

Y Master 301

Chapter 301 [When soldiers come, block them; when water comes, cover it with earth]

Since the revival of the Martial Arts World at the end of the last century, various martial arts sects and families have established martial arts halls in major cities to handle secular affairs while helping the sects and families to recruit outer disciples and select talented prospects.

As the root of the Inner Sect, Wudang Sect was founded by Zhang Sanfeng, a Song Dynasty figure, according to Huang Zongxi's "Wang Zhengnan's Tombstone Inscription" dating from the late Ming and early Qing dynasties. It began in the Song Dynasty and flourished in the Ming Dynasty, and has been passed down for thousands of years up to this day.

Today, the Wudang Sect is one of the representatives of the Huaxia Martial Arts World, with martial arts halls in major cities.

The Dong Hai Wudang Martial Arts Hall is one of the largest in Huaxia, located in Pudong New District of Dong Hai. It consists of a twelve-story office building, two annex buildings, and a courtyard as large as two football fields.

In the early morning, sunlight showered the Dong Hai Wudang Martial Arts Hall. Murong Sheng, clad in a dark blue Taoist robe and wearing a Taoist crown, practiced the sect's supreme Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique behind the forest of the large yard, using his hand as a sword.

Under the morning light, Murong Sheng moved as the sword went with him, leading the sword with his body. Hiding the Ba Gua within, stepping through the Nine Palaces, moving like a serpent dragon emerging from water and as quiet as a spirit cat hunting mice, his figure was like the wind, elusive to the eye.

Suddenly—

Murong Sheng's figure flashed, like a swift breeze, brushing past a tree as thick as a bowl.

"Whoosh!"

In a spark of flint, Murong Sheng suddenly looked back, turned his hand into a sword, and struck the nearby tree with a backhanded sword strike!

—Yellow Dragon Tail!

This move, seemingly casual, was actually the last technique of the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique, Yellow Dragon Tail.

"Crack—"

As he struck with the hand-sword, power burst forth, all of it hammering into the thick tree.

"Crack—"

An audible snap sounded, the tree trunk broke, and fell with a crash, raising a cloud of dust.

"Clap clap!"

Seeing this scene, Zhang Qian, the master of the martial hall, applauded as he walked toward Murong Sheng, full of envy, "Little junior brother has practiced the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique to a level where form and intent, intent and energy, energy and spirit are all unified. It truly broadens your senior brother's horizons."

"According to what father said, I have merely mastered the technique thoroughly, far from reaching its ultimate level."

In response to Zhang Qian's envy, Murong Sheng replied with a smile, "To reach the ultimate level, you must perform the martial arts, understand the theories of the sword, exhaust the possibilities of the sword, and unite man and sword. When striking, birds scatter in the sky, rolling on the ground without raising dust, the sword unseen in a gentle breeze, the man invisible amidst countless changes."

"With little junior brother's talent, as long as you practice diligently, one day you will surely master this supreme skill to its ultimate level," Zhang Qian flattered.

Murong Sheng smiled appreciatively, enjoying Zhang Qian's flattery, and arrogantly said, "Of course."

"Just now, little junior brother, when you manifested the hand as a sword using this supreme technique, it was so powerful. If you were to use the sect's magical weapon, the Taiyin Xuan Sword, I reckon that Ye lad wouldn't even stand a chance to withstand a single move," Zhang Qian continued to compliment.

Murong Sheng arrogantly smiled, offering no reply, but his silence was more expressive than words.

"Little junior brother, when shall we depart for Ao Xiang Villa?"

After flattering him, Zhang Qian brought up the serious matter. According to the challenge letter, Murong Sheng was originally supposed to duel Ye Fan in the courtyard of the Wudang Martial Arts Hall, but Ye Fan changed the location to Ao Xiang Villa. Hence, Murong Sheng had to reach Ao Xiang Villa before nine o'clock, otherwise, it would amount to admitting defeat directly.

"Just let my father know and we'll leave; the sooner, the better," Murong Sheng waved dismissively, as if he was not about to participate in a brutal duel to the death, but rather in a trivial task.

Ten minutes later, accompanied by Zhang Qian, Murong Sheng returned to a villa in the backyard.

In the villa's living room, Murong Gu, who had spent the night in meditation practice, wearing a Taoist robe and crown, was sitting on a sofa, having been waiting for a while.

"Dad, Great Elder!"

Upon entering the villa's living room, Murong Sheng and Zhang Qian bowed and greeted him simultaneously. Murong Sheng appeared completely calm and composed, while Zhang Qian could not help but cast his eyes toward the Taiyin Xuan Sword resting on the coffee table in front of Murong Gu.

As one of the magical weapons of the Wudang Sect, the Taiyin Xuan Sword, reportedly the personal sword of Wudang's founder Zhang Sanfeng, has a dark green hilt with exquisitely carved patterns, a three-foot blade, one-inch width, and a two-point thickness, shimmering with white light and twinkling radiance.

"My boy, pack up; we shall head to Ao Xiang Villa immediately to avoid being falsely accused of conceding by Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son due to lateness," Murong Gu nodded slightly, giving instructions.

Upon hearing this, Murong Sheng was startled, "Dad, are you going as well?"

"Yes."

"Dad, with my strength and wielding the Taiyin Xuan Sword, I am not afraid of that boy's magic. The outcome is inevitable; you might as well wait here for my news instead of making another trip," Murong Sheng suggested.

"I'm going with you."

Murong Gu shook his head and explained, "Since our arrival in Dong Hai, people from the Yanhuang Organization have been like persistent spirits around the martial hall, monitoring our every move. Since

the Ye Family is the number one power in the secular world, I worry the Yanhuang Organization might interfere on their behalf to your disadvantage."

"Zhao Meng, the person-in-charge of the Yanhuang Organization in Dong Hai, only has the strength of the Peak stage of Innate. If he interferes, I will strike him down as well!" Murong Sheng spoke coldly, with a menacing tone.

"Do not be rash! Yanhuang Fist is renowned as one of the most famous martial arts in the Huaxia Martial Arts World, enabling practitioners to easily challenge others beyond their level. Although Zhao Meng is only at the Peak of Innate Realm, his true strength is on par with someone in the Great Perfection," Murong Gu raised his eyebrows and said.

"If you were there and Zhao Meng still interferes, what then?" Murong Sheng asked somewhat resentfully.

Murong Gu smiled confidently, "I have been on the threshold of the Half-step Gang Qi realm for over half a year, having stabilized my realm not to mention being very likely to breakthrough and become a Gang Qi realm strongman soon. Even if Zhao Meng had ten times the courage, he would not dare to interfere openly in front of me!"

"Little junior brother, what the Great Elder said is absolutely right."

Zhang Qian nodded hurriedly and agreed, "Although the Yanhuang Organization represents Huaxia in managing the Martial Arts World, once a martial artist reaches the Gang Qi Realm and becomes a Supreme Strongman, they not only no longer fear the Yanhuang Organization but they don't even have to follow its rules anymore. As long as they don't do anything disastrous to the nation, most of those old folks in the Yanhuang Organization tend to turn a blind eye!"

"The Sect Leader once said that as long as I become a warrior in the Gang Qi Realm, he would grant me the Taiyin Xuan Sword."

Upon hearing this, Murong Sheng's eyes lit up, then he walked forward a few steps, grabbed the Taiyin Xuan Sword, surrounded by Pure Yang Qi, and said arrogantly, "One day, I will become a warrior of the Gang Qi Realm! Today, I will sharpen this sword with the blood of Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son!"

"Er..."

Hearing Murong Sheng's words, Zhang Qian was astonished, as he had never imagined that the Wudang Sect Leader would promise to grant the Taiyin Xuan Sword to Murong Sheng.

Murong Gu smiled silently. His son was his own protege, and in his view, with his son's talent, reaching the Gang Qi Realm was only a matter of time through diligent cultivation.

Meanwhile.

Ye Fan was unaware that he was the target for Murong Sheng's sword sharpening.

In the central villa courtyard of Ao Xiang Villa, Ye Fan was, as usual, seated cross-legged on a jade stone, placing the Ghostly Gourd in front of him, using the Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array to attract the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi around him, engaging in meditation cultivation.

Little Wolf lay lazily beside Ye Fan, while Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi, all stood at the front door of the main building, quietly watching Ye Fan, not daring to disturb his cultivation.

Among them, Su Jindi had learned just last night of Ye Fan's impending life-and-death battle with Murong Sheng and had immediately returned to Ao Xiang Villa from school.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

A few minutes later, Su Yuxin felt her pocket vibrate and took out Ye Fan's phone only to see it was a call from Sister Chu.

After thinking for a moment, Su Yuxin quickly walked towards Ye Fan with the phone.

Whoosh!

Just as Su Yuxin was about to approach, Ye Fan suddenly opened his eyes, his brows and eyes flickering with faint golden light, and the Mind Power Seed appearing and disappearing, making him seem almost divine, emitting an unfathomable aura.

"It's Sister Chu calling." Seeing this, Su Yuxin was startled at first, then handed the phone to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan took the phone and directly pressed the answer button.

"I've inquired through various channels and learned that Murong Gu has successfully broken through to the Half-step Gang Qi realm, ranking him as the second strongest in Wudang next to Heavenly Master Zhang. His son, Murong Sheng, is a leading figure among the younger generation of Wudang, with formidable strength, stepping into Innate Great Success Realm before the age of twenty and mastering Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique. In terms of strength, he's comparable to an average Peak of Innate Realm martial artist,"

As soon as the call connected, Chu Ji immediately relayed the information she had gathered to Ye Fan and then made her assessment, "With your Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts strength, since you were able to kill the Black Dragon Guard members Shi Feng and Shi Ling, killing Murong Sheng should be straightforward. But there's a condition."

"What is it?" asked Ye Fan.

"Murong Sheng must not use the Taiyin Xuan Sword."

Chu Ji's tone became slightly grave, "The Taiyin Xuan Sword is one of Wudang Sect's treasures and was rumored to be the personal sword of Wudang's founder, Zhang Sanfeng. It is a highly rare High-level Pure Yang Magical Artifact, known as the bane of magicians."

Ye Fan fell silent. He once heard from Chu Xuanji about the Taiyin Xuan Sword and knew that martial artists using it would trigger the Pure Yang Qi accumulated in the sword.

This Pure Yang Qi, formed by the accumulated Blood Qi of each generation's Sect Leader of Wudang, was overwhelmingly powerful. Once activated, the sword user appeared as if enshrouded by the blazing sun, and Evil Yin Qi would not only fail to penetrate the user's body but couldn't even come within three steps of the swordsman.

"If Murong Sheng uses the Taiyin Xuan Sword, your magic would be almost useless, and the chance of winning would be slim."

Seeing that Ye Fan remained silent, Chu Ji warned, "In that case, you can choose to accept the challenge, but you must specify it to be a bare-handed duel, without using any magical artifact!"

"I have already accepted the challenge," Ye Fan sighed softly.

"W... What?" Chu Ji was shocked, "Didn't I tell you to wait for my call before deciding whether to accept the challenge depending on the situation?"

"Murong Sheng tried to clear his father's dishonor from that past battle in the challenge letter and arrogantly stated that considering Su Liuli's face, he would spare my life. How could I act the coward?" Ye Fan retorted, his face showing not a trace of fear, only a determined resolve to march forward.

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Chu Ji didn't ask about the relationship between Murong Sheng and Su Liuli but was unusually silent.

The silence stemmed from her knowledge that not only did Ye Fan inherit Ye Wenhao's blood, but also Chu Xuanji's pride!

That pride had enabled Ye Fan to face difficulties and advance fearlessly time and again!

Now, this battle not only represented Ye Fan himself but also stood for Ye Wenhao and even Chu Xuanji behind him!

With Ye Fan's steel-like pride, how could he possibly choose to retreat and be a coward?

"What if Murong Sheng uses the High-level Pure Yang Magical Artifact, the Taiyin Xuan Sword?" Chu Ji asked worriedly after the silence.

"I'll block when the enemy attacks and cover when the water flows,"

Ye Fan clenched his fists tightly and said resolutely, "This battle, I cannot lose, nor will I lose!!"

Chapter 302 Deep Father-Son Affection

Despite Chu Ji's thorough understanding of Ye Fan's strength and sensing his unwavering conviction to win, reason told her that if Murong Sheng indeed used the Taiyin Xuan Sword, Ye Fan's chances of winning were slim.

Realizing this made Chu Ji somewhat restless, and she asked bluntly, "When and where will the life and death battle take place?"

"Nine o'clock this morning, at Ao Xiang Villa."

Ye Fan answered truthfully, then his mind stirred, thinking of something. "Sister, please don't tell him about this, to prevent him from worrying."

"Beep... Beep..."

The response Ye Fan got was the busy tone after the call ended.

On the other end of the phone, Chu Ji clearly understood that the 'him' Ye Fan referred to was Ye Wenhao.

After ending the call, she immediately dialed Ye Wenhao's private number, known only to a very few people.

In the top-floor conference room of the Jiangnan Province Committee office building.

Ye Wenhao was presiding over a secretary meeting, originally speaking from the head of the table when he heard the vibration of his phone, glancing at the mobile device on the conference table out of the corner of his eye.

Hmm?

Seeing the incoming call was from Chu Ji, Ye Wenhao's eyebrows raised, and he decisively picked up the phone, answering, "I'm in a meeting, if it's not something urgent, I'll call you back after."

"Something happened to Xiao Fan!" Chu Ji's tone was unprecedentedly grave.

Clang——

Upon hearing this, Ye Wenhao stood up in shock, the movement so abrupt that he knocked the chair behind him to the ground.

Whoosh!

In an instant.

All the politicians attending the meeting turned their gaze to Ye Wenhao, simultaneously wondering: What phone call could shake the always composed Ye Wenhao?

Ye Wenhao paid no mind to the surprise his actions might cause the politicians or to their gazes; he took his phone and walked swiftly out of the conference room.

