of the office building, where the Director's office was located.

Like the office of any top official in institutional organizations, Zhao Meng's office was very spacious, with a floor area of two hundred square meters, complete with a desk, bookcase, sofa, and other furnishings.

Beyond that, Ye Fan also noticed a door next to the bookcase in the office, leading to another room, which must be Zhao Meng's resting room.

"Take a seat wherever you like. I'll go make some tea," said Zhao Meng with a smile, gesturing for Ye Fan to sit and getting up to boil water for tea himself.

"Director Zhao, there's no need for formality, just sitting is fine."

Respect is mutual. Seeing that Zhao Meng was very courteous to him, not showing any bureaucratic airs or the arrogance of a Peak stage of Innate strong man, Ye Fan naturally showed respect to Zhao Meng as well.

"You're a guest in my place. If I didn't even offer you a cup of water, people would call me stingy," Zhao Meng joked with a laugh, then added, "Besides, if you don't mind, you can call me Uncle Zhao; I'll just call you Xiao Fan."

"Thank you, Uncle Zhao."

Ye Fan took the opportunity to express his thanks, which served a double purpose: both for Zhao Meng's indirect assistance before and for his warm welcome now.

"No need for thanks," Zhao Meng replied, plugging in the kettle, then added with a wry smile, "If anyone should be thankful, the Yanhuang Organization should thank Miracle Doctor Chu. If he hadn't taken action to save the world five years ago, all of us in the Yanhuang Organization might have had to commit suicide in guilt."

"Moreover, because of Miracle Doctor Chu's life-saving actions, our Huaxia rose to become the number one power globally. The other Five Great Alliances, owing us a huge debt of gratitude, have not troubled us these past few years."

Speaking of this, Zhao Meng's expression was filled with reverence, "Those foreign underground forces also dare not sneak into Huaxia to cause trouble too lightly, partly due to the presence of Supreme Strongmen like Miracle Doctor Chu."

Hearing Zhao Meng's words and feeling his endless reverence for the old man like the ceaseless waters of the Yangtze River, Ye Fan smiled awkwardly and remained silent.

"By the way, Xiao Fan, I heard you've taken over the stall left by Situ Chen and secretly control Dong hai's Underworld?" Zhao Meng suddenly changed the subject.

"Hmm," Ye Fan replied, not hiding the fact.

"Why did you decide to go down this path?" Zhao Meng hesitated a moment before asking what puzzled many people.

"A drop of water in need shall be returned with a spring in deed; this is my principle in life."

After pondering briefly, Ye Fan spoke earnestly, "Uncle Situ risked his life, and regardless of his own daughter's safety, he sent me a warning to save me from being poisoned. His kindness to me is heavier than mountains and deeper than the seas; I must show gratitude!"

"Are you planning to use the Dong hai Gang as a platform to deal with Nanqinghong?" Zhao Meng's mind raced as he quickly grasped Ye Fan's intention.

"Hmm."

Ye Fan nodded again, slightly narrowing his eyes as he said in a deep voice, "Nanqinghong not only killed Uncle Situ but also framed me and my father. This vendetta must be avenged!"

This time, Zhao Meng chose silence. He figured that Ye Fan must have guessed that it was the Bai Family pulling the strings behind the incidents from last time. Given Ye Fan's character, it was likely that he intended to deal with the Bai Family as well!

"Xiao Fan, due to the relationship between your father and your master, we have some connection," Zhao Meng said meaningfully after a moment of silence.

"Although this is our first meeting, I can tell that you're someone with very strong convictions. Since you've chosen this path, I believe you will not turn back."

Ye Fan remained silent, giving a voiceless reply.

"I'm not sure if I should say this," Zhao Meng said, seeing Ye Fan's silence.

"Please speak, Uncle Zhao."

"Without rules, there can be no standards; this holds true both in the ordinary world and in the Martial Arts World," Zhao Meng said with a hint of seriousness, "I hope you will abide by the rules, it's beneficial for everyone."

"Thank you for the reminder, Uncle Zhao." Ye Fan rose and bowed slightly.

"You being so polite makes me feel embarrassed," Zhao Meng laughed, stood up, unplugged the kettle, took out the Longjing Yu Tea from the cupboard, and started brewing tea for Ye Fan.

"By the way, Xiao Fan, why haven't you disclosed the inside story of you being Miracle Doctor Chu's disciple?" Handing the tea to Ye Fan, Zhao Meng sat back in his office chair and asked curiously.

"You should know, my master is an eccentric character who dislikes meeting strangers," Ye Fan explained.

Ye Fan picked up on what Zhao Meng was implying and responded with a wry smile, "If news that I am his disciple gets out, I fear many people will come to me, seeking his medical help through me. I don't want to bring him any trouble."

"I see," Zhao Meng chuckled as it appeared he hadn't expected such a reason.

Ye Fan smiled, the old fellow's image surfacing in his mind, feeling a certain longing: he wondered whether the old man had returned from his search for medicinal herbs.

"Xiao Fan, I have another piece of advice," Zhao Meng said after taking a sip of tea and pausing for a moment.

"Please go ahead, Uncle Zhao."

"In the future, try to avoid direct conflict with the Bai Family as much as you can and also try to control yourself from using Martial Arts and magic against the Bai Family," Zhao Meng reminded.

Ye Fan fell silent once more.

"The reason I say this isn't because I'm afraid you'll violate Yanhuang Organization's rules and cause trouble or difficulties for me and the Organization," Zhao Meng explained with a wry smile, interpreting Ye Fan's silence as a misunderstanding of his goodwill. "I'm worried about your safety."

"Uncle Zhao, what do you mean?" Ye Fan was intrigued.

"The man with Bai Luo tonight, named Wang Zhong, is officially his driver, but secretly, he is Bai Luo's bodyguard," Zhao Meng elaborated, "and the Bai Family has gathered quite a number of Martial Artists like Wang Zhong, including Innate Great Perfection cultivators."

"Are you concerned that if I push the Bai Family into a corner, they would send Martial Artists after me?" Ye Fan quickly grasped the implication.

"I wouldn't say the Bai Family, but rather certain individuals within the Bai Family, like Bai Luo," Zhao Meng sighed and continued, "If you were to announce that you're Divine Doctor Chu's disciple, he definitely wouldn't dare to keep antagonizing you; on the contrary, he'd avoid you if he could. However, since you do not wish to disclose this, with his intelligence network, he won't be able to find out."

Ye Fan was thoughtful.

"Xiao Fan, if you don't mind Uncle Zhao speaking his mind..."

Seeing Ye Fan's expression, Zhao Meng hesitated before imparting his thoughts: "Although you are Ye Wenhao's son, you're his illegitimate child. Ye Wenhao acknowledges you and is willing to go through fire and water for you, but it's hard to say the same about the rest of the Ye Family. From my perspective, it's not certain whether they will stand up for you, let alone acknowledge you. In such a situation, no one can guarantee that, driven to despair, he won't act out of desperation—without the Ye Family's protection, he's not going to hold back!"

"I understand, thank you for the reminder, Uncle Zhao," Ye Fan said, his heart feeling somewhat clogged with emotion, and he managed a strained smile.

As the conversation ended, Ye Fan picked up his cup of tea, attempting to mask his discomfort.

The cup was scalding in his grasp, yet his heart felt chillingly cold.

"Ding-ling-ling—"

Just then, the silence in the office was broken by the ringing of the phone, which Zhao Meng answered.

"Xiao Fan, Pan Jue Ming has finished giving his statement; you can take him and leave now." Half a minute later, Zhao Meng hung up the phone and got to his feet, walking toward Ye Fan.

"Thank you, Uncle Zhao." Ye Fan stood up, reaching out his hand to Zhao Meng for a firm handshake, expressing his gratitude once again.

Zhao Meng smiled and personally escorted Ye Fan to the outside of the office.

Three minutes later, as Ye Fan exited the office building, he was surprised to see Pan Jue Ming waiting for him at the front gate.

"Mr. Ye, thank you!" When Ye Fan appeared, Pan Jue Ming hurried forward, bowing deeply to express his gratitude.

"Under Bai Luo's forceful threats, you remained unwavering, which speaks volumes of your loyalty,"

Looking at the distant, brilliantly lit skyscrapers, Ye Fan sighed softly, "Since you are loyal to me, naturally, I need to protect you; it's reciprocal."

"It's not the same,"

Pan Jue Ming lifted his head, his eyes reddening as he said, "There are many who would be loyal to a person of your status, Mr. Ye, but after the fall of the Pan Family, Uncle Situ was the first, and you are the second to stand up for me!"

"Pan Jue Ming, always remember that to earn respect from others, relying on outsiders won't do—you must stand up for yourself!"

With the enchanted night view of Dong hai in his eyes, and recalling the conversation he had with Zhao Meng, Ye Fan spoke feelingly, "Today, I stand up for you. Whether it's Zheng Xun or Song Ying, they may fear you on the surface, but deep down they still look down on you."

"__"

Pan Jue Ming trembled, biting his lip, unable to respond.

"In the near future, I will make the Bai Family members avoid me by my own efforts, and you have to make Zheng Xun and that woman bow down and apologize to you willingly. Can you do that?" Ye Fan turned his gaze back to Pan Jue Ming, asking.

"I can!"

Pan Jue Ming's eyes flared red as he nodded, his blood boiling instantly!

Ye Fan quietly clenched his fists.

Chapter 234: 【A Joyful Night】

At 10 p.m., the Tan Palace Noble District was quiet and peaceful, with less than half of the villas having their lights on.

In the villa that Chu Ji had bought for Ye Fan and Su Yuxin, the four of them—Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi—were sitting in the living room, discussing the night's events while waiting for Ye Fan's return.

"Sister Liuli, I admire you more and more," Su Jindi said, unable to contain his admiration as they talked.

"Haven't you always looked down on me? Why are you starting to admire me now?"

