

Y Master 241

Chapter 241: [Hugging Grass to Hit a Rabbit?]

Upon seeing Qin Yan leave, Chu Ji quickly turned back to look at Ye Fan.

Under the light, she saw clearly that Ye Fan was leaning powerlessly on the couch, looking as if he had lost his soul, his eyes lifelessly fixed on the ceiling, motionless.

"Xiao... Xiao Fan."

As this scene appeared before her eyes, Chu Ji felt a pain in her heart and involuntarily called out.

"Why?"

Ye Fan's voice came out hoarse, as if he were asking Chu Ji, and more so as if he were asking himself, "Why has it come to this?"

"Uh..."

Upon hearing this, Chu Ji slightly opened her mouth but was at a loss for words.

Because she knew perfectly well that years ago, Ye Wenhao had indeed been persuaded by Old Master Ye to choose power over true love, and even, as Qin Yan said, when Ye Fan's mother ran to the Ye Family to question them, Ye Wenhao still stuck to his choice.

Chu Ji's silence made Ye Fan more certain that what Qin Yan had said at last was no lie, causing a severe pain in his heart, feeling as if someone had crushed the newfound familial love in his heart to dust!

Under the light, he seemed to have received a huge shock, his facial muscles completely distorted, his eyes reddened as he roared furiously, "Why does he have to do this??"

With the roar, a gust of wind arose!

A powerful air current formed around Ye Fan as the center, the voice containing a mind power attack, booming like muffled thunder in the room.

"Clang——"

With no response, the porcelain vases and jade stones placed around were shaken, falling to the floor, continuously producing a sharp sound.

"Ahhhhhhh..."

After the roaring, Ye Fan's mind trembled violently, feeling as if something was blocking his heart, and he let out a heart-wrenching scream.

Swish!

Seeing this, Chu Ji, knowing that Ye Fan showed signs of a magical mishap, had her face change color and hurriedly lunged towards Ye Fan.

"Bang——"

The next moment.

Before Chu Ji could get close, Ye Fan suddenly swung his right fist, slamming it full-force into the mahogany coffee table in front of him.

"Crack——"

A crisp sound came out, the mahogany coffee table was instantly shattered into pieces, scattering across the floor.

"Xiao Fan!"

The air surged, and Chu Ji pulled Ye Fan into her arms, attempting to soothe him.

"Huff~ Huff~"

Ye Fan's eyes bloodshot, his expression fierce as he gasped for breath, an immense evil aura emerged from his body, seeming like a demon from Hell.

"Ye Wenhao did once make a mistake, but he has lived in regret and self-blame over the past few years, otherwise, even I would not have forgiven him!"

Chu Ji held Ye Fan, her eyes rimmed red, explaining, "And what he has done for you is not merely to atone for his past mistakes, to seek peace of mind! Otherwise, he would have recognized you after the first time he helped you, instead of waiting for the incident at Ao Xiang Villa to occur and others to reveal your relationship!"

"He kept it from you, watching over you and protecting you in the shadows, not only because of his past mistakes but also because you are his son, your body carries his blood!"

Chu Ji continued to speak rapidly, knowing that if today she could not heal the wound in Ye Fan's heart, causing Ye Fan to despair of the newly found familial love, Ye Fan's heart would develop an even more terrible barrier than before.

This barrier would not only prevent Ye Fan from advancing in Martial Arts and Magical Cultivation ever again but could also lead Ye Fan into a magical mishap and explode to death!

Just now, Ye Fan losing control and smashing things represented a sign of such a mishap!

Without an answer, Ye Fan felt his heart was being ruthlessly torn apart, the pain reaching the depths of his soul.

That pain, gradually dissipated the evil aura emanating from him.

That pain, made his body tremble incessantly.

That pain, made him weakly close his eyes, allowing tears to escape their bounds, sliding down his cheeks.

Under the light, his face lacked the resilience learned from being an orphan, nor the radiant smile from recently recognizing Ye Wenhao and having familial affection; it showed only a pain that seeped into his soul.

Those tears, tasting bitterly as they flowed into his mouth.

Those tears, seemed to have once tasted sweet??

"Xiao... Xiao Fan..."

Seeing this, Chu Ji frantically wiped Ye Fan's tears, but the speed of her wiping could not keep up with the tears flowing from Ye Fan; as she wiped, she herself couldn't help but cry.

"Swish!"

Upon hearing Chu Ji's call again and feeling her care, Ye Fan suddenly opened his eyes and softly said, "Auntie, I'm okay."

Chu Ji heard this, and held her words back.

"Huff~"

Ye Fan took a deep breath, seeming to expel all the pain from his heart with it, forcing a clear smile, "Auntie, let's go."

"All right...all right!"

For some reason, although seeing Ye Fan had completely calmed down, Chu Ji still felt a trace of unfamiliarity with the Ye Fan of the moment.

Instincts and reason told her that Ye Fan had changed.

But... She couldn't pinpoint exactly what had changed, only instinctively nodding in agreement to Ye Fan.

"Wha... What happened here?"

Shortly after, as Ye Fan and Chu Ji stood up, the manager of the Lanjing Club appeared at the doorway, his expression tense as he looked at Ye Fan and Chu Ji.

This room was the highest standard room in the Lanjing Club, where any item inside was extremely valuable. Now that the room was in a mess, nearly half of the porcelain vases and jade stones were destroyed. If Ye Fan and Chu Ji didn't make compensation, even giving his head to the club's mysterious backer wouldn't suffice!

"I am Chu Ji, the chairman of Tianshan Group. Tell your master that tomorrow I will send someone to discuss the acquisition of Lanjing Club with him," Chu Ji regained her Demon Queen demeanor as she spoke to the person in charge of Lanjing Club, her tone leaving no room for doubt.

"Uh..."

The club manager, initially worried about compensation issues, was shocked to hear that Chu Ji intended to acquire the entire club. First frozen in place with surprise, he then became overjoyed, nodding repeatedly, "Okay!"

Seeing this, Chu Ji didn't waste further words, walked out of the room with Ye Fan, and then declined the manager's offer to accompany them further.

A few minutes later, as Ye Fan and Chu Ji exited the club, Chu Ji said, "I'll drive you home."

"Aunt, I'll go back by myself," Ye Fan shook his head, "I want to be alone for a while."

"Alright then."

Hearing this, Chu Ji also realized that when one couldn't bear something themselves, no amount of talk from others would help, so she nodded, took out the car keys, and handed them to Ye Fan, "It's too far from Tan Palace. Drive back, and I'll call someone to pick me up."

"Okay." Ye Fan nodded, taking the car keys.

Two minutes later, as Ye Fan drove away, Chu Ji initially wanted to follow him but then thought better of it, recalling that Chu Xuanji had sent Ye Fan down the mountain to temper him, and ultimately she abandoned the idea of following him.

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Red Cauldron Club, Dong Hai branch.

In a room on the top floor, Bai Luo, gravely weakened, held a bowl of ginseng soup and watched Wang Zhong enter the study.

"Lord Bai, I just received news that Ye Wenhao's wife, Qin Yan, has come to Dong Hai and met with the Ye Family's bastard at Lanjing Club," Wang Zhong first bowed to Bai Luo, then quickly reported.

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, Bai Luo subconsciously put down his ginseng soup, musing, "If I'm not mistaken, Qin Yan must have come to trouble that bastard."

"Lord Bai is wise!"

Wang Zhong delivered a compliment, saying, "According to the staff at Lanjing Club, Qin Yan and the bastard, along with Chu Ji, had a fierce argument that ended in discord, and the bastard, in a fit of rage, smashed the highest-grade room in the club."

"Dog bites dog, a mouthful of fur," Bai Luo scoffed coldly, then his expression slightly changed as he remembered something, "You said Chu Ji was there too?"

"Yes, Lord Bai, what about it?" Wang Zhong asked, puzzled.

"Duanmu has just come out of seclusion today and successfully broken through to the Innate Realm, planning to make a move on that bastard tonight," Bai Luo frowned, thinking that if Chu Ji was there, Duanmu would have no chance of succeeding.

"Lord Bai need not worry, according to the people at Lanjing Club, that bastard and Chu Ji did not leave together," Wang Zhong said with a smile.

"Is that so..."

Bai Luo thought for a moment, then said, "After Duanmu deals with that bastard, he'll most likely head back to Dong She Mountain Villa. Go there now, and when you see Duanmu, tell him to leave Dong Hai immediately and better leave Huaxia, waiting for things to calm down before coming back!"

"Yes." Wang Zhong received the order and bowed out.

Meanwhile.

Having just broken through to the Innate Realm and become an Innate Mage, Duanmu, draped in a black robe and veiled in black, moved like a ghost, easily avoiding detection, and successfully sneaked into the Tan Palace Noble District.

Under the cover of night, Duanmu recalled the layout of Tan Palace Noble District, identified the direction, leaped, and quickly merged into the darkness, stealthily heading toward the villa where Ye Fan and Su Yuxin and others were staying.

A moment later, as Duanmu was nearing Ye Fan's villa, he stopped, flipped his palm, and a gourd appeared in his hand.

Under the moonlight, it was clear that the gourd in Duanmu's hand was only the size of a walnut, pitch-black all over, and carved with many strange and unusual patterns.

This was the Mid-level Magical Artifact — Ghostly Gourd — bestowed upon him by his master, Wu Mu!

With the artifact in hand, Duanmu's consciousness stirred, secretly activating a magic spell. The Ghostly Gourd trembled slightly, then emitted a wisp of black mist, completely enveloping Duanmu and perfectly merging him with the night, turning him into a shadow without form or trace.

Soon, Duanmu reached the outside of Ye Fan's villa and expanded his Spiritual Sense to sense the surroundings, abruptly discovering that there was no human presence inside the villa, which slightly startled him.

"Could it be that he's not at home?"

Duanmu asked himself in silence, continuing to carefully sense the surroundings, but still unable to detect any presence, he confirmed that there was no one inside the villa.

Realizing this, Duanmu hesitated for a moment and then quietly sneaked into the villa courtyard.

Hmm?

Upon entering the villa courtyard and just as he was looking for a suitable place to hide, Duanmu suddenly noticed that the Ghostly Gourd in his hand was trembling slightly, with the mouth of the gourd pointing towards the Land Rover Chu Ji had driven earlier that afternoon.

"Could there be a treasure?"

Duanmu's mind stirred, for he knew his Ghostly Gourd was not only capable of setting up arrays and casting spells but also had a keen sensing power for Heavenly Materials and Spiritual Treasures, having helped him discover great items in deep forests several times before.

Thinking of this, a spark of light flashed in Duanmu's eyes as he swiftly moved to the rear of the Land Rover, his consciousness stirred, and a stream of air opened the trunk.

The next moment.

Duanmu immediately saw several sacks in the trunk of the Land Rover. On opening one, he suddenly found it was full of various expensive herbs.

"Is this... Essence Stones?"

Quickly, his gaze shifted to a white sack behind the others, and he spotted several stones the size of a little finger's nailcap. His consciousness connected, and he sensed the Essence Qi contained within the stones, his eyes suddenly brightened, and he cracked a smile, "Seems I'm killing two birds with one stone!"

As he spoke, Duanmu did not linger. He hurriedly stuffed the bag of priceless Essence Stones into his embrace, then rummaged through the other sacks to see if there were any other precious herbs he could use.

Hmm?

Shortly after, before Duanmu could find a new treasure, his consciousness stirred, and he suddenly sensed a Martial Artist's aura approaching from afar!