"What... what happened?"

Once out of the conference room, Ye Wenhao asked impatiently, his authoritative face filled with worry, his heart leaping to his throat.

"Murong Gu's son has challenged Xiao Fan, and Xiao Fan has accepted the challenge. They're scheduled to have a life and death battle at nine o'clock today at Ao Xiang Villa."

Chu Ji explained quickly, "I've investigated the strength of Murong Gu's son; he has already broken through the Innate Great Success Realm and has completely mastered the Wudang Sect's treasured Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique, his strength is not inferior to an average Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist. Normally, with his strength, he would not have been a match for Xiao Fan, but if he uses the high-level Pure Yang Magical Artifact, the Taiyin Xuan Sword, Xiao Fan would be in great danger."

"If you knew, why didn't you stop him?"

Ye Wenhao asked somewhat angrily. Although he had retired from the Martial Arts World, he knew the formidable power of the high-level Pure Yang Magical Artifact, the Taiyin Xuan Sword, and he knew that such a magical artifact was a nemesis to Magicians.

He knew that Ye Fan had managed to kill the Black Dragon Guard Shi Feng and the Shi Ling brothers with his Early Innate Realm strength, relying entirely on Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts, exerting both magic and martial skills simultaneously.

In such a situation, knowing that Murong Gu's son might use the Taiyin Xuan Sword in a life and death battle with Ye Fan, one could imagine his feelings?

"Originally, I had an agreement with Xiao Fan that he would consider whether to accept the challenge only after I informed him of Murong Gu's son's strength. Instead, he went ahead and accepted the challenge without telling me."

Chu Ji's tone conveyed a hint of self-reproach; if she had gone to Dong hai yesterday, she could have personally stopped Ye Fan.

"Why did he do that?" Ye Wenhao blurted out.

"Because of you."

Chu Ji sighed softly, "Although he hates you for abandoning him and his mother all those years ago, deep down, he still recognizes you as his father. Murong Gu's son challenging him is to erase the disgrace of your defeat of Murong Gu back then. This battle can be considered a son fighting for his father's honor. He doesn't want people to point at your spine and say, 'Your son is a coward!'"

Hearing Chu Ji's words, Ye Wenhao felt as if his heart had been struck by a force of kinship. His mouth slightly agape, trying to say something but no words came. His face, usually commanding presence, was now filled with emotion.

"I called you to have you use your Yanhuang Organization connections to find out if Murong Sheng has brought the Taiyin Xuan Sword this time. If he has, you must find a way to stop this life and death battle!"

Chu Ji's tone became agitated, "And now, the only one who can stop Xiao Fan from going through with this battle is you!"

"I understand."

Ye Wenhao snapped out of it, ended the call, and immediately dialed the number of Xing Feng, the elder of the Punishment Hall of the Yanhuang Organization.

"Brother Xing, are you aware of the life and death battle between Murong Gu's son and Xiao Fan?" As soon as the call connected, Ye Wenhao asked straightforwardly.

"Murong Gu's son is having a life and death battle with your son?"

Xing Feng was stunned, then said, "The Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch hasn't reported this matter; they just mentioned that Murong Gu and Murong Sheng, father and son, have suddenly appeared in Dong hai, and they have been monitoring their movements..."

"Brother Xing, the life and death battle is indeed happening. Could you please give me the contact of the head of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch? I need to speak to him personally," Ye Wenhao said urgently, cutting off Xing Feng's words.

"Alright."

Xing Feng agreed quickly and immediately sent the number of Zhao Meng to Ye Wenhao via text message.

Upon receiving the message, Ye Wenhao hurriedly dialed Zhao Meng's number.

The call was answered quickly, and Zhao Meng's deep voice came from the receiver, "Hello, who's this?"

"Hello, Director Zhao, this is Ye Wenhao," Ye Wenhao introduced himself.

"Hello, Secretary Ye."

Zhao Meng was first taken aback, then regained his composure and greeted with a smile, his heart, however, churned with ripples: Why had Ye Wenhao suddenly called him? Could it be about the public appearance of Murong Gu and Murong Sheng, father and son?

As if to validate Zhao Meng's guess, Ye Wenhao asked in a solemn tone, "Director Zhao, to my understanding, Murong Gu's son is scheduled to have a life-and-death duel with my son Ye Fan at 9 o'clock this morning at Ao Xiang Villa."

"What... What?"

Zhao Meng was taken aback. In an effort to ascertain the purpose of Murong Gu and his son, Father Murong, descending the mountain, he had dispatched three members of the Yanhuang Organization to monitor them around the clock. Yet, he had not received any news about a life-and-death duel between Murong Sheng and Ye Fan, only that they had left the Wudang Martial Arts Hall ten minutes earlier.

"Director Zhao, I called you to confirm whether Murong Gu and his son had brought the Taiyin Xuan Sword down from the mountain with them." Ye Wenhao didn't care about the shock his words had given to Zhao Meng and went straight to the point.

"Huff~"

Zhao Meng took a deep breath and gathered his wits, "Secretary Ye, according to my people's report, Murong Gu and Father Murong indeed carried a sword with them, but I cannot confirm whether it is the Taiyin Xuan Sword."

Clang!

Despite Zhao Meng not being certain whether the sword carried by Murong Gu and Father Murong was the Taiyin Xuan Sword, hearing that they did bring a sword made Ye Wenhao's strong heart inexplicably tremble, then his heart rose to his throat again.

Could it be that Ye Wenhao was worried about the safety of the Ye Family's younger generation?

That was it.

The Taiyin Xuan Sword, the Wudang Sect's magical weapon, specifically counters magic; if Murong Sheng used the Taiyin Xuan Sword in the life-and-death duel against the Ye Family's younger generation, the latter would undoubtedly be slain!

Seeing that Ye Wenhao was silent, Zhao Meng's mind raced, and he suddenly guessed Ye Wenhao's purpose for the call.

"Thank you!"

At the same time, Ye Wenhao steadied himself and quickly expressed his thanks. Then, without waiting for Zhao Meng to respond, he hung up the phone and immediately dialed Ye Fan's mobile.

"Buzz... Buzz..."

In the villa courtyard of Ao Xiang Villa, Ye Fan had already stopped his cultivation. Seeing the incoming call from Ye Wenhao, he understood that Chu Ji must have told Ye Wenhao about his life-and-death duel with Murong Sheng. After hesitating for a moment, he still answered the phone.

"Xiao Fan, don't compete in martial arts with Murong Gu's son!" As soon as the call was connected, Ye Wenhao spoke anxiously.

Ye Wenhao's words rang in his ears, and feeling Ye Wenhao's concern, Ye Fan's heart warmed, and he said, "I've already accepted the challenge."

"Admit defeat! Choose to admit defeat!"

Ye Wenhao said decisively. As someone who was once the top fighter of the Qing bang, he knew very well that once martial artists sign a life-and-death duel agreement, if one party chooses to admit defeat, the duel will not proceed.

Yet—

This was extremely rare in the Martial Arts World!

On one hand, since martial artists choose to engage in a life-and-death duel, they are basically betting their heads, disregarding life and death. On the other hand, if a martial artist admits defeat after signing a life-and-death duel agreement, they would become the laughing stock of the Martial Arts World and would find it very difficult to hold their head up high thereafter.

"Why?" asked Ye Fan.

"To my knowledge, Murong Gu and his son are carrying a sword, and it is very likely to be the Wudang Sect's magical weapon, Taiyin Xuan Sword."

Ye Wenhao explained worriedly, "The Taiyin Xuan Sword specifically counters magic. Once he uses the Taiyin Xuan Sword to fight you, you will be in great danger!"

"Even if he uses the Taiyin Xuan Sword, I have no fear!" Ye Fan said with an undaunted face.

"Xiao Fan, I know you accepted the challenge without fully understanding the true strength of the opponent because of me—you don't want to be a coward and avoid the fight, thereby allowing Murong Sheng's son to wash away the disgrace of that battle years ago!"

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Ye Wenhao was once again moved, but more so he was worried. His worry made his voice tremble, "Xiao Fan, I don't care about so-called glory and reputation. What I care about is you! As long as you live a healthy and happy life, that's more important than anything else!"

"Buzz..."

Ye Fan's whole body shook violently, his mind went blank, and his heart was completely filled with emotion.

Although he had spent very little time with Ye Wenhao... very little, he knew that Ye Wenhao was a very proud man!

A proud man, to throw away his pride like feeding it to dogs, how much courage did that take?

Ye Fan didn't know.

But at this very moment, Ye Wenhao did it for him!

This reminded him of the promise Ye Wenhao had once made to him: My child, I owe you and your mother far too much, so much that I don't know how to repay it. I dare not hope for your forgiveness, but I will do everything I can to make up for past mistakes—even if it means giving up everything I have, carrying the stigma for life, I would not hesitate!!

"Dad..."

As he thought, Ye Fan felt warm inside, his eyes slightly reddened, and his vision blurred as he tried to say something.

However—

Before Ye Fan could finish his sentence, Ye Wenhao seemed to realize Ye Fan was determined to fight and said urgently, "Xiao Fan, if you are determined to fight, wait for me to get there. Have the life-and-death duel after I arrive, okay?"

"Dad, please trust your son."

Ye Fan spoke softly and hung up the phone.

Chapter 303 [Magic Artifact Comparison]

"Beep... Beep..."

As he listened to the busy signal coming from the receiver, recalling Ye Fan's last words, Ye Wenhao stiffened and stood frozen in place.

Believe him?

Human's inherent emotional nature led him to unconditionally choose to believe in Ye Fan.

But rationality told him, although Ye Fan wasn't as reckless as the rumors suggested, Ye Fan's sentimental nature often led him to make impulsive decisions when people close to him were in trouble, unable to remain as calm as usual.

And with Murong Sheng possessing the Taiyin Xuan Sword, he was simply not someone Ye Fan could defeat!

Eventually, rationality overcame emotion, and Ye Wenhao dialed Zhao Meng's number once again.

"Secretary Ye."

The call connected quickly, and Zhao Meng's voice came through. After Ye Wenhao had ended their previous conversation, Zhao Meng had received a call from Xing Feng, who had given him a good

scolding and demanded that he must go to Ao Xiang Villa and personally supervise the life-and-death battle!

Just as he was about to drive to Ao Xiang Villa, he didn't expect Ye Wenhao to call him again.

"Director Zhao, I have an unreasonable request," Ye Wenhao spoke with a pleading tone.

Hmm?

Ye Wenhao's voice rang in his ear, and feeling the earnestness in Ye Wenhao's tone, Zhao Meng couldn't help but be taken aback!

Although he had no direct dealings with Ye Wenhao, he had heard of Ye Wenhao's reputation a long time ago and knew of his deeds, aware that Ye Wenhao was an extremely proud person!

So how could he not be surprised by the usually proud Ye Wenhao speaking to him with such a pleading attitude?

"Please speak, Secretary Ye."

After his surprise, Zhao Meng realized that Ye Wenhao's call was most likely regarding the life-and-death battle between Ye Fan and Murong Sheng, but he did not voice it directly.

"I'm leaving for Dong hai right now and humbly ask Director Zhao to find a way to delay the life-and-death battle between Xiao Fan and Murong Gu's son until after my arrival. Please," Ye Wenhao said.

"Secretary Ye, as you know, according to Yanhuang Organization's rules, if both parties have signed the life-and-death contract, Yanhuang Organization members can only oversee the battle and not interfere," responded Zhao Meng with a troubled expression, but then remembering Ye Wenhao's connections with Yanhuang Organization, he quickly added, "But I promise, I will do my utmost to delay the life-and-death battle until you arrive."

"Thank you!"

Relieved by Zhao Meng's words, Ye Wenhao hung up the phone, swiftly headed for the stairway exit.

Two minutes later, Ye Wenhao rushed to the parking lot downstairs like the wind, dove into the red flag H7 sedan with the Jiangnan Province Committee No. 1 license plate.

"Vroom~"

Accompanied by the roar of the engine, the red flag H7 sedan, like a raging steel beast, roared out of the compound and onto the street.

Inside the car, Ye Wenhao drove one-handed, took out his phone, and dialed the number of Jiangnan's second-in-command to continue presiding over the meeting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Secretary Ye has left due to urgent important matters, and the meeting will be chaired by me from now on," announced the second-in-command in the meeting room after hanging up the phone, his face filled with confusion.

If even the second-in-command felt this way, what of the other political bigwigs?

Their faces were even more puzzled!

They really wanted to know what urgent matter had arisen that made the usually steady Ye Wenhao leave in the middle of a Secretary meeting without even a word of warning!

While these Jiangnan political heavyweights were full of questions, Ye Wenhao floored the accelerator of the red flag H7, speeding towards Dong hai.

Meanwhile, Zhao Meng, as the person in charge of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, had just driven out of the Yanhuang Organization Office compound. He contacted the Yanhuang Organization member responsible for monitoring Murong Gu and Murong Sheng using the communicator on his wrist.

"Are Murong Gu and Murong Sheng on their way to Ao Xiang Villa right now?" Zhao Meng asked with displeasure in his voice.

"Uh... Yes, Director," replied the Yanhuang Organization member, who had been merely following Murong Gu and Murong Sheng without paying too much attention to the direction, now realizing it was indeed the route to Ao Xiang Villa, momentarily stunned: How did the Director know?

"Dammit, why didn't you tell me such important news?" Zhao Meng scolded angrily.

"Direc... Director, what's happened? What are they planning to do?" asked the Yanhuang Organization member, his face turning pale with fright, but sensing that Zhao Meng wouldn't lash out without reason, he braced himself against unease and asked.

"That young punk Murong Sheng is going to have a life-and-death battle with Ye Fan!"

Zhao Meng bellowed, furious that as the person in charge of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, he had to hear about this from Ye Wenhao and Xing Feng, a clear dereliction of his duty!