Although Su Liuli said this, her heart felt as sweet as honey. She and Su Jindi had been at odds since they were children, and after so many years of bickering, this was the first time she had ever heard him express admiration for her.

"I used to look down on you, but now I truly admire you," Su Jindi said, giving her a thumbs-up. "Across Huaxia, there aren't many who would dare to curse the Young Master Bai like you did. Didn't you see? Even those legendary members of the Hong Ding Club were taken aback when you scolded him!"

"Pfft, I just can't stand that idiot putting on airs."

When it came to Bai Luo, Su Liuli expressed her disgust and then, thinking back to the scene where Bai Luo knelt before Ye Fan, she felt an immense thrill from head to toe, and exclaimed, "I'm finding that Ye Fan is becoming more and more awesome."

"Brother Ye has always been awesome, okay?" Su Jindi rolled his eyes, as if Ye Fan was his idol, beyond any criticism in his heart.

"Come on, you're getting worked up when I'm praising him? You're really dedicated as his little brother," Su Liuli retorted irritably.

"You two finally quieted down tonight, and already you're back at it," Su Yuxin commented with amusement as she watched the siblings start to bicker again.

"Although I admit you were awesome tonight, you're just a tiny magician in the presence of the great Brother Ye."

With a humph, Su Jindi said, "If I go back and tell those fools at school that Brother Ye made the Young Master Bai kneel and beg for mercy, they'll be astonished beyond belief, begging to become my underlings!"

As his words fell, Su Jindi seemed to visualize that scene, laughing triumphantly as if he had done something earth-shattering himself.

"Look at your sorry aspirations."

Su Liuli sneered, then turned to Situ Ruoshui and asked, "Ruoshui, you're an Innate Mage too, do you know what kind of spell Ye Fan used to make that attention-seeker Bai Luo kneel?"

"Brother Ye must have controlled Bai Luo's consciousness, manipulating his body," Situ Ruoshui explained.

"Holy crap, that's so awesome?" Su Jindi was dumbfounded.

It wasn't just Su Jindi, Su Yuxin and the Su Liuli sisters were also shocked by Situ Ruoshui's words. In their eyes, controlling someone's consciousness and body was unheard of, akin to the abilities of immortals.

"However, Big Brother told me that an Innate Mage can only influence someone's consciousness, and controlling someone's body requires reaching a much higher realm."

Seeing the astonishment on Su Yuxin and the others, Situ Ruoshui pondered, "That being said, it seems Brother Ye shouldn't be able to directly control Bai Luo's body. He must have used another magic to disturb Bai Luo's consciousness, causing it to falter, and then he took control."

"Damn, I don't want to practice martial arts anymore, I want to learn magic! Just imagine, if I become a great magician in the future, and if I take a fancy to a girl, all I need is to cast a spell, and she'll end up in bed with me, how awesome would that be?" Excited again by Situ Ruoshui's explanation, Su Jindi gleamed with eagerness.

"Ruoshui, can you control consciousness like Ye Fan can?"

Overhearing this, Su Liuli couldn't hide her irritation, "If that's possible, why don't you keep him engrossed in his own delusions forever, let him indulge until his last breath—I bet he'd be more than willing!"

"Pfft—"

Situ Ruoshui couldn't help but laugh, and even Su Yuxin smiled with amusement.

"Hey, Su Liuli, what do you mean by that? What's with this talk of delusion? If Ruoshui can become a magician, are you saying I can't?"

Su Jindi was enjoying his daydream and Su Liuli's interruption felt like finally getting a girl to bed, only for her to say, "I just got my period." He was utterly frustrated.

"Jindi, I've heard Sister Chu say that among ten thousand people, one might become a martial artist, but the proportion of magicians is one in ten thousand compared to martial artists," Su Yuxin said with a wan smile.

"Uh..." Su Jindi was stunned. "So does that mean that out of a hundred million people, only one might become a magician?"

"Su Jindi, did a P.E. teacher teach you math? Since when is a million times ten thousand a hundred million?" Su Liuli said with disdain.

"Giggle..."

Both Su Yuxin and Situ Ruoshui laughed so hard they couldn't close their mouths.

"Damn it, can't I just give up on learning magic?"

Su Jindi felt deeply struck and muttered in frustration, "I'll just keep practicing martial arts. By the way, Yuxin, since we were born from the same mother, could I also become a martial artist in a short time like you did?"

"__"

Su Yuxin's mouth was slightly open, but she didn't know how to reply. Her charming face turned bright red, like a ripe grape about to burst with juice.

Could it be that Yuxin becoming a martial artist was because she had slept with Ye Fan?

Seeing her reaction, Su Liuli remembered Ye Fan's previous comment "a touch heals symptoms, intimacy heals the root," and she couldn't help but silently question herself.

A moment later, without Su Liuli figuring it out, Ye Fan drove up to the villa.

"Big Brother is back!"

Despite only recently starting her cultivation, and although her Spiritual Sensing Power was far inferior to that of a Magician of the same realm, Situ Ruoshui, as an Innate Mage, was still far ahead of Su Yuxin and the others, sensing Ye Fan's return immediately.

Chapter 235: 【A Joyful Night】 _2

"Huh~"

Situ Ruoshui's words were like offering Su Yuxin a way out, and she couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Upon seeing this, Su Liuli almost confirmed the speculation in her heart.

Whereas Su Jindi, who had been eagerly anticipating Su Yuxin's response, lost all patience upon hearing of Ye Fan's return and instantly sprang up from the sofa, dashing outside the villa to greet him.

Two minutes later, Ye Fan drove into the villa's courtyard and was surprised to see Su Jindi standing by the garage, waiting for him with an expectant expression.

"Jin Emperor, what's up?" Ye Fan got out of the car and asked with some confusion.

"Brother Ye, my sister said that there's only one magician among a hundred million people, is that true?"

In the depths of his heart, Su Jindi still longed to become a magician; in his view, magicians were way cooler than martial artists, essentially using a minor spell to woo a goddess.

"Hmm."

"Do I have a chance to become a magician?" Su Jindi asked, brimming with hope.

Ye Fan was taken aback, then smiled wryly and shook his head. Magicians were scarce precisely because the qualifications required for cultivation were much more demanding than those for martial artists, otherwise there wouldn't be less than a hundred magicians worldwide.

And with the boom of the Martial Arts World, especially since the outbreak of the destroy virus, the number of martial artists had skyrocketed, with their presence becoming commonplace.

If it weren't for this, the Six Major Alliances wouldn't have established a dedicated organization to manage martial artists.

"Then just call me a martial artist." Su Jindi finally gave up, no longer harboring any illusions about becoming a magician, and decided to settle for becoming a martial artist.

"Alright."

As they spoke, Ye Fan led Su Jindi into the hall, "In the next few days, I'll have my Senior Sister collect some Heavenly Materials, then I'll refine some Elixir Pills and perform a bone marrow cleansing for you and Pan Jueming, turning you into martial artists."

"Brother Ye, I love you to death!"

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Su Jindi's excitement soared as he hugged Ye Fan, wishing he could plant a couple of kisses on him.

Seeing this scene, Su Liuli was also tempted to ask for Ye Fan's help to become a martial artist, but then she thought about the way Su Yuxin became a martial artist and swallowed back the words that had reached her lips, got up to stretch and said, "Ruoshui, I'm sleepy, I'm going to bed. Are you coming?"

"Ah—"

Situ Ruoshui originally wanted to ask Ye Fan about the magic he used that night, but upon hearing Su Liuli's words, she hesitated and then decided it was too late to ask, reluctantly saying, "Big Brother, I'm going to sleep with Sister Liuli, good night."

"Ruoshui, good night." Ye Fan smiled.

"I'm going to sleep too." Noticing the longing on Situ Ruoshui's face, Su Yuxin hesitated for a moment before standing up as well.

"Brother Ye, everyone's gone to sleep, shall we stay up and chat tonight?"

With his arm around Ye Fan's shoulder, Su Jindi said, "You should first teach me the theoretical knowledge of martial training, so that my cultivation will be twice as effective with half the effort."

"—"

Ye Fan was exasperated. He had originally planned to systematically teach Su Jindi the theoretical knowledge of cultivation after performing the cleansing procedure for him, but he couldn't withstand Su Jindi's enthusiasm and was dragged into the room.

Two hours later, Ye Fan concluded his conversation with Su Jindi, declined Su Jindi's suggestion to share the bed, and returned to his own room.

Meanwhile, Su Yuxin, who wasn't staying up late working on this rare night, had taken a shower early, changed into a black silk nightgown, and crawled into bed only to find herself tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep.

Before Su Liuli and Situ Ruoshui moved into the Tan Palace Villa, she and Ye Fan used to sleep in the same bed, but after they moved in, Ye Fan had been away for several days. Last night, he finally came back to sleep, but she excused herself from sharing a room with him for fear that Su Liuli and Situ Ruoshui might hear them.

In fact, she was afraid of Situ Ruoshui finding out that she slept in the same room as Ye Fan—although she could tell that Ye Fan merely saw Situ Ruoshui as a younger sister, she could feel Situ Ruoshui's dependence on Ye Fan!

That dependence surpassed a younger sister's reliance on her brother, mixed with romantic feelings.

She was afraid of hurting Situ Ruoshui.

Yet—

Despite not wanting to hurt Situ Ruoshui, the inherent human desire, coupled with her habit of sleeping in Ye Fan's arms, left her conflicted and uncomfortable, resulting in a poor night's sleep yesterday, and tonight she simply couldn't sleep at all.

"Sigh, might as well get up and meditate."

Seeing that she couldn't fall asleep no matter how much she tossed and turned, Su Yuxin sighed and decided to meditate until dawn.

"Click—"

Moments later, as Su Yuxin sat up to assume the lotus position, she suddenly heard a soft click.

Hmm?

Su Yuxin's heart stirred, and she turned her head to see Ye Fan, dressed in a bathrobe, freshly showered, walking in.

"You... you came?" Su Yuxin asked, both surprised and delighted, subconsciously.