Noticing this, Duanmu's expression changed, he hurriedly closed the trunk, flashed to the ground, and leaped into the bushes beside the garage, squinting his eyes and staring in the direction from which the aura was coming.

Gradually, under Duanmu's gaze, a Rolls Royce Phantom slowly approached the villa.

"This bastard must possess quite a few Essence Stones, implying that the least he could have in hand is a mid-level magical artifact!"

Feeling the Martial Artist's aura growing stronger, Duanmu guessed that Ye Fan was returning and felt an inexplicable excitement surge through him, sinisterly licking his lips as his eyes gleamed brightly.

Thinking so, Duanmu flipped his hand, and the Ghostly Gourd reappeared in his hand, ready to deliver a fatal blow to Ye Fan at any moment!

Chapter 242: [The Power of Magic]

The night was inky black, and a light breeze carried the dry, yellow leaves from the roadside trees fluttering down, casting a desolate air.

Ye Fan, driving the Rolls-Royce Phantom, slowly approached the villa. Seeing this scene, he seemed to be moved and could not help but give a bitter smile.

Although Zhao Meng, the head of the Yanhuang Organization in Dong Hai, had warned him that the Ye Family might not accept him, he felt Zhao Meng made sense and was mentally prepared.

But—

He had not expected that the Ye Family would be so eager to find him and make him disassociate from Ye Wenhao.

Even more unexpectedly, his father, whom he had recognized, had cruelly abandoned him and his mother for worldly power, even driving his mother to leap off a cliff to her death!

Crack!

Thinking of all this, the pain surged back in Ye Fan's face, which had just regained its calm, and his fists clenched involuntarily.

Sometime later, before Ye Fan could stabilize his emotions, the Rolls-Royce Phantom reached the entrance of the villa. He took out the electronic key and lightly pressed it; the electronic gate received the signal and slowly opened.

Ye Fan drove in, habitually heading towards the garage, his expression shifting uncertainly, completely unaware of Duanmu's presence.

"Kid, you should feel lucky to be the bastard of the Ye Family, or you wouldn't even be alive!"

In the darkness, Duanmu sneered in his heart and silently aimed the Ghostly Gourd at the approaching Rolls-Royce Phantom.

Hm?

Just as the Ghostly Gourd targeted Ye Fan, a sudden sense of unease surged in his heart; he snapped out of his reverie and hit the brakes!

"Screech~"

The sound of the car tires fiercely rubbing against the road rang out. Immediately, Ye Fan released his consciousness, carefully sensing everything around him, yet he detected no presence.

This discovery deeply furrowed Ye Fan's brows.

In the past two years, following Chu Xuanji's orders, he had executed commands time and again at the brink of life and death; his ability to sense danger far exceeded that of an average martial artist!

He was certain, at that very moment, he had sensed an extremely dangerous presence!

"Could it be because of tonight's events, my mind is disturbed, resulting in hallucinations?"

Failing to detect any presence twice in a row, Ye Fan slowly eased his brow and muttered to himself.

In the dark bushes, Duanmu, seeing Ye Fan suddenly stop the car, was also startled—among the functions of the Ghostly Gourd was the perfect concealment of presence!

Surprised, Duanmu did not rashly attack but held his breath, perfectly blending into the darkness, quietly sensing every move of Ye Fan.

He wanted to confirm if Ye Fan had discovered him, and also to wait for the perfect opportunity to strike a fatal blow when Ye Fan was completely off guard!

A few seconds later, as Duanmu patiently waited and Ye Fan, sensing no presence, started the car again and drove towards the garage.

This time, however, his face was on guard, nerves tense, consciousness fully released.

"I knew it, I've used the Ghostly Gourd to hide my presence, how could he have possibly noticed?"

Watching Ye Fan restart the car and drive towards him, Duanmu chuckled silently, relieved; then, as the Rolls-Royce Phantom came within five meters of him, his consciousness suddenly stirred!

The Ghostly Gourd, as Duanmu's life-bound artifact, had absorbed Duanmu's Essence Blood and was almost connected to Duanmu's consciousness. At the movement of Duanmu's mind, the Ghostly Gourd reacted as if a soldier receiving a general's command.

"Swoosh—"

A swooshing sound broke through the air, and a burst of yin wind suddenly sprayed out from the Ghostly Gourd, sweeping towards the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

Hm?

When the yin wind manifested, Ye Fan detected the source of danger and immediately hit the brakes, his consciousness stirred and the power surged frantically from twenty-eight acupoints, boiling his blood internally!

Ye Fan had been dual cultivating magic and martial arts since his youth, having a deep understanding of both. The moment the yin wind appeared, he knew it was a magical attack that gathered Evil Yin Qi to frighten the opponent, creating in the opponent's mind illusions of falling into Hell or an Abyss, surrounded by layers of yin spirits, until they lost control of their minds and were scared to death, possibly becoming vegetative.

That day, he used the Yin Yang Absolute Killing Array to gather Evil Yin Qi into Bai Luo's body exactly like that.

The difference was, that day, he had exercised restraint, only gathering the Yin Qi from the corridor and leading it into Bai Luo's body, causing Bai Luo to lose control of his mind.

If he had gathered the Evil Yin Qi surrounding Tan's Private Restaurant into Bai Luo that day, it would have scared Bai Luo to death!

After all, Bai Luo was just an ordinary person. Special circumstances and experiences had made his consciousness stronger than average and his willpower more firm, but his internal vitality was no different from an ordinary person's.

And whether one's vitality was strong or not was key to resisting magical attacks—magic used Evil Yin Qi to attack, while a person's vitality represented the yang energy!

As the saying goes, yin overcomes yang, but yang can also overcome yin; the key lies in which side is stronger.

Wuu wuu wuu! Wuu wuu wuu!

Just as Ye Fan anticipated, as his internal vitality boiled, that stream of yin wind abruptly dispersed, turning into strands of Evil Yin Qi and enveloping the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

Inside the car, Ye Fan felt as if he had been suddenly pulled into the Nine Nether Abyss, surrounded by yin spirits on all sides, their cries echoing in his ears, assaulting his spirit.

"Disperse!"

As the illusion occurred, Ye Fan's spirit trembled, immediately harnessing the Qi in his Dantian, he shouted!

With that shout, using the martial arts technique 'Tiger and Leopard Thunder Sound,' his voice boomed like a bull, his aura like a rainbow.

The shout broke the yin wind!

"Such strong vitality!"

As the yin wind dispersed, Duanmu was inwardly shocked!

Originally, according to the data he had, Ye Fan was only said to have strength comparable to an Innate Great Success Martial Artist. Even if he sensed the magic attack from the Ghostly Gourd in an instant, he wouldn't be able to resist with the essence blood in his body. Instead, his essence blood would weaken, leading to an unsettled consciousness, which would allow himself to comfortably use the second magic attack.

"Ghost King Descent!"

Taken aback, Duanmu's consciousness moved, and his hands quickly formed a seal.

"Whoosh——"

As the seal was formed, an evil yin qi, several times more powerful than before, suddenly erupted from the Ghostly Gourd and quickly converged.

Swipe!

In an instant, Ye Fan felt the scenery before his eyes change again. Dark mist filled the area, and the sounds of ghost wails and wolf howls echoed once more. A dark shadow suddenly appeared in front of the car.

That shadow was nearly three meters tall, enveloped completely by dark mist. The mist seemed to be composed of thousands of yin spirits, with ferocious expressions, sending chills down one's spine.

At the same time, a large saber appeared in the shadow's hand, resembling the kind used by executioners in ancient times, which looked terrifying.

The saber in hand, the shadow let out a spine-tingling, ghostly laugh, leaped up, and swung the saber right at Ye Fan!

A fear like never before sprang up in Ye Fan's heart. He felt as if his heart was about to leap out of his throat. His boiling essence blood felt as if it had been frozen, rapidly dissipating. He seemed to have lost his soul and stood petrified with horror, just staring blankly as the terrifying shadow struck him with a saber!

"No!!!"

As his consciousness slipped in the face of extreme danger, a strong desire to survive emerged in Ye Fan's heart, and he kept shouting internally!

As he shouted, his consciousness stabilized!

The next moment.

Ye Fan's consciousness moved, and a crimson gold mind power seed flashed brightly. A tremendous mind power surged from his consciousness, forming an invisible golden beam of light, shooting toward the attacking shadow!

"Golden Mind Power Seed?"

Duanmu noticed the glittering bead emerging on Ye Fan's brow in an instant, and a cold smile spread across his lips afterward.

Even though he could see the desperate struggle Ye Fan made at the brink of death, gathering all his mind power into a beam to resist the magic attack invoked by the Ghostly Gourd, he believed it was all in vain!

On one hand, the 'Ghost King Descent' was one of the killing moves developed by his master, the King of Magic Arts, Wu Mu, using magic to harness evil yins to form a Ghost King wielding a saber to slash the opponent's soul—an extremely rare 'High-level Technique' with immense power!

On the other hand, because the strength of Ye Fan's essence blood was beyond his expectations, he had used up all the evil yins stored in the Ghostly Gourd when he invoked the 'Ghost King Descent' magic.

These evil yins, collected over three years in various gloomy places, were terribly fearsome!

Under such circumstances, in Duanmu's view, even if Ye Fan was a Great Perfection Cultivator, merely relying on his own mind power was absolutely not enough to resist this killing move!

As if to confirm Duanmu's speculation, the golden beam of light formed by all of Ye Fan's mind power, as soon as it neared the shadow, was effortlessly sliced apart by the shadow's saber, turning into multiple golden sparkles that vanished into thin air.

In that instant, Ye Fan felt as if his consciousness was viciously pricked by a needle, causing him intense pain; his consciousness wilted like a frostbitten eggplant, immediately becoming listless.

Simultaneously, after shattering the beam of Mind Power formed by Ye Fan, the shadow didn't hesitate and lunged toward him, slashing at his neck!

As the saber swung, Ye Fan felt completely enveloped by the aura of death. His body felt as if it was bound, unable to move; the golden light from his brow gradually dimmed, like a candle in the wind, ready to go out at any moment!

"Heh!"

Seeing this scene, Duanmu coldly laughed, flashing out of the thicket.

He was well aware that once the golden light from Ye Fan's brow disappeared, it meant the shattering of the mind power seed.

For a Magician, once the mind power seed shattered, it meant the destruction of consciousness, the dispersal of the soul—vanishing completely from this world!

Hm?

Later, just when Duanmu thought Ye Fan's consciousness was about to be destroyed and his soul dispersed, the originally dark inside of the car suddenly burst into brilliant golden light!

"Uh..."

As Duanmu watched, a crimson golden crown suddenly appeared above Ye Fan's head, emitting a crimson golden glow, like a fierce sun, showering golden light everywhere, leaving him stunned. "What... what is that?"

As if in answer to Duanmu's question, the moment the crimson golden crown appeared, the saber-wielding Ghost King instantly shattered, reverting to a stream of evil yin qi.

Swipe!

Seeing this scene, Duanmu felt as if he was awakened from a nightmare, his face changing color. He quickly formed a handprint attempting to control the evil yin qi through the Ghostly Gourd once more.

No use!

"Whoosh——"

In Duanmu's incredulous gaze, that powerful stream of evil yin qi completely escaped his control, rushing towards the Crimson Golden Crown.

"How... how could this be??"

Seeing the bizarre scene before him, Duanmu's hand trembled, almost dropping the Ghostly Gourd!

Chapter 243: [Counterkill!]

