

Y Master 311

Chapter 311 【Mysterious Martial Arts】

"Smack! Smack! Smack!"

As Ye Wenhao punched out, the air in front of him burst apart, the crisp sounds echoing continuously, the momentum terrifying.

It felt as if even a mountain in front of him would be blasted with a hole!

"Hmph!"

Facing Ye Wenhao's extraordinarily powerful punch, Murong Gu sneered disdainfully, transforming his right hand into a palm and slowly slapping towards the approaching Iron Fist of Ye Wenhao.

At this moment, his palm strike was very slow, so slow that even Su Liuli, who had not yet set foot on the path of Martial Arts, could see it clearly.

However—

Just as his palm was about to hit Ye Wenhao's Iron Fist, it suddenly accelerated, bringing up a current of air!

"Whoosh!"

With the creation of the air current, a stream of Gang Qi invisible to the naked eye suddenly burst from Murong Gu's palm, colliding fiercely with Ye Wenhao's Iron Fist.

"Bang—"

A muffled sound erupted, and Ye Wenhao felt as if his right fist had struck a soft sponge, his immense power instantly negated.

Then, an overwhelming counterforce bore down on him like a landslide, making Ye Wenhao feel as if his right fist had been seared by a scalding iron rod, sending a burning pain through him, his qi and blood churning within him, uncontrollably staggering backward.

"Smack!"

"Smack!"

"Smack!"

Ye Wenhao took three consecutive steps back, each step leaving a deep footprint on the concrete ground, the area around the footprints filled with dense cracks.

This... is this the strength of Half-step Gang Qi?

Seeing this scene, Zhao Meng and the others were greatly shocked!

Although they could not see Ye Wenhao's figure or movements, they could sense his potent aura through their heart's blood and feel the terrifying power of that punch!

In their eyes, with the power of Ye Wenhao's punch, even a polar bear could have been beaten to death!

And now, the seemingly casual palm strike from Murong Gu not only neutralized Ye Wenhao's attack but even forced Ye Wenhao to retreat uncontrollably three steps back...

The shock this brought them was imaginable, wasn't it?

"This is bad!"

Compared to Zhao Meng and the others, Ye Fan's heart was filled with more shock and concern!

There's a saying that when a master makes a move, one will know if there is or isn't.

As the disciple of Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, Ye Fan could tell at a glance that Ye Wenhao was using the Xuansha Fist's Killing Move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky,' and its power exceeded his by a hundredfold!

In such a condition, Ye Wenhao hadn't managed to harm Murong Gu in the slightest, instead almost getting injured by him—this was enough proof that Murong Gu's strength was far above Ye Wenhao's!

As if to confirm Ye Fan's thoughts, outside the villa, Murong Gu proudly smiled, "Ye Wenhao, I told you, the marvel and might of the Gang Qi Realm are beyond your comprehension, do you believe it now?"

Without replying, Ye Wenhao struggled to stabilize the turbulent qi and blood within his body, his right arm going numb as if electrocuted, twitching uncontrollably.

At the same time, his brow furrowed tightly without anyone knowing when, his expression slightly grave!

The gravity was because Murong Gu's strength far surpassed his expectations!

More precisely, the power of the Half-step Gang Qi realm exceeded his expectations by far!

"Are you wondering why my seemingly casual palm strike could neutralize your strongest attack?"

Perhaps because he was convinced that he had already won this match, Murong Gu did not rush to claim victory, instead using a taunting look to observe Ye Wenhao, sneering, "That's because, after stepping into the Half-step Gang Qi realm, the Gang Jin in my body has begun to transform into Gang Qi. Not only does Gang Qi leave the body, but its power is equivalent to a hundred times that of a Martial Artist in the Innate Great Perfection Realm!"

"A hundred times, do you understand? This means, even if you cultivate 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' to the Ninth Layer, and can punch with eighty-one times the power, you still cannot harm the skin of someone in the Gang Qi Realm!"

Speaking to this point, a mocking smile spread across Murong Gu's face, "I told you, I would give you three moves, and you've only made one. Go on, as long as you can make me retreat even half a step, I will admit defeat!"

Still no answer.

Ye Wenhao's expression became a few shades graver.

Although Murong Gu had not truly entered the Gang Qi Realm, his body's Gang Qi was more than fifty-four times as powerful as Ye Wenhao's!

In such a situation, even if he continued to use the Killing Move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky,' he would not be able to shake Murong Gu.

Even in his eyes, even if he now comprehended the secrets of 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' to the Seventh Level, unleashing the Seventh Level's power would still not harm Murong Gu!

After all, Murong Gu's strike was just a casual palm—if Murong Gu were to use Martial Arts, the power of his Gang Qi would increase even more!

"What's the matter? Too scared to make a move?"

Seeing that Ye Wenhao remained unmoved, Murong Gu seemed to have forgotten the pain of his son Murong Sheng being beaten to a living death. Instead, he felt as if he had returned the slap he had received years ago right onto Ye Wenhao's face, feeling thoroughly exhilarated from head to toe.

In his extreme pleasure, Murong Gu taunted, "Now, I'll give you two options. First, kneel down, knock your head on the ground three times to admit defeat, and announce to the whole Martial Arts World that you are no match for me, then have your son dutifully repair my son's Consciousness."

"Are you dreaming?"

Hearing Murong Gu's arrogant words again, Ye Wenhao snorted coldly, then the severity on his face gradually dissipated, his eyes flashing with spirited light, as if hesitating about something.

"Refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit!"

Murong Gu sneered, transforming his hand into a sword and remotely slashed a Hand Sword at Ye Wenhao!

The Hand Sword seemed casual, yet it employed the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique's 'Progressive Neck Slash.'

As the Hand Sword was unleashed, the air reverberated, a stream of Gang Qi shot from Murong Gu's hand, stirring up a current of air, slashing at Ye Wenhao's neck!

Ye Wenhao's consciousness stirred, his power surged wildly to his left arm, which suddenly thrust upward.

"Smack—"

An explosive air burst occurred, scattering streams of air. The power in Ye Wenhao's arm dissipated, and a raw ache pulsed through it.

"Hmph!"

Seeing that Ye Wenhao withstood his attack, Murong Gu knew well that Gang Qi weakened the farther it was from the body. If he attacked Ye Wenhao through the air, it wouldn't harm him. With a cold snort, he dashed toward Ye Wenhao with the speed of a serpent dragon bursting from the sea!

"Whoosh—"

In a flash, Murong Gu moved so fast that Ye Fan, Zhao Meng, and the others couldn't even see his afterimage, only catching a glimpse of a white streak.

Without a moment's hesitation, Ye Wenhao retreated explosively!

"Where do you think you're running to?"

Murong Gu scoffed, catching up with Ye Wenhao in the blink of an eye, transformed his hand into a sword, and chopped down at Ye Wenhao's head!

Immortal's Guide!

This time, he used the 'Immortal's Guide' from the Taiyin Xuanmen Sword Technique. It seemed as though he was simply standing in place, pointing the way for Ye Wenhao, but the Gang Qi flowing from his hand was as sharp as a blade.

Ye Wenhao felt like he had fallen into an ice cellar, chill seeping from his head to his toes, his body hair standing on end!

Unable to dodge, Ye Wenhao steeled his heart and met the attack with his fist.

He struck out with the 'Qi Rushes to the Sky,' reaching the sixth layer.

Fifty four times power burst forth in an instant!

"Snap! Snap! Snap!"

The sounds of the air splintering echoed continuously as the power infused within Ye Wenhao's right punch rapidly dissipated. Then, the current of air laced with Gang Qi forced his right punch to recoil and struck him hard on the shoulder.

With that blow, Ye Wenhao was sent flying.

"Pfft—"

In midair, Ye Wenhao's internal energy turned chaotic, and he spat out a mist of blood, his complexion pale as paper.

"Dad!"

On seeing this, Ye Fan felt as if someone had stabbed him in the heart, causing him unbearable pain. He couldn't help but roar, wanting to rush out of the villa courtyard!

"Don't!"

Seeing this, Zhao Meng quickly grabbed Ye Fan, shouting: "Going out there would be suicide!"

"Snap! Snap!"

As Zhao Meng's voice echoed, Murong Gu swiftly delivered two more hand swords, hitting Ye Wenhao with two precise gusts of air, swatting him to the ground as if he were a fly.

"Bang—"

Ye Wenhao collided hard with the ground, spitting out two more mouthfuls of blood. The blood slowly trickled down, staining his white shirt crimson, a frightening sight.

"Dad!!"

Seeing his father covered in blood, Ye Fan let out a heart-wrenching scream. He struggled violently, trying to break free from Zhao Meng's grip to rush to Ye Wenhao.

"Ye Wenhao, I gave you a chance. It was you who didn't cherish it."

Watching Ye Wenhao lying on the ground, gasping for breath, Murong Gu loomed above him, gazing triumphantly down at him and said with a mocking sneer, "Since you didn't cherish it, I have no choice but to cripple you. Then I'll threaten that little beast with your life to heal my son's consciousness. I think, given the deep bond between you and your son, he will surely compromise, right?"

"Bastard!!"

Ye Fan's roar was the response to Murong Gu.

After roaring, Ye Fan's consciousness stirred, and a crimson gold Mind Power Seed emerged at his brow. A majestic force of telekinesis erupted, once again converging on the Taiyin Xuan Sword.

"Hum~"

The Taiyin Xuan Sword vibrated with a hum, abruptly leaping into the air, shooting rapidly toward Murong Gu.

"A rice grain pearl still gives off light!"

Murong Gu sneered, effortlessly catching the swiftly approaching Taiyin Xuan Sword with a flick of his hand.

"Snap! Snap! Snap!"

With the Taiyin Xuan Sword in hand, Murong Gu proudly walked toward Ye Wenhao, sneering as he went: "The humiliation of the past will be avenged today. From now on, there will be no Ye Wenhao in the Martial Arts World!"

Ignoring Murong Gu's arrogant tirade, Ye Wenhao, his face drained of color, looked up at the sky, his eyes briefly capturing the vision of a woman in white floating toward him.

With a smile on her face, she seemed to walk toward him from the void.