"I... I sensed you were about to break through to the peak-stage Postnatal, and I wanted to lend you a helping hand."

Ye Fan, startled by Su Yuxin's question, paused before walking awkwardly to the side of the bed, explaining in a hushed voice.

As he finished speaking, his cheeks became flushed—he indeed wanted to assist Su Yuxin in reaching the Postnatal Peak, but he also longed to relive the exquisite union of body and soul with her.

Su Yuxin, hearing his words, felt a ripple in her heart; a blush spread across her face as she asked in a voice as light as a mosquito's, "What if they hear us?"

"Don't worry, I've just set up a 'Soundproof Array', they won't be able to hear us."

Ye Fan leaned in, pulling Su Yuxin into his arms, and whispered into her ear with hot breaths.

Su Yuxin instantly melted into Ye Fan's embrace, her body trembling, gasping repeatedly, "I... I thought so too..."

Hearing this, Ye Fan felt as if a fire had been ignited within him. He immediately silenced Su Yuxin's tempting lips with his own, and his knowing hand slipped into her nightgown, sounding the charge for attack.

A grand split, a petit split, the old tree roots winding upside down...

Five minutes later, Ye Fan and Su Yuxin concluded their foreplay, all clothes dropped to the floor, they joined together, naked as the day they were born.

For a time, moans, gasps, and the sounds of collision were nonstop.

Downstairs.

Situ Ruoshui, sitting cross-legged on the bed and meditating, suddenly opened her eyes, blinked her charming large eyes, and curiously asked Su Liuli, "Sister Liuli, it seems like there's some noise."

"What noise?" Su Liuli, engrossed in a fashion magazine, asked casually.

"It sounds like someone's voice or something knocking."

Situ Ruoshui focused her Spiritual Sense but still found it somewhat unclear, thus, with no other choice, she imitated, "It's like, oh, ah, thump thump thump..."

"What?" Su Liuli exclaimed, dropping the magazine.

"What's wrong?" Situ Ruoshui asked, puzzled.

"No... nothing, you might have misheard."

Su Liuli realized she had overreacted after seeing Situ Ruoshui's innocent and bewildered look; trying to cover up, she couldn't help but ask herself in secret: Could it be that Yu Xin and that bastard are doing that kind of thing?

Without an answer, the image of herself sneaking into Ye Fan's room in Su Family's No.2 Villa and seeing Ye Fan's towering presence suddenly flashed through Su Liuli's mind.

With images flashing through her mind, Su Liuli felt her mouth go dry, and she involuntarily pressed her fair, straight legs together.

"Sister Liuli, why are you so hot?" Situ Ruoshui resumed her cross-legged position and accidentally touched Su Liuli's body, saying in confusion.

"Ah—"

Su Liuli let out a startled cry like she'd been shocked. Quickly moving away, she stammered, "Hot... hot, isn't it?"

"It's really hot." Situ Ruoshui placed her hand on Su Liuli's smooth back.

"Ruoshui, I'm sleepy, I'm going to sleep. Continue your Cultivation," Su Liuli replied, with her body tensing, she quickly wrapped herself in a blanket, hiding her face beneath it, cheeks burning, her heart pounding as though it might leap right out.

At that moment, she wished she could just dive under the bed...

Chapter 236: [Revengeful Heart, Magician Duanmu]

Huashan Hospital was established in 1907 and was initially the Huaxia Red Cross General Hospital. It is the earliest hospital founded by Chinese people in the Dong hai Region and is one of the most famous and internationalized medical, teaching, and research centers in Huaxia. It is also the first public hospital in Huaxia to pass the JCI certification and enjoys a high reputation both domestically and abroad.

At eleven o'clock at night, a special ward in Huashan Hospital was crowded with people. Apart from Wang Zhong, who was among them, almost everyone had multiple titles, all of which were invariably linked to the word "expert."

"Director Bai, the cause of your symptoms is an excess of liver fire and anger attacking the heart, leading to a disruption of your qi and blood and injury to your Primordial Qi, but it is no serious harm. You only need a few days of treatment in the hospital, followed by therapy through traditional Chinese medicine and food, and you will recover your vital energy and health," said the leading elder to Bai Luo lying on the hospital bed, while he inwardly sighed in relief. He did not know why Bai Luo had vomited blood from anger but was well aware of Bai Luo's identity. He knew very well that if anything grave happened to Bai Luo in Huashan Hospital, he would most likely lose his position as dean.

"Thank you, Dean Wang," Bai Luo responded politely, but his pale face showed not a trace of gratitude; instead, it was frighteningly grim.

"Director Bai, I will bring people for a follow-up check tomorrow morning. Rest early," said Dean Wang, noticing Bai Luo's grim demeanor and sensing the anger in his heart, preparing to take his leave.

"Hmm."

Bai Luo nodded expressionlessly and then added: "Dean Wang, I hope you can keep my hospitalization confidential."

"Sure," replied Dean Wang, though he had no idea why Bai Luo wished to do so, he nodded immediately.

"Uncle Zhong, please see Dean Wang and his team out," ordered Bai Luo indirectly to dismiss the guests.

Half a minute later, after Uncle Zhong had seen Dean Wang and his team out of the ward and re-entered, he saw Bai Luo's grim face and hesitated before asking, "Lord Bai, should we inform Secretary Bai about this matter?"

"No need."

Bai Luo refused Uncle Zhong's suggestion outright, appearing to have no desire to let outsiders know about the incident.

Uncle Zhong, hearing this, knew that Bai Luo was merely pretending there was nothing wrong but wisely remained silent.

"Uncle Zhong, I once heard that Magicians kill without a trace; is that so?" Bai Luo suddenly asked, his eyes flashing with a cold light filled with hatred.

"That's what the rumors say, but I don't know the details," Uncle Zhong replied.

Seeing that Bai Luo was not willing to let things go, Uncle Zhong was not surprised. Instead, he found it normal, considering Bai Luo's proud and arrogant nature. If Bai Luo had remained indifferent after being humiliated by Ye Fan that evening, that would have been strange.

"Go and summon Duanmu for me," Bai Luo commanded with a frown, his voice cold. "Now!"

"Right away!"

Uncle Zhong was momentarily stunned, then hurriedly bowed and accepted the order, understanding in his heart that Bai Luo intended to repay Ye Fan in his own coin.

As Bai Luo's bodyguard, Uncle Zhong not only knew that the Duanmu mentioned by Bai Luo was a Magician but also knew that Duanmu was the chief disciple of the man known as the Supreme Strongman, the King of Magicians in Huaxia. Although Duanmu had only average talent, his strength was formidable, and he was always on the verge of breaking through to become an Innate Mage. Moreover, Duanmu possessed a very rare Magic Artifact, which could fairly compete with an Innate Martial Artist in terms of combat power.

Indeed, with Duanmu's abilities, if he were to attack someone in the shadows, he could easily assassinate an Innate Martial Artist with the powerful Magic Artifact and mysterious magic!

Additionally, Uncle Zhong knew that Guan Yi, the deputy flag bearer of the Ye Family camp, had managed to float through the officialdom and rise rapidly over the years largely thanks to Duanmu. In the past decade, Duanmu had set up a "Seven Star Formation" at Guan Yi's residence, helping to gather Qi and prosper the house.

Because of this, Guan Yi regarded Duanmu as his Fortune Star, continually providing him with massive amounts of Heavenly Materials and Spiritual Treasures for his cultivation, and even introduced Duanmu's master, the King of Magicians, to the Bai Family to help stabilize their household.

...

Dong She Mountain Garden is located at the Eastern Summit of She Mountain, with an altitude of 72.4 meters and covers an area of 850 acres. The area is lush with trees and is the crown jewel among the nine peaks.

Duanmu's residence in the Dong hai region was located in Dong She Mountain and was a villa that was not open to the public.

An hour later, Uncle Zhong arrived alone at the gate of Duanmu's villa, visibly feeling that the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi of Dong She Mountain seemed to be gathered around the villa's courtyard. The entire villa's atmosphere was rich in Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, making it an exceptional place for cultivation.

Realizing this, Uncle Zhong couldn't help but reflect on how Magicians, compared to Martial Artists, held significant advantages in cultivation. However, since Magicians primarily focused on spiritual cultivation, which demanded strict adherence, their cultivation progress was extremely slow.

This also proved the saying: "When Heaven opens one window for you, it closes another."

"Master Duan, I am Bai Luo's bodyguard, Uncle Zhong, and I seek an audience for a matter," said Uncle Zhong respectfully. Despite being an Early Innate Martial Artist, he showed enough respect for Duanmu by not entering the villa without permission but instead announced his presence at the gate.

"Master Wang, the door is unlocked, please come in," replied a fleeting voice from inside the villa soon after.

Hearing this, Uncle Zhong proceeded a few steps forward and pushed the door to enter directly.

Upon entering the villa, Uncle Zhong's vision was filled with the sight of a wooden villa surrounded by thick trees, man-made rockeries, and a man-made stream that flowed around the villa continuously.

In addition to these, there was a bamboo grove in front of the wooden villa, and at the center of the grove was a pure jade round table, where Duanmu, dressed in a black robe, was sitting cross-legged, engaging in cultivation.

Seeing all this, Uncle Zhong subconsciously assumed Duanmu had set up a Formation here to gather the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi of Dong She Mountain, but he could not discern its intricacies.

"Master Wang, this is the simplest 'Gathering Essence Array', used to gather Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi," Duanmu slowly opened his eyes and explained, then asked, "I wonder, Master Wang, what brings you here so late at night?"

"Master Duan, Lord Bai wishes to meet you," Uncle Zhong said straightforwardly, stating his business after bowing in respect.

"Oh?" Duanmu appeared slightly taken aback, a sharp light flickering in his eyes, as he asked, "What does Lord Bai seek from me for?"

"Master Duan must have heard about Ye Wenhao having an illegitimate child, right?" Uncle Zhong pondered for a moment before using the question as his reply.

"Yes."