As a disciple of King of Magic Arts, Wu Mu, Duanmu, although his aptitude wasn't excellent and had only just stepped into the Innate Realm, had an understanding of magic far beyond what an ordinary Magician could compare with!

But still—

He was completely stunned by the scene before him!

In his view, just moments ago, Ye Fan's mind was utterly traumatized, listless, and on the verge of collapse. Even if he used magic, its powers would be extremely limited, and there would be no way to break the 'Ghost King Descent' magic art he had cast!

Yet, not only had Ye Fan broken his magic, but he also caused the stream of Evil Yin Qi that had been stored in the Ghostly Gourd, which had merged with his own Essence Blood, to escape his control!

All of this was enough to shock him!

What he found even more unbelievable was that after the powerful stream of Evil Yin Qi surged into the crimson Gold crown atop Ye Fan's head, not only did the crown's crimson-gold light grow increasingly intense, but the originally dim golden Power Seed on Ye Fan's forehead became dazzling with golden light!

This indicated that Ye Fan's mind was rapidly recovering!

It should be known that Evil Yin Qi is made up of all things negative, such as darkness, impurity, resentment, and Death Qi. It is the essence of evil. When it enters the body of a Martial Artist, it defiles the body; and when it enters the body of a Magician, it defiles the mind.

In Duanmu's view, given the intensity of that stream of Evil Yin Qi, even if it entered an Innate Great Perfection Martial Artist or Innate Great Perfection Magician's body, it would cause unimaginable harm and might even directly lead to their destruction.

Yet now, after that stream of Evil Yin Qi entered the crimson Gold crown atop Ye Fan's head, rather than dying, his damaged mind had recovered...

This scene nearly overturned Duanmu's understanding of magic!

In his memory, there was absolutely no magic that could achieve this effect!

While Duanmu was stunned by the scene before him, the powerful stream of Evil Yin Qi completely entered the crimson Gold crown.

A portion of the Evil Yin Qi was converted by the crown into Mind Power within a very short time and fed back to Ye Fan, nourishing his damaged mind and replenishing the consumption of his Mind Power.

The rest of the Evil Yin Qi was absorbed by the crown itself, causing the crimson-gold light it emitted to become even more intense than before!

"Could it be... a Magic Artifact?"

After the shock, an idea emerged in Duanmu's mind.

"Impossible!"

The next moment, Duanmu dismissed this possibility. He knew that all Magic Artifacts were tangible entities that really existed, and the crimson Gold crown above Ye Fan's head hadn't existed before; it was more like a halo of light.

Gulp!

After dismissing this speculation, Duanmu's adam's apple moved convulsively. Not daring to stay any longer, he leaped into the air in an attempt to escape.

Although he couldn't figure out how Ye Fan had managed to survive and create this eerie scene at the brink of death, he knew that once Ye Fan's mind recovered and his Mind Power returned to normal, it would be his nightmare—since his use of the magical artifact Ghostly Gourd to activate the Killing Move 'Ghost King Descent' had failed to kill Ye Fan, using other magics against him was highly unlikely to harm Ye Fan.

Moreover, for a pure Magician to engage in close combat with a Martial Artist of the same realm would be seeking death!

Hmm?

The next moment, just as Duanmu was about to turn his decision into action, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi around him fluctuated, and Duanmu found himself surrounded by white fog, unable to distinguish between the southeast and northwest directions.

The Enchanting Soul Array?

Duanmu's expression changed as he realized he had fallen into an Enchanting Soul Array.

"Break!"

Duanmu suddenly uttered a low shout, clutching the Ghostly Gourd in his left hand and quickly forming a seal with his right.

Whoosh—

As he made the seal, the illusions before Duanmu instantly vanished, and the scenery returned to normal.

However—

Even though the illusions had disappeared, Duanmu did not continue to flee. Instead, his pupils suddenly dilated, and he looked ahead in horror!

In front of him, Ye Fan stood like a mountain, blocking Duanmu's path!

Under the night sky, the crimson Gold crown atop Ye Fan's head was no longer there, and the golden Power Seed on his forehead had also vanished. His previously cooled blood and Qi boiled once again like a volcano emitting heat, evaporating all traces of the surrounding Evil Yin Qi.

"Trying to leave?"

As Duanmu watched in horror, Ye Fan spoke in a seemingly casual tone, but it felt like thunder to Duanmu's ears, causing his eardrums to vibrate, his blood and Qi to churn, and even his mind to tremble faintly.

"Swoosh—"

Shortly after, just as Duanmu was trying to stabilize his mind and think of a way to escape, Ye Fan's consciousness stirred, and his Mind Power surged out like floodwaters bursting through a dam.

Hmm?

As Ye Fan's Mind Power surged out, Duanmu's mind stirred, immediately sensing an invisible force of Mind Power, which appeared to him as a golden beam of light, shooting rapidly toward him like a laser!

This discovery startled Duanmu, who didn't dare to hesitate. He quickly released his own Mind Power just like Ye Fan, forming a black beam of light to meet the incoming golden beam!

A direct confrontation!

For a Martial Artist, using one's Killing Move against another's is a direct confrontation, while for a Magician, clashing one's Mind Power against an opponent's Mind Power is also a head-on collision!

In the blink of an eye, the golden and black beams of light collided violently with each other in the visions seen by Ye Fan and Duanmu.

There was no sound as the black beam of light, formed by Duanmu's telekinetic power, instantly shattered; then, without pause, the golden beam of light thundered into Duanmu's brow!

"Pfft—"

The next moment, Duanmu felt a sharp pain in his consciousness, his body trembled, he spat out a mouthful of blood mist, and his face turned pale as paper!

In the head-on collision, the victor was immediately decided!

"How... how can your mind power be so strong?" Under the cover of night, Duanmu's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at Ye Fan.

The reason he dared to confront Ye Fan was firstly because Bai Luo's identity and status were extraordinary, and he wanted Bai Luo to owe him a favor. Secondly, he suspected that Ye Fan possessed intermediate or even high-level magic artifacts, hence his desire to steal them.

More importantly, the information he had obtained from various sources indicated that Ye Fan had the strength of an Innate Great Success Martial Artist, and his magic cultivation would not exceed Postnatal Great Perfection!

Yet now, Ye Fan's mind power far surpassed his!

How could he not be shocked?

"Swoosh—"

Without answering, Ye Fan's consciousness moved, and his mind power surged once again, gathering around the Ghostly Gourd in Duanmu's hand. Like being pulled by a force, the Ghostly Gourd suddenly broke free from Duanmu's hand and flew towards Ye Fan!

"Swoosh!"

As the Ghostly Gourd slipped from his grasp, Duanmu's complexion changed. Instinctively trying to retrieve the Ghostly Gourd with his mind power, he found that his damaged consciousness was too severe to control his mind power any longer. He could only watch in desperation as the Ghostly Gourd fell into Ye Fan's hands.

Click!

Seeing this scene, Duanmu's heart trembled, and his face lost all color.

Previously, when his consciousness was unimpaired and he used the Ghostly Gourd to invoke the 'Ghost King Descent' killing move, he was still no match for Ye Fan. Now that the Ghostly Gourd had been seized by Ye Fan, his fate was predictable.

"Ghostly Gourd, are you from the Ghost Sect?"

Having acquired the Ghostly Gourd, Ye Fan sensed it and immediately judged the origin of this magic artifact. His expressionless gaze fixed on Duanmu, "I remember I have never crossed paths with your Ghost Sect. Yet you ambushed me, surely under someone else's orders, right?"

"Gulp!"

Seeing Ye Fan instantly recognizing the Ghostly Gourd and deducing his origin, Duanmu gulped nervously, his mouth opening as if he wanted to say something. However, he found his mind blank, and his legs began to tremble uncontrollably, as if they had cramped.

"Ghost Sect's Sect Leader Wu Mu, ranked within the top ten of the Dragon Ranking, known as the number one in Huaxia's magic arts. Although the Ghost Sect has few disciples, it's still considered a powerful sect in the Huaxia Martial Arts World, and probably would not stoop so low as to collude with underworld forces like Nanqinghong."

Ye Fan narrowed his eyes, staring at Duanmu, musing, "You must be under Bai Luo's direction, right?"

"Er..."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Duanmu felt his legs buckle, nearly falling flat on the ground. Fighting against his inner terror, he said, "Indeed, I am from the Ghost Sect! And yes, it was Bai Luo who entrusted me to kill you!"

"You admit to all of this because you think I wouldn't dare to kill you?" Ye Fan laughed, a laugh that sent chills down Duanmu's spine.

"As long as you let me go, I promise never to oppose you again, nor will I work for Bai Luo!"

Despite his fear, Duanmu knew that to earn a glimmer of hope for survival, he had to try to intimidate Ye Fan by invoking his powerful connections, "Of course, you can choose to kill me. But if you do so, no matter where you flee, the members of the Ghost Sect will not let you off! If my master decides to kill you, not even Ye Wenhao stepping in would make a difference!"

"Don't worry, they will soon be joining you in Yama Palace."

At the mention of Ye Wenhao, a pain inexplicably struck Ye Fan's heart, and his killing intent erupted like a volcanic blast!

"Who...who the hell are you?"

Hearing Ye Fan's arrogant words and feeling the surge of murderous intent from him, Duanmu staggered backward, filled with confusion.

Because magicians are rare, every magician is coveted by all major powers. In such a context, the Ghost Sect, being entirely composed of magicians, occupied an extraordinary status in the Martial Arts World, and its leader Wu Mu, ranked within the top ten of the Dragon Ranking, was unpredictable in his magic arts and feared by many masters!

Yet now, upon hearing the names of Wu Mu and the Ghost Sect, instead of showing any fear, Ye Fan seemed intent on annihilating the entire Ghost Sect!

The shock this brought him was indescribable!

If it weren't for Ye Fan's young age, he would be sure to possess amazing prowess in both martial arts and magic cultivation, or else Duanmu would think that Ye Fan's head had been squeezed in a door!

However—

There are no ifs in this world.

Reason told Duanmu that apart from Ye Wenhao, Ye Fan must have an unknown but significant backing, or he wouldn't be so bold.

"This magic artifact falling into your hands is truly a waste of its potential!"

Instead of answering, Ye Fan sneered, flicked his wrist, and the Ghostly Gourd flew from his grasp, tossed into the air as his hands quickly formed a complex and intricate seal.

With the seals formed, using the magic artifact Ghostly Gourd as the Array Eye, Ye Fan activated the formation. The Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi above the Tan Palace Noble District churned, and a powerful surge of yin energy descended from the heavens under the influence of the Ghostly Gourd. It struck down like a black pillar of light, slamming onto Duanmu's head!

"Evil... Evil Yin Formation!"

Sensing a chilling presence descending from the sky and aiming at him, Duanmu's complexion wildly shifted. "You... you are in league with Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji?"

"Boom—"

Without an answer, the yin energy struck the top of Duanmu's head, instantly destroying his consciousness. His body crashed to the ground and he breathed his last!

Chapter 244: [Harvest, Rage!]

Under the night sky, Duanmu lay lifeless on the ground, motionless, eyes staring wide and round with shock on his face, a look of dying without closing his eyes as if asking, "How could Ye Fan possibly be related to Chu Xuanji?"

"Magic battles often happen in an instant, seemingly causing no destruction to the outside world, invisible to ordinary people, smooth and undisturbed, but in reality, they are much more dangerous than battles between martial artists."

Looking at the deceased Duanmu, reflecting on the recent life-and-death struggle with him, Ye Fan felt impacted. From Duanmu's surprise attack to his killing Duanmu, the time was extremely short, but he almost lost his life because of it.