"Ling Yun, because of what I did in the past, I was ashamed to use the martial arts you taught me against my enemies. But for Xiao Fan, I must use them!"

Gazing at the vision that had long been etched into the depths of his heart, Ye Wenhao's dim eyes now brimmed with profound love. With his lips stained red with blood, he murmured, as if confiding and begging for forgiveness at the same time.

"Martial arts, huh? Heh, Ye Wenhao, I'll give you another chance to make your move! I want to see what other martial arts you've got!"

Murong Gu laughed mockingly. Xuansha Fist was already one of the most formidable martial arts in the world. Ye Wenhao couldn't even scratch him using the Qi Rushes to the Sky from the Xuansha Fist; how could other martial arts do any better?

There was no response.

Ye Wenhao leaped to his feet like a carp bouncing up. There was no longer any hesitation in his eyes, only resolve!

For the first time in his life.

He decided to use the martial arts Ling Yun had taught him against his enemies!

For the sake of their child!!

Chapter 312 【Burning Nine Heavens, One-Hit Kill!】

As the red sun hung in the sky, sunlight pierced the eyes.

Underneath the red sun, Ye Wenhao stood tall like a spear, proud and unyielding.

"Burn, blood qi, and connect with heaven and earth!"

Suddenly, Ye Wenhao roared towards the sky, his voice like muffled thunder.

With his roar, power surged!

In an instant, the Power Seed within Ye Wenhao's dantian started to spin wildly, as streaks of power emerged from the seed, then burst forth from the dantian and followed the route of the Grand Circulation, racing rapidly.

The next moment.

In the senses of Murong Gu and Ye Fan and the others, Ye Wenhao's previously weakened blood qi began to climb steadily.

Hm?

Sensing the change in Ye Wenhao's blood qi, Ye Fan stopped struggling.

And Zhao Meng, along with the three subordinates behind him, kept their eyes glued to Ye Wenhao, seemingly wanting to see what Ye Wenhao was about to do.

At the same time, although Murong Gu could not discern what martial arts Ye Wenhao was about to use, he didn't believe that it could be any more powerful than "Xuansha Fist."

Therefore, he wasn't concerned, and instead, he stuck the Taiyi Xuan Sword into the concrete beneath his feet, watching Ye Wenhao with interest, waiting for his desperate struggle.

However—

Soon, Murong Gu found Ye Wenhao's blood qi soaring in the blink of an eye, even more vigorous than before he was injured!

What's going on?

Murong Gu was startled, his expression involuntarily changed!

According to his understanding of martial arts, a martial artist's blood qi should weaken after sustaining injuries...

Yet at this moment, Ye Wenhao's change completely defied the principles of martial arts!

"Why... why has his blood qi become stronger?"

It wasn't just Murong Gu who realized this; the Yanhuang Organization member named Kang Lin was also clear-headed. Upon realizing that Ye Wenhao's blood qi was stronger than before, he was stunned.

Why?

Zhao Meng was dumbfounded; as the Yanhuang Organization's leader in Dong Hai with an S-level information privilege, he was well-versed in some of the world's powerful martial arts, but he was certain there wasn't a single martial arts technique that could make one's blood qi suddenly strengthen!

Not even a forbidden technique!!

Why?

Ye Fan didn't know; he just stared intently, watching that man, bathed in blood, make his final strike.

Why?

As Ye Wenhao's dantian's Power Seed ejected the last streak of power, the blood qi inside his body boiled like a pot of water coming to a boil.

That's right...

It was boiling!

In this moment.

His blood qi's density was ten times that of before he was injured!

This scene deeply shocked everyone, including Murong Gu!

Shortly after, before people could recover from their astonishment, the boiling blood qi suddenly burst from the top of Ye Wenhao's head, shooting towards the sky!

In a split second.

The majestic blood qi soared to the clouds, forming a bridge that connected Ye Wenhao to the heavens.

Magic and martial arts combined?!

Seeing this, Ye Fan couldn't help but think of the "Shadowless Yin Demon Slash" used by the Black Dragon Guard brothers Shi Feng and Shi Ling.

Whoosh—

Before Ye Fan could make sense of it, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi in the sky began to surge wildly, with strands of Fire Essence Qi being stripped and merged into the blood qi.

Danger!

Realizing this, Murong Gu didn't know what martial arts Ye Wenhao was about to use, but felt a terrifying premonition, as if he were enveloped by the aura of death.

"Burning Nine Heavens!"

The next moment.

Just as Murong Gu wanted to take preemptive action to stop Ye Wenhao, a fierce cry erupted!

"Swoosh—"

With the cry, a figure moved!

Ye Wenhao's form flashed, turning into a bloody shadow, and shot towards Murong Gu at lightning speed.

Fast!

As fast as the limit allows!

In this moment, Ye Wenhao was more than ten times faster than before!

The terrifying speed left Ye Fan, Zhao Meng, and the others unable to even see clearly, let alone trace afterimages; they could only sense Ye Wenhao's fearsome presence!

Not just them, even Murong Gu, whose martial arts realm was higher than Ye Wenhao's, couldn't see Ye Wenhao's figure anymore.

This caused a flicker of panic to pass through his eyes!

"Clang~"

Panicked, he hastily drew his sword!

Murong Gu, who had just been overpowering Ye Wenhao easily, had to use the Wudang Sect's magical weapon, the Taiyi Xuan Sword, against Ye Wenhao!

Ye Wenhao paid no attention to Murong Gu's actions.

At this critical juncture.

He remembered the first time he met Ling Yun.

He also remembered chasing after Ling Yun on the snow-covered Mount Tian.

He remembered even more profoundly Ling Yun teaching him the technique "Burning Nine Heavens."

He even remembered Ling Yun saying to him then, "Wenhao, because this martial arts technique is so powerful, you can only practice it once you've reached the Gang Qi Realm; otherwise, it will stunt your progress in martial arts, leaving you forever stuck at the Innate Great Perfection."

Back then, he had smiled and nodded, pulling Ling Yun into his embrace.

Later, due to the arrangements made by Old Master Ye and to ensure the greater good of the Ye Family, his heart was torn as he abandoned Ling Yun.

Since then, whenever he missed Ling Yun, he would practice this martial arts technique.

Every time he practiced, his mind was filled with memories of their days together, and his heart of regret would become numb, devoid of pain!

He became addicted to this feeling of numbing himself.

Time and again.

Year after year.

He didn't know how many times he had practiced.

He also didn't know if he had completely mastered this magical martial art.

But he vividly remembered the shocked expression on the face of Yanhuang's strongest person, Yan, the first time he saw him practicing this technique!

"I'm sorry, Ling Yun."

Thinking, as he did each time he practiced, Ye Wenhao apologized to Ling Yun in his heart while throwing his right fist with all his strength!

Burning Nine Heavens!

As soon as the punch was thrown, the heavens and earth changed color!

In an instant.

The blood qi, infused with a massive amount of Fire Essence Qi, seemed to be drawn in, suddenly converging on Ye Wenhao's right fist.

Just like the scorching sun burning fiercely, a terrifying heatwave spread out from his fist as the epicenter, dispersing in all directions.

"Die for me!"

At this moment, roaring inwardly, Murong Gu wielded the Wudang Sect's Magical Weapon, Taiyi Xuan Sword, with all his Gang Qi.

"Whoosh!"

In the blink of an eye, the Taiyi Xuan Sword struck the torrent of blood qi mixed with Fire Essence Qi on Ye Wenhao's fist, but it couldn't advance half an inch!

"How... How is this possible?"

Murong Gu was terribly alarmed in his heart!

Is it possible?

"Clang!"

Immediately after, a crisp sound rang out as the Taiyi Xuan Sword was repelled.

Crack!

Murong Gu felt a great shock in his heart, a fear from the depths of his soul overtaking him for the first time.

Amidst his terror, he stood petrified, eyes wide, watching Ye Wenhao's fist grow larger... and larger!

"Boom——"

Ye Wenhao's fist pierced through Murong Gu's heart.

"Zzz~"

Blood spurted out, instantly evaporated.

At the same time, Murong Gu's soul, as if burned by blazing flames, instantly turned to ash.

Time seemed to stop at this moment.

The scene appeared to freeze at this moment.

Afterward, tranquility returned to the world.

Under everyone's gaze, a black hole appeared in Murong Gu's heart.

Ye Wenhao's fist passed through the black hole, emerging from the back of Murong Gu's heart.

Under the sunlight, Ye Wenhao had his eyes closed, his face spread with a happy, sweet smile.

Murong Gu, however, maintained the look of extreme terror from before his death, his gaze dull as he looked at Ye Wenhao, seemingly asking: What... what martial art is this?

Whoosh!

Ye Wenhao withdrew his right fist, the happy, sweet smile vanished without a trace, his expression returning to calm.

Thud!

Murong Gu's body fell lifelessly to the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust, then lay motionless, his life completely extinguished!

"Uh..."

The sudden noise jerked Ye Fan, Zhao Meng, and the others back to reality from their shock, yet they looked blankly at the proudly standing Ye Wenhao, their minds completely filled with one thought: What... what just happened?

No impression.

To Ye Fan and the others, they only sensed a sudden surge in Ye Wenhao's blood qi, which then burst forth from the top of his head, shooting straight for the heavens.

Then, Ye Wenhao rushed toward Murong Gu like a blazing sun.

Finally, the Taiyi Xuan Sword was sent flying, and Murong Gu was dead!

As for how Ye Wenhao killed Murong Gu...

They hadn't seen it at all!

In fact, they hadn't even sensed it with their Spiritual Sense!

And all of this seemingly complex sequence of events happened in the span of three breaths!

Was it a combination of Magic and Martial Arts?

Ye Fan again asked himself in his heart.

Reason told him that his father had used his blood qi to communicate with the Fire Essence Qi, to deliver that earth-shattering, ghost-griefing blow, seeming similar to the 'Shadowless Yin Demon Slash' used by the Shi Ling brothers, which combined magic and martial arts.

But—

There was a great difference between them!

The 'Shadowless Yin Demon Slash' allowed a martial artist to combine the Evil Yin Qi from the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi with their own blood qi, but it only attack the opponent's soul when striking.

Ye Wenhao's 'Burning Nine Heavens' was different!