Duanmu nodded, his mind faintly guessing at something.

"That bastard from the Ye Family had controlled Lord Bai's body a few hours ago, making Lord Bai kneel before him in public!"

Wang Zhong reported truthfully, inwardly marveling at the ruthlessness of Ye Fan's methods. In his view, given Bai Luo's pride and arrogance, such humiliation was even more painful than death.

If it weren't for that, Bai Luo wouldn't have asked him to seek Duanmu!

"Controlling the body to kneel?" Stunned by Wang Zhong's words, Duanmu's face drastically changed and then he firmly shook his head, saying, "That's impossible!"

"Master Duan, I saw it with my own eyes. There's no need to lie to you," said Wang Zhong.

"Master Wang, as a martial artist, you don't understand magicians well enough. Do you know what level of power a magician needs to control someone else's consciousness?"

After Duanmu asked, he didn't wait for Wang Zhong's response, but answered himself, "I can tell you clearly that even an Innate Great Perfection Cultivator can't do it! In fact, an Innate Great Perfection Cultivator can't control objects with life and thought, only disturb their consciousness!"

"But... but it indeed happened!"

Wang Zhong was also confused and blurted out, "Could it be that the kid has already broken through the Innate Great Perfection as a magician? That's impossible. As far as I know, he only possessed power comparable to Innate Great Success, otherwise, he wouldn't have been injured by Lv Canghai that day."

"Indeed, it's impossible. In the vast lands of Huaxia, only three magicians have broken through to Innate Great Perfection!" Duanmu shook his head firmly and thoughtfully asked, "Tell me the exact process."

"At that time, Lord Bai and that bastard from the Ye Family were having a verbal conflict when suddenly the Ye Family bastard flicked his fingers, formed a handprint, and then there was a fluctuation in the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, dividing the yin and yang energies..."

"The Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array?"

Upon hearing this, Duanmu was startled again and directly interrupted Wang Zhong, "Only the Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array can separate the yin and yang energies in the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi."

"Then it must have been it," said Wang Zhong.

"That's not right."

Duanmu shook his head and said, "To set up the Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array, at least the realm of Early Innate Mage is required, and it also needs the usage of tools and time to arrange the formation—you couldn't have just watched him set it up, right?"

"After he flicked his fingers and formed the handprint, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi fluctuated immediately, the whole process didn't last more than three seconds!" recalled Wang Zhong.

"Setting up the Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array in less than three seconds, bare-handed?"

Duanmu's pupils dilated sharply, then he involuntarily shook his head and said, "That would require at least the realm of an Innate Great Master, a huge amount of Mind Power, and extremely exquisite control over Mind Power, along with a profound mastery of the Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array's magic. Otherwise, there's only one explanation—he was using a Magic Artifact to trigger the magic formation!"

"A Magic Artifact?"

Wang Zhong was stunned; in his memory, a magician's Magical Artifact was even rarer than a martial artist's Cultivation Techniques and martial skills, truly a rarity.

"Yes, a Magic Artifact!"

The glint in Duanmu's eyes flickered as he said, "As you said, he must be an extremely rare dual cultivator of magic and martial arts, primarily focusing on martial arts and supplementing with magic.

His magic cultivation has probably not yet broken through the Innate Realm. Otherwise, with Lv Canghai's strength of Innate Great Success, he wouldn't be able to hurt even a hair on him."

"So you mean to say, even if he hasn't broken through as an Innate Mage, with his dual cultivation, he can still stand undefeated against an Innate Great Success martial artist?" Wang Zhong was shocked.

"If he is only a dual cultivator," began Duanmu, scoffing coldly before continuing, "he is stronger than an ordinary Innate Great Success martial artist. But against someone like Lv Canghai, who possesses powerful martial skills of Innate Great Success, he is absolutely no match."

Although he said this, Duanmu understood that Ye Fan probably hadn't used a Magical Artifact that day, otherwise Lv Canghai might not have had the upper hand.

Realizing this point, a strong desire flashed in his eyes, and he voluntarily said, "Let's go, I'll come with you to see Lord Bai!"

Huh?

Sensing the possessive desire in Duanmu's gaze, Wang Zhong had a thought, well aware that Duanmu's willingness to aid Bai Luo, besides Bai Luo's identity and special relation with the Guan Family, had another motive—Duanmu wanted to seize the Magical Artifact in Ye Fan's hands!

An hour later.

Wang Zhong brought Duanmu to the VIP ward of Huashan Hospital.

"Lord Bai, I have already heard about your situation from Master Wang. What would you like me to do?" Although he had made up his mind, Duanmu did not take the initiative after meeting Bai Luo.

"That bastard used magic to force me to kneel. It's the greatest shame in my life!"

Bai Luo spoke bitterly, his hatred palpable as he said, "Aren't magicians supposed to kill people imperceptibly? I want to treat him with his own medicine!"

Lord Bai, magicians killing people imperceptibly is just a rumor. In reality, when magicians use magic to kill, some traces are left inside the victim's body, traces that some contemporary strong people, like 'Yan' from the Yanhuang Organization, can utilize to deduce the murderer," Duanmu explained.

"Oh?" Bai Luo's eyebrows immediately furrowed.

Lord Bai, although I dare not kill him, I can still cripple his martial and magical cultivation, and it can be done without anyone noticing," said Duanmu with a cold laugh before changing his tone. "However, Lord Bai, please give me some time. I need to meditate for a few days and break through the Innate Realm. Once I break through the Innate Realm, that bastard will be like a fish on the chopping block, at my mercy!"

"Good, there's no rush!"

As mountains loom and rivers twist, doubt vanishes, for a new path reveals itself.

Bai Luo was overjoyed!

Chapter 237: When Sleepy, Someone Brings a Pillow

At three in the morning, the previously quiet Tan Palace Villa suddenly echoed with the rumbling of sports cars as several canary women returned home from their night out.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan quietly left Su Yuxin's bedroom, removing the 'Soundproof Array' set up around the room on his way out, appearing extremely exhausted.

In the past few hours, not only had he used his mind power to set up the soundproof array, but he had also engaged in a fierce battle with Su Yuxin on the bed for three rounds, and after the battle, he used his mind power to help Su Yuxin break through to the Peak of Postnatal Realm.

Earlier, at Tan's Private Kitchen, he had depleted a lot of mind power by setting up the 'Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array' and controlling Bai Luo's body with no physical components involved; by now, his mind power was nearly depleted.

Back in his own bedroom, Ye Fan didn't even take a shower; instead, he sat cross-legged on the bed.

Unlike before, Ye Fan didn't immediately enter a state of meditation but instead focused his consciousness, his fingers flicking quickly, forming a not-so-complex handprint as if he were a phantom.

"Gather!"

As the handprint was formed, Ye Fan thought, and a temporary 'Gathering Essence Array' appeared around the villa. The Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi above the entire Tan Palace seemed to be summoned, some half enshrouded the villa's surroundings, while the other half entered Ye Fan's villa through the window, heading towards his head.

As the Primordial Qi entered his body, Ye Fan closed his eyes, concentrated his consciousness, and meditated according to the meditation technique recorded in 'Nine Heavens Mystical Skill.'

Because martial artists mainly focus on body refinement, and magicians on cultivating consciousness, martial artists' cultivation methods mainly recover internal strength during meditation, incidentally restoring a small amount of mind power, while it's the opposite for magicians, who mainly repair their depleted consciousness and recover mind power during meditation, with a very small amount of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi autonomously cleansing the body of the magician.

As a result, martial artists' bodies become stronger, producing more formidable internal strength, while magicians may not have as strong bodies, their consciousness is far stronger than that of martial artists, and their mind power far surpasses martial artists!

Unlike typical cultivation methods, 'Nine Heavens Mystical Skill' allows cultivators to simultaneously recover mind power and internal strength during meditation, and which aspect it leans towards more is up to the cultivator to decide!

This is also the main reason why two years ago, Ye Fan was able to reach the Postnatal Great Perfection as a martial artist and the Peak of Postnatal Realm as a magician through dual cultivation of magic and martial arts.

Over the past two years, due to a mental block, his mental cultivation stalled, and neither his martial arts cultivation nor his magician cultivation could improve.

It was not until he fell in love with Su Yuxin and shared a bed that his mental block loosened, allowing his martial arts cultivation to step into the Half-step Innate, though his magician cultivation remained stagnant.

What he could never have dreamed of was that when he was injured by Lv Canghai at Ao Xiang Villa, damaging his consciousness, a crimson golden crown appeared outside his mind, not only repairing his consciousness in a very short time but also greatly strengthening his consciousness and increasing his mind power, allowing him to suddenly possess the cultivation of a Postnatal Grandmaster and significantly exceeding the mind power quantity and strength of other magicians of the same realm!

This was also the main reason he could set up the 'Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array' bare-handed tonight!

As Ye Fan entered the meditation state, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi that entered his body did not flow along the 'Great Cycle Path,' but instead went straight for his consciousness.

Would the crimson golden crown appear again?

Ye Fan carefully sensed his consciousness.

The next moment.

In Ye Fan's anticipation and sensing, that miraculous crimson golden crown reappeared out of thin air and enveloped his consciousness in its midst.

Compared to the last time, Ye Fan could distinctly feel that the color of the crimson golden crown had deepened a bit, as if it had grown.

Just like when he previously treated Situ Ruoshui, after the crimson golden crown appeared, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, like unleashed wild horses completely out of Ye Fan's control, swarmed into the crimson golden crown.

The crimson golden crown, like a bottomless pit, instantly absorbed all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi that had entered Ye Fan's body, and then shone brightly.

Within the golden light, pure mind power formed thin threads from all directions, wrapping around Ye Fan's consciousness and then being absorbed by the mind power seed within Ye Fan's consciousness.

At the same time, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi around the villa seemed to be drawn in, madly rushing into Ye Fan's body, the speed several times faster than before!

So fast!

Realizing this, Ye Fan was startled, and he vaguely guessed that this miraculous crimson golden crown inside his body had an inexplicable attraction to the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi.