When Duanmu used the Ghostly Gourd, triggering the Ghost Sect's killing move "Ghost King Descent," if it weren't for the crimson-gold crown hidden outside his consciousness suddenly appearing, he would likely have ended up in a soul-scattered state!

"The power of a magic artifact is truly formidable."

Recalling the recent fight, and summarizing the lessons learned, Ye Fan couldn't help but shift his gaze to the Ghostly Gourd in his hand. With his strength, if Duanmu hadn't relied on the Ghostly Gourd, he couldn't have harmed him at all, which shows the power of the magic artifact!

Sighing, Ye Fan's consciousness stirred, and telekinesis surged out, entering the Ghostly Gourd. He was astounded to find that the spiritual imprint Duanmu left in the Ghostly Gourd had vanished without a trace.

Ye Fan wasn't surprised by this—the Ghostly Gourd, although Duanmu's life-bound artifact linked with his spirit, naturally disappeared along with the dispersal of Duanmu's soul and the vanishing of his telekinetic power.

Besides, as the spiritual imprint left by Duanmu in the Ghostly Gourd disappeared, the formations laid out inside it also dissipated, and the Ghostly Gourd instantly became an unowned object.

"I was originally worried about how to set up the 'Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array' for cultivation. Now that I have the intermediate magic artifact, the Ghostly Gourd, everything seems straightforward."

Realizing this, Ye Fan's mood improved considerably. He controlled his telekinesis to penetrate every corner of the Ghostly Gourd, familiarizing himself with its structure while intending to imprint his own mark on it, making it his own magic artifact.

"Pfft!"

After thoroughly familiarizing himself with the structure of the Ghostly Gourd, Ye Fan opened his mouth and spat out a drop of essence blood, shooting it into the Ghostly Gourd!

"Capture!"

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan didn't linger, uttered a low shout, flicked his right hand, tossed up the Ghostly Gourd, and rapidly formed a sealing gesture with both hands.

As the sealing gesture was formed, the telekinesis Ye Fan infused into the Ghostly Gourd split, doubling and quadrupling, eventually forming countless invisible threads, merging with Ye Fan's essence blood, covering every corner of the Ghostly Gourd.

In an instant, Ye Fan felt as if the Ghostly Gourd had become a part of his body, entirely under his control.

Ye Fan knew this signified that the treasure had changed hands—the Ghostly Gourd had completely become his first life-bound artifact!

Understanding this, Ye Fan also fully grasped the functions of the Ghostly Gourd.

Like all magic artifacts, as an intermediate magic artifact, the Ghostly Gourd could help magicians trigger magic, set up formations, and even gather Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi within it in an incredibly short time!

Besides, the Ghostly Gourd possessed several functions not found in other intermediate magic artifacts—sensing Heavenly Materials and Spiritual Treasures!

According to what Ye Fan learned from Chu Xuanji, only after a magician reached the Innate Great Perfection realm could they enter that legendary realm and sense the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Treasures of the world through spiritual sense.

The Heavenly Materials here weren't secular antiques or paintings; instead, they were objects that contained Essence Qi.

For example, an ordinary stone, after absorbing the essence of heaven and earth for a long time, would become an Essence Stone, which magicians yearned for in their dreams.

Similarly, an ordinary ginseng, after absorbing the essence of heaven and earth, would become a priceless Spirit Ginseng, which in the secular world would often be treated as thousand-year or ten-thousand-year ginseng.

The first time Ye Fan met Su Yuxin, he mentioned to Uncle Fu that if they could find the legendary Fire Spirit Fruit, it could cure Su Yuxin's illness completely.

The Fire Spirit Fruit Ye Fan mentioned at that time was actually derived from an ordinary dragon fruit after absorbing the essence of heaven and earth.

Hmm?

Just as Ye Fan's mood improved because he had acquired the Mid-level Magic Artifact, the Ghostly Gourd, he suddenly noticed the gourd trembling slightly, its mouth pointing towards Duanmu's corpse.

Could there still be treasures?

Ye Fan's mind raced, his feet shifted, and in an instant, he flashed beneath Duanmu, leaned over to check and immediately found the bag of Essence Stones Chu Ji had given him from Duanmu's bosom; besides that, there were several Essence Stones the size of sesame seeds on Duanmu's body, as well as a jade bracelet and a few specially made Yellow Papers.

Regarding this, Ye Fan reciprocated in kind and unceremoniously claimed them as his own—Duanmu had not only stolen the Essence Stones provided by Chu Ji but also, under Bai Luo's instructions, attempted to assassinate him; not looting the treasures on Duanmu's body would indeed be a disservice to the 'great gift' Duanmu had presented him!

"This jade bracelet looks ordinary but is actually an extremely rare material for making Magic Artifacts; it could be refined into a Low-level Magic Artifact for Ruoshui's use," he thought.

After the loot, Ye Fan pondered thoughtfully, "These Yellow Papers are specially made and can be forged into offensive talismans; keeping them for Yuxin and the others for self-defense isn't a bad idea."

"What should I do with his body?"

As he thought, Ye Fan's gaze returned to Duanmu. After a brief contemplation, he decided to call Zhao Meng to come and collect the body.

Although Ye Fan knew that the magical battle between himself and Duanmu was invisible and unnoticed by others, the two had stirred the Primordial Qi of heaven and earth during their fight, causing severe fluctuations in the Primordial Qi around the Tan Palace, which would definitely be noticed by the Yanhuang Organization members.

Even to Ye Fan, it seemed likely that members of the Yanhuang Organization might be rushing here at this very moment!

In such a situation, telling Zhao Meng the truth and having him collect the body seemed like the best option.

Thinking thus, Ye Fan didn't linger. He immediately took out his phone and dialed Zhao Meng's number.

"Xiao Fan, I just sensed a severe Qi fluctuation near the Tan Palace. Are you cultivating, or are you fighting someone?" As soon as the call connected, Zhao Meng got straight to the point.

"Uncle Zhao, I was just assassinated by someone from the Ghost Sect, and I killed him," Ye Fan replied truthfully.

"What... what?"

As a peak Innate Realm expert within the Yanhuang Organization, Zhao Meng was deeply familiar with the Ghost Sect and knew of its strength and terror. He was startled at first, and then thought of something else and asked, "Could it be Duanmu?"

"I don't know his name, I only know he's from the Ghost Sect," Ye Fan said.

"Xiao Fan, protect the scene well, I'll head over immediately!"

Zhao Meng decided to go there himself; for him, both Ye Fan and the Ghost Sect were troublesome entities, and he needed to figure out what had happened.

Meanwhile.

An airplane flying from the capital of the Southeast Asia Special Zone, Bangkok, to Hanghu arrived punctually above Hanghu and began to descend.

Inside the cabin, Ye Wenhao was seated in first class, accompanied by his secretary and a few other major economic leaders from Jiangnan. In the economy class, there were some staff members accompanying them.

They formed a visiting delegation of Jiangnan's political circle, which had visited Nangang, Taiwan, and the Southeast Asia Special Zone over the past few days to observe local economic developments and learn from their success. Today, they were returning from Bangkok.

Like many political bigwigs, Ye Wenhao's office had two phones: one red for internal calls, and one white for external ones; besides these, he also had two mobile phones. One was a work phone with a monitoring system installed by superior departments, and the other a private one.

As the plane started landing, Ye Wenhao took out his private phone, turned off airplane mode, and the signal indicator appeared on the screen.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

As the signal appeared, Ye Wenhao's phone immediately started vibrating. He picked it up and was surprised to see that it was a call from Chu Ji. He pressed the answer button, "Hello."

"Why can't I get through your phone at all?" Chu Ji asked somewhat irritably.

"I just flew back from Bangkok, the plane just landed," Ye Wenhao said, already feeling that Chu Ji must have something urgent to say, he proactively asked, "What's the matter?"

"Well, there's been an incident..."

"Are you talking about Xiao Fan?"

This time, before Chu Ji could finish, Ye Wenhao slightly changed his expression and immediately interrupted her, getting up and walking forward.

"Yes."

Chu Ji spoke, and, recalling Qin Yan's previously haughty demeanor, anger surged within her, making her tone a bit impolite, "Your official wife sought out Xiao Fan!"

"What did she want with Xiao Fan?" While he asked that, Ye Wenhao had already guessed something, his expression turning ugly.

"What else could it be?"

Chu Ji said irritably, "To show off her cool, noble, and wealthy facade, making Xiao Fan draw a clear line with you, a man of noble status, so as not to affect your family!"

"Sss~"

Upon hearing this, Ye Wenhao's lips twitched with anger, then, suppressing his anger, he worriedly asked, "Is Xiao Fan alright?"

"What do you think?"

Thinking of how Ye Fan almost succumbed to demonic cultivation, Chu Ji completely lost her temper, angrily saying, "That vile woman claimed to represent the Ye Family and the Qin family, said that Xiao Fan's presence displeased all members of the Ye Family and the Qin Family, not only making Xiao Fan distance himself from you, but openly calling him derogatory names and insulting Sister Ling Yun as a vile woman, even revealing the past to Xiao Fan!"

"What... what?" Ye Wenhao trembled with anger.

"You know, Xiao Fan's talents in cultivation are exceptionally demonic. He had always been unable to break through to the Innate Realm, merely because of the emotional knot regarding his family. Now, he finally resolved that emotional knot, and that vile woman acted in such a way, almost causing him to succumb to demonic cultivation, creating a new emotional knot!"

By the end, Chu Ji was so angry that her body trembled, wishing she could immediately confront Qin Yan and slap her several times to vent her anger.

"Xiao... Xiao Fan, is he okay now?" Although Ye Wenhao was furious, he was more worried about Ye Fan's safety.

"He's fine now."

Chu Ji honestly replied, and then thought for a moment, "I'm telling you about this not to create discord or affect your family, Ye Family, and Qin family's stability. But because of tonight's incident, all the efforts you made earlier might be wasted—Xiao Fan cares deeply about you having abandoned him and Sister Ling Yun back then!"

"I... I understand."

Hearing Chu Ji's latter statement, Ye Wenhao felt a pang in his heart and hung up with a bitter taste in his mouth. His expression then dramatically changed, from anguish and self-blame to intense anger!

That anger scared everyone in the cabin, making them all tighten their throats, not daring to breathe!

Who has angered Governor Ye?

No answers.

Due to the distance, they could not hear Ye Wenhao's phone conversation, but they were certain of one thing: someone was going to have a bad time!

Chapter 245: 【Ye Wenhao's Rage】

Just when everyone in the cabin simultaneously had this thought, Ye Wenhao instantly regained his composure, silently returned to his seat, and appeared as if nothing had happened.

A moment later, the plane landed safely, and after some turbulence, it slowly moved toward the parking spot at Xiao Shan Airport that had been prepared in advance.

Once the plane had stopped, Ye Wenhao was the first to stand up from his seat and walked off the plane under the admiring gaze of the flight attendants.

Not far from the parking apron, a Hongqi H7 sedan and a Coaster minibus were parked, and staff from the Jiangnan Office's Comprehensive Department had been waiting for a long time, responsible for picking up Ye Wenhao and others. Among them, the Hongqi H7 was the new official car allocated to Ye Wenhao.

"Let the others take the car back first. I need to make a phone call," Ye Wenhao said, turning his head and emotionlessly instructing his secretary just as he was about to disembark.

"Okay."

The secretary quickly nodded, then followed Ye Wenhao off the plane and stood aside, waiting for the Deputy Governor in charge of the economy to disembark and convey Ye Wenhao's instructions.