Burning Nine Heavens directly drew the Fire Essence Qi from the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, merging it with his own inner strength, unleashing unbelievable power!

Even more so, Ye Wenhao's punch seemed to carry tremendous heat, enough to instantly evaporate the blood gushing from Murong Gu and cauterize the wound...

Could it be that in the moment of his punch, he activated a formation using magic to create fire?!

Another thought surged in Ye Fan's mind.

Then.

He immediately dismissed it!

On one hand, wood generates fire; to ignite a flame using a formation could only utilize the Wood Element Qi, just as Ye Fan had once used the 'Five Elements Formation' to extract Wood Element Qi from the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, then used the 'Fire Dragon Formation' to create a flame inside the Medicine Furnace.

On the other hand, Ye Wenhao was solely a martial artist, how could he possibly use magic to produce flames?

"Team Leader, this martial art should surpass high-level martial arts, right?"

As Ye Fan pondered without any clear answers, Kang Lin, who seemed to be in shock, asked Zhao Meng with a dumbfounded face.

"I don't know, but one thing is certain, this martial art will definitely shock the global Martial Arts World!"

Zhao Meng gulped, muttering as if talking to himself but also as if answering Kang Lin.

"This martial art, it seems like it was taught to father by mother?"

As Zhao Meng's words echoed in his ears, Ye Fan suddenly remembered something Ye Wenhao had mentioned before, startling him once again: Sister mentioned that mother was the Old Master's disciple, but how could mother know a martial art that not even the Old Master knew??

Chapter 313 Saving My Father

Just as everyone was shocked and puzzled by Ye Wenhao's earth-shattering strike, the vitality within Ye Wenhao rapidly weakened. Then, he staggered and, stumbling backwards, fell to the ground.

"Dad!"

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan woke up from a dream and exclaimed as he dashed out of the villa courtyard.

Zhao Meng and others also changed their countenance and hurriedly followed behind Ye Fan.

Ye Wenhao was not only an Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist but also the most powerful contender for successor of the third generation of the Ye Family and even had the potential to reach the peak.

In such a situation, if anything happened to Ye Wenhao, they, as members of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, would definitely be implicated.

Due to overwhelming concern, Ye Fan pushed his speed to the limit and quickly reached Ye Wenhao, bent over, supported him with one hand, and urgently shouted, "Dad!"

There was no answer; Ye Wenhao's eyes were tightly closed, the corners of his mouth smeared with blood, his face slightly pale, and his breath extremely weak, like a candle in the wind that could go out at any moment.

Seeing this, Ye Fan's heart tightened, then a thought moved in his mind, a flash of enlightenment shone from between his brows, and a wave of telekinetic power shot out, entering Ye Wenhao's Yintang point to assess his condition.

"Phew~"

Soon, Ye Fan breathed a sigh of relief, and his hanging heart gradually settled.

"Secretary Ye, he's okay, right?" Even though he saw Ye Fan relax, Zhao Meng was still not reassured and hesitated before asking.

"It's nothing serious, only that his vitality is somewhat weak, and his internal organs are injured to varying extents."

Ye Fan shook his head, knowing in his heart that Ye Wenhao's internal organs were likely injured by the attack from Murong Gu, while the weakness in his vitality might have been caused by that last strike.

"That's good," Zhao Meng said, secretly relieved to hear this.

"Director Zhao, please handle the scene. I need to start treating my father immediately," Ye Fan said as he lifted Ye Wenhao and strode into the villa courtyard.

Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi, all heard Ye Fan's words. Instead of following him, they tactfully stepped aside to make way for him.

Entering the villa, Ye Fan quickly walked to the sofa, placed Ye Wenhao on it, then took a deep breath, collected his thoughts, and with his right palm open, placed it on Ye Wenhao's Yintang point.

Immediately, Ye Fan's consciousness moved, and Essence of Power containing Pure Yang Qi slowly emerged from the palm of his right hand, flowing into Ye Wenhao's body, and he carefully controlled the Qi of Pure Yang, guiding it towards Ye Wenhao's internal organs.

Soon, the streams of Essence of Power laden with Pure Yang Qi entered Ye Wenhao's internal organs through tiny injuries, quietly nourishing them. Then they transformed into fine threads, stitching the tiny wounds together meticulously as if performing surgery.

Compared to the time when Ye Fan himself had suffered a destroyed Dantian due to Lv Canghai's strike and later repaired it, the current Ye Fan, having grown stronger, housed purer Pure Yang Qi within himself and had significantly improved his healing abilities; it only took a moment to mend the injuries in Ye Wenhao's internal organs.

"Phew~"

Realizing this, Ye Fan breathed a sigh of relief — as long as the internal organs were repaired, Ye Wenhao would no longer be in life-threatening danger.

After taking a breath, Ye Fan did not pause but started controlling his Essence of Power to follow the pathway of Ye Wenhao's Grand Circulation.

During the process, streams of Pure Yang Qi quietly entered the wounded channels of Ye Wenhao's meridians, causing them to slowly heal.

One circuit, two circuits, three circuits — Ye Fan controlled his Essence of Power to circulate through Ye Wenhao's Grand Circulation pathway three times before stopping.

"Next, all that needs to be done is to infuse some Essence of Power into the power seed," Ye Fan thought.

Having completely mended Ye Wenhao's injuries, and seeing that Ye Wenhao had yet to awaken, Ye Fan knew it was due to a deficiency in vital energy within him.

Through his spiritual senses, he sensed that the power seed in Ye Wenhao's Dantian had not only shrunk but was also languishing.

This discovery led Ye Fan to speculate that Ye Wenhao's last strike might have converted the Essence of Power from the power seed into his own vital energy, then through a special secret technique, tapped into the celestial and terrestrial energies, integrating violent Fire Essence Qi into his power, generating incredible force!

After concluding this, without hesitation, Ye Fan willed, commanding the thirty vital acupoints' power seeds within himself, which then began to rotate.

As the thirty power seeds began rotating, streams of invaluable Essence of Power flowed from them, gradually converging along Ye Fan's meridians and emerging from the palm of his right hand.

Soon, after the Essence of Power entered Ye Wenhao's body, under Ye Fan's control, it rapidly surged into the languishing power seed within Ye Wenhao's Dantian.

Suddenly, Ye Wenhao's faltering power seed, like a weak person receiving a surge of energy, began to revive and quietly started to enlarge, although the process was very slow.

This was because Ye Wenhao was an Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist, whose quality of power far surpassed that of Ye Fan, almost by a hundredfold!

This meant that for every hundred streams of Essence of Power Ye Fan channelled into Ye Wenhao, only one stream of Ye Wenhao's Essence of Power could be restored.

Although Essence of Power and Essence Blood were a martial artist's most precious assets, Ye Fan did not care at all but rather wished he could infuse them even faster.

After what seemed like an age, when nearly half of the essence from Ye Fan's thirty power seeds had been depleted, Ye Wenhao's power seed had not only regained its vitality and grown much larger, but had also begun rotating on its own.

As the Power Seed rotated, streams of Blood Qi transformed from the Essence of Power flowed out of the Power Seed, then surged from Wenhao's Dantian, permeating his body.

Once replenished by the Blood Qi, Wenhao's breath gradually became stronger, and shortly afterward, his eyelids twitched and he opened his eyes directly.

Hmm?

Gazing at Fan, who was close at hand, and feeling the streams of warmth entering his body along the Yintang point between his eyebrows, Wenhao was initially startled, then, after a brief sensing, he realized that Fan was transferring the precious Essence of Power into him!

"Xiao... Xiao Fan, stop now!" Wenhao immediately voiced out to stop him upon realizing this.

As an Innate Great Perfection cultivator, he naturally knew the immense value of Essence of Power to a martial artist, once consumed, it could not be recovered in a short time like ordinary power but would take a very long time!

Moreover, if the Essence of Power was excessively consumed, even the levels of martial arts realm could regress!

Originally, Elder Huang Qi of the Hongwu Sect regressed from Innate Great Success Martial Artist to Early Innate Martial Artist due to excessive consumption of Essence of Power while empowering Situ Haotian.

If it were not for this, even with Fan's sudden comprehension of "Qi Rushes to the Sky" First Level at that time, he could not have killed Huang Qi.

Likewise, when Fan later empowered Pan Jueming, relying on his ample Essence of Power, he did not regress in realm, but it also took him a whole month to recover.

"It's okay, Dad."

Although Fan was aware that this time the Essence of Power he consumed was equivalent to ten times what he used on Pan Jueming, he did not mind; on the contrary, he wore a happy smile.

It seemed that for him, being able to do something for Wenhao was an extremely joyful thing!

"Snap!"

Fan did not mind, but Wenhao panicked. He sat up abruptly and swatted away Fan's right palm, causing Fan to stop transferring the Essence of Power.

"Silly boy, the quality of my power is equivalent to a hundred times yours; even if you gave me all of your Essence of Power, it would not restore mine."

Wenhao spoke with a pained expression, "The amount of Essence of Power you transferred to me, although it did not cause regression in martial arts realm, still, it would take at least a year to recover, wouldn't it?"

"It's okay."

Fan smiled and shook his head, then said, "Your internal organs and meridians are somewhat damaged, but I have repaired them for you. As long as you condense Blood Qi yourself, you will be able to recover completely."

"Sigh..."

Hearing this from Fan, Wenhao sighed lightly, feeling a jumble of emotions inside, bittersweet and complex.

Originally filled with guilt towards Fan due to past actions, Wenhao was determined to make up for it at all costs. Now, it turned out that he hadn't made up for anything to his son, yet his son had made such sacrifices for him.

"Dad, why didn't you use your ultimate technique at the beginning?"

Seeing this, Fan shifted the topic with a smile. In his view, if Wenhao had used the ultimate technique "Burning Nine Heavens" from the start, Murong Gu would have stood no chance.

"I hadn't realized the Half-step Gang Qi realm would be so powerful—the power of Gang Qi is a hundred times that of an Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist!" Wenhao sighed.

"A hundred times?"

Fan appeared shocked; it was known that from Postnatal to Innate, advancing each realm meant a tenfold increase in power quality.