Unlike the last time he triggered the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array' to attract a massive amount of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, this time, Ye Fan triggered the simplest 'Gathering Essence Array,' which was temporary and gathered very limited Primordial Qi.

Yet—

Even so, his mind power recovery speed was extremely fast, nearly equivalent to dozens of times his own meditation recovery rate!

All this was because, this time, the crimson golden crown absorbed and transformed all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi into mind power without any reservation, feeding it back to Ye Fan, rather than only partially as it did the last time.

After an indeterminate amount of time, when Ye Fan's mind power was completely restored, the crimson golden crown suddenly disappeared.

Hm?

Ye Fan's mind stirred, and he suddenly realized that he had almost completely absorbed the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi in the vicinity of the Tan Palace. The temporarily set up "Spirit Gathering Array" could no longer function to gather Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi.

"What exactly is this crimson golden crown, and why can it absorb Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi so rapidly and transform it into Mind Power to feed back to me?"

Noticing that his Mind Power had fully recovered, Ye Fan couldn't help but open his eyes and murmured, "Could it be a Magic Artifact?"

"It should not be!"

Ye Fan quickly dismissed this conjecture.

A so-called Magic Artifact actually refers to a device in which magicians can set up arrays, store Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, or act as the core of a high-level array, thus helping magicians trigger magic in an exceedingly short time during combat, with much greater power than when done bare-handed.

According to the information from Chu Xuanji, there is no Magic Artifact in this world that possesses the function to autonomously absorb Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy and convert it into Mind Power to feed back to the magician!

More importantly, though imbued with a mystique by its name, a Magic Artifact is essentially an item, a tangible object!

The crimson golden crown within Ye Fan's body would appear and disappear intermittently, hardly a tangible object but more like a phantom.

Ye Fan shook his head, no longer pondering what exactly the crimson golden crown inside him was, but he felt somewhat excited—With the crimson golden crown, his cultivation speed would greatly increase!

He could use magic to set up arrays to gather massive amounts of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi for meditation, to restore the consumed Power, and when the Mind Power was nearly depleted, he could restore it through the autonomous absorption of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi by the crimson golden crown, thus forming a perfect cycle of consumption and replenishment!

"Huff~"

After the excitement, Ye Fan took a deep breath to calm himself down, "The temporary Gathering Essence Array can gather only a limited amount of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, at best enhancing my cultivation speed by about five times, and I would need to keep changing locations during the cultivation!"

To cultivate faster, one would only be able to rely on the more powerful 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array.'

But there are three methods to set up a more advanced 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array.' First, using Essence Stones as the Array Eyes to trigger the array with their consumption. Second, using one's own Essence Blood instead of Essence Stones. Third, use a Magic Artifact as the core Array Eye, and flora, trees, mountains, and rivers as supplementary Array Eyes.

"Using Essence Blood to set up the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array' for cultivation is somewhat of a loss, and Essence Stones are rare and expensive. Even if I were to spend all the money of my senior sister's Tianshan Group on them, it wouldn't last a few years."

Thinking of this, Ye Fan couldn't help but sigh inwardly, "If only I had a Mid-level Magic Artifact that could act as the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array.'

He had heard from Chu Xuanji that Magic Artifacts, Cultivation Methods, and martial arts are categorized into Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced levels, among which Magic Artifacts are the rarest, almost impossible to find!

In Ye Fan's memory, even Chu Xuanji, who had reached an unfathomable level of dual cultivation of magic and martial arts, did not possess a single mid-level or higher Magic Artifact, highlighting how precious they are!

Of course, in Ye Fan's view, the reason why Chu Xuanji lacked a Magic Artifact was largely due to his odd personality and unwillingness to interact with outsiders.

Otherwise, with Chu Xuanji's identity and strength, acquiring a mid-level or higher Magic Artifact wouldn't be too difficult.

"Why not let the old guy brazenly go and ask 'Yan' for one? Although 'Yan' is a pure martial artist, with his status, he should be able to obtain a mid-level or higher Magic Artifact."

Ye Fan suddenly felt tempted but immediately dismissed the thought. In his opinion, it would be more painful for Chu Xuanji, a likewise supreme strongman, to ask 'Yan' for a Magic Artifact, steeped in his pride, than to kill him outright.

"Forget it, I'll call my senior sister tomorrow to find a way to buy some Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures. On one hand, to refine cultivation drugs for Jin Emperor and Jue Ming, and on the other, to craft some high-level Elixir Pills and try my luck at some underground auctions to see if I can exchange for some Essence Stones."

Thinking this through, Ye Fan felt this was the most feasible method, allowing him to maximize the value of his current abilities to acquire the needed Essence Stones.

Having made his decision, Ye Fan shook his head, not thinking further, and got up to change his clothes, quietly leaving the villa—Since he had absorbed all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi around the Tan Palace, if he wanted to continue cultivating, he had to find a place around the Tan Palace Noble District where the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi was abundant.

Meanwhile, in the wooden villa courtyard at Dong She Mountain.

Duanmu used a mid-level Magic Artifact given by his master as the main Array Eye, then also used eight sesame-sized Essence Stones as supplementary Array Eyes, triggering the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array.'

"Once I step into the Innate Domain, I'll be able to fully unleash the power of this artifact, and then I won't need to consume Essence Stones to set up the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array' anymore."

With the array successfully set up and sensing the mad rush of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi towards the villa courtyard, Duanmu couldn't help but exclaim, then thinking of Ye Fan and Bai Luo's conflict, he mused, "That bastard of the Ye Family managed to set up the 'Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array' in three seconds without using Essence Stones as supplementary Array Eyes. His Magic Artifact must be at least mid-level, right?"

"If it's a high-level Magic Artifact, that would be even better!"

With that thought, Duanmu sneered sinisterly, seeming almost eager to rush over and snatch Ye Fan's 'Magic Artifact.'

Chapter 238: [Ill-intentioned Visitors]

Young Master Bai of the Bai Family, Chairman Bai Luo of the Hong Ding Club, knelt before Qidian's newly acknowledged godfather, Ye Fan.

The next day, this news spread at an unimaginable speed among Huaxia's various special circles, causing an uproar and endless speculation.

The name Ye Fan once again became the hot topic of discussion in these circles, its popularity even surpassing that of Bai Luo, the supporting actor in the 'kneeling incident,' and it dominated the conversation for a while.

Among them, the younger generation was more concerned with the incident itself and looked forward to the next developments—In their view, Bai Luo would not remain indifferent whether to reclaim the dignity of the leading figure of the young generation or to defend the honor of the Hong Ding Club.

In contrast, the older generation thought further and deeper. On the one hand, they inquired through various channels whether the Ye Family or the elders of the Bai Family had a hand in this affair, while on the other, they speculated whether this incident would become the fuse for a full-scale war between the Ye and Bai families!

Contrary to everyone's expectations, in the following days, Bai Luo did not retaliate over the 'kneeling incident' and seemingly endured the humiliation he had never experienced before in silence.

This outcome led most people to believe that the Ye Family had accepted Ye Fan, the illegitimate son, and Bai Luo, due to the pressure exerted by his clan, could only swallow his broken teeth.

As for all of this, Ye Fan didn't care. In the following days, he was fully immersed in his cultivation.

After several days of relentless cultivation, Ye Fan's control and application of magic had become more exquisite, and there were advancements in his Martial Arts domain as well—during his continuous attempts, his Power successfully entered the twenty-eighth vital acupoint in his body, forming a Power Seed there.

This result made Ye Fan somewhat excited.

Because he knew very well that after stepping into the Innate Domain, all he needed to do was to generate Power Seeds in all one hundred and eight vital acupoints in his body, storing Power to form a perfect cycle, which would evolve into a 'Great Dantian,' allowing him to step into the Innate Great Perfection Realm and become a true master in the Martial Arts World!

According to his estimation, stepping into the Innate Great Success Realm required generating Power Seeds in fifty-four vital acupoints to store Power.

Originally, after stepping into the Early Innate Realm, there were Power Seeds in twenty-seven vital acupoints. Now that there was one more, it proved that he had officially taken the first step towards breaking through to the Innate Great Success Realm!

While Ye Fan, the hands-off shopkeeper, was completely focused on his cultivation, Pan Jue Ming, serving as Ye Fan's loyal subordinate, headed to Jiangling, Nansu Province, on Ye Fan's orders, to take over the Dong Hai Gang's influence in Nansu.

A week later, in the evening.

Victorious, Pan Jue Ming did not return to the Dong Hai Gang's headquarters at Ao Xiang Villa but went straight to Ye Fan's villa in Tan Palace, planning to report the battle situation to Ye Fan at the earliest opportunity.

At six o'clock in the evening, Pan Jue Ming met Ye Fan in the main hall of the villa in Tan Palace.

"Mr. Ye!"

Upon seeing Ye Fan, Pan Jue Ming bowed respectfully as always, his expression very reverent.

"Jue Ming, no need for such formalities in the future," said Ye Fan, waving his hand and then gesturing for Pan Jue Ming to take a seat before asking, "Is everything taken care of?"

"Hmm."

Pan Jueming said excitedly, "After the incident at Ao Xiang Villa, there was some chaos in the Nansu Underground World, with Qi Qi's confidants slaughtering each other for power, but it was quickly quelled by Qi Qi's son, Qi Feng. Qi Qi was once the second-in-command of the Dong Hai Gang, openly established in Nansu with a solid foundation and decent connections in the legitimate world; it was these connections Qi Qi left to his son that made his confidants apprehensive and forced them into submission."

"Then how did you manage to win them over in such a short period of time?"

Ye Fan asked curiously, because the current leader of the Jiangnan Underground World was Little Blade, Liu Tianjun's former bodyguard. Little Blade was well aware of Ye Fan's strength and had already sworn

allegiance to Ye Fan due to his loyalty to Liu Tianjun and Situ Chen, even joining Situ Chen's funeral procession.