"Uh..."

The Yanhuang Organization member was startled at first, then quickly understood why Zhao Meng was so angry and realized that this was no ordinary life-and-death battle between martial artists.

"Listen, when Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng arrive at Ao Xiang Villa, inform them that I will be personally supervising the battle and demand that they must wait until I reach the scene before proceeding with the life-and-death battle," instructed Zhao Meng.

"Yes, Director!"

Although he didn't know the purpose behind Zhao Meng's actions, the Yanhuang Organization member still took the order immediately.

"How did Director Zhao know that Murong Sheng, that young man, is going to have a life-and-death battle with a junior from the Ye Family?" After the call ended, another Yanhuang Organization member in the car asked, puzzled.

"Yeah, even we had no clue."

The Yanhuang Organization member driving also had a look of confusion and said, "Also, I heard the Director say he wants to wait until he arrives before he allows both sides to have the life-and-death battle. What's that about? I don't remember such a rule."

"You ask me, who am I to ask?"

The Yanhuang Organization member who had been on the phone with Zhao Meng wore a dejected expression. As the leader of the trio, he was primarily responsible for this matter.

"Leader Kang, what do we do if they don't listen to us?" the driver from the Yanhuang Organization asked again.

"__"

The Yanhuang Organization member with the surname Kang and given name Lin pursed his lips, finding himself at a loss for words. Since both parties had already signed a life-and-death contract, the Yanhuang Organization members had no reason to intervene once the appointed time for the duel arrived!

Moreover, in his view, neither Ye Fan nor Murong Sheng would revere the Yanhuang Organization like ordinary martial artists did!

Not to mention the presence of Murong Gu, the Great Elder of the Wudang Sect??

"Great Elder, Junior Brother, Ao Xiang Villa is just ahead."

About half an hour later, in the Mercedes-Benz van ahead, Zhang Qian pointed to the shaded greenery and string of villas that was Ao Xiang Villa and said, "That guy with the surname Ye has set up a Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array in the villa, gathering Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi from the surroundings in an attempt to increase his cultivation speed."

"Hmph, the concentration of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi above the villa doesn't even amount to one-tenth of that in our Sect's Yuxu Palace."

Upon hearing this, Murong Sheng, with an expression of disdain, twitched his mouth. As a leading figure of the young generation in the Wudang Sect, not only had he been taught martial arts by both his father Murong Gu and the Wudang Sect Leader Zhang Tian Shi, but he also cultivated in the Wudang Sect's most mystical place, Yuxu Palace, throughout the seasons.

If not for this, he would not have stepped into the Innate Great Success Realm before the age of twenty!

"Of course, Yuxu Palace is where the Array Eye of the Sect's Nine Palaces Eight Trigrams Formation is located. How could it compare to that shabby villa ahead?" Zhang Qian said with a mix of envy and resentment. It seemed as if Murong Sheng was the favored child of Heaven, while Ye Fan was just a poor kid from the slums, completely beyond comparison.

"Dad, those people from the Yanhuang Organization are like persistent ghosts. They're not really planning to be biased, are they?"

While comfortably enjoying Zhang Qian's flattery, Murong Sheng sensed the continued presence of Kang Lin and the others behind them and frowned.

"Don't worry, with me here, they don't have the guts."

Murong Sheng smirked dismissively. While a Half-step Gang Qi realm martial artist wasn't as dismissive of Yanhuang Organization rules as a full Gang Qi realm martial artist, suppressing a few members of the Yanhuang Organization was as simple as playing house with children.

"That's a relief," Murong Sheng replied, his mind at ease.

After a moment of thought, Murong Gu reminded him, "Sheng'er, consider today's battle as a warm-up for next year's Qing bang competition. To rid yourself of the habit of underestimating your enemies,

when the life-and-death battle starts, you must not only bring out all your strength but also strive to overpower your opponent with a single move!"

"Dad, don't worry. Within three moves, I will definitely bring that kid to his knees," Murong Sheng said, and with a cold laugh, he added, "After crippling his Kung Fu, I also want to sever his tendons and slice off his tongue, to teach him what happens to those who speak arrogantly!"

"If you do that, Ye Wenhao will certainly be enraged. At that time, I will challenge him, and he will undoubtedly choose to accept," Murong Gu said, nodding and showing a sudden burst of War Intent. It seemed as if he was eager to step on Ye Wenhao and erase the disgrace of their previous encounter!

A short while later, the Mercedes-Benz and the Grand Cherokee carrying members of the Yanhuang Organization entered Ao Xiang Villa one after the other. Following the guidance of a Dong hai Gang member driving ahead, they reached the villa where Ye Fan was staying.

As the cars stopped, Zhang Qian was the first to get out, respectfully opening the doors for Murong Gu and Murong Sheng, the father and son duo.

As the car door opened, Murong Sheng, clutching the Taiyin Xuan Sword, slowly stepped out, looking down with an air of superiority, as if a divine being gazed upon an ant.

Ye Fan didn't care, instead, his gaze was fixed on the Taiyin Xuan Sword that even the most fearful magicians would dread.

"Kid, to fall under the Taiyin Xuan Sword is an honor enough for you!"

Noticing Ye Fan's gaze, Murong Sheng proudly lifted the Taiyin Xuan Sword in his hand and sneered.

"Heh..."

Ye Fan just gave a light smile.

Huh?

Seeing Ye Fan's smirk reflected in his eyes, Murong Sheng was slightly startled, while Zhang Qian was simply stunned: Could it be that this kid had some high-level magic artifact to counter the Taiyin Xuan Sword?

Did he?

Ye Fan wasn't sure if the Crimson Gold Crown was considered a magic artifact of any particular level.

But—

In his eyes, compared to the mysterious Crimson Gold Crown, the Taiyin Xuan Sword was nothing but a piece of scrap metal!

Chapter 304 【Arrogant Wretch】

"Kid, you clearly don't know the power of the Taiyin Xuan Sword. Well, it's understandable; as Ye Wenhao's illegitimate child, you might be a big fish in the secular world, but in the Martial Arts World, you're just a country bumpkin. It's forgivable that you don't know about the Taiyin Xuan Sword."

After a brief look of astonishment, Murong Sheng regained his arrogant demeanor as if he were an Emperor looking down on a beggar—he did not believe that Ye Fan had a High-level Magical Artifact capable of rivaling the Taiyin Xuan Sword!

After all, Magical Artifacts are the most precious things in the real world, even more rare than peerless martial arts and techniques!

Not to mention High-level Magical Artifacts; they are simply priceless treasures!

Moreover, even if Ye Fan did have a High-level Magical Artifact, he would not be afraid!

Because, as far as he knew, the only High-level Magical Artifact that could restrain the Taiyin Xuan Sword was the 'Xuan Sha Yin Demon Sword'!

He had heard the Wudang Sect Leader, Heavenly Master Zhang, say that the Xuan Sha Yin Demon Sword had once fallen into the hands of the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji and, like Chu Xuanji, had vanished from the Martial Arts World, never to be seen again.

It was impossible for the Xuan Sha Yin Demon Sword to end up in Ye Fan's hands!

Ignoring Murong Sheng's shouting, Ye Fan's gaze shifted to Murong Gu, who had just gotten out of the car.

Like Murong Sheng, Murong Gu was dressed in a dark blue Taoist robe, wearing a Taoist crown, resembling a Taoist priest.

In the morning light, there wasn't a trace of Martial Artist aura on Murong Gu's body, and at first glance, he might seem like an ordinary person.

But—

His mere presence made Ye Fan feel an overwhelming sense of authority that he couldn't resist!

When Murong Gu's gaze swept toward Ye Fan, Ye Fan felt as if his eyes were enchanted with some form of magic, firmly capturing his gaze, and then he felt as though he was lost in an endless darkness, unable to break free!

"Not good!"

Realizing that his Consciousness was somewhat compromised, Ye Fan was alarmed and at that moment, with a thought, his Mind Power erupted like a volcano, stabilizing his Consciousness.

Hmm?

Seeing how easily Ye Fan had neutralized the pressure he exerted, a hint of surprise flashed in Murong Gu's eyes.

It seemed he had not expected Ye Fan's Mind Power to be so strong!

"Sheng'er, as I said before, do not take today's fight lightly. You must give it your all!"

After the surprise, Murong Gu reminded him, "The Taiyin Xuan Sword may protect you from the Evil Yin Qi, but it cannot block the opponent's Mind Power Attack. You must always guard your Consciousness with your Power."

"I understand, Father."

Murong Sheng felt a bit uncomfortable being reminded before the battle by Murong Gu, but he nodded immediately.

Ye Fan's expression became a bit solemn.

Because he couldn't sense Murong Gu's presence, he couldn't judge who was stronger between Murong Gu and Chu Ji, but the fact that Murong Gu could instantly recognize his reliance against Murong Sheng was frightening indeed!

Whoosh—

Just as Ye Fan appeared solemn in front of Murong Gu, the car door of the Jeep Grand Cherokee behind him opened, and Kang Lin, along with two members of the Yanhuang Organization, stepped out of the car and quickly approached.

"We are members of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch."

Soon, Kang Lin, with his subordinates, positioned themselves between Murong Gu, Murong Sheng, and Ye Fan, announcing their identities and intentions, "We have received information that Wudang disciple Murong Sheng will fight a life and death duel with Mr. Ye Fan, the chairman of Ao Xiang Group, and we have specifically come to oversee it."

"Heh, I guess it was that Ye guy who told you, wasn't it?"

Murong Sheng sneered, "Since you are here to supervise, just keep your mouth shut and watch from the side. Why all the useless talk?"

"According to the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization, Martial Artists must sign a life and death contract to engage in a duel. Please present the contract."

Despite guessing that Murong Sheng might not revere the Yanhuang Organization, Kang Lin did not expect Murong Sheng to be so brash. His face became very ugly, but he did not erupt in anger and instead fulfilled his duty.

"Senior Brother Zhang, show them the contract," Murong Sheng scoffed.

Zhang Qian, upon hearing this, silently took out the life and death contract signed by Ye Fan and Murong Sheng and handed it to Kang Lin, saying, "This is the contract signed by my junior brother and that Ye person."

"Swish!"

Without a response, Kang Lin took it expressionlessly and immediately saw the signatures of Ye Fan and Murong Sheng.

"After you're done looking, go find somewhere cool to stay and don't interfere with our fight," Murong Sheng said impatiently after Kang Lin diverted his gaze from the contract.

"Ss~"

Hearing Murong Sheng's arrogant words again, Kang Lin and his subordinates all twitched at the corners of their mouths in irritation.

As members of the Yanhuang Organization, they were regarded as living embodiments of King Yan himself by ordinary Martial Artists, who would usually give them a wide berth. Who else would be as insolent as Murong Sheng?

Yet—

As annoyed as they were, the three of them knew that the phrase 'my father is Li Gang' was universally effective in any domain.

Moreover, leaving aside the identity of Murong Gu's son, Murong Sheng himself was a leading figure among the young disciples of Wudang and a seed player for next year's Qing bang tournament, indeed having the capital to be arrogant!

"According to Director Zhao's instructions, he will personally oversee this duel."

After a moment of contemplation, Kang Lin spoke again, "He is currently on his way to Ao Xiang Villa and will arrive shortly. You should wait for Director Zhao to arrive before you fight."

"Supervision? I think you're worried I'll cleave this kid with one sword and you want to take his side, right?" Murong Sheng said a bit angrily.

"Uh..."

Kang Lin's face changed. He had only received instructions from Zhao Meng and had no idea why Zhao Meng wanted to do so.

"It seems you've accepted it,"

Upon seeing this, Murong Sheng confirmed his suspicion and said with a face full of anger, "Which rule of the Yanhuang Organization dictates that for a life-and-death battle between martial artists, we must wait for the local Yanhuang Organization head to personally oversee it?"

"—"

Kang Lin was like someone who had their tail caught, speechless.

"It's there in black and white. If you are just here to check the life-and-death battle agreement, then you've already done that, now just stand aside and supervise,"

At this time, the always silent Murong Gu spoke up, his tone leaving no room for doubt, "If you are trying to protect Ye Wenhao's illegitimate child, then I need to remind you that it would be more appropriate for Yan himself to come, you are not qualified!"

Hearing Murong Gu's words, Kang Lin and the others were somewhat annoyed, but more than that, they felt aggrieved—although Murong Gu's words were arrogant, as a half-step Gang Qi realm master, he indeed had the power to ignore their presence!

"Get lost."

Seeing that Kang Lin and the others were still blocking the way, Murong Gu's gaze sharpened like a knife as he suddenly raised his voice.

Clang!

The three of them felt as if a spring thunder had exploded right by their ears, startling them so much that their consciousness jumped wildly, and they subconsciously took three steps back.

"Kid, since you're so afraid of death that you let the Yanhuang Organization break the rules to protect you, why bother putting on airs and signing a life-and-death contract?"

Seeing this, Murong Sheng took a step forward, looking at Ye Fan with mockery, "It's too late for regrets now! Of course, if you choose to be a coward and admit defeat, that's within the rules too."

"Who's backing out? You're the coward, your whole family are cowards!"

Su Jindi had already taken a dislike to Murong Sheng, and seeing him insult Ye Fan as a coward, she clenched her fists in anger and retorted furiously.

"Are you looking for death?"

As a leading figure among the young disciples of Wudang, and with his father being the Great Elder, Murong Sheng practically did as he pleased within the Wudang Sect. Hearing Su Jindi's angry curse, his face changed, he glared at Su Jindi and roared.

Clang!

With that shout, filled with a spiritual attack from his fury, Su Jindi's heart trembled, her face turned pale, and the hair on her body stood on end.

"Murong Sheng, what are you doing?"

Sensing something wrong with Su Jindi, Su Liuli clenched her fists and roared at Murong Sheng, full of anger.