"Yes, a hundred times. Although Murong Gu was only at Half-step Gang Qi realm, his Gang Qi power was equivalent to more than fifty times my power. If not for that, I wouldn't have been able to easily neutralize my release of fifty-four times power with 'Qi Rushes to the Sky'," Wenhao nodded.

"This means that an Innate Great Perfection Martial Artist almost has no chance against a cultivator in the Gang Qi Realm," Fan sighed deeply, "No wonder those in the Gang Qi Realm can be so arrogantly above all, disregarding the rules set by the Yanhuang Organization."

"Yes, that's right," Wenhao nodded.

"By the way, Dad, according to what Murong Gu said, you were an Innate Great Perfection cultivator 23 years ago, so why have you not advanced at all after 23 years? Is it very difficult to step into the Gang Qi Realm?" Fan suddenly recalled Murong Gu's words and asked with some curiosity.

"Although the Gang Qi Realm is tough, it shouldn't have hindered me for 23 years. I have been unable to break through to the Gang Qi Realm because I cultivated a special martial arts skill, the one I used against Murong Gu at the end—'Burning Nine Heavens'."

As Wenhao spoke, his face showed no regret, but instead, he revealed a hint of happiness, "This martial arts technique was taught to me by your mother. She warned me not to cultivate it before reaching the Gang Qi Realm, or else it would stall my progress in martial arts realm. But ever since she left me, every time I miss her, I can't help but practice it."

"Senior Sister told me that my mother was also the old man's disciple, so why doesn't the old man know the 'Burning Nine Heavens' martial arts technique?"

Fan voiced the biggest doubt in his heart.

Chapter 314 [Huge Gains, Strength Skyrockets]

"Miracle Doctor Chu wouldn't?" Ye Wenhao asked with some surprise. Although he had learned the Xuansha Fist, he wasn't really a true disciple of Chu Xuanji in the full sense of the word, so he called Chu Xuanji Miracle Doctor Chu.

"The old guy probably wouldn't." Ye Fan thought for a moment and said, "Because I remember him telling me when I was sixteen that he had taught me everything he knew, and that any achievements I would have in the future depended entirely on myself."

"I wasn't aware of this; I always thought this Martial Arts technique was created by Miracle Doctor Chu," Ye Wenhao said, somewhat astonished.

"Hmm, then I'll ask my senior sister about it later and see if she knows what's going on." Seeing that Ye Wenhao was uninformed, Ye Fan decided to call Chu Ji later.

"Alright, let me know after you've cleared it up," Ye Wenhao said, frowning, also very curious about the hidden details.

"Sure."

Ye Fan nodded, then was about to say something else, but he sensed Zhao Meng's presence outside the door, so he swallowed his words and said, "Director Zhao, please come in."

Following Ye Fan's words, Zhao Meng entered the hall, holding the Taiyin Xuan Sword, the Wudang Sect's treasure.

"Secretary Ye, according to the bet you made with Murong Gu before the duel, the Taiyin Xuan Sword was part of the wager. Now that Murong Gu has been killed by you, the sword will be yours from now on, according to the bet," Zhao Meng said as he presented the Taiyin Xuan Sword with both hands. "Afterwards, the Yanhuang Organization will specifically inform the Wudang Sect about this matter and bear witness to it."

"Mm."

Ye Wenhao took the Taiyin Xuan Sword with one hand.

"Secretary Ye, although you didn't sign a life-and-death contract with Murong Gu, a verbal agreement for a life-and-death battle was reached, so it can be treated as such. There won't be any problem with Ye Fan having signed a life-and-death contract with Murong Sheng," Zhao Meng hesitated for a moment after seeing Ye Wenhao take the Taiyin Xuan Sword, then added, "But... Wudang Hall's leader from Dong hai, Zhang Qian..."

"What happened to him?" Ye Wenhao asked, the image of Zhang Qian's head and body separated surfacing in his mind, but not knowing what had happened.

"After Murong Sheng was defeated by me, Murong Gu first entrusted Murong Sheng to Zhang Qian, then intended to kill me to avenge his son. Out of desperation, I had to use Mind Power to control the Taiyin Xuan Sword to behead Zhang Qian and placed the sword at Murong Sheng's neck to threaten Murong Gu." Not waiting for Zhao Meng to reply, Ye Fan quickly provided the answer.

"You're worried about how to report Zhang Qian's death to the Yanhuang Organization?" Ye Wenhao immediately understood Zhao Meng's intention.

"Yes, Secretary Ye." Zhao Meng looked troubled; after all, strictly speaking, Ye Fan beheading Zhang Qian was a violation of the Yanhuang Organization's rules.

"Zhang Qian was mistakenly killed by Murong Gu during my duel with him; just report it that way," Ye Wenhao decided firmly.

"Okay."

Zhao Meng had no objections and tactfully withdrew.

"Take the Taiyin Xuan Sword. Although it cannot become your life-bound artifact because it contains the spiritual imprints of the past Wudang Sect Leaders, you can use it to kill enemies." After seeing Zhao Meng off, Ye Wenhao handed the Taiyin Xuan Sword to Ye Fan.

"Dad, why don't you keep it? With your strength, you can unleash its greatest power," Ye Fan said with a smile.

Ye Wenhao gave a bitter smile, "My identity doesn't raise any objections to keeping it. After all, I'm no longer considered part of the Martial Arts World but rather a part of the political scene. Besides, to step back and talk about my current strength, martial artists below the Gang Qi Realm pose no threat to me."

"Alright then."

Hearing Ye Wenhao say this, Ye Fan no longer insisted on formality and took the Taiyin Xuan Sword.

"Those kids have been waiting for you outside for a long time. Go and greet them, I need to wash the blood off myself," Ye Wenhao said as he stood up and walked towards the second floor.

Watching Ye Wenhao go upstairs, Ye Fan first called Su Yuxin and the other three in, informed them that Ye Wenhao was not in mortal danger, and then entered the study by himself.

"As my father said, the Pure Yang Qi in the Taiyin Xuan Sword has been condensed with the essence blood by the successive Wudang Sect Leaders, so there must be their spiritual imprints inside the sword."

Upon entering the study, Ye Fan didn't hesitate, drew the Taiyin Xuan Sword, placed it on the desk, and muttered to himself, "A typical Magician would fear the spiritual imprints left by the successive Wudang Sect Leaders and wouldn't dare to transfer ownership, but with the Crimson Golden Crown, I have nothing to worry about!"

As he finished speaking, confidence radiated from Ye Fan's face.

Up until now, although he had not figured out exactly what the Crimson Golden Crown outside his Consciousness was, he knew that the Crimson Golden Crown could not only absorb various types of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and transform it into Mind Power to feedback to him, but it could also absorb Mind Power (psychic) attacks.

And the devouring of spiritual imprints is a type of Mind Power (psychic) attack!

The day he used the Puppetry Technique to control brothers Shi Feng and Shi Ling, the memories and Martial Arts Will of their souls turned into two extremely powerful Mind Power Attacks against him, which were easily absorbed by the Crimson Golden Crown.

"Let's see just how powerful the spiritual imprints left by the past Wudang Sect Leaders are!"

As Ye Fan spoke, his Consciousness moved, a flash of Golden Light at the center of his forehead, and a pure stream of Mind Power shot out, permeating into the Taiyin Xuan Sword.

"Audacious demon, you dare to spy on our Wudang Sect's treasure!"

The moment Ye Fan's Mind Power entered the Taiyin Xuan Sword, a majestic roar suddenly exploded in Ye Fan's mind.

As the roar echoed, Ye Fan's Consciousness trembled!

Immediately, without giving Ye Fan a chance to steady his Consciousness, figures of Taoists wearing blue Taoist robes, Taoist Crowns, and carrying horsetail whisks flashed in his mind.

In the vision, those Taoists glared angrily as though they wished to tear Ye Fan into pieces.

"Die, demon!"

Then, another roar sounded, and the spiritual imprints gathered together, forming a Mind Power Attack so powerful it made Ye Fan's Consciousness shudder, which immediately blasted into Ye Fan's body like an invisible laser directly aiming for his soul.

Although Ye Fan firmly believed that the Crimson Golden Crown would appear in time, the terror of this Mind Power Attack still caused his soul to tremble severely, and an overwhelming fear spread through his heart.

In an instant, just as Ye Fan had predicted, the Crimson Golden Crown appeared in time.

In an instant, Ye Fan's body was faintly enveloped by a golden light, and his consciousness shimmered with golden flashes.

At the same time, the crimson golden crown formed a golden vortex, and the spiritual imprint left by the successive Sect Leaders of the Wudang Sect, as if drawn by an irresistible force, was instantly swept into the golden vortex, disappearing without a trace.

Having absorbed the terrifying Mind Power, the golden vortex disappeared, and the crimson golden crown reemerged, its color seemingly deeper than before.

"It seems that the crimson golden crown deepens in color each time it absorbs powerful Mind Power and the boundless Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi. What's the reason? Could it be that it's becoming stronger??"

Noticing the change in the crimson golden crown, Ye Fan first stabilized his consciousness with lingering fear, then pondered with a thoughtful expression.

Hmm?

What's happening?

The next moment.

Before Ye Fan could figure it out, he was suddenly startled!

In his perception, a boundless surge of Pure Yang Qi shot out from the Taiyin Xuan Sword and entered his body in an instant, while the crimson golden crown disappeared without a trace.

"Could it be... Could it be that the crimson golden crown has deliberately drawn this Pure Yang Qi into my body for me to absorb?"

Noticing the disappearance of the crimson golden crown, Ye Fan was first taken aback, then overjoyed.

Earlier, he had expended a great amount of his Essence of Power to replenish Ye Wenhao's Blood Qi, but now, if he could absorb this boundless Pure Yang Qi, he could completely replenish the consumed Essence of Power!

With this thought, Ye Fan steadied his spirit and quickly entered a Meditation State, using his Telekinesis to control the boundless Pure Yang Qi to circulate through his Grand Circulation.

One cycle, two cycles, three cycles...

With each circulation through Ye Fan's Grand Circulation, the boundless Pure Yang Qi diminished slightly, transforming into the purest Essence of Power, which respectively surged into the Power Seeds within thirty vital acupoints to replenish the previous consumption.