For Ye Fan, as long as he could take over the Nansu Underground World, he could restore the situation to what it was before Situ Chen's death and regain control of the Yangtze River Delta Underground World for the Dong Hai Gang.

"By exploiting Mr. Ye's deterrent power."

Pan Jueming smiled and said, "In fact, since you took over the Dong Hai Gang, not only Qi Feng, Qi Qi's son, but also his confidants have been living in fear and anxiety daily. Your action of making the Young Master Bai Luo of the Bai Family kneel shattered their last line of defense. Waving your banner high, I entered Nansu flamboyantly and contacted those confidants of Qi Qi one by one, talked with them, threatened them with the stick using your identity, and, following the policies you provided, offered them carrots to eat, easily coaxing them to betray Qi Feng."

"One of them, to prove his loyalty, even secretly ordered someone to kill Qi Feng yesterday, and then, together with the other confidants of Qi Qi, they all submitted to Mr. Ye."

"Well done."

Hearing that Pan Jueming had reclaimed the Nansu Underground World without wasting a single soldier, Ye Fan praised him and then reminded, "However, you forgot to do one thing."

"Please tell me, Mr. Ye," Pan Jueming said, startled, and quickly stood up to seek advice.

"Sit down," Ye Fan gestured for him to sit and sighed, "You didn't hand over the person who killed Qi Feng to the Nansu Police."

"Err..."

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to suggest such an action, Pan Jueming hesitated, and then without asking for guidance as before, he pondered the mysterious implications until he had an epiphany two minutes

later, "Mr. Ye, by handing that person over to the Nansu Police, on one hand, you save face for the police, giving them a way out to report to their superiors and thereby build a bridge for cooperation with them. Besides, the fact that one of Qi Qi's confidants immediately betrayed and killed Qi Feng means he could do similar things in the future. Handing him over to the Nansu Police could serve as killing the chicken to warn the monkeys, showing others the consequences of disobedience!"

"Hmm."

Ye Fan nodded, internally admiring Pan Jueming's quick comprehension; no wonder he managed to learn meditation and become a Postnatal Great Success Martial Artist even after missing the best age for martial arts training.

"Mr. Ye, I will set off for Nansu at once to settle this matter," Pan Jueming, a person with strong execution, said, unwilling to stay any moment longer after receiving Ye Fan's instruction.

"Good."

Having got to know Pan Jueming over this period of time, Ye Fan had a clear understanding of his temperament. He agreed to Pan Jueming's request, then reminded him, "Come back immediately after dealing with this matter. I'm about to receive the medicinal herbs I've sourced for you and Jin Emperor, and I plan to refine the medicine within the next few days to revitalize you both."

"Thank..."

"Pan Jueming, remember that actions speak louder than words. Some things are best kept to yourself."

As Pan Jueming bowed again to express his gratitude, Ye Fan interrupted, "Get to work. The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step!"

"Yes, Mr. Ye!"

Swallowing his thanks, Pan Jueming nodded vigorously and left the hall, filled with excitement.

"Buzz buzz..."

No sooner had Pan Jueming stepped out than Ye Fan's phone began to vibrate. He pulled it out and was surprised to see a call from Chu Ji.

"It really is a case of speaking of the devil and he shall appear," Ye Fan thought, answering the phone, "Senior sister."

"Little brat, how many times have I told you to call me auntie?" Chu Ji's familiar voice came through.

"Okay, auntie," Ye Fan said with a wry smile, "Did you manage to get everything I asked for?"

"You're the prized disciple of our master. If I didn't take care of it, what would I do if he lost his temper at me?" Chu Ji huffed.

"Has the old guy returned to Spirit Mountain yet?" the word 'master' stirred a sense of nostalgia in Ye Fan, prompting him to inquire.

"Not yet? What, do you miss him already?" Chu Ji chuckled, "I heard he practically booted you off the mountain when you left."

"Um... When are you going to have those items sent over?" Ye Fan asked, somewhat embarrassed, quickly changing the subject.

"I'm calling to find out if you're at the villa. If you are, I can deliver them right now," said Chu Ji.

Ye Fan felt a warmth in his heart: "I'm at the villa."

"Then wait for me!" Chu Ji ended the call abruptly.

Half an hour later.

Chu Ji, unusually driving a rather understated Land Rover, arrived at Tan Palace Villa and started to honk her car horn frantically at the gate.

Seeing this, Ye Fan shook his head, amused and slightly exasperated. He opened the electronic sensor gate from within the villa, allowing Chu Ji to drive into the courtyard.

"Whoosh—"

As the car came to a stop, Chu Ji opened the trunk and pointed to several sacks inside, saying, "Here, everything you asked for is inside. I had to make a special trip back to Spirit Mountain for the medicine furnace, and due to the tight timing, the quantity of essence stones I was able to obtain is limited, but it should be enough for you to use for the time being."

"Thank you, auntie."

Hearing Chu Ji's words and sensing her attentive care, Ye Fan was filled with emotion.

"Oh my, little brat, have you been out in the world for so long that you've even learned how to be sentimental?"

Chu Ji's heart trembled slightly at the word 'thanks,' but she pretended to be tough and scolded with a laugh, "I'm not bought by such talk. Save the sentimentality for the beauties around you."

As her words fell, Chu Ji caught Ye Fan's goofy smile and couldn't help but sigh quietly to herself.

She knew that because Ye Fan had been an orphan since childhood, he had a particularly strong longing for familial affection. Even a little kindness from others could touch his heart.

If that wasn't the case, he wouldn't have risked his life to rush to Ao Xiang Villa to save someone just because of Situ Chen's righteousness.

Even in Chu Ji's opinion, the reason Ye Wenhao had been able to earn Ye Fan's trust in such a short time and have Ye Fan's appreciation for what he had done was one thing, but more importantly, it was because Ye Fan was so eager for familial affection in his heart!

"Beep... beep..."

Shortly after, before Ye Fan could say more, the sound of a car horn came from outside the villa again.

Whoosh!

Upon hearing the sound, Ye Fan and Chu Ji simultaneously turned their eyes toward the source and saw a black, latest model Mercedes-Benz S700 parked at the entrance of the villa.

Hmm?

The next moment.

Chu Ji's smile disappeared, her pupils suddenly contracted into the most dangerous pin-like shape, as she stared intently at the number plate of the Mercedes-Benz S700.

"What's wrong?" Sensing Chu Ji's change in expression, Ye Fan asked in confusion.

"Heh, if it isn't trouble knocking at the door!"

Chu Ji let out a cold laugh, a glint of frost in her eyes.

...

Chapter 239: [The Noble Lady of the Wealthy Family]

Huh?

Originally, Ye Fan was just curious about the visitor, but he was startled when he heard Chu Ji's words and felt the chill emanating from her, which made him pause in surprise.

Whoosh—

As Ye Fan was still in a daze, the door of the Mercedes S700 parked at the gate opened, and a woman stepped out of the car.

She was a woman with short hair, a round face, a high nose bridge, phoenix eyes, and wheat-colored skin that gave her a healthy look. She was dressed in an expensive, yet appropriate professional outfit, yet without the alluring charm of a career woman. Instead, there was a subtle coldness about her that discouraged people from looking directly at her.

Under the setting sun, she stood there like a gun, casting her gaze towards the main building of the villa, frowning slightly, seemingly displeased by the lack of response.

"Do you recognize her?"

Ye Fan's consciousness stirred as he immediately sensed that the woman was a Martial Artist, but not a strong one, only at the level of Postnatal Perfection.

This discovery piqued his curiosity.

His curiosity wasn't because of the suddenly appearing woman, but Chu Ji's change in expression—in Ye Fan's view, there was no reason for a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist to cause such a significant change in Chu Ji's face!

"I know her," nodded Chu Ji, "To be precise, I know her master."

"Who is her master?" Ye Fan asked.

"Qin Yan," Chu Ji uttered the two words with icy detachment.

"And who is Qin Yan?"

"A floozy who was once known as the Princess of the Qin family and the most beautiful woman in Yanjing," Chu Ji replied with increased derision on her face as she saw the woman at the gate cast her gaze over.

"Do you have a grudge against her?" Ye Fan was slightly taken aback.

Chu Ji shook her head, her expression complex as she looked at Ye Fan and sighed, "I wouldn't say I have a grudge against her, I just find her distasteful. The one who truly has a grudge with her is you, and likewise, that floozy came to the Eastern Sea targeting you."

"What do you mean?"

"She's now Ye Wenhao's wife," Chu Ji revealed the mystery.

"Ah..."

Startled by Chu Ji's words, Ye Fan's mouth gaped open, his eyes bulged, and he stood there frozen in shock.

Meanwhile, seeing that Chu Ji and Ye Fan seemed to have no intention of opening the door, the woman at the gate hesitated for a moment, then with a leap, easily cleared the over two-meter-high wall and entered the villa.

As he watched the woman approach him and Chu Ji, Ye Fan regained his senses from the shock, his expression turned extremely ugly, and he understood why Chu Ji had said, "Those who come don't mean well."

As if to confirm Ye Fan's guess, that woman walked straight up to him, completely ignoring Chu Ji, and said to Ye Fan with an assertive tone, "Let me introduce myself, my name is Xu Jing, Mr. Qin's assistant. Mr. Qin would like to meet with you and especially sent me to pick you up."

"Wow, what an attitude!" Chu Ji remarked coldly upon hearing this, "Who does she think she is?"

Seeing Chu Ji speaking disrespectfully about her own master, Xu Jing's brow furrowed slightly, but she didn't dare to make a peep. Instead, she stared coldly at Ye Fan, waiting for his reply.

"Give me a reason to go." Ye Fan finally spoke, his expression calm as if he couldn't care less about Qin Yan's haughty attitude or Xu Jing's indifferent demeanor.

Huh?

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to ask such a calm question, Xu Jing's complexion shifted slightly, her eyebrow raised as she said in a serious tone, "She is Governor Ye's wife."