"Liuli, rest assured, I keep my word. For your sake, I will spare that Ye guy's life," Murong Sheng's face cleared of its anger when he saw Su Liuli, replaced by a smile he thought was charming.

However—

That smile, in Su Liuli's eyes, was less appealing than a pile of cow dung. Her face turned ashen as she glared at Murong Sheng and said word by word, "Murong Sheng, I have nothing to do with you, could you please stop harboring feelings for me? It's making me sick!"

Whoosh!

Su Liuli's words struck Murong Sheng like a blow to the head, immediately making his expression very ugly.

"Also, you keep calling Ye Fan a coward, but you brought your own father to make an impression. It seems to me you're the real coward, right?"

Su Liuli sneered, "Because you know you're no match for Ye Fan!"

"You... what did you say?"

Hearing Su Liuli's words again, Murong Sheng felt as if he had been slapped in the face by her, he trembled with anger and bellowed, his face reddening.

"Girl, you're thinking too much. I came here today only to watch the battle, I absolutely won't interfere with the competition," Murong Gu interjected, perhaps seeing that his son had been struck hard.

"You say you won't interfere, who would believe that?" Su Liuli scoffed.

"My father, as the Great Elder of the Wudang Sect, has a noble Status. How could he stoop to interfere in a competition?" Murong Sheng said, unable to contain his rage.

"Are you sure?"

Ye Fan had been silent up until now, partly because he felt that arguing was pointless, and partly because he was worried that Murong Gu would intervene in the competition. But after hearing Murong Gu and Murong Sheng's words, the seriousness on his face gradually dissipated.

"Heh, you aren't even qualified to carry my father's shoes, let alone ask him to make a move!"

Murong Sheng looked at Ye Fan with a cold sneer, his murderous intent slowly rising, "Su Liuli, I thought you were a woman different from the rest, but I didn't expect you to fall for such a lowlife, it is truly an eyesore!"

As his words ended, Murong Sheng let out an angry laugh that turned into a wild cackle, laughing eerily, his facial muscles twisted, "Since that's the case, I'll send him to Yama Palace, and let you two dogs, one in the mortal world and one in the underworld, hahaha..."

"You..."

Upon hearing this, Su Liuli trembled with anger, instinctively ready to retort.

However—

Before Su Liuli could get her words out, Murong Sheng interrupted with a sneer, "Didn't you say I'm no match for him? Let's make a bet then. If I win this life-and-death battle, you will be my servant for life and cater to my every whim!"

"Have you got a screw loose? What does our competition have to do with Liuli?" Ye Fan narrowed his eyes at Murong Sheng, his tone as cold as ice.

"Fine, if he loses, I will be your servant for life and cater to your every whim!"

As Ye Fan's words fell, Su Liuli suddenly stepped forward.

In the morning light,

She was resolute!

Chapter 305 【Life and Death Struggle】

"Liu Li..."

Perhaps no one expected Su Liuli to accept the outrageous bet proposed by Murong Sheng; Su Yuxin, Situ Ruoshui, Su Jindi, and even Ye Fan were all astonished!

Beyond that, the three members of the Yanhuang Organization, led by Kang Lin, were also somewhat taken aback.

In their memory, martial artists sometimes would make a bet on the eve of a life-and-death battle, but those bets were usually money, martial techniques, elixir pills, at most a magic artifact.

This kind of bet involving a woman was a first for them!

"Are you sure?"

Murong Sheng himself was also taken by surprise because, having been humiliated by Su Liuli repeatedly, he knew well that there was no hope of being with Su Liuli. He simply wanted to disgust Su Liuli; he never thought she would agree.

"What if you lose?"

Su Liuli coldly stared at Murong Sheng, her question not addressing his.

"Lose?"

Hearing Su Liuli's words again, Murong Sheng laughed as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world, "Heh heh... how could I possibly lose?"

"Nothing is absolute. What will you stake if you lose?" Su Liuli asked, her tone indifferent.

"This Taiyin Xuan Sword in my hand is the Wudang Sect's magical weapon, an extremely rare high-level Pure Yang Magical Artifact, and is an invaluable treasure!"

Murong Sheng proudly lifted the Taiyin Xuan Sword in his hand and said, "If I lose, this sword will belong to him from then on!"

"Sheng'er..."

Hearing Murong Sheng's words, Murong Gu frowned; the Taiyin Xuan Sword was the Wudang Sect's treasure and did not currently belong to Murong Sheng; he had no right to use it as a bet.

"Dad, what is there to fear when I won't lose?" Murong Sheng, hearing his father's implication, smiled confidently.

Murong Gu considered this and felt his son had a point, hence he did not comment further.

"It's not acceptable."

It was then that Ye Fan spoke up; he flatly rejected the bet.

"Boy, do you really think my Taiyin Xuan Sword is worth less than her?"

Murong Sheng, irritated, glared at Ye Fan and sneered, "I'll tell you the truth, with the value of this Taiyin Xuan Sword, even a thousand, ten thousand of such women would be more than enough in exchange!"

"I believe you."

Su Liuli looked deeply at Ye Fan, not minding Murong Sheng's insult. Although she was not a martial artist, she could tell that the Taiyin Xuan Sword in Murong Sheng's hand was very precious. If she could bet herself to help Ye Fan win that sword, it would also be a way to help him.

And if worst comes to worst, should Ye Fan encounter any misfortune and die at the hands of Murong Sheng, she would not hesitate to follow Ye Fan into the afterlife!

"I can win, but I can't use you as a bet."

Ye Fan gently shook his head, unwilling to gamble with the life of someone close to him, something he simply couldn't do, even for a magical weapon that martial artists dream of.

"I don't mind..." Su Liuli whispered.

"I do."

Ye Fan interrupted Su Liuli directly, his soft three words resonating like the most touching love words in the world, filling Su Liuli's heart with emotion, even to the point of feeling like crying.

"Tsk ts, how touching indeed."

Witnessing this exchange, Murong Sheng, with teeth itching in hatred, sneered sarcastically, "Hey, boy, since you don't want to use her as a bet, I can only send you to meet the King of Hell, and then you can long for each other from the underworld and the mortal world!"

"This place is too cramped, not fitting for combat, let's move to the lawn ahead."

Seeing Murong Sheng's eagerness to get started, Ye Fan, unafraid but worried that Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi would be affected during the battle, suggested moving to the grassy area ahead.

"Why bother with such troubles?" Murong Sheng sneered, "It will take only two or three moves to eliminate you."

"Clang——"

As the words fell, Murong Sheng's wrist flicked, and the Taiyin Xuan Sword suddenly unsheathed. Its sharp blade shimmered in the sunlight, looking eerily menacing.

"Yuxin, get them to fall back!" Seeing this, Ye Fan raised his eyebrows and turned to tell Su Yuxin.

"Whoosh!"

With Ye Fan's words falling, and before Su Yuxin could respond, the sound of air being torn erupted. Murong Sheng's figure flickered, and he launched his sword towards Ye Fan!

The might of Azure Dragon Emerges from the Sea was hard to fend off, and Determining the Fate of the Heavens by Parting the Clouds!

With his very first move, Murong Sheng used the classic strike 'Azure Dragon Emerges from the Sea' from Wudang's unique Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique. He swept forward like a fierce dragon emerging from the sea, his presence like a rainbow, trembling the hearts of those around him.

At the same time, as the inner strength from Murong Sheng poured into the Taiyin Xuan Sword, the overwhelming Blood Qi within the sword was activated, surging out and transforming into an invisible halo of light enveloping Murong Sheng.

Despicable!

Seeing Murong Sheng take the opportunity to launch a sneak attack while Ye Fan was speaking, Kang Lin and the others inwardly scorned him while hurriedly using their Spiritual Sense to detect if Ye Fan could evade Murong Sheng's surprise assault.

Damn it!

Though Ye Fan had not expected a surprise attack from Murong Sheng, since meeting him, he had been using his Spiritual Sense to pay attention to every move of Murong Sheng. Sensing the imminent attack, Ye Fan's heart flared with anger!

In the blink of an eye, the inner strength within Ye Fan surged like a raging tide. However, knowing the might of the Taiyin Xuan Sword, he did not dare to face it head-on and instead channeled his power to his feet. His figure flashed, shrinking into inches, and he swiftly dodged several meters away.

"Zzzt—"

The sound of the blade cutting through the air echoed as the sharp Taiyin Xuan Sword turned into a streak of white light, slashing down from Ye Fan's previous position as easily as slicing through tofu, leaving a gash in the air.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The fierce sword wind blasted towards Su Jindi, like shards of ice scraped up by a cold gust sweeping across his face, causing stinging pain, constricting his breathing, and turning his complexion as pale as paper.

"Damn it!"

Noticing this, Ye Fan shouted angrily as a powerful surge of mind power burst forth from his consciousness, converging together like an invisible laser, rapidly shooting towards Murong Sheng.

"Hmph!"

Thanks to his father Murong Gu's reminder, Murong Sheng had protected his consciousness with power even before making his move. The mind power attack from Ye Fan did not harm him at all; he merely snorted coldly and looked at Ye Fan with a playful gaze, "Magic is ineffective against me, pure mind power attacks can't hurt me in the least. I want to see how you're going to fight me."

How to fight?

Murong Gu wore a calm smile.

When a master makes a move, one can tell at a glance whether there is substance to their skills. Through observation, he could tell that his son's strength, speed, and other physical functions were slightly better than Ye Fan's.

Since Ye Fan's magic could not injure Murong Sheng, and his mind power posed no threat, the only option left was to confront through martial arts.

In such a situation, with Murong Sheng wielding the Taiyin Xuan Sword and using the Wudang Sect's supreme Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique to deal with Ye Fan, the outcome was virtually without suspense—it was only a matter of time before Murong Sheng would kill Ye Fan!

The younger generation of the Ye Family was finished!

Not only did Murong Sheng see this, but Kang Lin and the other two members of the Yanhuang Organization could also tell that Ye Fan was completely overpowered by Murong Sheng's momentum after just a brief exchange. Considering the disparity in strength between the two, the same thought naturally emerged in their minds.

As the thought emerged, Kang Lin quickly stepped aside, intending to report the situation at the scene to Zhao Meng, who was on his way.

"If you're so confident, why resort to such despicable tactics like ambushing?"

At the same time, Ye Fan, undisturbed, stopped using his mind power to attack Murong Sheng's consciousness and said with a mocking tone, "Also, didn't you say that I would be defeated within three moves? That's one move already."

"You're courting death!"

Seeing that Ye Fan still dared to talk tough while being at an absolute disadvantage, Murong Sheng shouted angrily.

As his voice fell, there he was!

In the next moment.

Murong Sheng appeared in front of Ye Fan as if he had used the Instant Teleportation Technique, his Taiyin Xuan Sword whistling as it thrust toward Ye Fan's throat.

Progressive Slash!

With this move, Murong Sheng executed the 'stab' decision of the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique, striking like an ancient assassin, launching a peerless attack aimed at killing his opponent in one blow!

It must be said that as the leading figure among the young disciples of the Wudang Sect, Murong Sheng had the arrogance to be proud. With the move 'Progressive Slash', his 'essence, energy, and spirit' completely fused together, pushing his speed to the extreme, which looked somewhat like 'in a single strike, as if a light breeze without a visible sword, amidst myriad changes, only the sword is seen but not the person'.

Faced with Murong Sheng's fierce attack, Ye Fan did not dodge hastily as before; instead, he stood still on the spot, his eyes slightly closed, his mind clear and empty.

"Die!!"

Seeing that Ye Fan remained unmoved, standing there like a fool, a cold smile crept into Murong Sheng's heart, as if he had already seen the scene of Ye Fan's throat being pierced.

Swish!

All of a sudden, Ye Fan's eyes snapped open, a faint crimson-gold light flickering in them, and the crimson-gold mind power seed at his brow faintly visible.

In that critical moment, Ye Fan lightly stepped out with his right foot, drawing an arc in the air, his whole body spinning slightly like a gyro.

Simultaneously, a burst of invisible mind power shot out, converging upon the Taiyin Xuan Sword in Murong Sheng's hand.

"Whoosh!"

A sudden breaking sound rose sharply; though Ye Fan's evasion speed was fast enough, Murong Sheng's Taiyin Xuan Sword was even quicker, the blade mere inches from Ye Fan!

But—

Just when Murong Sheng thought he was about to pierce through Ye Fan with his sword, the Taiyin Xuan Sword that shimmered with white light suddenly seemed to lose Murong Sheng's control, veering slightly to the side.

"Whoosh!"

Between the sparks and flames, the Taiyin Xuan Sword whistled past Ye Fan's face, the strike missing as the sword wind was blocked by the power surging from within Ye Fan's body, unable to harm him in the least.

What's going on?

This bizarre scene shocked Murong Sheng to the core!

"Whoosh!"

Without answering, Ye Fan dodged Murong Sheng's assassination attempt in an instant, and without pausing, rapidly reached out with his right hand, his five fingers opened wide like iron claws, suddenly grabbing at Murong Sheng's wrist.

Seize the blade with bare hands!

"Snap—"

This move caught Murong Sheng completely off guard, the speed of Ye Fan's hand as fast as lightning, so that Murong Sheng had no chance to dodge; his fingers, like steel claws, clamped down on Murong Sheng's wrist.

"Dream on!"

Murong Sheng, shaken by the bizarre scene just before, reacted slightly slower and was caught off guard by Ye Fan. Yet he did not panic, but shouted coldly instead.

With a shout, Murong Sheng's right arm twisted like a large python turning over, shaking with all his might and not only breaking free from Ye Fan's right hand, but also his Taiyin Xuan Sword whistling as it stabbed toward Ye Fan, who was just inches away!

Sleeve Hidden Flower!

This technique, famous in the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique as Sleeve Hidden Flower, speaks not of a literal flower but the sword in the martial artist's hand, the implication being that the sword was hidden inside the sleeve, waiting for the opponent to get close before suddenly striking, catching them off guard.