Meanwhile, Ye Wenhao quickly walked to the side of the runway, took out his personal phone, and dialed Qin Yan's number.

"Where are you?" As the call connected, Ye Wenhao spoke first, his tone quite somber.

On the other end of the phone, Qin Yan vaguely guessed the reason for Ye Wenhao's call, but did not show weakness. "Dong Hai."

"Who told you to go find Xiao Fan?" Ye Wenhao cut straight to the chase.

"Hey, really playing double games, constantly telling me you don't want to jeopardize your career, not coveting the protection of the Ye Family, and the next moment calling me to tattle," Qin Yan sneered coldly, indirectly answering Ye Wenhao's question.

Ye Wenhao's face slightly changed, and he sternly demanded, "I'm asking you, who told you to go find Xiao Fan?"

"I went by myself, so what?"

Sounding justified, Qin Yan replied, "He keeps causing trouble, requiring you to clean up his messes, affecting your career, making both our families suffer grievances. Was I wrong to go and give him a warning?"

"A warning?" Ye Wenhao exclaimed angrily, "Is calling someone a 'bastard' and a 'bitch' a way to warn them?"

"__"

Qin Yan pursed her lips and ultimately said nothing.

"Go apologize to Xiao Fan right now!" Ye Wenhao commanded coldly.

"What... What? You want me to apologize to him?"

Upon hearing this, Qin Yan was initially shocked and then angry, her expression changing as she spoke indignantly, "Why should I apologize to him? What is he to me??"

"Are you going or not?" Ye Wenhao demanded angrily.

"Not going!"

Qin Yan was resolute, "He not only affects your career but also the stability of our families. What's wrong with me warning him? Besides, ask anyone in the family, who doesn't have complaints against him??"

"Fine, very well!"

Ye Wenhao, steaming with rage, hung up the phone abruptly.

Shortly thereafter, Ye Wenhao struggled to adjust his emotions, then turned and walked back toward the Coaster minibus, greeted the Deputy Governor first, and then told his secretary, "Leave the car, you all go back."

"Understood, Governor."

Although the secretary did not know why Ye Wenhao wanted to leave the car behind, he naturally did not ask further and simply nodded immediately, then relayed the instructions to the driver.

The driver exited the vehicle, and Ye Wenhao silently got into the car, started it, and floored the accelerator.

"Vroom~"

As the roaring noise filled the air, under the gaze of the delegation members, Ye Wenhao's car sped away from the airport like a deranged steel monster.

After leaving the airport, Ye Wenhao took out his phone, initially wanting to call Ye Fan. However, remembering Chu Ji's last reminder, he guiltily abandoned the thought and drove straight to the Shanghai-Hangzhou Highway.

An hour later.

Ye Wenhao, driving the Hongqi H7, sped along, and after leaving the Shanghai-Hangzhou Highway, headed toward the state-owned hotel in Dong Hai managed by Qin Yan.

In his memory, every time Qin Yan visited Dong Hai for inspections, she stayed at that near-five-star hotel.

The hotel had only one presidential suite, and it was reserved for Qin Yan; if she was not there, it remained vacant.

It was already after ten in the evening, but there were still many vehicles inside Dong Hai City. Although Ye Wenhao continued speeding, he did not run any red lights.

Because.

He knew, although both were violations of traffic rules, the latter could likely cause a traffic accident.

He, desperate to drag Qin Yan to apologize to Ye Fan, did not want to cause a traffic accident over a personal matter!

Thirty minutes later, Ye Wenhao finally drove into the parking lot of the luxurious hotel where Qin Yan was staying.

"Vroom~"

Ye Wenhao stopped the car, was about to get out and go upstairs to find Qin Yan, when he noticed his phone vibrating again. He looked and saw a call from Xing Feng.

Because of the incident at Ao Xiang Villa last time, Xing Feng had attempted to remedy the situation and had personally reported the matter to Yan, the power holder behind the scenes at the Yanhuang Organization, suggesting that Yan punish the Bai Family, thus facilitating a counterstrike by the Yanhuang Organization in alliance with the Ye Family against the Bai Family!

Because of all this, instead of growing distant, Ye Wenhao's relationship with Xing Feng had grown even closer.

Nevertheless—

Even so, seeing the call from Xing Feng, Ye Wenhao was somewhat surprised and also felt a sense of unease, as both intuition and reason told him that Xing Feng calling him so late definitely was not for a casual chat.

"Hello, Brother Xing," Amid his unease, Ye Wenhao answered the call and greeted him first.

"Wenhao, there's something I think I need to tell you," Xing Feng said, getting straight to the point.

"What is it?" Ye Wenhao asked.

"About your son Xiao Fan..."

Recalling what the head of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, Zhao Meng, had reported, Xing Feng slowed down, planning to first gauge whether Ye Wenhao was aware of the matter and then consider how to convey his reason for calling.

"What about Xiao Fan?"

Before Xing Feng could finish, Ye Wenhao interrupted apprehensively.

Upon hearing this, Xing Feng realized Ye Wenhao was unaware of the incident and explained, "Just now, Zhao Meng from the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch called me. He informed me that about two hours ago, a disciple of the Ghost Sect attempted to assassinate Xiao Fan..."

"Assassination?" Ye Wenhao, hearing this, was shocked and his color paled as he anxiously asked, "Xiao... Xiao Fan, is he hurt??"

"He's fine."

Realizing Ye Wenhao's anxiety and concern, Xing Feng gave a wry smile. In his view, given how much Ye Wenhao valued Ye Fan, if anything had happened to Ye Fan that night, it would probably have ended in bloodshed at Dong hai Beach!

"Whew~"

Learning that Ye Fan was unharmed, Ye Wenhao's heart gradually settled, and he sighed with relief before bursting with a murderous intent and asking, "Brother Xing, what exactly happened?"

"According to Xiao Fan, he returned to the villa tonight and was suddenly attacked with magic by a disciple of the Ghost Sect. Fortunately, he dodged the assault and managed to kill his assailant using magic in return."

Xing Feng replied, "Earlier, Zhao Meng, the head of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, inspected the scene and discovered numerous traces. Indeed, it happened just as Xiao Fan described."

"What's that Ghost Sect member called? Why did he attempt to assassinate Xiao Fan?" Ye Wenhao asked coldly.

"Duanmu."

"Duanmu?" Ye Wenhao's eyes flashed with a murderous intent, "The Magician by Guan Yi's side?"

"Yes!" Xing Feng sighed and said, "According to Xiao Fan, Duanmu was acting under Bai Luo's orders to kill him."

"That little bastard from the Bai Family got tired of living, didn't he?" Knowing the inside story, Ye Wenhao's killing intent burst forth completely, his tone chilling to the bone.

"Wenhao, although Xiao Fan said Duanmu was acting on Bai Luo's orders, but..."

"You don't think Xiao Fan is lying?" Ye Wenhao interrupted Xing Feng displeasedly.

"That's not what I mean."

Xing Feng gave a bitter smile and said, "I believe what Xiao Fan says, but he doesn't have any evidence to prove it, and I'm afraid he'll act in a fit of rage and go kill Bai Luo directly."

"Sorry, Brother Xing, I got too agitated," Ye Wenhao said, fully realizing he had misunderstood Xing Feng.

"Wenhao, there's no need for such formalities between us."

Xing Feng gave a wry smile, "The reason I called you was because I'm worried Xiao Fan might act on his anger and kill someone. I wanted you to stop him—it would be for the best, not only for Xiao Fan but also for you and the Ye Family, even for the Yanhuang Organization."

"Understood," Ye Wenhao acknowledged the good intention in Xing Feng's words and then said, "I will stop him."

"Since you say so, I feel relieved," Xing Feng breathed a sigh of relief and said, "You go on, call me when you get back to Yanjing."

"Alright."

Ye Wenhao said, ending the call and then, following Xing Feng's advice, tried to call Ye Fan to remind him, but after dialing Ye Fan's number, he ultimately didn't press the call button.

Because, he didn't know how to explain the events of that year to Ye Fan!

"Sigh."

With a soft sigh, Ye Wenhao dialed Chu Ji's number and immediately got to the point: "Ji, Xing Feng from the Yanhuang Organization just called me to say that the Ghost Sect disciple Duanmu, under Bai Luo's instruction, tried to assassinate Xiao Fan but got killed by him in return. But he's worried Xiao Fan might act impulsively and go after Bai Luo, so he specifically called to ask me to stop Xiao Fan..."

Just before finishing, Ye Wenhao paused, trusting Chu Ji to understand his implication and thus call Ye Fan to give him a reminder.

"Others think your son is all brawn and no brains, it's one thing, but do you see him the same way?" Upon hearing about Ye Fan's assassination attempt, Chu Ji was initially startled, but then quickly inferred that Ye Fan was undoubtedly unharmed and spoke irritably.

"I..."

"Xiao Fan is a dragon, not a worm. These weren't my words, but those of my master," Chu Ji sighed gently and said, "If Xiao Fan were brave but witless, he could only be considered a mere Martial Artist at most!"

"I'm just worried he's in a bad mood tonight, and this incident might provoke him..." saying this, Ye Wenhao's anger rose again, believing that, with Ye Fan's strength, if it weren't for his mood being soured by Qin Yan's matter, how could he have been easily ambushed by Duanmu?

"Don't worry, he's learned to adapt to the rules and will soon use them to his advantage," Chu Ji said with a cold laugh, "At that time, I suppose, some people's expressions will be quite spectacular!"

"_"

Hearing this from Chu Ji, Ye Wenhao's anger intensified on his face, and without saying another word, he hung up the call, got out of his car, and under the awe-struck gaze of the security staff, entered the hotel with a grim expression.

Five minutes later.

Ye Wenhao took the elevator to the top floor presidential suite.

"Governor Ye."

At the staircase, Xu Jing, Qin Yan's personal bodyguard, stood like a steel gun, quickly bowing and greeting him upon seeing Ye Wenhao.

Ignoring her, Ye Wenhao passed Xu Jing and went straight to the door of the presidential suite.

The next moment.

In Xu Jing's astonished expression, the normally imperturbable Ye Wenhao suddenly swung his foot and kicked the door!

"Bang—"

The muffled sound echoed, the door opened, and Ye Wenhao stepped into the room.

"What are you doing??"

In the living room of the presidential suite, Qin Yan, who had just bathed, was eating fruit on the couch. Startled by the noise, she looked up and, seeing it was Ye Wenhao, asked displeasedly.

"I'm just asking you once, will you apologize or not?" Ye Wenhao walked straight up to Qin Yan and asked coldly.

"I've already said, I won't!" Qin Yan met Ye Wenhao's gaze fearlessly, defiant.

"Tomorrow, we go back to Yanjing and initiate the divorce proceedings," Ye Wenhao said emotionlessly.

Shocked by Ye Wenhao's decision to divorce, Qin Yan jumped up from the couch, utterly astounded, "You... you're really divorcing me over that bastard??"

Without responding, Ye Wenhao slapped her with full anger!

"Smack—"

The slap was loud.

Qin Yan sprawled to the floor!

Chapter 246: 【Wealthy Family Marriage】

This slap, although Ye Fan did not use his power and tried his best to control his strength, was still quite forceful because he struck in anger.

On the ground, Qin Yan was sprawled out with her limbs in the air, an extremely undignified pose, to say the least. Her face instantly swelled, with five clear finger marks appearing, her left teeth nearly all loosening, the corner of her mouth split open, and fresh blood continuously flowing out.