"This surge of Pure Yang Qi, condensed by the Essence Blood of various Wudang Sect Leaders over generations, is truly boundless. I haven't even used half of it and all my Essence of Power has been restored!"

After an unknown amount of time, when less than half of the Pure Yang Qi had been consumed, Ye Fan found that all of his previously expended Essence of Power had been restored!

This discovery filled Ye Fan with joy!

"Next, I can use the remaining Essence of Power transformed from the Pure Yang Qi to condense more Power Seeds!"

After his joy, Ye Fan forced himself to calm down and continued to control the Pure Yang Qi circulating through his Grand Circulation, further transforming it into Essence of Power.

Gradually, all of the extremely precious Pure Yang Qi was consumed and transformed into a strong Essence of Power that remained in Ye Fan's body.

"Charge towards the 31st acupoint!"

Realizing this, Ye Fan excitedly controlled the remaining Essence of Power to surge towards the 31st vital acupoint and shouted inwardly, "Break through for me!"

As Ye Fan's shout echoed, the powerful Essence of Power, like a torrent, burst irresistibly into the 31st vital acupoint within his body, swiftly condensing a full Power Seed, similar in size to the other 30 Power Seeds.

"It seems today I have a chance to break through the Innate Great Success Realm!"

Seeing that the condensation of a Power Seed in the 31st vital acupoint used less than one-tenth of the Essence of Power, Ye Fan was incomparably excited.

Initially, when Ye Fan advanced from the Half-step Innate to Early Innate, the number of Power Seeds within his body increased from 9 to 27!

And once he condensed 45 Power Seeds, the Early Innate would be considered perfect, and then he could step into the Innate Great Success Realm. Afterward, when 72 Power Seeds were condensed, he would enter the Peak stage of Innate...

Until all 108 Power Seeds were fully condensed, he would enter the Innate Great Perfection Realm!

In his excitement, Ye Fan didn't pause but continued to control the Essence of Power to break through to the 32nd vital acupoint and easily condense the 32nd Power Seed.

Immediately afterward...

The 33rd!

The 34th!

...

The 43rd!

The 44th!

Finally.

When Ye Fan had condensed a Power Seed in the 44th vital acupoint, the Essence of Power derived from the Pure Yang Qi was completely exhausted.

"To have condensed the 44th Power Seed, today's gains are truly immense!"

Feeling the surge in his internal strength, Ye Fan was very happy, and though delighted, he also felt a slight regret, "If there were only a little more Pure Yang Qi, I could condense the 45th Power Seed and break through the Innate Great Success Realm!"

Creak!

"Xiao Fan, how come your aura seems to be climbing like it's on a rocket, almost a fifty percent increase?"

Just then, someone pushed open the door, and Ye Wenhao appeared at the doorway of the study, looking at Ye Fan with a shocked expression.

Chapter 315 [Ye Fan's Future Trump Card]

Just now, as Ye Wenhao was washing the blood from his body, he sensed through his spiritual sense that Ye Fan's aura was growing stronger.

At first, Ye Wenhao thought Ye Fan was simply cultivating and didn't pay much attention, but he quickly realized something was amiss—Ye Fan's aura was climbing continuously, as if it had no end!

This discovery shocked Ye Wenhao immensely!

After all, there are only two situations in which a martial artist's aura could become stronger.

First, by using special martial arts.

For example, when Ye Wenhao previously used the awe-inspiring "Burning Nine Heavens."

Second, it would be an enhancement of strength.

Beyond the shock, Ye Wenhao hastily changed into a loose set of pajamas and went to the study to try to figure out what was going on.

However—

What he hadn't expected was that when he arrived at the door of the study, Ye Fan's aura was still strengthening, and he clearly noticed that Ye Fan wasn't using any martial arts!

Despite his extreme curiosity, he forcefully suppressed the curiosity in his heart and didn't disturb Ye Fan until his aura stopped increasing, then he pushed open the door of the study.

"Uh..."

Ye Fan had been completely immersed in the enhancement of his abilities and hadn't noticed Ye Wenhao approaching the study. Seeing Ye Wenhao enter and ask why his aura had strengthened, he was first taken aback, then honestly replied, "Dad, I just absorbed the Pure Yang Qi from the Taiyin Xuan Sword. My strength has increased, and I am about to break through to the Innate Great Success realm."

"What... what?"

As Ye Fan's answer reached his ears, even Ye Wenhao, with his excellent psychological quality, was greatly startled.

As an Innate Great Perfection cultivator, he knew very well that Pure Yang Qi is one type of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and is the most precious existence among yang energy, which can not only make one's vitality exuberant and spiritual energy full, but it also has the function of nourishing and repairing the organs of the body.

It was normal and not surprising for Ye Fan to absorb Pure Yang Qi to enhance his strength.

What surprised him was that the Pure Yang Qi absorbed was condensed from the essence blood of successive Wudang Sect Leaders, and the Taiyin Xuan Sword contained the spiritual imprints of those Sect Leaders—To absorb the Pure Yang Qi inside the Taiyin Xuan Sword, Ye Fan would have to erase those spiritual imprints!

In Ye Wenhao's view, although Ye Fan's magic cultivation was not low, it was nearly impossible for Ye Fan, with his current strength, to erase the spiritual imprints left by past Wudang Sect Leaders!

"Didn't the spiritual imprint inside the Taiyin Xuan Sword attack you?" Ye Wenhao was still in shock.

"It did attack, but the power was very weak."

Faced with Ye Wenhao's inquiry, Ye Fan thought for a moment, and eventually, fearing Ye Wenhao might worry, chose not to tell him about his mysterious crimson gold crown and instead fabricated a lie.

"Weak?"

Ye Wenhao was somewhat puzzled, "The Taiyin Xuan Sword, being the Wudang Sect's treasure and passed down through generations, shouldn't have a weak residual spiritual imprint, right?"

"I don't know what happened either, maybe it was weakened by that powerful strike of yours." Ye Fan had to bite the bullet and come up with a reason to cover his lie.

"That's possible."

Upon hearing this, Ye Wenhao felt that it was highly possible since "Burning Nine Heavens" could attack both the soul and the body—at the same time. If not for that, Murong Gu would not have died instantly.

"Buzz, buzz..."

As Ye Wenhao finished speaking, the sound of the phone vibrating arose.

"Your aunt is calling, will you take it, or should I?" Ye Wenhao pulled out his phone, saw that it was Chu Ji calling, and reminded him.

Ye Fan gave a wry smile, "I'm afraid she'll scold me. You take it."

"Alright."

Rarely seeing Ye Fan reveal a child-like side, Ye Wenhao couldn't help but smile, then answered the call and briefly told Chu Ji about everything that had happened.

"It was good fortune that I had quick wits to stall for time until you arrived, or the consequences would have been unimaginable."

After hearing what Ye Wenhao said, Chu Ji breathed a sigh of relief. Then, curiosity sparked within her as she asked, "Now that both Murong Gu and his son, Murong Sheng are dead, who has the Taiyin Xuan Sword fallen into the hands of? Has it been taken away by the Yanhuang Organization?"

"It's with Xiao Fan." Ye Wenhao replied, "Murong Gu put up the Taiyin Xuan Sword as a stake in our contest. According to the agreement, the sword is now mine."

"My goodness, that kid turned misfortune into a windfall, didn't he?"

Upon hearing this, Chu Ji was so excited, "Although the Taiyin Xuan Sword is a sword and not suitable for that kid to use, how can it still be a high-level magical artifact? If that kid uses it in the future to slay his enemies, his combat power will soar substantially."

"From now on, the Taiyin Xuan Sword will no longer be a high-level magical artifact." Ye Wenhao said with a bitter smile.

"Why not?"

"Xiao Fan has just absorbed the Pure Yang Qi that was condensed from the essence blood of successive Wudang Sect Leaders inside the sword," Ye Wenhao explained.

"How... how is that possible?"

Just like Ye Wenhao before, upon hearing this news, Chu Ji was so shocked that her eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and then she said with full perplexity, "But logically, there should be a very powerful spiritual imprint in the Taiyin Xuan Sword, right?"

"It's like this..." Ye Wenhao told Chu Ji about the likelihood they had deduced earlier with Ye Fan.

"I see."

Chu Ji thought the possibility was not small, then asked eagerly, "What level has that kid's strength improved to now?"

"He says he's about to break through to Great Success in the Innate Realm, but I'm not very clear on the specifics. Why don't you talk to him," Ye Wenhao said.

"Okay!"

"Xiao Fan, your aunt wants to talk to you." Ye Wenhao smiled and handed the phone over to Ye Fan.

"Didn't you agree you would take the call?"

Amused yet resigned, Ye Fan still grabbed the phone, habitually addressing Chu Ji as senior sister, "Senior sister, didn't my dad already tell you everything? Why are you still looking for me..."

Chapter 316 [Ye Fan's Future Trump Card]_2

"Little rascal, do you even care about your aunt anymore? I told you to wait for me to investigate Murong Sheng's strength before you considered accepting the challenge. Why won't you listen?"

Even though Chu Ji had known the reason Ye Fan had accepted the challenge before the match with Murong Sheng, she was now taking the opportunity to lecture him like an elder, "Do you realize how dangerous that was? If it wasn't for your dad arriving just in time, nine lives wouldn't have been enough for you..."

"Um... Auntie's lesson is well understood."

Ye Fan knew he was at fault and did not argue but instead asked, "By the way, auntie, the 'Burning Nine Heavens' my dad used to defeat Murong Gu in seconds was taught to him by my mom. Wasn't my mom a disciple of that old fellow as well? Why doesn't the old fellow know it?"

"That was a martial arts technique your mom created herself," Chu Ji said. "Besides that, she also created a set of Jade Maiden Sword Technique and passed it on to me."

"Created herself?"

Ye Fan was surprised.

Although the Martial Arts World is flourishing nowadays, those who can create their own martial arts are all grandmaster-level figures, such as 'Yan' of the Yanhuang Organization, Chu Xuanji, and others.

"Don't be surprised. In master's words, your mom had the most demonically talented martial arts in the world. Even your outstanding martial arts talent is because you inherited your mom's bloodline," Chu Ji said with a bitter smile.