As danger approached, Ye Fan's eyes burst with golden light, a stronger mind power once again gathering on the Taiyin Xuan Sword, causing its speed to suddenly slow down!

Meanwhile, Ye Fan's feet slipped as if he was a slippery loach, flashing backward, causing Murong Sheng to miss yet again!

Hmm?

After missing twice consecutively, Murong Sheng was so shocked that he did not launch another attack but stood still in shock, staring at Ye Fan as if asking: What's going on??

Chapter 306 [Combat Training]

"Director, the life-and-death fight has already started."

The one who answered Murong Sheng was Kang Lin, who used a special communicator on his wrist to contact Zhao Meng.

"What's the situation now?" Zhao Meng's face changed as he asked.

"They've clashed twice, but no winner has emerged yet!" Kang Lin turned back, looking at Ye Fan and Murong Sheng, who were about a dozen meters apart, and reported truthfully.

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, Zhao Meng was taken aback. He understood that the reason the life-and-death fight had started on time was definitely because Murong Sheng and Ye Fan had ignored Kang Lin and the other two, so he didn't blame Kang Lin. However, he hadn't expected that Ye Fan could actually contend with Murong Sheng, who was wielding the Taiyin Xuan Sword!

After being stunned for a moment, Zhao Meng ended the call, planning to report the situation to Ye Wenhao but was filled with curiosity: How did he do it?

"He used his Mind Power to change the speed and direction of your sword strike!"

Outside the villa, Murong Gu spoke to clear up the confusion, with a slightly serious tone and the calm smile on his face gone.

All of this was because Ye Fan's strength had exceeded his expectations!

As a Half-step Gang Qi realm master, even though Murong Gu hadn't cultivated Magic, he still knew that after a Magician reaches the Innate Realm, they would develop a Mind Power Seed, and their Mind Power undergoes an essential transformation, which enables them to manipulate inanimate objects.

And the degree of control a Magician has over inanimate objects is directly proportional to the strength of their Mind Power; the stronger the Mind Power, the more formidable the control over inanimate objects!

In Murong Gu's view, Ye Fan being able to use Mind Power to change the speed and direction of the Taiyin Xuan Sword meant that the strength of his Mind Power was absolutely no weaker than that of an Innate Great Success Magician!

What Murong Gu didn't expect was that Ye Fan had managed to do all this at the moment of a life-and-death crisis!

This level of psychological quality was truly terrifying!

After all, most martial artists, in moments of life and death, are often so panicked that they can't make the correct judgment or response, not to mention that they can't even display their normal strength.

If even Murong Gu, a Half-step Gang Qi realm master, was shocked by Ye Fan's strength, what about Murong Sheng and the other three members of the Yanhuang Organization?

After hearing Murong Gu's explanation, they looked at Ye Fan as if they were looking at a monster, and the same thought filled their minds simultaneously: How could he possibly be so strong?

Is it possible??

Because of the mysterious crimson Gold crown inside him, Ye Fan's quantity and intensity of Mind Power could compare with that of an Innate Great Success Magician.

And because he cultivated the Nine Heavens Profound Skill, though he was just an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist, in terms of bodily functions and Power, he was almost on par with Innate Great Success Martial Artists, and in terms of the quantity of Power, it was far more!

Under such circumstances, even without using the killing move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' from Xuansha Fist, he could contend with ordinary Innate Great Success Martial Artists.

Once he used the second level of 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' to unleash eighteen times his power, he could almost instantly kill ordinary Innate Great Success Martial Artists, and contend with ordinary Peak stage of Innate Martial Artists!

And if he also employed Magic and Martial Arts against his foes, he could basically sweep through Martial Artists below the Innate Great Perfection realm!

In such a situation, although Murong Sheng's combat power had soared by wielding the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique, a high-level Martial Arts, when it came to pure combat power, he was not even a match for the Black Dragon Guard brothers, Shi Feng and Shi Ling, who Ye Fan had killed the other day, let alone compared to Ye Fan!

He was able to gain the upper hand entirely because of the Taiyin Xuan Sword in his hand, which not only increased his combat power by several times but also made Ye Fan's Magic unable to pose a threat to him!

"Although he relies on Mind Power to dodge your attacks, he can only avoid them for a moment."

While Murong Sheng and the other four were in shock, Murong Gu once again spoke up, pointing out Ye Fan's 'weakness' in a cutting manner, "Because doing so consumes a great deal of Mind Power, and once he has exhausted it, he will be no match for you!"

"Kid, I have to admit, I underestimated your strength, but this can't change the outcome of this life-and-death fight."

Hearing his father Murong Gu's words, the shock on Murong Sheng's face disappeared, and he regained his confidence, looking at Ye Fan with the eyes one would use to watch a monkey perform and sneered, "You will definitely be slain by me!"

"Snap—"

As his words fell, Murong Sheng exerted power through his feet, and the concrete ground immediately cracked, leaving a footprint as debris scattered.

Simultaneously, Murong Sheng leapt up, his feet tensed, tapped the ground twice in quick succession, taking advantage of the rebounding force to send his body fully into the air.

—Purple Swallow Through the Forest!

Executing the move 'Purple Swallow Through the Forest,' Murong Sheng became like a swallow flying through the woods, rapidly shooting toward Ye Fan.

"Whoosh!"

In the breath of a moment, Murong Sheng reached Ye Fan, and the Taiyin Xuan Sword in his hand thrust out in continuation, with him and the sword almost becoming one.

Human Sword Unity!

Even though Murong Gu had reminded him to wait until Ye Fan's Mind Power was depleted before killing Ye Fan, Murong Sheng couldn't stand the outcome—before the life-and-death fight, he had arrogantly claimed that he would make Ye Fan kneel within three moves!

He wanted to defeat Ye Fan in the shortest time possible, so he went all out from the start!

However—

To Murong Sheng's irritation, even as he entered into the Human Sword Unity state with this strike, he still couldn't hit Ye Fan. Just like before, Ye Fan dodged his attack with a flash, utilizing Mind Power to interfere with his sword strikes.

"I want to see how long you can dodge!"

Having missed with one move, Murong Sheng snorted coldly and once again lunged at Ye Fan with sword in hand.

Giant Python Enters Hibernation, Embracing the Moon, Fairy Presents Fruit...

One move after another, the seventy-two techniques of the Taiyin Xuanmen Swordsmanship were executed by Murong Sheng with murderous intent.

For a time, the sound of breaking air arose from all directions outside the villa, shadows flickered, and the sword wind roared.

Hmm?

Because the speed of the two was too fast, among everyone present, only Murong Gu could clearly see every move of the two fighters.

Under his watchful eye, Ye Fan initially relied on Mind Power to compensate for his own disadvantages in speed and reaction, narrowly dodging Murong Sheng's strikes every time.

But as time passed, Ye Fan's dodging became increasingly effortless, his movements grew faster, and Murong Sheng's attacks posed less and less threat to Ye Fan!

"Can you do anything other than flee like a coward?"

Not knowing how much time had passed, Murong Sheng realized that Ye Fan was avoiding his attacks more and more casually, and yet after he had expended half of his inner strength, he hadn't even touched a hair on Ye Fan. In a fit of rage, he began to curse.

"You said you'd defeat me within three moves, didn't you? Looks like even three hundred moves won't be enough, will they?" Ye Fan teased with a face full of mockery, clearly provoking Murong Sheng to continue his assault.

"Why don't you face me in a direct confrontation if you can!"

Murong Sheng shook with anger. In his view, if Ye Fan didn't dodge everywhere but faced him head-on, this life-and-death fight would have ended long ago.

"If it weren't for the Taiyin Xuan Sword, I could crush you with one hand!"

Ye Fan retorted disdainfully, "With your strength, you actually participated in the Qing bang competition as a seed contestant? That's just laughable!"

"You're seeking death!"

As a leading figure among the Wudang Sect's young disciples and the pride of both Murong Gu and Wudang Sect Leader Heavenly Master Zhang, who had placed great hopes in him, Murong Sheng felt as if Ye Fan's insults were like trampling on his proud heart, turning his face an ashen hue.

"If words could kill me, I guess I would have died a thousand or eight hundred times by now."

Ye Fan looked at Murong Sheng teasingly, as if watching a clown perform, while inwardly digesting the insights he had just gained by combining his Mind Power with his movement technique.

"Whoosh—"

Without response, an enraged Murong Sheng launched another sword strike at Ye Fan.

However—

Before Murong Sheng could reach Ye Fan, a powerful wave of Mind Power shot out once more from between Ye Fan's eyebrows.

This time,

The powerful Mind Power didn't all converge on the Taiyin Xuan Sword in Murong Sheng's hands. Instead, it split in two, with one beam blasting straight towards Murong Sheng's consciousness!

"Seeking death!"

Originally angry and unable to land a hit on Ye Fan, Murong Sheng was actually pleased to detect the Mind Power attack. Despite his ongoing inability to hit Ye Fan, he constantly remembered Murong Gu's admonition to guard his consciousness with his power. In his eyes, Ye Fan was using Mind Power to compensate for his inferior movement technique; now that Ye Fan was attacking with Mind Power, he surely couldn't compensate for his movement disadvantage as before!

Idealism is plump, reality is bony.

Although Murong Sheng succeeded in blocking Ye Fan's Mind Power attack with his power, and even maintained his speed of attack, he still hadn't touched a hair on Ye Fan!

Huh?

Murong Gu, who was watching from the side, suddenly frowned as he realized this.

Initially, he thought that even if Ye Fan could dodge Murong Sheng's attacks by compensating with Mind Power, he was merely passively getting hit and couldn't threaten Murong Sheng.

Now, however, it was different. While avoiding Murong Sheng's attacks, Ye Fan could also counterattack with Mind Power...

This was a dangerous signal!

"Hum... Hum..."

Just as Murong Gu recognized Ye Fan as a threat to Murong Sheng, the rumbling sound of car engines came from the villa's entrance, echoing through the skies above the estate.

Finally!

Hearing the rumble and sensing Zhao Meng's released aura from afar, Ye Fan inwardly breathed a sigh of relief.

For him, what had appeared as a continuous passive defense was, in fact, calculated and intentional.

He was waiting for Zhao Meng to arrive!

Even though Murong Gu stated he wouldn't intervene in this fight, Ye Fan believed that if Murong Sheng were at a disadvantage or faced defeat, Murong Gu definitely wouldn't stand by idly!

For this reason, he had to wait until Zhao Meng arrived to exert pressure on Murong Gu!

As the Yanhuang Organization's head in Dong Hai, Zhao Meng's identity would intimidate Murong Gu far more than Kang Lin and his companions.

The analogy was similar: a powerful gang leader might ignore ordinary cops but would be wary of the chief of police.

"Sigh~"

Simultaneously, as Zhao Meng sensed Ye Fan's presence, he too secretly relaxed and grew curious: how had the Ye Family's youngster managed to resist Murong Sheng's attacks for so long?

Swoosh!

Soon after, and before Zhao Meng could ponder an answer, Ye Fan and Murong Sheng once again separated.

Under the sunlight, no trace of Murong Sheng's initial arrogance remained on his face, replaced only by rage and irritability!

"How does it feel to be a sparring partner?"

Looking at Murong Sheng's furious expression, Ye Fan asked coldly, a smirk on his face.

Sparring partner?

Startled by these two words, not only were Kang Lin and the three Yanhuang Organization members taken aback, but even Murong Gu stared at Ye Fan in shock!

Clearly, they couldn't believe that the previously unstoppable Murong Sheng was actually serving as Ye Fan's practice opponent!

"What... what did you say?"

Compared to their disbelief, Murong Sheng's shock was beyond words, almost doubting his own hearing.

"From now on, you won't have the chance to make a move!"

Instead of answering directly, Ye Fan spoke with murderous intent erupting!

Chapter 307 [The Trump Card, Explode!]

Hmm?

When Ye Fan's arrogant words rang in their ears and they felt the emerging terrifying murderous intent from Ye Fan, not only Kang Lin and his two companions but also Murong Gu and Father Murong Sheng, the father and son duo, were all taken aback.

Under the sunlight, they all looked at Ye Fan with puzzled faces, "Could it be that he still has an ace up his sleeve?"

Impossible!

Their intuition told them that Ye Fan was not spouting empty bravado or trying to bluff, but their logic said that there's no way Ye Fan's magic could break through the Blood Qi protection of the Taiyin Xuan Sword, let alone harm Murong Sheng!

Moreover, they thought, if Ye Fan had an ace up his sleeve, it made no sense to wait until now to use it.

"Whoosh—"

The next moment.

Before the crowd could recover from their confusion, with a thought from Ye Fan's heart, the pitch-black Ghostly Gourd popped out from his chest and floated in front of him, looking incredibly eerie.

At the same time, Ye Fan brought both hands in front of him and swiftly formed the handprints for the "Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array."

"Heh, I thought you had an ace up your sleeve, but after all this fuss, you want to fight me with magic? Are you dreaming?"

Seeing Ye Fan forming handprints and about to trigger magic, Murong Sheng not only showed no fear, but also laughed mockingly, as if to scoff at Ye Fan's futile effort.

"A magician needs to be fully focused when triggering magic." Just then, Murong Gu suddenly let out a low shout, reminding Murong Sheng, "What are you waiting for? Take this chance to kill him!"

"Right, how could I have forgotten that?"

Hearing Murong Gu's reminder, Murong Sheng inwardly cursed himself for his carelessness, then his feet shifted, and he lunged with his sword towards Ye Fan again.

Too late!

Before Murong Sheng could reach Ye Fan with his sword, Ye Fan's hands ceased their movement.

The handprint was completed, and the Formation was triggered!

Whoosh—

In an instant, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi around them was drawn in, like a surging tide, wildly flowing towards the airspace above the villa.

"Die!"

Murong Sheng didn't take Ye Fan's triggering of magic seriously, instead coldly swinging out the Taiyin Xuan Sword with all his might towards Ye Fan's head, determined to split Ye Fan in two with a single strike!