Under the light, Qin Yan leaned against the sofa, motionless, her face filled with disbelief as she stared at Ye Wenhao, seemingly unable to believe that Ye Wenhao would actually strike her!

Even, if it weren't for the pain coming from the left side of her face, she would have thought all of this was an illusion!

An illusion?

"Mr. Qin... Mr. Qin!"

What answered Qin Yan was Xu Jing's cry of alarm. Earlier, she had seen Ye Wenhao kick the door open, and it was clear that Ye Wenhao was very annoyed. After a moment of thought, she snuck to the door, and at this moment, upon seeing Ye Wenhao slap Qin Yan to the ground, she immediately entered the room.

"You... you hit me? You actually dare to hit me??"

Upon hearing Xu Jing's call, Qin Yan snapped out of her stunned expression, and while clawing her way up, she shrieked at Ye Wenhao with a shrill, nagging voice, like that of a shrew.

Ye Wenhao said emotionlessly, "From now on, for every time you curse them, mother and son, I will hit you once."

"Hiss~"

Seeing Ye Wenhao's expressionless face in her eyes, and upon hearing Ye Wenhao's deep voice, Qin Yan gasped in anger, her body swaying, almost falling to the ground again.

"Mr. Qin!"

Seeing this, Xu Jing didn't care whether Ye Wenhao would get angry or not, she sprung to her feet and rushed to Qin Yan's side, supporting her.

"Ye... Ye Wenhao, over these years, without the Qin family's secret assistance, relying on your own abilities, you might not have become the hottest candidate for the Ye Family's third generation successor, let alone have the chance to vie for the pinnacle of red authority! Even a few years ago, if it weren't for the Qin family's support, whether the Ye Family could suppress the Bai Family was still a question!!"

Qin Yan, with her hair disheveled, screamed like a shrew in mourning, "You have reaped all the benefits, gained enough advantages, and climbed to your current position. Not only do you not feel grateful, but you secretly think about that cheap woman, and you even hit me for that wretch's bastard..."

"Slap—"

Once again hearing the words "cheap woman" and "bastard," Ye Wenhao immediately stepped forward and swung his right hand.

"Ye... Governor Ye..." Xu Jing's face paled with fright, and she quickly stood in front of Qin Yan.

"Get lost!"

Ye Wenhao barked coldly, his right hand suddenly shot forward, grabbed Xu Jing's collar, lifted her, then tossed her aside as if throwing out trash.

"Whoosh—"

Xu Jing was sent flying, crashing into a nearby potted plant, the clatter resonating nonstop.

Without paying any attention to whether Xu Jing was alive or dead, Ye Wenhao once again swung his right hand and grabbed Qin Yan by the neck, lifting her forcefully.

"What... what are you going to do?" Qin Yan asked, pale with fright and full of terror.

"I already warned you once, but you seem to have a short memory," Ye Wenhao said, gripping Qin Yan's neck coldly.

"No... don't!"

Seeing Ye Wenhao's move, Xu Jing thought he was going to strangle Qin Yan and screamed in horror.

"Huff~ Huff~"

At the same time, Qin Yan's breathing became rapid. Her already pale face turned red due to suffocation, and her eyes no longer held the disdain she had during her meeting with Ye Fan; what was there instead was an unprecedented fear!

She tried to struggle but found that her body seemed to be drained of all strength, unable to move at all.

Suddenly, she felt that the Ye Wenhao before her was so unfamiliar, unfamiliar to the point where she dared not believe it nor could she accept it!

Even, a delusion emerged in her heart: she had never really understood Ye Wenhao!

"Our marriage was an alliance between the Ye Family and the Qin Family. While the Ye Family did gain quite a lot, the Qin Family benefited even more. To put it bluntly, if it were not for the relationship of the marriage alliance between the Ye and Qin families, the Qin family would have fallen into decline long ago after your grandfather passed away! So, don't act like you got a raw deal while actually reaping the rewards, telling me that the Ye Family took advantage of the Qin Family, when in reality it is the Qin Family clinging to the coattails of the Ye Family!"

Ye Wenhao did not strangle Qin Yan in a rage, instead, he spoke without any expression: "As for your claim that it's thanks to the Qin family's support that I have my current status and identity, I find that even more ludicrous! The decisions of the Ye Family camp are not something your Qin Family can influence, right?"

"Uh..."

Qin Yan's mouth hung open, speechless, just gasping for air.

"Furthermore, let me tell you the truth. Marrying you was the biggest mistake of my life, and inheriting the Ye Family, becoming the flag bearer of the Ye Family camp, vying for the pinnacle of red power, that has been my greatest burden—it's like a tight hoop around my head, making me very uncomfortable," Ye Wenhao said as he gradually released Qin Yan's neck, letting her fall back onto the sofa, and continued, "Not long ago, after the Ao Xiang incident, I already made it clear, I've missed my chance once, and I don't want to miss it a second time, even if it means giving up everything I have now!"

"Uh..."

Stunned by Ye Wenhao's shocking words, Xu Jing was petrified on the spot.

"Shush!"

Qin Yan's face also violently changed!

After so many years of marriage, she could tell that deep down, Ye Wenhao still deeply loved Ling Yun, and their relationship was only a marriage in name; they were not as happy and harmonious as a normal husband and wife.

But—

She had never imagined that Ye Wenhao had no ambition to take over the Ye Family Camp and aim for the Peak, and he didn't even have the desire.

What's more, she had never thought that after the Ao Xiang incident, Ye Wenhao would actually give up everything in order to save Ye Fan!

"Besides causing trouble and giving you problems, what else can he do?"

Perhaps sensing that Ye Wenhao was not joking, Qin Yan suddenly felt a surge of panic, and her attitude unconsciously softened, "Is he really worth you going to such lengths?"

"Causing trouble, giving me problems?"

Ye Wenhao said coldly, "I can tell you clearly that no matter what trouble he has stirred up, he has never actively sought my help; it was always me who took the initiative to help him! And as for the Ao Xiang Villa incident, although I broke the rules in order to save him, if it wasn't for him afterward, the Yanhuang Organization would not have possibly joined forces with the Ye Family to deal a heavy blow to the Bai Family!"

"Uh..."

This was the second time Qin Yan had heard these words, but she was still greatly shocked.

Seeing her reaction, Ye Wenhao didn't continue explaining; he was very clear in his heart that the Yanhuang Organization's power behind the scenes, 'Yan,' agreed to punish the Bai Family not only because they were a little annoyed at being underhandedly dealt with by the Bai Family but more importantly, they wanted to make things right with Ye Fan, or rather, with Ye Fan's master, Chu Xuanji!

"And tonight, because of what you did, he almost suffered from spiritual deviation, not to mention he was later targeted for assassination and nearly lost his life to the underworld!"

Ye Wenhao said with fury, "Under such circumstances, he didn't call me as you might imagine! Moreover, I can tell you clearly that even if I call him now, or say I go see him in person, he might not even bother with me!"

"No... It wasn't he who called to tell you?" A hint of doubt flashed in Qin Yan's eyes.

"He acknowledges me because he's deeply loyal and yearning for familial affection, and also because I've been sincere and moved him," Ye Wenhao answered a question that wasn't asked. As he spoke, he suddenly felt a sense of sorrow, "The Ye Family halo, which you see as supreme, means absolutely nothing to him!"

"Uh..."

Qin Yan pursed her lips, wanting to say something, but found her mind to be blank.

"Qin Yan, relationships between people are about reciprocity. Putting aside the mess before our marriage, you know very well what you have been doing these past few years in secret. I don't call you out on it not because I am unaware, but because I genuinely still love Ling Yun, and I feel that, in some way, as your husband, I owe you an apology!"

With the mention of Ling Yun's name, Ye Wenhao's mind couldn't help but conjure up her image in a floating white dress; then he sighed and said, "As for whether helping him is worth it or not, I tell you, it is worth it! He, afraid of implicating me in the Ao Xiang Villa incident, more than once told me to not fight until the bitter end—if I hadn't wronged his mother and child back then, just based on his actions now, I would still recognize and support him!"

"—"

Whether it was because her dirty secrets were being exposed, or because she sensed something foreboding from Ye Wenhao's words, Qin Yan wisely chose to remain silent.

"Now that the matter has come to this, I think it's time to put an end to our hypocritical marriage—tomorrow, I'll return to the Ye Family and discuss this matter with Dad and Grandpa!" As if to confirm Qin Yan's suspicions, Ye Wenhao made his decision.

"No... Don't do it!"

Upon hearing Ye Wenhao mention divorce again, Qin Yan's face turned to one of horror; she knew Ye Wenhao was not joking or speaking out of anger, but was truly seeking a divorce!

She might not care about the past twenty years of her dispensable emotional attachment to Ye Wenhao, but she couldn't afford to lose the halo of being the Ye Family's eldest daughter-in-law!

Because, as Ye Wenhao had said, with the death of the elderly Qin family head, and lacking outstanding individuals in the Qin family's second and third generations, the Qin family had indeed been declining; they only managed to remain among the ranks of the wealthy families because of the Ye Family's support!

If Ye Wenhao divorced her, and she lost the status of the Ye family's eldest daughter-in-law, even if the alliance between the Ye Family and Qin Family wouldn't break, her position within the Ye Family, the Qin Family, and even outside, would plummet!

This was something she couldn't accept!

She couldn't imagine what that kind of life would be like!

"Wenhao, he may be your son, but we also have children. You can't abandon our mother and son for him, right?" With fear and unease, Qin Yan cleverly played the sympathy card, resorting to a pitiful tactic.

Ye Wenhao remained expressionless: "Qin Yan, I've already given you a chance."

"Wenhao, I was wrong!" Realizing what Ye Wenhao was implying, Qin Yan immediately crawled and clung to Ye Wenhao's legs, begging for forgiveness, "I'll apologize to him with you!"

"Some things, some people, once missed, are missed forever," Ye Wenhao sighed lightly, a double entendre.

Chapter 247: Vision Determines Height

Ye Wenhao left.

After Ye Wenhao uttered that double-meaning phrase, no matter how Qin Yan admitted her mistakes and pleaded, he still left.

He left decisively!

Watching Ye Wenhao's retreating back, Qin Yan felt an unprecedented fear. She collapsed weakly to the ground, motionless as if all her spiritual energy had been drained from her.

"Mr. Qin!"

Seeing this, Xu Jing hurriedly suppressed the pain in her body, got up from the ground, hurried to Qin Yan, and helped her up.

"How did it turn into this?" Qin Yan's face was pale as she murmured to herself, seemingly asking Xu Jing but even more so asking herself.

"Mr... Mr. Qin."

Xu Jing hadn't expected the situation to evolve into what it had become. She hesitated for a moment before suggesting, "I recommend that you immediately call Boss Ye and ask Old Ye to persuade Governor Ye. If you do this, Governor Ye might reconsider his decision!"

"Right, make a call!" Hearing this, Qin Yan snapped out of her trance, hurriedly searching for her phone. "Where's my phone, my phone?"

"Mr. Qin, here!" Xu Jing found the phone on the sofa and handed it to Qin Yan.

"Xiao Jing, you follow Wenhao, I'll make the call now!" Taking the phone, Qin Yan regained some composure and quickly made arrangements.

"Yes, Mr. Qin!"

Xu Jing promptly accepted the order and headed out.

"Sigh~"

Qin Yan took a deep breath, steadied her emotions, carefully considered her words, and then dialed the private number of the Ye Family Patriarch, Ye Zhen.

"Xiao Yan, why are you calling so late? Is something the matter?"