"I see."

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan was silent for a long time and couldn't help but sigh.

Seeing that the mention of his mother had affected Ye Fan's mood, Chu Ji changed the topic, "I heard you absorbed the Pure Yang Qi from the Taiyin Xuan Sword and greatly increased your strength? To what extent has it increased?"

"I'm nearly at the peak of the Early Innate Realm now and will soon break through to the Innate Great Success Realm," Ye Fan adjusted his emotions and replied truthfully.

"The reason the Taiyin Xuan Sword is a high-level magic artifact is entirely because of that Pure Yang Qi. Logically speaking, with the amount of Pure Yang Qi condensed from the essence blood of successive Sect Leaders, which is substantial and of excellent quality, you should have broken through to the Innate Great Success Realm by now if you had absorbed it, right?"

Chu Ji found it strange, "Could it be because your martial arts insight and spiritual cultivation haven't caught up, you can't break through to the Innate Great Success Realm, so you've only absorbed some of it?"

"Maybe."

Ye Fan's response was noncommittal, but he knew clear well that since his mental barriers had been removed, he had almost never hit a bottleneck in his martial arts cultivation.

As for... spiritual cultivation, not only had his consciousness become stronger now, but he had also condensed a Mind Power Seed, so that was no problem either!

The reason he had not broken through to the Innate Great Success Realm was because of his unique cultivation method—he needed to condense 45 Power Seeds to reach the Innate Great Success Realm!

That meant he needed 45 times the Essence of Power that a normal cultivator would need to reach the Innate Great Success Realm!

And when it came time to step into the Peak stage of Innate, it would become 72 times!

Innate Great Perfection Realm, 108 times!

If it were not so, with the amount of Pure Yang Qi, disregarding martial arts insight and spiritual cultivation, he could have broken through to the Peak stage of Innate Realm in one fell swoop!

Of course, although the cultivation was difficult and time-consuming, it also enabled him to fight above his level without using magic, and even without using the killing move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky'.

"In that case, it makes sense," Chu Ji agreed.

Without knowing about Ye Fan's special cultivation method, she pondered and then said, "Compared to using the Taiyin Xuan Sword in battle, directly absorbing the Pure Yang Qi is much more beneficial. After all, you're best at 'Xuansha Fist,' not swordsmanship."

"Yeah."

Ye Fan approved of Chu Ji's statement and then looked thoughtfully at the Taiyin Xuan Sword, which had lost its Pure Yang Qi, "Although the Taiyin Xuan Sword has lost its Pure Yang Qi and its power has greatly decreased, its material is the rare Black Iron. I want to use it to forge six Flying Knives."

"Flying Knives?" Chu Ji was puzzled, not understanding what he meant.

"I am at the Early Innate stage in terms of Magic Cultivation and haven't broken through to the Innate Great Achievement, solely because my control over Mind Power has not yet met the requirements of Innate Great Achievement. However, in terms of the quality and quantity of Mind Power, I am not weaker than a Magician of the Innate Great Achievement Realm," Ye Fan explained, "This means that I can currently use Mind Power to control blades and attack. If I forge six Flying Knives using the Taiyin Xuan Sword's material, I can not only practice controlling them with Mind Power to improve my Magic Cultivation, but also use them to kill enemies. It's a win-win."

"That's a good idea," Chu Ji's eyes brightened as she heard this, "Generally speaking, a Magician's attacking methods can be divided into three types. First, using Mind Power to trigger Magic, using the Evil Yin Qi from the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi to attack the opponent's Consciousness. Second, is controlling lifeless objects to attack. Third is using Mind Power to attack forcefully."

"As Martial Artists progress through realms, their Essence Blood becomes more vigorous, and their Martial Arts Will becomes more resolute. As a result, when a Magician faces a Martial Artist, not only is it difficult for their Magic Attacks to harm the Martial Artist in a short time, but even pure Mind Power Attacks struggle to break through the Martial Artist's Martial Arts Will, damaging their Consciousness. Moreover... Martial Artists can still use Power to protect their Consciousness, resisting Mind Power Attacks!"

Chu Ji analyzed, "Thus, for powerful Magicians, using Flying Knives or similar short and sharp blades in an attack, with their unpredictable methods, can often catch Martial Artists by surprise and become the ultimate killing move."

"I didn't expect you to know so much about Magicians," Ye Fan said, slightly surprised after hearing Chu Ji's thorough analysis of the strengths and weaknesses between Magicians and Martial Artists.

"Cut it out, although I couldn't become a Magician due to my talent, I was still trained by our master. Besides, I have personally slain Magicians. Haven't you heard that even if you haven't eaten pork, you have seen pigs run?" Chu Ji replied irritably.

"That makes sense," Ye Fan replied, amused. He knew that Chu Xuanji was the only one in the Huaxia Martial Arts World who had reached the Gang Qi Realm in both Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts. Although Chu Ji hadn't learned Magic, she definitely had been exposed to a lot of it as Chu Xuanji's disciple.

"By the way, Black Iron is a very rare material, even more scarce than diamonds. Not only is its hardness higher than that of diamonds, but it is also higher than the most advanced alloys. Can you refine it?" Chu Ji suddenly asked.

"I mentioned forging Flying Knives to you because I want your help to find some Essence Stones. Using the Essence Qi contained within the Essence Stones, I can generate 'Flame Essence' to refine the Taiyin Xuan Sword and then forge it into Flying Knives," Ye Fan said with a wry smile. The 'Essence Qi' contained in Essence Stones is actually the essence of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, condensed. The 'Flame Essence' generated by Essence Qi has a much higher temperature than ordinary flames, which can refine 'Black Iron', known for its top-notch hardness.

"Dammit, kid, what can you do other than exploit your aunt?" Chu Ji cursed with a laugh, then said, "You're in luck. I just got my hands on some Essence Stones at an auction the other day; they should be enough for you to use. If that's not enough, there's an auction in Yanjing in two days, and I'll see if I can get some more Essence Stones for you."

"Thank you, auntie."

"Thanks, your big-headed ghost," Chu Ji cursed good-naturedly and then seemed to remember something, "I heard that this Yanjing auction is going to be the grandest one in the Martial Arts World this year. There might be some treasures showing up, and if you're free, you should come with me. After all, as a Magician, your Spiritual Sense is stronger than mine, making it easier for you to spot treasures."

"Okay," Ye Fan agreed promptly.

For one, he had only ever attended one auction and wanted to experience another, and he also hoped to find some treasures that Su Yuxin and the others could use. If there were, he would try to acquire them.

Chapter 317 [Like Father, Like Son]

Yanhuang Organization Headquarters.

After receiving Zhao Meng's report about the tragic deaths of Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng in their challenge against Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan, the Martial Hall Elder, He Yunting, immediately contacted four elders, including Xing Feng, to convene a meeting to discuss how to handle the situation.

The meeting concluded quickly, and the five Yanhuang Organization elders reached a consensus. They decided to report to the leader of the Yanhuang Organization, "Yan," and He Yunting would reach out to the Wudang Sect.

"Sect Leader Zhang, hello, I am He Yunting, the Martial Hall Elder of the Yanhuang Organization."

After connecting with the Wudang Sect Leader, Heavenly Master Zhang, He Yunting first clarified his identity. He didn't act with the arrogance of an elder of the Yanhuang Organization; instead, his approach was very humble.

After all, as the Sect Leader of Wudang, Heavenly Master Zhang was one of the formidable Gang Qi realm experts in the Huaxia Martial Arts World and ranked sixth on the Dragon Ranking!

"Hello, Elder He."

Sect Leader Zhang from Wudang was unaware of the death of Murong Gu and his son but guessed it had something to do with them descending the mountain for a challenge, as he heard from his disciple that the caller was an elder from the Yanhuang Organization. However, he didn't bring it up actively.

"Sect Leader Zhang, I am calling you to inform you of something," He Yunting felt it was better to get straight to the point.

"What is it?" Heavenly Master Zhang asked.

"Are you aware of Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng going to the East Sea to challenge Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan?" He Yunting replied obliquely.

"I only heard that Elder Murong took Xiao Sheng down the mountain for training, and I wasn't aware that they were challenging anyone."

Heavenly Master Zhang continued to feign ignorance, then said, "Elder He, martial arts contests, even to the death, are in compliance with the Yanhuang Organization's regulations, they didn't break any rules, right?"

"Not at all."

Seeing that Heavenly Master Zhang was playing dumb, He Yunting didn't expose him but straightforwardly said, "Here's the situation, Sect Leader Zhang. According to the report from the person in charge at the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng both fought Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan in a duel to the death, and both were defeated and slain!"

"What... what?"

Even though Heavenly Master Zhang had reached the Gang Qi realm and was incredibly resolute, he was still shocked to hear this news and asked with some disbelief, "Elder He, are you sure the information is accurate?"

"Absolutely."

He Yunting asserted confidently, "At the time, the leader of the Yanhuang Organization was supervising the event and even took care of the bodies of Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng."

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

With He Yunting's confirmation, Heavenly Master Zhang still found it hard to believe. Frowning and speaking in a low tone, he said, "Elder Murong was a master of the Half-step Gang Qi realm and he descended the mountain carrying the Taiyin Xuan Sword. He was nearly unbeatable below the Gang Qi realm. How could he be defeated?"

"Sect Leader Zhang, I am not very clear about the details. It is said that Ye Wenhao used a mysterious and powerful martial arts technique to kill Elder Murong," replied He Yunting, "Additionally, there's another matter I think I should mention to you."

"What is it?"

"Before the duel, Murong Gu bet the Taiyin Xuan Sword as a wager with Ye Wenhao. If he lost, the Taiyin Xuan Sword would belong to Ye Wenhao — the Taiyin Xuan Sword now belongs to Ye Wenhao!" added He Yunting.

"What?"

Upon hearing He Yunting's words again, Heavenly Master Zhang's expression suddenly changed, and he stood up abruptly, almost growling, "Elder Murong bet the Taiyin Xuan Sword as a wager and lost it??"

"Yes, Sect Leader Zhang."

"Hmm~"

Heavenly Master Zhang was so angry that his lips twitched. To him, he might accept the defeat of Murong Gu and his son, but he absolutely couldn't accept the sect's treasure falling into someone else's hands — it was an insult to the Wudang Sect!