"I know, but that reason is not enough," Ye Fan shook his head lightly.

"Before I came, she told me to tell you: Your mother has already broken up her family once; she doesn't want you to disrupt her family again."

"I'll go!"

Hearing the word "mother," Ye Fan's eyelid twitched uncontrollably. After acknowledging Ye Wenhao, he had asked Chu Ji about his mother, who told him to ask Ye Wenhao. However, Ye Wenhao went straight back to Hanghu and didn't say anything, and these past couple of days, he went to inspect the Southeast Asia Special Zone, leaving Ye Fan with no chance to ask.

Now hearing Xu Jing mention his mother, something stirred in his heart, and he agreed to meet, driven by intense curiosity.

"Xiao Fan, I'll go with you," Chu Ji said quickly, her mind clear, upon hearing Ye Fan's decision.

"Lady Chu, Mr. Qin only mentioned meeting him alone..."

"A dog should be aware of its position; some things are beyond your control—you don't have that capital!" Chu Ji coldly cut off Xu Jing's words.

Whoosh!

Faced with Chu Ji's ruthless humiliation, Xu Jing's complexion turned extremely ugly, but she didn't dare to retort due to her fear of Chu Ji's power and left with an upset face.

"I'll be fine," Ye Fan sighed once Xu Jing was gone.

"I'm not worried you'll be in trouble; I'm just concerned that floozy might talk nonsense," Chu Ji scoffed, "She's the kind of person who can spout lies with her eyes open."

"Let's go," Ye Fan said, turning to walk towards the Land Rover that Chu Ji had previously driven.

"Take the Rolls-Royce Phantom; otherwise, that floozy will look down on you," Chu Ji suggested.

Ye Fan, without a word, silently nodded in agreement and let Chu Ji make the arrangements.

A few minutes later, Chu Ji, driving the Rolls-Royce Phantom, followed Xu Jing in the Mercedes S700, heading straight to the meeting place.

"I didn't tell you about your mother because I thought it would be better for Ye Wenhao to tell you himself," Chu Ji confessed as they left the Tan Palace Noble District.

"I know," Ye Fan responded with a light smile, seemingly unconcerned.

"If you want to know, I can tell you now, so you won't get tricked by that woman later," Chu Ji hesitated a bit.

"No need, since you're accompanying me, she won't be able to trick me," Ye Fan waved his hand to refuse, "I want to hear how the woman who defeated my mother years ago describes my mother."

Chu Ji was silent and said nothing more.

The journey was silent, and forty minutes later, Chu Ji drove to a high-end clubhouse by the Huangpu River called the Lanjing Club.

Unlike many high-end clubhouses, the parking lot of the Lanjing Club was desolate, not a single car in sight.

"Hey, to meet with you, they cleared out the entire Lanjing Club; how impressive," Chu Ji said sarcastically, looking at the empty parking lot.

Ye Fan remained unfazed, proactively got out of the car, and, accompanied by Chu Ji, followed Xu Jing towards the clubhouse entrance.

Once inside, Xu Jing silently led Ye Fan and Chu Ji through the elevator up to the seventh floor of the clubhouse, then followed the labyrinth-like corridors, taking turn after turn until they reached a room by the side of the Huangpu River. She gently knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Soon after, a casual yet authoritative voice resonated from inside the room, giving an impression of unmistakable command.

The door creaked open as Xu Jing heard the invitation, pushing the door open and bowing slightly, "Mr. Qin, the person you wanted is here, but ..."

"Mr. Qin sure knows how to make an entrance."

Without waiting for Xu Jing to finish her sentence, Chu Ji snorted coldly, leading Ye Fan directly into the room, revealing a large hall about a hundred meters in area, filled with classic style.

Having studied some knowledge of the Outer Eight Sects from Chu Xuanji, Ye Fan was quite the connoisseur of calligraphy, painting, and antiques. A sweeping glance was enough for him to discern that all the furniture in the hall, filled with classic style, were made from the most expensive mahogany; the paintings on the walls, the vases, and jade stones placed around were all authentic.

Even the purple sand pot on the table was a rare top-grade item, capable of purchasing a villa in the costly dong hai area.

It could be said without exaggeration that every single object in this hall was a treasure!

However—

Despite such treasures that would drive any average collector mad, neither Ye Fan nor Chu Ji gave them a proper glance, choosing instead to fixate their eyes upon Qin Yan, who was seated on the sofa.

Like Xu Jing, Qin Yan had short hair and wore a proper, tailored suit without a brand tag, indicating it to be the work of a professional tailor.

Her skin was well-maintained, fair, and smooth, accompanied by a curvaceous yet not overweight body at first glance, she appeared like a beautiful matured woman in her thirties.

"Chu Ji, I did not invite you over," Qin Yan said with a slight frown, eyeing the magnificent Chu Ji, who outshone her in both looks and aura. A hint of displeasure laced her tone, her natural commanding presence made the word 'dominant' particularly apt for her.

But—

Chu Ji was no ordinary person!

Known as the 'Demon Queen,' Chu Ji's reputation in Yanjing, and even within Huaxia, was in no way inferior to that of Qin Yan, who came from a wealthy family and helmed a state-run enterprise.

"Should only officials be allowed to light fires, and forbid the common folk even a candle?"

Chu Ji, as if she were at home, gestured for Ye Fan to take a seat and then retorted with a mocking smile, "You can make an uninvited visit; why can't I do the same without an invitation?"

"Chu Ji, I'm not here to argue with you today; I have something to discuss with him."

Though she said this, Qin Yan's gaze never left Chu Ji and treated Ye Fan as if he were invisible. To her, Ye Fan seemed unworthy of consideration; her concern was solely Chu Ji's attitude.

"She wouldn't bother to argue with you out of boredom; she's simply worried that you might deceive me and has come to bear witness," Ye Fan said before Chu Ji had the chance. His voice was calm as water, "You may speak freely."

Oh?

As Ye Fan's respectful yet firm words echoed, Qin Yan was taken aback slightly when she saw Chu Ji open her mouth and then close it again. She focused her attention on Ye Fan for the first time, seriously sizing him up.

What met her gaze was a mature face that seemed beyond his years, devoid of the rumored arrogance; there was only calmness, and on his person, no haughtiness as rumored, only a collected composure.

This revelation somewhat overturned Qin Yan's preconceived notions of Ye Fan, causing a hint of surprise. However, she did not show her surprise and instead signaled Xu Jing, who was standing by the entryway, with a gesture for her to leave.

"Since you came with her, then you must know my identity," Qin Yan began, still lounging with one leg over the other and leaning back, accustomed to looking down on Ye Fan with a commanding gaze, ready to lead the conversation, "I won't beat around the bush with you. My purpose for meeting with you is only one—to ask you to sever ties with Ye Wenhao!"

Whoosh!

Although Chu Ji knew Qin Yan did not come with good intentions, upon hearing her domineering words, her expression changed instantly, and she was about to lash out.

Ye Fan halted Chu Ji with a look and asked calmly, "Why?"

"I might as well tell you, the fact that Ye Wenhao acknowledged you has become a disgrace for both the Qin and Ye families, stirring strong dissatisfaction among the members!" Qin Yan said bluntly, "Moreover, outsiders are waiting to see you abuse Ye Wenhao's protection, to bring him down and cost him his chance at the top position—as his wife, I will not allow this to happen!"

"Is this his wish, or is it yours?" Ye Fan inquired, and though he tried hard to keep his composure, his heart felt as though it had been brutally stabbed, the pain making it hard to breathe, and even the joints of his hands turned slightly white.

"This is the decision of the Qin and Ye families. You only have the choice to accept it!" Qin Yan laughed coldly, displaying the full breadth of her elite aristocratic demeanor.

"If that's his wish, I guarantee that after tonight, I will sever all ties with him," Ye Fan responded with a self-deprecating chuckle, then narrowed his eyes, his gaze sharp as he stared directly at Qin Yan, word by word he stated, "If it isn't his wish, then not the damned Qin family, the Ye family, nor the King of Heaven himself can make me!"

Chapter 240: [Past Events are Like Smoke, Who Knows the Truth?]

"The outside world says you think you're above everyone else, cruel and barbaric. I was just wondering why you appeared different from the rumors, and it turns out you've been putting on an act the whole time."

Ye Fan's words echoed in her ears. Feeling the arrogance ingrained in Ye Fan, Qin Yan was not angered but rather scornfully laughed, "Not even the King of Heaven could fix this, it's hilarious!"

As she finished speaking, Qin Yan found the situation overly ridiculous, and her face showed even more mockery, "Who do you think you are? Remember, you're just Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son! To put it harshly, you're nothing but a bastard that will never be recognized by the Ye Family—the decisions made by both the Qin and the Ye families are not for you to oppose."

"You scum, you..." Chu Ji flew into a furious rage.

"Aunt."

Ye Fan spoke up to stop Chu Ji, then took a deep breath to calm himself as much as possible. He stared straight at Qin Yan and said firmly, "I don't know if I misspoke, or if your comprehension skills are lacking, but it seems you didn't grasp my point."

"Oh?"

For some reason, seeing Ye Fan regain his composure made Qin Yan feel slightly uneasy. Her cold smirk intensified, "I'm all ears now."

"Firstly, I only asked if those were truly my father's words because the reconciliation between me and him is our personal affair, and outsiders have no right to interfere."

Ye Fan spoke in a calm manner, as if he were discussing something that didn't involve him, "Secondly, I know, whether it's you, or the members of the Ye and Qin families you speak of, you want me to keep my distance from him because you've noticed how much he cares about me and would willingly do many things for me, including sacrificing his career! This could affect the interests of the Ye and Qin families, which you do not wish to see happen!"

"Whoosh!"

Ye Fan's second statement struck right at Qin Yan's heart, causing her expression to change and become rather ugly. She instinctively wanted to say something, but Ye Fan interrupted her, "But I hope you understand, I'm even less willing to see him suffer consequences because of me, or throw away his career!"

"Haha."