As the phone connected, Ye Zhen's voice came from the receiver, carrying a hint of puzzlement. Although Qin Yan was a significant daughter-in-law of the third generation of the Ye Family and was in charge of a state-owned enterprise, which gave her a not insignificant status in the Ye Family, she wasn't yet in a position to report directly to Ye Zhen over matters.

"Dad!" Qin Yan said with a sob, "Wenhao wants to divorce me!"

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, Ye Zhen was first startled, then a sharp light flickered in his eyes. While pondering the reasons, he asked, "What happened?"

"Ye Fan has been causing trouble one after another and even had a direct conflict with Bai Luo of the Bai Family. I was afraid his actions would affect Wenhao's career and bring trouble to the Ye Family, so I rushed to Dong Hai to meet with him tonight."

Qin Yan hesitated for a moment but ultimately didn't dare to lie and continued honestly, "At that time, because I was quite emotional, some of my words were too harsh, which almost made him lose control and enter a state of qi deviation. Reportedly, he was even targeted for assassination afterward."

As she spoke, Qin Yan paused. Seeing that Ye Zhen did not interject, she continued, "After learning about this, Wenhao called me to apologize to Ye Fan. I was angry at that time and told him I wouldn't go."

"Just now, he came over from Hanghu to see me and again insisted that I apologize. I refused and said some harsh words, which resulted in him slapping me and then telling me he wanted a divorce. He also told me that he would give up everything he has now for Ye Fan!"

Qin Yan's voice trailed off, and feeling a stir in her heart, she hastily added, "I saw that he was really angry, so I told him I'm willing to apologize to Ye Fan with him, but he insisted on getting a divorce. Dad, I was just impulsive. I know I was wrong, please talk to Wenhao for me."

"Wait for my call."

After listening to Qin Yan's account, Ye Zhen didn't express any stance and simply told Qin Yan to wait for his call.

"I understand, Dad." Qin Yan felt a chill in her heart but prudently didn't say anything more.

Meanwhile, Ye Zhen, who was in a courtyard in Yanjing, hung up the phone. Initially, he intended to call Ye Wenhao directly. Still, feeling that it was not appropriate, he considered for a moment and then pressed the red button on his desk.

"Sir."

Soon, a member of the Yanhuang Organization responsible for Ye Zhen's safety entered the study.

Like the Bai Family courting martial arts experts for security, the Ye Family also had their own security forces, with bodyguards for key family members like Ye Zhen being part of the Yanhuang Organization.

"Has the old master gone to bed?" asked Ye Zhen.

"He just finished listening to Peking opera and will be going to bed soon."

"Dismissed."

After getting the answer, Ye Zhen let the bodyguard leave, pondered for a moment, then got up from his study and walked to the inner courtyard.

The so-called inner courtyard was actually another courtyard house connected to Ye Zhen's residence. It was the home of Old Master Ye, Ye Yuanshan, the stabilizer of the Ye Family.

As Ye Zhen was going to find Old Master Ye Yuanshan, Ye Wenhao, accompanied by the visibly nervous manager of the hotel, left the hotel and went straight to his Red Flag H7 official car.

At the same time, Ye Wenhao noticed Xu Jing had also left the hotel and was secretly following him but did not pay any attention to her.

Soon, Ye Wenhao got into the Red Flag H7 sedan without hurrying to start the car. Instead, looking in the direction of Tan Palace, he couldn't help but quietly ask himself, "Should I go find him?"

"Snap—"

No answer came, and Ye Wenhao, who didn't usually smoke, extraordinarily lit a cigarette and took a light drag.

As the smoke filled the air, Ye Wenhao's expression was complex, riddled with self-reproach, anxiety, and above all, a sense of being at a loss.

He could guess that Ye Fan was feeling terrible after learning the truth about the past events.

Even in his view, with Ye Fan's character valuing loyalty and righteousness, it was very likely, just as Chu Ji said, that he would develop doubts and aversions toward him as a father!

Under such circumstances, he genuinely didn't know what to say after meeting Ye Fan.

Apologize?

In Ye Wenhao's opinion, that wasn't what Ye Fan would want.

Explain?

Although Qin Yan's words were a bit excessive, some of them were true. Indeed, Ye Wenhao had chosen worldly power over true love in the past and, under tremendous pressure and against his conscience, he had told Ling Yun his decision in front of many members of the Ye Family!

"Sigh..."

When a cigarette burnt out, Ye Wenhao couldn't help but sigh and ultimately gave up on the idea of going to find Ye Fan.

Because, in his view, this was not the best time to approach Ye Fan.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

Just as Ye Wenhao made up his mind and was about to start the car, the vibration of his cellphone rang out.

Ye Wenhao picked up the phone and was shocked to see it was a call from Old Master Ye Yuanshan's study!

This discovery caused a slight change in Ye Wenhao's expression, and he immediately guessed the reason Old Master Ye was calling him.

"Grandfather."

After thinking for a moment, Ye Wenhao answered the call and greeted him proactively.

"Wenhao, I have heard about the incident between you and Xiao Yan," Old Master Ye began, addressing the issue straightaway, "Xiao Yan may have been excessive, and you were right to reprimand her, but let's not talk about divorce."

"Grandfather, if I don't do this, I'm afraid Xiao Fan will never accept me in his lifetime," Ye Wenhao frowned.

"Is it that serious?" Old Master Ye sounded skeptical.

"Grandfather, I know you have also had people investigate Xiao Fan's background, but there are some things you don't know, and you don't understand Xiao Fan," Ye Wenhao said after some thought. "Xiao Fan recognized me not because he values my power or wishes to rely on the Ye Family. Instead, it's because he values relationships and longs for kinship. Additionally, he was moved and approved of my previous actions."

Old Master Ye fell silent.

"During the Ao Xiang Villa incident, after learning that I was willing to go to extreme lengths for him, he called me more than once to remind me not to act so recklessly, and he even risked a great deal to repair the consciousness of two witnesses personally."

Ye Wenhao continued, "Moreover, when I say he doesn't value my power and never thought of relying on the Ye Family, it's because he has the capital to do so!"

"What capital?" Old Master Ye asked curiously.

"He is the disciple of the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji!" Ye Wenhao revealed the secret.

"I see!"

Old Master Ye's pupils dilated slightly as he pondered, "In that case, the Yanhuang Organization's willingness to collaborate with our Ye Family to punish the Bai Family is because of him, or rather, because of Chu Xuanji behind him."

"You see clearly, Grandfather!"

Seeing that Old Master Ye had immediately guessed the trickery involved, Ye Wenhao was not surprised; after all, the Ye Family had become the foremost wealthy family in Huaxia entirely due to Old Master Ye Yuanshan's great will and wisdom.

"Let's do this. Have Xiao Yan accompany you to apologize to Xiao Fan. It can also serve as a lesson for her to restrain her conduct in the future."

Old Master Ye fell silent for nearly half a minute before saying, "Also, tell Xiao Fan that from now on, no member of the Ye Family will ever trouble him again. If he wishes to return to the Ye Family, our doors are always open for him, and he can use the Ye Family's resources freely!"

"Uh..."

Although Ye Wenhao had expected Old Master Ye to invite Ye Fan back to the Ye Family after learning his real background, he did not anticipate that Old Master Ye would offer such terms!

After all, among the fourth generation of the Ye Family, no one else had received such favorable treatment!

Even within the entire Ye Family, only he, the most favored candidate of the third generation to take over, had such privileges!

"Wenhao, this is my promise to him and also my promise to you."

As if guessing Ye Wenhao's feelings, Old Master Ye sighed and said, "My request is simple: don't bring up the divorce again. It exposes us to ridicule and disturbs stability. Besides that, you are the talent that the clan and faction have put great effort into developing. I don't wish to hear you talk about giving up your official career anymore, such talk is irresponsible and not the kind of responsibility a man should take!"

"Grandfather, I..."

"The country comes first, then the family, and personal matters last," Old Master Ye interrupted Ye Wenhao, "A true gentleman may have personal affections, but he must not be short of heroic spirit. Family responsibility is indeed important, but one must also live up to the clan, and more importantly, to this country—this country was bought with the blood of countless ancestors who gave up personal affections, families, even their lives!"

"Wenhao will bear Grandfather's teachings in mind."

Ye Wenhao's heart trembled, and he ultimately chose to compromise, partially because Old Master Ye was stating facts, and partly because he knew that Old Master Ye had given him and Ye Fan everything they could have asked for!

"Don't let me down!"

Old Master Ye let out a soft sigh, then hung up the phone.

"Dad, are you sure this is the right arrangement?" Ye Zhen couldn't help but ask with puzzlement as the call ended.

The once-cloudy eyes of Old Master Ye Yuanshan now glittered with sharpness, and he said with deep meaning, "Perspective dictates height, and magnanimity determines scope. In the future, you will understand my intentions!"

Chapter 248: [His Ambrosia, My Poison] (Added for Zach.xin)

The night was deep, and Dong She Mountain was tranquil.

Wang Zhong stood at the entrance of Duanmu's wooden villa courtyard, using his consciousness to sense everything around him, more precisely, to detect Duanmu's aura.

He had been standing there waiting for several hours, and still, there was no sign of Duanmu.

Could Duanmu's stealth attack have failed?

Listening to the faint sound of flowing water in the villa courtyard, Wang Zhong looked at the road leading up the mountain and couldn't help but question himself in silence.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

The answer to Wang Zhong was the vibration of his cell phone, the caller being Bai Luo.

"Duanmu hasn't returned yet?"

As soon as the call connected, Bai Luo asked first, his tone somewhat uneasy; this was already his third call.

"Yes, Lord Bai," Duanmu answered truthfully.

"He didn't run into trouble, did he?" Bai Luo finally voiced the worry in his heart.

"According to what you said, Lord Bai, Duanmu has already broken through to the Innate Realm, and he has the Mid-level Magical Artifact Ghostly Gourd in his hand. With his strength, a stealth attack on Ye Family's bastard should not go awry," Wang Zhong replied, voicing his guess, "If it did fail, there are only two possibilities. The first is that the bastard has not returned to Tan Palace Villa. The second is that Duanmu encountered Chu Ji!"

"Didn't you say Chu Ji didn't leave with that bastard?" Bai Luo asked, somewhat flustered at the news.

"At the time that was the case," Wang Zhong replied weakly, fearful that Bai Luo would blame him.

"Forget it, let's not talk about these useless things."

As the Young Master Bai of the Bai Family, Bai Luo not only held a position of responsibility but had also established the Hong Ding Club; knowing how to handle people, he didn't blame Wang Zhong any further but instead said somewhat helplessly, "You continue to wait there, and report to me immediately once there is any news."

"Yes, Lord Bai!"

Wang Zhong replied respectfully, and upon seeing Bai Luo hang up the phone, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

On the other end of the phone, just after Bai Luo put his cell phone on the desk, the vibration broke the silence of the study.

Bai Luo thought Wang Zhong might have news, and his heart leaped in excitement as he hurriedly picked up the phone, only to find that it wasn't a call from Wang Zhong—the caller ID displayed his father Bai Guotao's private number!

Could Dad have found out about the East Sea situation?

Bai Luo's heart tightened, but he didn't dare delay and quickly answered the phone, greeting proactively, "Dad."

"Did you order Duanmu to assassinate Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son?" Bai Guotao asked in a cold voice.

"I..." Bai Luo stumbled in his words but eventually admitted, "Yes."

"Has your brain been squeezed by a door?" Bai Guotao scolded in anger.

"The bastard made me kneel using his Martial Arts and Magic. I couldn't swallow that humiliation!"