"Elder He, you should understand that the Taiyin Xuan Sword is the Wudang Sect's magical weapon, not Murong Gu's personal property."

After his anger subsided, Heavenly Master Zhang forced himself to calm down and said, "In other words, although Murong Gu was the Wudang Sect's Great Elder, he had no authority to bet the sect's treasure, the Taiyin Xuan Sword."

"Sorry, Sect Leader Zhang, I am not aware of your sect's internal rules," He Yunting immediately caught on to what Heavenly Master Zhang meant and replied sternly, "According to what the person in charge at the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch said, Murong Gu claimed he had the authority over the Taiyin Xuan Sword. If not, Ye Wenhao wouldn't have accepted the wager, right?"

"Elder He, what is your intention in telling me this?" Heavenly Master Zhang sensed something from He Yunting's tone and suddenly his voice grew colder.

Unfazed, He Yunting enunciated each word, "Since the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch's person in charge supervised this duel to the death, they naturally made a fair judgment. This means that although they died in battle, the Wudang Sect must not seek revenge afterwards or try to seize the Taiyin Xuan Sword. Otherwise, it will constitute a violation of the Yanhuang Organization's regulations and will surely result in severe punishment from the Yanhuang Organization!"

"Good, good, good!" Heavenly Master Zhang laughed out of sheer rage.

"Additionally, Sect Leader Zhang, regarding the defeat of Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng, I have already reported it to 'Yan,' and it was 'Yan' who asked me to inform you." Recognizing that Heavenly Master Zhang might not regard the Yanhuang Organization's rules highly, He Yunting strategically mentioned the Yanhuang Organization's helmsman and the supreme figure of the Huaxia Martial Arts World, 'Yan,' to deter him.

"Elder He, I will naturally abide by the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization," Heavenly Master Zhang's heart was ablaze with rage, but knowing that he could not afford to offend 'Yan,' he forcibly suppressed his anger and said, "I would like Elder He to ask Ye Wenhao if he is willing to trade the Taiyin Xuan Sword with me. As long as he agrees, martial arts, techniques, spiritual elixirs, or even other magical artifacts, I am willing to trade them!"

"Alright, I will convey your intentions to Ye Wenhao."

Seeing the use of 'Yan' brought about its intimidating effect, He Yunting secretly breathed a sigh of relief and promptly agreed to Heavenly Master Zhang's not-so-excessive proposal.

"Snap—"

As He Yunting finished speaking, Heavenly Master Zhang no longer wasted words, slightly exerted force with his right hand, and the microphone in his hand shattered, turning into powder that slowly slipped from his hand.

"It really is a loss of more than just the spoils."

Hearing the sudden crisp sound, He Yunting was well aware of how severely the death of Murong Gu and his son and the change of ownership of the Taiyi Xuan Sword impacted Heavenly Master Zhang and the entire Wudang Sect, yet there was not an ounce of sympathy on his face.

In his view, the father-son pair of Murong Gu and Murong Sheng were boastfully challenging others and bullying with their power; they truly deserved their deaths!

...

Ao Xiang Villa.

Ye Fan was just about to walk out of the villa's courtyard with Ye Fan to take a car for a meal when suddenly he heard Ye Wenhao's mobile phone vibrate once again.

"You guys go get in the car first."

Hearing the sound, Ye Fan signaled Su Yuxin and the others to go ahead in the car, while he stayed back to wait for Ye Wenhao to answer the phone.

Ye Wenhao took out his private phone and saw it was a call from Xing Feng. Knowing that the other party was calling about the challenge, he thought about it and then answered the phone, "Brother Xing."

"Wenhao, you really do amaze everyone when you take action."

On the other end of the phone, Xing Feng, the Punishment Hall Elder of the Yanhuang Organization, laughed and exclaimed, "Killing a Half-step Gang Qi realm in one move—the martial arts world, globally, I fear only you can achieve that."

"It was just luck." Ye Wenhao humbly replied, not mentioning a word about the killing move 'Burning Nine Heavens'.

Xing Feng chuckled, seemingly knowing Ye Wenhao wouldn't reveal the mysterious martial art, then he changed the topic and directly said, "Just now, Elder He, who works with the main martial artists, contacted the Wudang Sect Leader, Heavenly Master Zhang, and informed him about this matter."

"This issue, where Murong Gu and his son initiated the challenge... Zhao Meng, the head of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch, can testify that it was completely legal and in compliance. Heavenly Master Zhang has no objections, right?" Ye Wenhao frowned.

Xing Feng gave a wry smile, "Heavenly Master Zhang couldn't possibly go against the rules of the Yanhuang Organization. All he can do is swallow this broken tooth."

"Then why did Brother Xing call me?" Ye Wenhao was somewhat puzzled.

"This is the thing, Heavenly Master Zhang would like our Yanhuang Organization to inquire if you could exchange back the Taiyi Xuan Sword," Xing Feng revealed his purpose.

"Exchange?"

"Yes, he said that if you are willing to return the Taiyi Xuan Sword to the Wudang Sect, they are willing to exchange it for martial arts, martial techniques, spiritual elixir, or even other magic artifacts," Xing Feng said, though he also knew that the likelihood of this happening was extremely slim.

"Brother Xing, please relay to him that the Taiyi Xuan Sword has changed hands and became the life-bound artifact of my son. Even if he offers another of the Wudang Sect's treasure, it wouldn't do," Ye Wenhao responded.

The Taiyi Xuan Sword has changed owners?

Become the life-bound artifact of a junior from the Ye Family?

Xing Feng felt both amused and helpless.

As a Punishment Hall Elder of the Yanhuang Organization, he was obviously aware of the Taiyi Xuan Sword, a high-level magical artifact, and knew about the spiritual imprint left by the past sect leaders of the Wudang Sect inside it.

He believed that even if Ye Fan's master, Chu Xuanji, with his Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts in the Gang Qi Realm, might not necessarily be able to eliminate the spiritual imprint within the Taiyi Xuan Sword!

Let alone Ye Fan?

"Alright."

Even though Xing Feng subjectively thought that Ye Wenhao was making an excuse, he straightforwardly agreed and then smoothly complimented, "Wenhao, as the saying goes, like father, like son—truly not false at all."

"Brother Xing is too generous with his praise."

Perhaps because Xing Feng praised Ye Fan this time, Ye Wenhao responded with a laugh.

"It's not excessive praise, just stating the facts! Twenty-three years ago, you shocked the Martial Arts World by defeating Murong Gu, the number one on the Qing bang. Today, with the strength of Innate Perfection, you once again created a legend by quickly killing the Half-step Gang Qi realm Murong Gu," Xing Feng couldn't help but express his sentiment.

"And Xiao Fan, by killing the Wudang Sect's martial arts genius, will not only make a name in a single battle but most definitely will become next year's front-runner in the Qing bang competition!"

A front-runner in the Qing bang competition?

Ye Fan silently clenched his fists, determined to win.

Ye Wenhao was filled with anticipation!

Chapter 318 【Looking Down on Others】

The Dong hai International Hotel is one of the oldest hotels in Dong hai, dating back to the 1930s where it was known as the "tallest building in the Far East." It is located on the bustling Western Nanjing Road, opposite the picturesque Renmin Park.

At noon, a Rolls-Royce Phantom and an Audi A6L arrived one after another at the parking lot of the Dong hai International Hotel.

The cars stopped, and Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi, four people in turn, stepped out of the Rolls-Royce Phantom, while Ye Fan and Ye Wenhao got out of the Audi A6L at the same time.

Since it was the first time that Su Yuxin and others were having a meal with Ye Wenhao, and considering the inauspicious event of Murong Gu, Father Murong, and Zhang Qian, the Wudang Sect Leader, dying at Ao Xiang Villa, Ye Fan decided to dine outside and specifically had Su Yuxin book a private room at the historical Dong hai International Hotel.

After getting out of the car, Su Yuxin's group of four waited a bit tensely for Ye Wenhao and Ye Fan to approach, and then followed the two men towards the lobby.

"Welcome."

Soon, under the radiant smiles of the receptionists, Ye Wenhao, with Ye Fan and the others, entered the splendid hotel lobby and took the elevator to the private dining room of the Chinese restaurant.

Upon entering the private room, Ye Wenhao sat in the main seat facing the door, with Ye Fan and Su Yuxin sitting on either side of him, while Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi sat casually.

Although the waiter didn't know exactly who Ye Wenhao was, seeing that he was the oldest and had an extraordinary presence, and was sitting in the main seat, he smartly handed the menu to Ye Wenhao and actively introduced the hotel's signature dishes.

Ye Wenhao, despite his high status and prominent identity, had inherited the old generation's thrifty style. He not only came to the hotel in an Audi A6L but also only ordered eight dishes and two noodle dishes when it came time to order.

"All of you are Xiao Fan's friends, and that makes you part of our own circle. There's no need to be so formal."

After the waiter left with the menu, Ye Wenhao saw that Su Yuxin and the others were sitting stiffly, almost like monks in meditation, afraid to speak, or even breathe heavily, and said with a chuckle.

"Uncle Ye, aren't eight dishes a bit too few? Since we rarely get the chance to dine with you, let's add a few more dishes to the order, my treat."

Su Jindi was by nature outgoing, and keeping him quiet was almost harder than killing him. He had struggled quite a bit earlier, but upon hearing Ye Wenhao's words now, he immediately reverted to his true self, showing a pleased smile.

"We are only six people; ordering more would be a waste."

Ye Wenhao laughed, saying, "Eating well is all about nutritional balance. Enough is good enough; extravagance and waste are not good habits."

"Uncle Ye makes a very good point."

Quickly agreeing with him, Su Yuxin then shot Su Jindi a glare, fearing that Su Jindi would say something shocking and leave a bad impression on Ye Wenhao.

Once Su Jindi had started talking, how could he stop?

Completely ignoring Su Yuxin's reminder, he earnestly stood up, picked up the teapot, and started preparing tea for Ye Wenhao. He then took the opportunity to smooth-talk, "Uncle Ye, I originally thought Brother Ye was really impressive. But I didn't expect you to be even more stylish than him. It really proves the saying, 'Dragons breed dragons, phoenixes breed phoenixes, and the child of a mouse will dig holes.'