Facing Murong Sheng's all-out attack, Ye Fan did not quickly dodge nor did he gather Mind Power on the Taiyin Xuan Sword to change its speed and direction as before. Instead, he stood still as if he had been hit by an immobilization spell.

It looks like the Ye Family's youngster is about to make a futile attempt!

Noticing that Ye Fan remained motionless and seeing that the Formation triggered by Ye Fan didn't seem to take effect, Kang Lin and the others inwardly sighed.

This is bad!

Even Zhao Meng, who was about to stop the car and get out, was so shocked that he froze in place!

And a calm smile reappeared on Murong Gu's face.

It seemed that he had already envisioned the scene of Ye Fan being cleaved to death by a single sword strike!

At the critical moment!

The golden light twinkled in Ye Fan's eyes, and the Crimson Gold Mind Power Seed flashed at the center of his forehead, the gates to his Spiritual Sense flung wide open, and the Mind Power from within the seed poured out almost entirely, like a dam-breaking flood, it suddenly burst forth, powerfully blasting into Murong Sheng's forehead!

Whoosh!

Feeling the entry of a Mind Power many times more potent than before, Murong Sheng's face instantly turned pale!

His logic told him that the Power guarding his Consciousness simply couldn't withstand such a formidable Mind Power Attack.

In this situation, even if he could cleave Ye Fan with one sword strike, his own Consciousness would be shattered by Ye Fan's Mind Power Attack, his soul dissipated, rendering him a living dead!

Understanding this, Murong Sheng didn't hesitate for a moment and immediately abandoned his attack—his body came to a sudden stop less than five meters from Ye Fan.

As if a high-speed train had abruptly slammed on the brakes!

Under the sunlight, he stood there with a face full of horror, his body stiff in place, frantically mobilizing the Power within his body, trying to protect his Consciousness before Ye Fan's Mind Power could hit.

What's happening?

Including Murong Gu, everyone who saw Murong Sheng not only stop his attack but also stand still in shock was greatly alarmed.

As if in response to their reaction, the Mind Power that entered Murong Sheng's body, like a torrential flood, forcefully charged towards Murong Sheng's Consciousness, its speed extremely fast, far outpacing the Power Murong Sheng was mobilizing!

Hold on!

You must hold on!

Murong Sheng wailed internally, hoping that the Power protecting his Consciousness could temporarily withstand Ye Fan's Mind Power Attack, and once the newly mobilized Power arrived, he would be able to neutralize Ye Fan's attack!

After the wail, under Murong Sheng's sensing, the Power protecting his Consciousness formed a formidable wall around it.

The next moment.

Ye Fan's fearsome Mind Power violently collided with the wall made of Murong Sheng's Power.

Upon collision, the wall formed from Murong Sheng's Power collapsed immediately, cracking all over.

Murong Sheng's Consciousness shook violently, almost breaking!

Failing to defend, Murong Sheng hardened his heart, and the Power protecting his Consciousness instantly turned into a torrent, rushing towards Ye Fan's Mind Power!

In an instant, Ye Fan's Mind Power and Murong Sheng's Power clashed viciously, like two charging armies locked in fierce combat.

Ye Fan's attack mobilized almost all of his remaining Mind Power, its quantity vast, its might fierce, incomparable to the Power Murong Sheng used to guard his Consciousness!

Ye Fan's Mind Power quickly overpowered Murong Sheng's defensive Power with overwhelming force.

Then, approximately half of the remaining Mind Power bombarded Murong Sheng's Consciousness with full force!

At this moment!

Murong Sheng promptly mobilized his Power and arrived just in time, clashing once again with Ye Fan's Mind Power, fully resisting Ye Fan's attack, and draining Ye Fan's Mind Power!

"Huff~"

Perceiving this, Murong Sheng felt as if he had narrowly escaped from the Ghost Sect and secretly breathed a sigh of relief, then looked at Ye Fan with a cold, mocking smile, "Your strike almost exhausted all of your Mind Power and nearly destroyed my Consciousness—fortunately, I reacted in time, mobilizing my Power immediately. Now, your Mind Power can't possibly breach my defensive line of Power."

"Next, your Mind Power will be completely depleted! I want to see, without the aid of Mind Power, what will you use to dodge my attacks!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Murong Sheng's Consciousness stirred, dividing the outer Power of his Consciousness into two—one part continued to resist Ye Fan's Mind Power Attack, while the other rushed through his meridians towards his feet, eager to launch another attack on Ye Fan.

However—

Before Murong Sheng could put his plan into action, a rich surge of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi descended from the sky, like a waterfall pouring directly into Ye Fan's head.

With a thought, Ye Fan used the last of his Mind Power to direct the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi straight towards his Consciousness!

"Trying to restore your Mind Power? No way!"

Murong Sheng instantly recognized Ye Fan's intention and immediately swung his sword at Ye Fan.

"Snap—"

Ye Fan stomped the ground, channeling the last bit of his Mind Power to surge Power to the soles of his feet, quickly retreating with explosive speed!

At this point, Ye Fan's Mind Power was completely drained!

With the Mind Power entirely spent, the Crimson Golden Crown appeared just as Ye Fan had predicted, sensing the danger and emerging in time.

"Swoosh—"

The moment the Crimson Golden Crown appeared, it transformed into a bottomless Crimson Gold black hole, sucked in forcefully, and, like a toad inhaling air, it instantly absorbed all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi that had entered Ye Fan's body.

"Useless, die!!!"

Simultaneously, Murong Sheng swung the Taiyin Xuan Sword in his hand, stabbing at Ye Fan—the blade was less than two meters from Ye Fan!

And because Murong Sheng was faster than Ye Fan, the gap was rapidly closing...

1.5 meters.

meter.

0.5 meters!

Just as the Taiyin Xuan Sword was only 0.5 meters from Ye Fan's throat, the Crimson Golden Crown quickly converted the absorbed Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi into Mind Power and fed it back to Ye Fan.

The replenishment of Mind Power made Ye Fan's dim eyes sparkle with golden light once more, and the Mind Power Seed between his brows shone like a miniature golden sun, radiating brightly.

Immediately, a Mind Power Attack even stronger than before erupted from the Mind Power Seed between Ye Fan's brows, splitting into two—one small part concentrated on the incoming Taiyin Xuan Sword, and the rest bombarded Murong Sheng's forehead!

Time slowed, the scene froze.

Under everyone's gaze, amidst Murong Sheng's bloodthirsty smile, his Taiyin Xuan Sword, originally aimed to pierce through Ye Fan's throat, sliced past Ye Fan's neck, missing its target.

"How... how is this possible?"

Seeing this, Murong Sheng's smile froze and he was greatly shocked!

Possible?

The answer to Murong Sheng was Ye Fan's second round of Mind Power Attacks!

A Mind Power Attack, more terrifying than before, bombarded Murong Sheng's forehead, then rushed rapidly towards his Consciousness!

Swish!

The sudden turn of events sent a jolt through Murong Sheng's Consciousness, his complexion wildly changing!

At this moment.

He no longer cared how Ye Fan still had so much Mind Power left.

His mind was completely filled with one thought: the remaining Power protecting his Consciousness was utterly incapable of withstanding Ye Fan's Mind Power Attack!

"No... Noooo!!!"

As the thought emerged, Murong Sheng felt as if the Death God had seized his throat, screaming in terror.

Then the voice abruptly halted!

Within Murong Sheng's sense, the terrifying Mind Power broke through his defensive line of Power in an instant, and struck his Consciousness with an unstoppable force.

Murong Sheng's body trembled violently!

Seizing the opportunity, Ye Fan's Consciousness moved, and the Power stored in thirty vital acupoints surged out simultaneously, racing along the meridians to his right fist.

"Die!"

Ye Fan clenched his right fist and struck with full force towards Murong Sheng's Dantian!

"Stop!"

Sensing Ye Fan's action through his Spiritual Sense, Murong Gu's expression drastically changed as he roared and lunged at Ye Fan, attempting to prevent a fatal blow.

"Boom—"

What answered Murong Gu was a muffled thud.

"Pfft—"

At the sound of the impact, Power erupted, and Murong Sheng's Dantian shattered instantly, leaving a fist-sized bloody hole below his navel as blood spurted out violently, the tremendous force sending his body flying.

"Err..."

Upon witnessing this, everyone including Zhao Meng, except for Murong Gu, had their eyes wide open, staring in disbelief at the proudly standing Ye Fan: How... how did he do it??

Chapter 308 [Act capriciously and bully the weak]

"Sheng'er!"

There was no answer, only the roar of Murong Gu in response. With a sudden stop, he leaped up and out, his body soaring into the air as he caught Murong Sheng in his arms.

"Puh-chi... Puh-chi..."

Falling into the embrace of Murong Gu, Murong Sheng's body trembled, coughing up two mouthfuls of blood one after another, then his complexion turned as pale as paper, his breathing rapid, his gaze scattered, as if he could die at any moment.

Seeing this, Murong Gu shivered all over with fear and immediately used his Spiritual Sense. To his dread, he discovered that Murong Sheng's consciousness had completely shattered, and his Dantian was utterly destroyed along with ruptured internal organs; the young man was on the brink of death.

"Sheng'er!!"

This discovery tore through Murong Gu's heart like a knife. With bloodshot eyes, he let out a bellow, hurriedly placing his hand on Murong Sheng's Dantian. Power surged from the palm of his hand into Murong Sheng's body and then divided into several streams, following his meridians to his organs to protect them, all the while sealing the wound at the Dantian.

Under Murong Gu's emergency treatment, Murong Sheng's bleeding Dantian stopped, and his previously rapid breath gradually calmed down.

However—

Because his consciousness had been completely shattered, he became a living dead, his eyes void of any luster, staring blankly at the sky.

"Zhang Qian, come over and take care of Sheng'er!"

As a Half-step Gang Qi realm master, Murong Gu saw that his son's consciousness had completely shattered, and would now be a living dead. In agony, he bellowed at Zhang Qian not far away.

"Yes... Yes, Great Elder!"

At the sound, Zhang Qian snapped out of his daze and hurriedly ran to Murong Gu's side, crouching down on the ground.

With trembling hands, Murong Gu handed Murong Sheng over to Zhang Qian, then abruptly stood up, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at Ye Fan, "You little beast, return my son's life to me!"

"Smack—"

As soon as he finished speaking, a terrifying intent to kill burst forth from Murong Gu, his Power surging crazily, directly causing the concrete ground beneath his feet to explode, debris flying everywhere.

Immediately, the splinters of concrete that had been kicked up were swept into the air by a gust, swirling around Murong Gu, obscuring his expression from view, leaving only that terrifying, palpable intent to kill!

"Murong... Murong Gu, what are you doing??"

The chilling words of Murong Gu echoed in his ears, and feeling the terrible intent to kill rising from Murong Gu, Zhao Meng's expression changed, he yelled at Murong Gu.

"Get lost!"

Murong Gu, his gaze sharp as a knife, locked onto Ye Fan, without even turning his head as he growled back, his tone as cold as a Siberian chill.

"Murong... Murong Gu, according to the rules set by the Yanhuang Organization, once martial artists have signed a life-and-death agreement, their fate is in their own hands, and no one else is allowed to intervene!"

Sensing Murong Gu's ever-increasing intent to kill, Zhao Meng felt a sense of horror but still mustered the courage to approach Murong Gu, "Just now, when you intervened to save your son, that already broke the rules of the duel. If you lay hands on Ye Fan now, it would be a complete violation of the Yanhuang Organization's rules, and you will face severe punishment from them!"

"Smack—"

Zhao Meng's answer was a slap in the face!

Under the sunlight, Murong Gu's right hand suddenly swung, a stream of air howled as it struck Zhao Meng's face, directly sending him flying!

"Sss~"

Seeing this scene, Kang Lin and the other two trembled in fear, their lips twitching as they involuntarily inhaled a cool breath.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan's brows instantly knitted together, his face becoming grave!

He had originally thought that Zhao Meng's presence would have a deterring effect on Murong Gu, but he didn't expect that not only did Murong Gu not take the rules of the Yanhuang Organization seriously, to the point of personally wanting to deal with him, but he had also attacked Zhao Meng—and even though he couldn't see clearly how Murong Gu had made his move just now, he did see that it was a burst of air that had sent Zhao Meng flying!

Striking from afar!

Once a martial artist becomes a Gang Qi realm master, the inner strength within their bodies transforms into Gang Qi. With a swing of their hand, Gang Qi surges and creates a sonic boom, injuring people with air pressure.

Although Murong Gu had not yet become a Gang Qi realm master, he was one step into this realm, a half-step Gang Qi realm master.

Just now, he made a slap from where he stood, Gang Qi shot out, creating a sonic boom right in front of Zhao Meng, the explosive flow of air directly sending Zhao Meng flying.

"Remember this, the rules of the Yanhuang Organization are like nothing to a Gang Qi realm martial artist, so, don't talk to me about rules again!"

After sending Zhao Meng flying with a single slap, Murong Gu paused in his steps, his tone ice-cold as he said, "Keep talking nonsense, and I'll kill you too!"

Clack!

Facing Murong Gu's blatant threat, a terrified Zhao Meng, with a collapsed face and blood streaming down, had his heart twitching. Afterwards, although filled with rage, he didn't dare utter another word under the threat of death!

Because he was very clear that as a half-step Gang Qi realm master, Murong Gu was simply not someone he could contend with!

Even, had Murong Gu directly struck him with the Gang Qi a moment ago, he would already be dead!

Even Zhao Meng was tight-lipped, not daring to make a sound, let alone Kang Lin and the other two?

"Snap! Snap!"

Seeing that Zhao Meng did not dare to make a sound, Murong Gu resumed his steps, striding towards Ye Fan. With every step, an explosive sound like firecrackers going off could be heard, and the concrete pavement under his feet cracked and shattered, as if thousands of troops were galloping, the momentum fearsomely powerful.