Perhaps the humiliation Ye Fan had inflicted on Bai Luo was too deeply etched in his memory, as Bai Luo, for the first time since birth, talked back to Bai Guotao!

"So you instructed Duanmu to assassinate him?" Bai Guotao trembled with anger.

"I never intended to take his life, I just wanted to cripple his Martial Arts and Magic Cultivation!" Bai Luo declared righteously, "Duanmu said he could do all this without God or ghost knowing, which is why I let him go."

"He said? I also say I could slap Ye Wenhao to death. Do you believe me?" Bai Guotao said furiously.

"_"

Bai Luo had no response.

"I've told you more than once, 'Hearing is false, seeing is believing,' and even what you see with your own eyes isn't necessarily true. Why don't you ever learn?" Bai Guotao said coldly.

Hearing Bai Guotao's words again, Bai Luo's heart stirred, and he blurted out, "Dad, has something happened to Duanmu?"

"His attempt to ambush Ye Wenhao's bastard failed, and he was killed instead," Bai Guotao said with an ashen face, "Just now, the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch head called your Uncle Guan to report this incident, and then your Uncle Guan called me, asking if you were the one who secretly instructed Duanmu to do it."

"Ah..."

Even though Bai Luo had considered the possibility of Duanmu's failure, hearing the news still shocked him.

"You should realize, when the people from the Yanhuang Organization informed your Uncle Guan about this incident, they were sounding a warning bell," Bai Guotao continued, rebuking Bai Luo as he saw him remain silent, "You should be grateful that Ye Wenhao's bastard didn't catch you red-handed, otherwise, you'd be in deep trouble!"

"I'm sorry, Dad, I was too impulsive and implicated Uncle Guan," Bai Luo once again spoke up, deflated like a beaten eggplant.

"Small impatience spoils great plans. I just told you this a few days ago, but you turned around and violated the rules to go after Ye Wenhao's bastard. Do you now think your wings are so strong that you can ignore my words?" Even though Bai Luo admitted his fault, Bai Guotao's anger had not subsided, and he continued to lecture.

"Xiao Luo dares not," Bai Luo said.

"First, being presumptuous and clashing head-on, then breaking the rules to play assassin, you're not just playing with fire, but you're pushing the entire Bai Family into the pit of fire!"

Bai Guotao seemed to be really angry, scolding adamantly, "Where have your shrewdness and your schemes gone? Just for a bastard of the Ye Family, was it worth such a grand effort? You've truly disappointed me!"

"Dad, I was wrong," Bai Luo said.

"Where were you wrong?"

"He's an earthen jar, I'm a fine porcelain, I shouldn't have clashed head-on with him."

"Glad you know that!" Bai Guotao said, his anger finally subsiding somewhat, but he warned again, "I hope there won't be a next time!"

As his words ended, Bai Guotao hung up the phone.

"Beep... Beep..."

Listening to the busy tone coming from the receiver, Bai Luo's face was full of frustration, so angry he almost smashed his phone.

Chapter 249: [His Nectar, My Arsenic] Added more for Zach and Xin) _2

"Huh~"

In the end, Bai Luo controlled his emotions, gritted his teeth and said, "Ye Family's bastard, this time I will swallow my broken teeth! I want to see just how big of a wave you, who are unqualified to even step into the Ye Family's gate, can make!"

After consoling himself with something similar to the spirit of Ah Q, Bai Luo's thoughts became much clearer, and then thinking about how Ye Fan would be ostracized by the people of the Ye Family Camp and might even be taught a lesson, he couldn't help but sneer.

At the same time.

Ye Wenhao's Hongqi H7 slowly drove into the Tan Palace Noble District.

Qin Yan sat in the back seat of the car, still wearing that professionally tailored suit by a famous tailor, her head still crowned with the aura of the third-generation daughter-in-law of the Ye Family, princess of the Qin family, and the head of a state-owned enterprise, but her face no longer held any trace of superiority!

On the contrary, her carefully maintained face was swollen, with Ye Wenhao's fingerprints still visible on it, filled with blood, swollen like a steamed bun, her face filled with expressions of pain.

Painful, because she would soon have to apologize and admit her mistake to Ye Fan!

For her, this was far more intolerable than the slap from Ye Wenhao—it would become the greatest humiliation of her life!

However—

Even with a thousand or ten thousand unwillingness, she knew that if she wanted to continue to bear the aura of the third-generation daughter-in-law of the Ye Family, princess of the Qin family, and the head of a state-owned enterprise, she must accept this humiliation!

Unlike Qin Yan, there was no pain on Ye Wenhao's face, only self-blame and worry—self-blame for what had happened in the past, worry for the upcoming meeting!

About ten minutes later, with Qin Yan in pain and Ye Wenhao filled with self-blame and worry, the Hongqi H7 slowly arrived at the gate of the villa where Ye Fan lived.

"They seem to be asleep, shall we come back tomorrow?" Seeing that the villa was dark, Qin Yan couldn't help suggesting, thinking to avoid the confrontation momentarily.

"No way!"

Ye Wenhao firmly rejected Qin Yan's suggestion, then thought for a moment, did not get out to press the doorbell, but suddenly released his aura.

Whoosh!

In one of the bedrooms of the villa, Ye Fan was originally matching ingredients for alchemy, and was suddenly startled by the aura of Ye Wenhao, his face immediately changed.

Whoosh—

The next moment.

The ingredients dropped from Ye Fan's hands, he couldn't help but walk to the window, and at a glance saw Ye Wenhao's car with its headlights bright, his brows instantly furrowed together, his expression very complex, both painful and excited.

Painful, because the arrival of Ye Wenhao reminded him of Qin Yan's words tonight, reminded him of what Ye Wenhao had done in the past!

Excited, because he understood that Ye Wenhao had found this place because he cared about his feelings!

Should I see him?

Ye Fan couldn't help silently asking himself.

No answer.

As if under a spell, he stood motionlessly in place, staring blankly at that Hongqi H7.

Just staring blankly...

"Can he sense it?"

A few minutes later, seeing that Ye Fan had not appeared, Qin Yan couldn't help asking.

"He can." Ye Wenhao sighed softly.

"Should we call him?" Qin Yan suggested again.

"If he wants to see me, he will appear after sensing my aura."

Ye Wenhao's gaze pierced through the car window's glass, staring at the window of the bedroom on the second floor, clearly seeing the silhouette of Ye Fan behind the curtains, and bitterly said, "If he doesn't want to meet me, even bombarding him with calls would be of no help."

"What if he never shows up?" Qin Yan asked again.

"We wait, wait until he shows up!" Ye Wenhao frowned, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Qin Yan tactfully shut her mouth, saying no more.

Squeak!

At the same time, the bedroom door of Ye Fan was pushed open, and Su Yuxin, barefoot, walked in.

"Some things cannot be avoided, no matter what, now that he has come, you should go out and meet him."

Su Yuxin slowly walked behind Ye Fan, wrapped her arms around his waist from behind, resting her head on Ye Fan's back, and softly said.

She had learned about Ye Fan's ordeal tonight from Chu Ji, and previously, following Chu Ji's advice, had comforted Ye Fan. Now sensing Ye Wenhao's arrival, she hesitated for a long time, but finally decided to seek Ye Fan.

"I am not avoiding, I just don't know what to say after seeing him." Ye Fan turned around, a bitter smile on his face, smiling on the outside, hurting on the inside.

"Say what you most want to say."

Su Yuxin held Ye Fan's cold hands, smiling encouragingly, "Don't go against your heart, let your heart control your thoughts. This was my choice when I faced complicated dilemmas before, you can try it."

"Alright."

Feeling Su Yuxin's care and encouragement, the pain in Ye Fan's heart lightened significantly, he took a deep breath, nodded, then pulled back the curtains, opened the window, and leaped out.

Whoosh!

Seeing this, the self-blame and worry on Ye Wenhao's face disappeared without a trace, replaced by excitement. Overwhelmed with excitement, he hurriedly said, "Get out of the car!"

As the words fell, Ye Wenhao was the first to push open the car door and get out, while Qin Yan bit her lip and followed him down from the car.

Hm?

Under the night sky, Ye Fan slowly walked toward the villa gate, suddenly seeing Ye Wenhao and Qin Yan beside him, and also Qin Yan's swollen face and her pained expression!

This discovery made him pause for a moment, then he vaguely guessed something.

A moment later, as Ye Wenhao and Qin Yan waited, Ye Fan silently walked to the villa gate.

"I'm sorry, Xiao Fan, I shouldn't have sought you out tonight, and I should not have said those words to you, please forgive your aunt!"

Chapter 250: [His Nectar, My Arsenic] Added more for Zach and Xin) _3

It must be said that Qin Yan, who was born into and married into a wealthy family and holds the position of head of a state-owned enterprise, possesses extensive social experience. Her ability to switch expressions is even faster than removing trousers. Not only did she take the initiative to apologize to Ye Fan with what seemed like sincere expressions, but her heart felt worse than finding a fly in her meal while eating.

In Su Yuxin's words, this was a classic contradiction of the heart!

"For you, apologizing to me is a painful matter, and for me, your apology is meaningless."

Ye Fan looked at Qin Yan, who just a few hours ago had a haughty expression and continuously insulted him and his mother, and said calmly, "Please remember my words, do not let me hear you insult my mother again, or else, I will kill you."

I will kill you.

For some reason, even though Ye Fan said these five words calmly, Qin Yan's heart began to pound wildly, filled with fear.

That fear was even more intense than when Ye Wenhao was choking her!

After the fear, a sense of shame that she had never experienced before spread through Qin Yan's heart!

She had never, since childhood, apologized so humbly to anyone like she did now, nor had anyone dared to threaten her in front of Ye Wenhao!

Never before!!

"I promise that from now on, no one from the Ye Family or the Qin family will bother you again with an incident like tonight." Ye Wenhao said bitterly.

Ye Fan looked at the man in front of him who he once considered a dragon among men, at the man who had once moved him to tears, and involuntarily said, "This bit of grievance, this humiliation, means nothing to me, but I do not want my mother, buried in the earth, to be slandered."

"I'm sorry." Ye Wenhao's body shook, his voice trembling.

"You should say that to her." Ye Fan, following Su Yuxin's advice, controlled himself completely with his heart.

"I almost say it every day in my heart to her." Ye Wenhao said, appearing self-reproachful, his previously erect posture slightly stooped.

Seeing this, Ye Fan felt a stifling sensation in his heart, left speechless.

"As I once said, I don't dare to hope for your forgiveness, but I will, as before, devote all I have, and do everything possible for you!"

Ye Wenhao said gently, "This isn't compensation, it's a father's responsibility!"

Ye Fan's heart quivered, emotions of being touched rippled silently within him, and the hatred he had towards Ye Wenhao for learning the truth about his mother's death loosened slightly.

"Your grandfather asked me to tell you, if you want to return home, the door of the Ye Family is always open for you, and all the resources of the Ye Family are at your disposal!" Ye Wenhao conveyed, recalling the admonition from Ye Yuanshan.

"Uh..."

Hearing these words from Ye Wenhao, Qin Yan looked at him incredulously, with a look that seemed to ask, "How is that possible?"

Is it possible?

As the daughter-in-law of the third generation of the Ye Family, Qin Yan knew very well what the words of Old Master Ye meant!

It meant that just a nod from Ye Fan would make him the most powerful Crown Prince in Huaxia!

Without any rivals!!

Is it possible?

"My home is on Spirit Mountain."

The emotions that had moved Ye Fan vanished, and he resolutely turned around and strode away.