Hearing Ye Fan's words again, Qin Yan laughed. It was as if she had heard the coldest joke in the world, displaying a snobbish, disdainful smile, "That really sounds better than it can be sung!"

"Xiao Fan, why are you even talking to this scum?" Chu Ji held back her anger and said, "Talking to her is like playing the lute to a cow!"

"Chu Ji, can you show some class?" Qin Yan mocked with a laugh.

"Whether I have class has nothing to do with you. Besides, I think I'm much better than some people who rely on their family's prestige, display a snobbish demeanor, and think they're so high and mighty!" Chu Ji mocked in return.

"Chu Ji, what do you mean? Am I not stating facts?"

Qin Yan felt somewhat unsettled. With a sharp tongue not as good as Chu Ji's, she continued to press the matter onto Ye Fan, "At the Ao Xiang Villa incident, if it hadn't been for Ye Wenhao intervening, would he still be alive? Also, when he forced Bai Luo to kneel at Tan's Private Restaurant, if it wasn't for Bai Luo and the Hong Ding Club's younger members fearing Ye Wenhao's intervention, mistakenly believing he was recognized by the Ye Family, would they have chosen to suffer in silence?"

"You self-righteous scum!"

Chu Ji laughed angrily, gazing pitifully at Qin Yan, and said word by word, "I can tell you clearly, in the Ao Xiang incident, Ye Wenhao was willing to give up his career to save Xiao Fan, and he had a phone discussion with the Ye Family Patriarch Ye Zhen! In the end, the only reason he didn't proceed was because Xiao Fan intervened to save two eyewitnesses at the scene—these two witnesses testified and turned the situation around, causing the Bai Family to be at fault! And because the Bai Family was in the

wrong, the Yanhuang Organization and the Ye Family Camp joined forces to deal a heavy blow to the Bai Family!"

"As for the kneeling incident..."

"Chu Ji, I really hadn't realized before, you're quite good at making up stories. It's a shame you don't write books," Qin Yan laughed mockingly, "Go on, keep fabricating. I'm listening."

"Hey, I really don't have the leisure to make up stories for garbage like you to listen to, if you don't believe me, you can go back and ask Ye Wenhao!" Chu Ji was seriously angry.

Qin Yan confidently responded, "What's the use of asking him? He's mostly likely to lie and tell your story to gain understanding and make the Ye Family accept this bastard..."

"Garbage, I warn you, if you say 'bastard' one more time, I'll cut off your tongue!" This time, without waiting for Qin Yan to finish, Chu Ji stood up furiously, her murderous intent apparent.

"Isn't he a bastard?" Qin Yan said fearlessly.

"Garbage, you're seeking death!" Chu Ji was ready to make a move.

"Chu Ji, I remind you, Huaxia is a country with laws; don't think that just because you know some kung fu, you can do whatever you want—if you have the ability, kill me."

Qin Yan sneered, her unique background, experiences, and status giving her a sense of superiority that most people couldn't possess. She fundamentally looked down on martial artists like Chu Ji, who she regarded as nothing more than dogs for the big clans and forces!

Hearing Qin Yan's self-righteous words, feeling that inherent condescension from Qin Yan, Chu Ji became furious, utterly furious!

She moved swiftly, appearing in front of Qin Yan like a specter, her whole body bursting with lethal intent, like a killing god!

"Auntie, don't!"

Sensing through his spiritual sense that Chu Ji was about to explode, Ye Fan hurriedly stood up to stop her, and seeing that Chu Ji was unmoved, he pleaded again, "It's not worth risking your life for someone like that."

"You... what did you say?"

Due to her ingrained sense of superiority, Qin Yan's pride was even more unbearable than that of Young Master Bai, Bai Luo. Hearing Ye Fan's deeply insulting words, despite her good mental resilience, she turned pale with anger.

"Giggle..."

Seeing Qin Yan angered by Ye Fan's words, Chu Ji's murderous intent suddenly vanished, and she felt ecstatic as if she had consumed a life-giving fruit, her laughter joyful, "You're right, how could I exchange my life for the life of garbage like her?"

"Garbage?"

Perhaps knowing that losing her composure would only make Chu Ji more joyful, Qin Yan forced herself to calm down, sneering in retaliation, "All along, you've been using every trick in the book to seduce my Wenhao, but he remains unmoved. Yet you shamelessly keep trying. I really wonder who the real garbage is here!"

"If I were to seduce anyone, it would be your father, but I'm afraid he might die in bed, giggle..." Chu Ji said with a flirtatious smile, even winking at Qin Yan. Her previous anger was because she feared that Qin Yan's words would hurt Ye Fan; otherwise, why would she have gotten so furious?

In a war of words, she could make Qin Yan cry!

Sure enough, Qin Yan was so enraged she almost passed out: "Slut...slut..."

"Giggle..." Chu Ji laughed licentiously.

"Slut, let me tell you, even if you eventually succeed in seducing Wenhao, you'll end up just like this bastard's mother!" In her desperation, Qin Yan not only continued to call Ye Fan a bastard but also brought up his mother.

"Slap—"

Chu Ji, upon hearing this, burst into a murderous rage again, instantly shattering the wooden floor beneath her feet.

Ye Fan, seeing this, immediately stepped in front of Qin Yan and frowned, "What happened to my mother?"

"Are you playing dumb with me? Don't you know the shameless things your mother has done?" Qin Yan coldly counter-questioned with a sneer.

"If I knew about my mother's matters, I wouldn't have come to see you."

Ye Fan slightly narrowed his eyes, and a deadly intent flashed through his pupils, "Furthermore, I am warning you, you can insult me, but don't insult my mother!"

Hmm?

Faced with Ye Fan's blunt threat and feeling the deadly intent flickering in his eyes, Qin Yan was initially taken aback and then couldn't help but recall Ye Fan's actions in Hanghu and Dong Hai. A thought, unbelievable even to herself, emerged in her mind: if she dared continue to insult Ye Fan's mother, Ye Fan would definitely dare to kill her!

As the thought emerged, Qin Yan inexplicably felt a hint of fear, but she did not show it on her face. Instead, she deliberately sneered, "It seems you really don't know. Well, that's understandable; they wouldn't dare tell you."

"You're spouting nonsense!" Chu Ji angrily cursed.

"See, I haven't even started, and someone is already panicking," Qin Yan intentionally sighed, "Shall I continue?"

"Aunt!" Ye Fan turned to look at Chu Ji, his expression still calm, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Chu Ji, seeing this, paused briefly, then internally sighed in resignation and held her tongue.

Because.

Based on her understanding of Ye Fan, she was very aware of what his mother's affairs meant to him!

"Speak."

Seeing Chu Ji silent, Ye Fan turned his gaze back to Qin Yan.

"It's simple. After Wenhao and I got engaged, your mother, not admitting defeat until seeing the Yellow River, stormed into Yanjing, insisting on hearing from Wenhao himself about our engagement."

For some reason, facing the calm expression on Ye Fan's face, Qin Yan's fear didn't decrease but instead soared to the point that she found herself unintentionally nervous about her wording.

"And then?"

"Obviously, Wenhao told her the truth in front of many people and then got married to me." As she spoke, Qin Yan couldn't help but laugh, a triumphant smile unique to victors.

Clang!

Hearing the outcome narrated by Qin Yan and seeing the triumphant smile on her face, Ye Fan felt a severe jolt in his heart. Then he felt a piercing pain in his chest, his face instantly turning pale as paper, and his body uncontrollably began to tremble!

"Xiao Fan, don't listen to her nonsense!" Chu Ji, seeing this, quickly supported Ye Fan and attempted to console him.

"Whether it's nonsense or not, you can personally ask Wenhao, or you can ask those who were there to witness it." This time, Qin Yan spoke with great confidence.

Feeling the confidence in Qin Yan's words, Chu Ji opened her mouth, trying to retort but found herself unable to refute, while Ye Fan couldn't help but clench his fists tightly... very tightly!

Under the light, his fists remained tightly clenched, his face deathly pale as he looked at Chu Ji and asked tremulously, "Aunt... Aunt, where is my mother now?"

"It is said she couldn't bear the shock and jumped off a cliff to commit suicide," Qin Yan responded first.

Committed suicide?!

Ye Fan swayed, his vision darkened, and he nearly collapsed.

Chu Ji quickly steadied Ye Fan, her teeth gritted as she warned, "Damned bitch, if you spout nonsense again, I'll make you bleed right here!"

"Same words, if you don't believe it, you can personally ask Ye Wenhao."

Qin Yan stood up, calmly adjusted her clothes, and walked towards the door with a smile on her face. Then she stopped, turned back to look at the agonized Ye Fan, and haughtily said, "Do you know why

Wenhao cares so much about you? You think he cares about you, his illegitimate child? Hey, let me tell you the truth, he only feels guilty because your mother committed suicide due to regretting her past mistakes!"

"I will kill you!"

Just as Qin Yan was about to rub salt in Ye Fan's wounds, Chu Ji flew into a rage. She released Ye Fan, and with power emanating from her feet, she instantly reached Qin Yan. Her right hand transformed into a palm, swinging towards Qin Yan's head!

"Aunt... don't!"

Ye Fan, in agony, tried to stop her, his hoarse voice causing Chu Ji's heart to ache. Her right palm stopped less than an inch away from Qin Yan's forehead.

Qin Yan felt as if she had skirted the edge of the Ghost Sect, her legs weakening, her heart leaping to her throat.

"Damned bitch, it won't be long before everyone from the Ye Family and the Qin Family will beg and kneel before Xiao Fan, acknowledging him, and you will regret what you've done today, I swear!"

Chu Ji, struggling to resist the urge to kill Qin Yan with one palm, glared at Qin Yan with red eyes, one word at a time, "Get out!!"

"Hiss~"

On hearing this, Qin Yan, recovering from her fright, felt a twitch at the corner of her mouth but didn't dare to utter a word of refusal. Instead, she tucked her tail between her legs and left the room.