Witnessing this scene and feeling Murong Gu's gaze locked onto him, Ye Fan felt as if he were enveloped by the aura of death, a sensation that no matter where he fled to the ends of the earth, he could not escape Murong Gu's fatal strike!

This made his expression unprecedentedly solemn, his heart leaping to his throat, his body as if bound, unable to move, helplessly watching Murong Gu approaching.

"You... didn't you say you wouldn't intervene in this competition?"

Just then, from a distance, Su Liuli, forcing back her fear, ran towards Ye Fan while angrily shouting.

"Exactly, do you still have any shame?" Su Jindi followed behind Su Liuli, enraged and roaring nonstop.

Although Su Yuxin and Situ Ruoshui did not speak, they too were with Su Liuli and Su Jindi.

"If you wish to join him in death, I don't mind fulfilling your desires!"

Murong Gu's gaze swept over the four like a sharp blade, his icy words erupting like thunder in their ears, causing Su Liuli to fall straight to the ground.

And Su Yuxin, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi also felt their eardrums vibrating, their heads buzzing, legs going weak, instinctively halting their steps.

"Don't come any closer!"

Sensing this, Ye Fan shouted in a grave tone.

There was no answer.

Suppressing her fear, Su Yuxin continued walking toward Ye Fan.

Situ Ruoshui followed closely behind.

Su Jindi clenched his teeth, unwilling to be left behind.

Su Liuli's face turned pale as she struggled to get up from the ground and followed behind the three of them.

Huh?

Seeing this scene, Murong Gu paused mid-step, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

It seemed that he had not expected Su Yuxin and the others to truly be willing to share life and death with Ye Fan!

"Good, good, good, since you all want to die with him, I will grant your wish!" After the surprise, the murderous intent on Murong Gu remained unchanged.

Although he knew that killing commoners was a taboo for martial artists and would inevitably lead to retaliation from the Yanhuang Organization, in his rage, he had set his heart on avenging his son!

Moreover, in his eyes, if he could make a breakthrough into the Gang Qi Realm after the fact, even if the Yanhuang Organization pursued the matter, it was not certain that they would openly confront the Wudang Sect!

"Step back, leave here immediately!"

Seeing that Murong Gu had completely intended to kill, Ye Fan turned around with bloodshot eyes and yelled at Su Yuxin and the others who were approaching, "Did you hear me??"

"We can't abandon you!"

"Big brother, we won't leave!"

"Brother Ye, let's fight him together!"

Su Yuxin, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi each spoke in turn, their expressions firm and tenacious.

Su Liuli did not speak.

She just quietly looked at Ye Fan, following behind Su Yuxin and the others with great effort and difficulty, step by step towards Ye Fan.

With her actions, she told Ye Fan that she wanted to share life and death with him!

"You... you..."

Witnessing this scene, Ye Fan felt an unprecedented surge of emotion in his heart. He opened his mouth to say something, but it was as if his throat was choked by something, rendering him unable to utter the words that followed.

Amidst his moved feelings, he suddenly realized that his fear and anger toward Murong Gu had completely dissipated.

"Whoo~"

He took a deep breath, turned around, and looked straight at Murong Gu who was approaching, his mind fully clear and without fear, he met Murong Gu's murderous gaze and said word by word, "The rules of the Yanhuang Organization don't really bind Gang Qi Realm masters, but don't forget, you're only at the Half-step Gang Qi Realm!"

"Haha..."

Murong Gu scoffed disdainfully and then, like a specter, appeared in front of Ye Fan, grabbed the collar of Ye Fan's shirt, and lifted him into the air, ominously asking, "Tell me, how do you want to die?"

"Swoosh—"

There was no answer, a sudden sound of slicing air resounded!

The next moment.

Under the stunned gaze of Zhao Meng and the others, the Taiyin Xuan Sword that had previously fallen from Murong Sheng's hand suddenly flew up, turned into a streak of white light, and rapidly slashed towards Zhang Qian, the head of Dong hai Wudang Martial Arts Hall.

Zhang Qian, just an outer disciple of the Wudang Sect with only the strength of the Peak-stage of Postnatal, how could he possibly withstand Ye Fan's sudden attack?

"Zzz~"

Before Zhang Qian could dodge, the sharp Taiyin Xuan Sword cut through his neck as easily as slicing through tofu.

"Spurt—"

Blood splattered everywhere, and a head flew into the air!

"You're seeking death!"

Sensing this, Murong Gu roared in rage, raised his right hand, turned it into a palm, and attempted to slap Ye Fan dead.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

Facing impending death, there was not a trace of fear on Ye Fan's face; instead, he asked with a smile.

Huh?

Murong Gu looked back in astonishment, only to see the Taiyin Xuan Sword stained with Zhang Qian's blood, hanging in the air, its tip pointed at Murong Sheng's throat, nicking the skin and causing blood to ooze out continuously.

"You..."

This discovery made Murong Gu's face change drastically!

"I assure you I can send your son to accompany me in death, do you believe that?"

Noticing the change in Murong Gu's expression, Ye Fan breathed a sigh of relief internally, spoke again, and the smile on his face grew even brighter.

Believe me?

Murong Gu's hand froze mid-air!

Chapter 309 "Clutching the Fatal Acupoint"

As a half-step Gang Qi realm master, Murong Gu knew very well that once a Magician entered the Early Innate Realm, they could manipulate lifeless objects, and as their magic cultivation improved, the strength and number of their telekinetic powers increased, allowing them to control some sharp weapons to attack, which was extremely tricky.

At first, Ye Fan's use of telekinesis to affect Murong Sheng's sword speed and angle in a life-and-death battle had proven this point.

Just now, Ye Fan's control of the Taiyin Xuan Sword to slay the weaker Zhang Qian had proven it once again!

At this moment, although Murong Gu could use his half-step Gang Qi strength to stop Ye Fan from using telekinesis to control the Taiyin Xuan Sword to kill Murong Sheng, he knew very well that since a Magician primarily cultivated their consciousness, their spiritual sensing power far surpassed that of a martial artist of the same realm.

Under such circumstances, once the inner strength surged inside him, Ye Fan would be able to sense it and thus take a step ahead to kill Murong Sheng.

Realizing all this, Murong Gu felt some regret, regretting that he had been too complacent, to the point of overlooking the special qualities of a Magician, attempting to snuff out Ye Fan's life with the ease of pinching a chicken, as a way to vent the rage in his heart!

Otherwise, had he chosen to use his ranged attacks to confront Ye Fan just now, Ye Fan would have had no chance of resisting!

But—

There are no ifs in this world.

At this time, Murong Gu found himself in a tricky situation.

Even so, the pride that comes with being strong and the anger in his heart prevented him from compromising; instead, he sneered coldly, "Are you threatening me?"

"This is not a threat, merely a statement of fact," Ye Fan said calmly, as if he wasn't in the midst of danger but having an easy chat with a friend.

Hearing Ye Fan's words and thinking of how Ye Fan cunningly restrained Murong Gu in a critical moment, seeing Ye Fan's calm demeanor in the face of death, Zhao Meng, Kang Lin, and the other three Yanhuang Organization members couldn't help but admire him.

In their view, for someone as young as Ye Fan to possess such wisdom, even Emperor Bai, the martial arts genius from the Bai Family who currently dominated the top of the Qing bang, might not be able to match him.

"After all, the Saint's consciousness is shattered, and he is destined to become a living dead, suffering pain; it would be better to let him find peace sooner!"

While Zhao Meng and the others secretly admired Ye Fan, Murong Gu was seething with hatred, and with insincere sarcasm, he retorted, "And you will all be joining him in death!"

"Murong Gu, if you truly wanted your son to find peace, you would have killed me with a palm strike already, wouldn't you? Why are you still wasting words with me?" Ye Fan remarked with poise, as if he had grasped Murong Gu's vital point.

Hiss~

Murong Gu was so angry that the corner of his mouth twitched. Although he had used his consciousness to detect that Murong Sheng's consciousness was almost shattered, he was holding out for a miracle—so long as Murong Sheng's consciousness wasn't completely destroyed, there was still hope for repair!

"Murong Gu, the sea of bitterness has no bounds, yet turning back is the shore. If you continue to be deluded, not only will you fail to save your son, but you and the entire Wudang Sect will have to face the wrath of the Yanhuang Organization!"

Seeing the deadlock continue, Zhao Meng wiped the blood from his face, enduring the pain, and spoke with difficulty, "If you release Ye Fan now, seeing that you have the potential to become a Gang Qi realm master, the Yanhuang Organization might just show leniency..."

"Shut up!"

Murong Gu coldly interrupted Zhao Meng's words, but he also knew that ever since the Martial Arts World flourished and martial artists' status dramatically rose, they had become able to influence regional and even global politics to some extent.

Now, with the Six Major Alliances in full swing, they are engaged in an arms race like the nation-states of old while trying everything to enhance the overall strength of the martial artists within each alliance.

It's no exaggeration to say that in this era of flourishing martial arts, a Gang Qi realm master's role in an alliance is no less significant than that of a nuclear weapon, serving as a deterrence!

In such a situation, including Huaxia, all Six Major Alliances would spare no expense to win over those in the Gang Qi Realm.

This was also why martial artists in the Gang Qi Realm could ignore the rules set by the Yanhuang Organization!

"Besides, if you let Ye Fan go, there's hope for your son's consciousness to be healed!" Sensing some hesitation in Murong Gu's heart, Zhao Meng spoke with a revelation.

Hmm?

Hearing Zhao Meng's words again, Murong Gu's heart stirred, and his pupils dilated sharply!

Compared to killing Ye Fan, he was more hopeful that his son's consciousness wasn't completely shattered and could be repaired.

If letting go of Ye Fan meant his son's consciousness could be restored, he would naturally be very willing!

"Do you think I am a three-year-old child who can be easily fooled by you?"

After a moment of temptation, Murong Gu regained his calmness. He was very clear that if his son's consciousness had been completely destroyed, it would be like the soul scattering and even a descended immortal would not be able to repair it.

Moreover, even if his son's consciousness wasn't shattered and there was hope for repair, it had nothing to do with releasing Ye Fan!

"Ye Fan can heal your son's consciousness." Guessing what was in Murong Gu's mind, Zhao Meng added another bombshell.

"Heh heh..."

In Murong Gu's subconscious, only the reclusive Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji was likely capable of healing Murong Sheng's consciousness, so when he heard Zhao Meng claim that Ye Fan could also do it, he laughed coldly, "Do you think my brain is waterlogged?"

"I don't know if you've heard of the Ao Xiang Villa incident. During that incident, Ye Fan was framed and, despite the unfavorable situation, helped two ordinary people heal their consciousness. With those two ordinary people testifying, he was able to reverse the unfavorable situation and prove his innocence."

Zhao Meng said again, and while Murong Gu's back was turned, he covertly signaled to Ye Fan using sign language: "Try to stall for time until your father arrives!"

Ye Fan had been taken away by Qin Hai of the Yanhuang Organization for three months of special training and learned many skills, including sign language.

He immediately understood what Zhao Meng meant, and given the current situation—even if he joined forces with Zhao Meng and the others—they couldn't shake Murong Gu; they could only wait for Ye Wenhao to arrive.

"Director Zhao, his son challenged me to a life-and-death battle and was defeated due to his lack of strength. Now, this old fool not only violates the Yanhuang Organization's rules by interfering in this life-and-death battle but also wants to put me to death!"

While understanding all this, Ye Fan, although knowing that Murong Sheng's consciousness was beyond repair, deliberately showed an angry expression, "You can forget about me healing his son's consciousness!"

Hmm?

Since Murong Gu had been in seclusion and cultivation on Wudang Mountain, he knew very little about secular matters and certainly wouldn't blindly believe what Zhao Meng said.

But—

Seeing Ye Fan's angry refusal to heal his son Murong Sheng's consciousness, he somewhat believed in Zhao Meng's words, causing him to frown and ask, "Can you really heal consciousness?"

Ye Fan responded with a feigned cold laugh and did not answer.

Brilliant!

Sensing this scene, Zhao Meng couldn't help but internally praise.

In his view, Ye Fan had not only perfectly grasped Murong Gu's psychology, thus opting for retreat as a way to advance, but his performance was worthy of an Oscar!

"Kid, if you can restore Sheng'er's consciousness, I'll let bygones be bygones regarding this matter!"

Just as Zhao Meng had predicted, Murong Gu fell for Ye Fan's tactic of retreat as a way to advance, and basically believed his words, which meant he was no longer as aggressive as before but began to lower his stance and negotiate with Ye Fan.

"I've said it, no way!" Ye Fan scoffed coldly.

"You..."

Murong Gu was furious, but considering that Murong Sheng's life was in Ye Fan's hands, and that Ye Fan could also restore Murong Sheng's consciousness, he suppressed his anger and asked, "Then what do you want?"

"Only if you agree to two conditions." As if judging that the timing was right, Ye Fan's tone was no longer so tough.

"What conditions?" Murong Gu asked through gritted teeth, with resentment but still restraining his fury.

The first condition, Ye Fan asserted with undeniable firmness, was, "You violated the Yanhuang Organization's rules by interfering in this martial arts competition, intending to put me and my friends in mortal danger. Even if the Yanhuang Organization does not hold you accountable afterward, you must bow and apologize to me for this!"

Ye Fan continued, "Secondly, your son signed a life-and-death contract with me, agreeing that the outcome of the duel be left to fate. Therefore, if I save your son, it means he owes me a huge favor, and he must pay a sufficient reward!"

"Fine, I agree!"

Murong Gu's complexion turned a ghastly shade of green with rage, but to save Murong Sheng, he was willing to let his dignity as a half-step Gang Qi realm master feed the dogs. As for the reward mentioned by Ye Fan, he didn't care in the slightest.

On one hand, as a half-step Gang Qi realm master, he had almost no desire for money. Moreover, the Wudang Sect had considerable influence in the secular world, and for him, the Great Elder, arranging for Outer Disciples to gather money was a matter of just one word!

"I'm not done talking yet," Ye Fan said, feigning displeasure as he raised his eyebrows.

"You... didn't you say two conditions?" Murong Gu was so angry his lungs were about to explode.

"It's two conditions, but do you know what reward I want?" Ye Fan asked coolly.

Murong Gu clenched his teeth in anger, "What is it?"

"The Taiyin Xuan Sword and the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique." Ye Fan revealed the answer.

"What... What?"

Startled by Ye Fan's requested compensation, Murong Gu was firstly shocked and then trembled with rage, bellowing, "Kid, don't push your luck!"

"Pushing my luck?"

Ye Fan was not at all afraid of Murong Gu's anger as he mocked with a sneer, "Murong Gu, it seems I wasn't the one begging you to agree. You're entirely free to refuse, even to strike me dead with one palm."

"You..."

Murong Gu was so angry that veins stood out on his forehead. As the Great Elder of the Wudang Sect and a half-step Gang Qi master, when had he ever tolerated such humiliation?

However—

Despite his rage, the last shred of reason told him that if he wanted Murong Sheng to survive and even recover his consciousness, he had no choice but to compromise with Ye Fan.

"I agree to your terms!"

After thinking it through, Murong Gu forcibly suppressed the fury in his heart and squeezed out a few words through his teeth.

"The Taiyin Xuan Sword is the Wudang Sect's treasured weapon, and the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique is its ultimate skill. You agree to my terms without even thinking, could it be you're planning to deceive me? After I save your son, will you repay kindness with enmity and get rid of me?" Ye Fan gave Murong Gu a skeptical look.

Clang!

Murong Gu indeed had such plans in mind. Hearing Ye Fan's words, his heart skipped a beat, and while cursing Ye Fan's cunning, he feigned strength and said, "As the Great Elder of the Wudang Sect, I do have this authority! Besides, my son Sheng'er is taught martial arts by both Sect Leader and me, which makes him akin to Sect Leader's half-disciple. Sect Leader will certainly not object to my decision!"

"Why should I believe you?" Ye Fan still questioned.

"You little beast, are you making fun of me?" Murong Gu's anger flared again.

"See? You start with 'little beast.' Is this the attitude of sincere cooperation?"

Ye Fan scoffed with a sneer, saying, "In my opinion, you might as well drop all pretense and just kill me now."

"Buzz... Buzz..."

This time, before Murong Gu could speak, the roaring sound of a car engine suddenly came from the distance.

Whoosh!

At the sound, including Ye Fan, everyone immediately turned their gaze to the entrance of the villa.

The sunlight was blinding except for Su Liuli, who had not yet entered the path of martial arts, everyone else saw clearly that the red Hongqi H7 sedan with the Jiangnan Province Committee 00001 license plate was like a raging steel beast, roaring towards them at high speed.

At the same time, they all distinctly felt Ye Wenhao's powerful presence!

"You little beast, it turns out you were just buying time for Ye Wenhao to arrive!"

Upon sensing Ye Wenhao's arrival, Murong Gu instantly understood he had been played. His killing intent erupted violently, and in his fury, he seemed ready to tear Ye Fan into shreds.

"Murong Gu, if you dare hurt my son, I will level your Wudang!!"

That time.

The response to Murong Gu was not from Ye Fan.

It was from Ye Wenhao

That voice, like the roar of a tiger, echoed through the skies!

Chapter 310 【Master Duel】

"At last!"

Watching the red Hongqi H7 Sedan speeding toward him, feeling Ye Wenhao's powerful aura, and hearing Ye Wenhao's angry roar, Zhao Meng's heart, which had been hanging by a thread, quietly settled down.

He was well aware that although Ye Fan had cleverly used the life-and-death situation of Murong Sheng to temporarily save his own life by blackmailing Murong Gu, he was fundamentally unable to contend against Murong Gu, nor could he prolong the stalemate for long.

After all, Murong Sheng's mind and spirit were shattered, and his body's functions couldn't maintain normal operations. If he didn't receive the nourishment of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, he would ultimately perish, both body and soul.

Once Murong Sheng died, Murong Gu would have no concerns holding him back and would certainly slay Ye Fan!

Now, with Ye Wenhao's arrival, there was no need to worry anymore.

Although he didn't know what level of strength Ye Wenhao had achieved by now, he felt that since Ye Wenhao had been able to create the miracle of rising from an ordinary person to the top of the Qing bang within a few short years, defeating Murong Gu, who had once been a defeated subordinate, should be no problem.

"So that's how it is."

Next to Zhao Meng, Kang Lin and the others suddenly realized.

Only at this moment did they understand why Zhao Meng had previously asked them to find ways to delay the life-and-death battle, and why Zhao Meng had just now pretended along with Ye Fan to mock Murong Gu.

All of this, just to wait for Ye Wenhao to arrive!

"Phew~"

Ye Fan also quietly sighed in relief, but more than relief, he felt moved.

Father's love is profound!

Perhaps a father can never tend to his child in minute detail as is currently the case, but a father is like a great mountain, always providing steadfast support for his child, shielding him from the wind and rain until he grows old!

In some respects, Ye Wenhao was not a competent father.

He had failed to fulfill a father's responsibilities over the past twenty or more years, and back then, for the sake of his political career colored in shades of red, he had followed Old Master Ye's arrangements and abandoned Ye Fan's mother, Ling Yun.

Even his actions had caused Ye Fan to harbor resentment towards him!

However—

At this moment.

Ye Wenhao's shout, "Murong Gu, if you dare touch a hair on my son, I'll flatten your Wudang," was like a moving dagger stabbing into Ye Fan's heart, eradicating the resentment within him.

For a time, Ye Fan was like a dazed person, staring blankly at the speeding car in front of him, motionless.

Hm?

As if perceiving Ye Fan's distraction, Murong Gu's mind stirred, wanting to strike again.

"You'd better look behind you."

In his moved state, Ye Fan had not let down his guard. Sensing Murong Gu's killing intent, he coldly smiled and said.

Swish!

Apparently not expecting Ye Fan's reaction to be so sharp, Murong Gu's face changed. Knowing he had missed the chance to kill Ye Fan, he involuntarily turned his head toward Murong Sheng, only to see the Taiyin Xuan Sword had pierced Murong Sheng's skin at some unknown time.

Although the tip of the Taiyin Xuan Sword had only penetrated slightly, it caused the wound on Murong Sheng to widen, and the speed of bleeding visibly increased.

"How ruthless you are!"

Seeing this, Murong Gu, understanding that if he made any rash moves, Ye Fan would kill Murong Sheng first, could only swallow his pride, while his eyes flickered with a calculating light, pondering his next move.

"Zzt~"

Meanwhile, the speeding red Hongqi H7 suddenly slowed down, the car tires fiercely rubbing against the ground, producing a noise that grew increasingly loud and piercing.

"Bang—"

Soon, the piercing friction noise was overwhelmed by a thudding sound, and the car door on the driver's side suddenly flew off.

"Whoosh—"

Ye Wenhao flashed out of the car, defying the laws of inertia and landing solidly, his feet cracking the concrete ground.

This moment, Ye Wenhao's expression wasn't as calm and composed as usual, but rather, his brows were tightly furrowed, his face filled with emotions like concern, urgency, and anger.

His eyes flickered like lightning as he glared at Ye Fan being held aloft by Murong Gu, and shouted furiously, "Let go of my son!"

"I will, but first, have him use telekinesis to move the Taiyin Xuan Sword away from my son's neck."

Murong Gu's eyes sparkled with a cold light. Far from being afraid of Ye Wenhao's rage, he instead allowed his killing intent to steadily escalate.

Hm?

Hearing Murong Gu's words, Ye Wenhao's peripheral vision clearly saw the Taiyin Xuan Sword hanging above Murong Sheng's neck.

This discovery made Ye Wenhao see the situation clearly and understand why Ye Fan had survived until now.

"Murong Gu, twenty-three years ago, I defeated you, and you lost your place as the number one of the Qing bang. You considered it the greatest humiliation of your life and swore revenge," Ye Wenhao, realizing that Ye Fan was momentarily safe, no longer appeared as urgent and anxious as before, but instead spoke coldly, "If I'm not mistaken, you initially came out of seclusion intending to challenge me directly, but having heard that I had left the Martial Arts World, feared that I would not accept the challenge. Thus, you had your son initiate a life-and-death battle with my son, hoping to provoke me by attempting to kill my son and force me into accepting your challenge, am I right?"

Perhaps because Ye Wenhao had guessed his thoughts, or perhaps because of his own son's miserable defeat, Murong Gu had nothing to say, his expression ugly.

"Murong Gu, twenty-three years ago, although you were defeated by me, I admired your unyielding spirit and determination in pursuing Martial Arts, so not only did I spare your life, I also left you alive,"

As he spoke, Ye Wenhao's gaze towards Murong Gu turned disdainful, "Yet today, you had your son fight a life-and-death battle against my son with the Taiyin Xuan Sword and took advantage of the situation. Not only was your son defeated by my son because he was less skilled, but you as a Great Elder of the Wudang Sect, bullied the weak and attacked my son—such behavior is truly despicable!"

"You are bringing disgrace to the Wudang Sect and the Huaxia Martial Arts World!"

"You..."

Facing the relentless humiliation from Ye Wenhao, Murong Gu felt his martial artist's pride being crushed underfoot, shaking with rage.

"If you have even a shred of dignity as a martial artist, then release my son and face me in a fair fight!" Ye Wenhao stood proudly, his aura fiercely righteous, "I offer you a chance to redress your humiliation!"

"As you say, I have emerged from seclusion specifically to wash away the humiliation of the past, naturally, I will not fear a battle with you!" Murong Gu frowned, responding, "But how can you assure me, once I release your son, he won't kill my son?"

"Do you think my son would be so dishonorable like you?"

Ye Wenhao snorted disdainfully, then looked tenderly at Xiao Fan and said, "Xiao Fan, after I engage Murong Gu in a fight to the death, do not take the opportunity to strike at his son."

"Okay."

Xiao Fan agreed straightforwardly.

After all, Murong Sheng was already utterly devastated mentally, with his Dantian shattered and his internal organs damaged; he was no different from a dead man, so there was no point in attacking him further.

"Shua!"

Upon hearing that, Murong Gu immediately let go of Xiao Fan, seemingly unconcerned about Xiao Fan taking advantage of the situation to attack Murong Sheng.

And so it was indeed.

Having once been defeated by Ye Wenhao, Murong Gu knew very well that Ye Wenhao was a man of his word.

"Hu~"

Seeing Xiao Fan freed from Murong Gu's clutches, Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi all breathed a sigh of relief and quickly walked towards Xiao Fan.

"We should back off to avoid being affected,"

Xiao Fan warned, recalling the explosive bursts of Gang Qi from every strike of Murong Gu earlier as he spoke to them.

The four of them understood that a high-stakes duel between experts like Ye Wenhao and Murong Gu was not something they could afford to watch up close, so they wisely followed Xiao Fan back to the courtyard of the villa.

Not only them, but Zhao Meng and his group also feared becoming collateral damage and hurriedly followed Xiao Fan and his group back into the courtyard of the villa.

"Ye Wenhao, originally I merely wanted to defeat you to cleanse myself of past disgrace, but now I'd like to add a condition." After Xiao Fan and the others had retreated into the courtyard of the villa, Murong Gu suddenly spoke up.

Ye Wenhao raised an eyebrow: "What condition?"

"Earlier, that Zhao person said your son could heal the soul."

Murong Gu glanced at the dull-faced Murong Sheng and said, "If you lose, let your son help my son restore his soul, and he must spare no effort!"

"So it's a wager," Ye Wenhao scoffed. "And what if you lose?"

"Your son negotiated with me earlier, saying that if he helped my son restore his soul, I must give him the Taiyin Xuan Sword and the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique," remembering what Xiao Fan had mentioned, Murong Gu said solemnly, "If I lose, according to what your son just said, I will hand over these two items."

"Forget about the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique," Ye Wenhao said indifferently.

Hm?

Murong Gu raised an eyebrow, puzzled.

"First, although the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique is acclaimed as the Wudang Sect's treasured art, my son doesn't care for it. Secondly, you just tried to kill my son, so as a matter of reciprocation, I will

take your life—you won't have the chance to disclose the techniques of the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique!"

Ye Wenhao spoke coldly, his murderous intent suddenly erupting, making him resemble an unsheathed treasure sword, sharp and formidable.

"Hehe... Ye Wenhao, although I don't know how you went from a powerless scholar to an Innate Great Perfection Master, I can tell from the recent interaction that you are still in the Innate Great Perfection realm," Murong Gu said, not angry but amused instead; he laughed mockingly as if he had heard the funniest thing in the world, "This means that in the past twenty-three years, your Martial Arts Cultivation hasn't progressed at all! Whereas I have stepped into the Half-step Gang Qi realm, dreaming of taking my life is just that—a dream!"

"Is that so?" Ye Wenhao stood proudly, fearless.

"The wonder and strength of the Half-step Gang Qi realm is beyond your comprehension!"

Murong Gu looked down on Ye Wenhao, sneering, "Make your move, I'll allow you three strikes; after that, you won't have any chance to act!"

"Swoosh—"

Without a word, Ye Wenhao powered up from below, springing forward and instantly arriving in front of Murong Gu; his right fist clenched, like a cannonball fired at full force, he struck at Murong Gu.

During the strike, the Gang Qi stored in Ye Wenhao's Dantian surged crazily to his right fist, immediately enveloping him in an overwhelming evil aura.

With the first strike, he unleashed the Xuansha Fist's killing move.

Qi Rushes to the Sky.

Sixth Layer!

Fifty-four times the power!!