"Jindi!"

Su Yuxin almost wanted to cry. As Ye Fan's semi-official girlfriend, she was a bit nervous about sharing lunch with Ye Wenhao, fearing she might leave a bad impression.

Under such circumstances, with Su Jindi continuously spouting shocking remarks, how could she bear it?

"Yuxin, don't hold back like that, that's how you create a good atmosphere."

As the most powerful contender for the third generation successor of the Ye family, Ye Wenhao had been in the political realm for over twenty years, his experiences wide and varied. How could he not see through Su Yuxin's thoughts?

"Uh..."

Surprised by Ye Wenhao's words, Su Yuxin was momentarily flustered, then a blush crept over her usually cold face.

"Exactly, Yu Xin, why be so restrained? You might not think it, but Uncle Ye, though over fifty, still has a young heart and shares a common language with us."

As he spoke, Su Jindi, while preparing tea for Ye Fan, cheekily winked at Ye Fan, "Brother Ye, am I right?"

"You little rascal sure can talk," Ye Fan said, unable to help laughing.

Not only him, but Ye Wenhao, too, was smiling.

Seeing that Ye Wenhao didn't mind at all, Su Yuxin was able to relax, her nervousness quietly dissipating.

Likewise fond of chatting, Situ Ruoshui, who was nicknamed a chatterbox, upon seeing the jovial Ye Wenhao, seemed to recall her late father, a hint of sorrow showing in her big dark eyes.

And unusually, Su Liuli, who usually did not get along with Su Jindi, did not argue with him, choosing instead to remain silent.

While silent, her brows involuntarily furrowed, as if troubled by something.

Though Su Liuli and Situ Ruoshui were quiet and reserved at the lunch due to their own reasons, resembling mutes, Su Jindi's lively presence ensured that the atmosphere at lunch was still quite pleasant.

Especially as he brought his shameless boot-licking to the fullest, even Ye Wenhao, who was immune to sycophancy, was made to laugh several times.

In the afternoon, as Ye Wenhao and others neared the end of their meal, many guests had already finished their dining. The manager of the Dong hai International Hotel's lobby became busy.

Whenever important guests finished dining and descended to the lobby, the lobby manager was always the first to greet them, repeatedly smiling and sending them off until they got into their cars, even showing a 'reluctant to part' expression.

Comparatively, the receptionists had it easier. All they needed to do was bow with a smile as the guests exited, revealing their bright smiles, enough to attract the guests' attention.

Chapter 319 "Looking down on others with contempt" _2

"Huff~"

After two o'clock, when the lobby manager had once again seen off a senior official, she took the opportunity to catch her breath.

"Sister Li, are all the guests almost gone?" asked a greeter with a good relationship with the lobby manager as she wiped the fragrant sweat from her forehead when the lobby manager came back in.

"Almost."

"Then you can take a break."

"Not yet, there's still one important leader who hasn't left," Manager Li said tiredly, then with a twist of her hips, she walked towards the elevator. The sound of her high heels striking the marble floor was sharp and clear.

Listening to that heart-stirring clack, watching Manager Li's enticing back, and feeling the charm of a mature woman, several young greeters looked on with envy.

"Ding Dong—"

Shortly thereafter, as Manager Li reached the elevator entrance, a crisp sound echoed, the elevator doors opened, and Ye Fan along with Ye Wenhao and others walked out.

"Welcome to visit again."

Seeing this, Manager Li did not greet them with the coquettish smile she had before, but rather gave a perfunctory smile and turned her gaze away.

To this, neither Ye Fan and Ye Wenhao nor Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, and Situ Ruoshui minded, but Su Jindi felt somewhat displeased—he thought the lobby manager's smile was too fake and completely ignored the presence of their group.

When the doors of the adjacent elevator opened and Manager Li greeted the bald man at the front with an alluring smile and even took his arm, Su Jindi's dissatisfaction reached its peak, and he couldn't help but curse, "What a goddamn snob."

Swish!

Startled by Su Jindi's comment, not only Manager Li, but also the bald man leading the group that had emerged from the next elevator, all had a change of expression.

"Kid, who are you talking about?"

A man wearing glasses and carrying a briefcase next to the bald man stepped forward angrily to question.

As the secretary of the bald man, although he wasn't a notable figure in Dong hai officialdom, relying on his boss's power, he had made many acquaintances, and even some mid-level officials would be very polite to him—he was in high spirits.

In such a situation, seeing Su Jindi speak rudely in front of his own bosses, the secretary, not to mention his boss, felt that Su Jindi deserved a beating!

Hm?

Following the bald man's secretary's words, Ye Fan and Ye Wenhao stopped their conversation, all paused in their steps, and turned back to watch.

Swish!

In the eyes looking back, the bald man, whose arm was being held by Manager Li, suddenly widened his eyes in shock upon recognizing the faces of Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan, which were neither unfamiliar nor completely unknown to him.

"Kid, you can be reckless with food but not your words. Think before you speak, and don't just blurt out anything."

Just as the bald man was still in shock from seeing Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan, his secretary first scolded Su Jindi and then pointing at Ye Wenhao said, "Also, as adults, you should not only raise your children but also educate them..."

"Shut up!"

The bald man, originally in shock, trembled with fright at his secretary's words and quickly shouted in a low voice.

"Uh..."

The secretary, shouted at by the bald man, was startled and closed his mouth, but was nonetheless puzzled.

The secretary, knowing how much the bald man valued his pride, had felt like a rabid dog leaping forward to bite after hearing Su Jindi's muttering and seeing the bald man's displeased face, trying to appease his master.

It wasn't just the secretary who was puzzled; Manager Li and those who had been fawning over the bald man were also confused: what happened to District Chief Wang?

There was no answer.

The next moment.

In the shocked expressions of the crowd, the bald man shook off Manager Li's delicate white arm as if tossing away trash and scurried over to Ye Wenhao like a servant from an ancient court drama seeing their master, extending his hands and bending over with a bow, a pleasing smile on his face as he said, "Secretary Ye...I'm District Chief Wang Dawei from Hongkou District, I really didn't expect to run into you here."

Thinking back to Wang Dawei's entourage earlier, then seeing him now groveling like a slavish dog, Ye Wenhao frowned slightly but didn't respond.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan asked Su Jindi, "Jindi, what's going on?"

"No...nothing, I just think that woman was a bit elitist."

Since meeting Ye Fan, Su Jindi had become much more low-key, but he couldn't help getting irritated thinking about how Manager Li had brushed their party off and fawned over Wang Dawei's group, "We're all customers, why look down on us? Just because we only ordered eight dishes?"

Hmm?

Hearing Su Jindi's words, Manager Li thought of something and seeing her own attempts to ingratiate herself with Wang Dawei looking so subservient in front of Ye Wenhao, panic started to show in her eyes.

As for Wang Dawei, he was so angry he almost passed out. Manager Li was usually pretty savvy, so why act prejudiced in front of an important figure? Wasn't this a case of not recognizing Mount Tai and courting death?

"Dad, let's go," Ye Fan suggested quietly after hearing Su Jindi's explanation.

"Hmm."

Ye Wenhao nodded slightly and, without a fuss, turned around and left with Ye Fan and the others.

Seeing Ye Wenhao treat him like air, not only did Wang Dawei not get angry, but he maintained his bow, with cold sweat on his forehead streaming down as if it cost nothing.

"Wang...District Chief Wang, that...that person..."

As Ye Fan and his party departed, Manager Li approached Wang Dawei with some panic, trying to inquire about Ye Wenhao's identity.

However—

Before Manager Li could finish her sentence, Wang Dawei interrupted angrily, "You'd better just pray that the gentleman doesn't hold a grudge!"

Clunk!

At these words, Manager Li shuddered with fear, her chest heaved, and she felt like she had a fishbone stuck in her throat, leaving her unable to utter a single word.

And the secretary who had been so haughty and lecturing towards Su Jindi and Ye Wenhao suddenly dredged up a memory about Ye Wenhao from his vast memory bank—he had met him at the Yangtze River Delta Economic Summit.

As the memory surfaced, the secretary's face turned pale and his legs started to tremble uncontrollably, as if suffering from cramps.

Who exactly was this Secretary Ye?

At the same time, the group that had been dining with Wang Dawei was filled with curiosity.

"Pack up your things tomorrow, and get out!"

As if to lift the veil for everyone, Wang Dawei coldly said to the secretary, then, with a heavy heart, he shook his sleeve and walked towards the exit of the hotel.

"Thump—"

Hearing Wang Dawei's words, the secretary felt as if the end of the world had come, and he collapsed to the ground.

Chapter 320 【Father and Son's Renown】

There are no walls that don't leak in this world.

At dusk, when Ye Wenhao bid farewell to Ye Fan and others and was driving the Audi A6L back to Hanghu alone, the news that Murong Gu and his son challenged Ye Wenhao and Ye Fan, resulting in their deaths, was widely discussed within the Yanhuang Organization and also started spreading externally.

As the sunset gradually dipped below the mountains, a Hongqi H8 sedan with the license plate starting with Jing V02 slowly drove out of the Red Wall Courtyard, known as the highest threshold in Huaxia, escorted by two security vehicles, into the traffic.

When the last rays of the sunset completely disappeared into the horizon, the Hongqi sedan entered an ancient alley and stopped in front of a priceless Courtyard.

A security guard in a black suit was the first to exit the vehicle, opened the rear door of the car, and respectfully stepped aside to welcome Bai Yuan, the Bai Family Master, as he alighted.

Unlike the usual stern expression, today, Bai Yuan's face rarely showed a smile.

Seeing this, the guards from the Yanhuang Organization understood it as clear as a mirror.

Soon, Bai Yuan entered the Courtyard with his secretary and then waved his secretary off, proceeding alone towards his study.

Once in the study, Bai Yuan thought for a moment, then picked up a specially made secure mobile phone from the desk and dialed a number.

The call connected quickly, and the respectful voice of Bai Guotao came through the receiver, "Dad."

"Are you at the office or have you returned home?" Bai Yuan asked casually.

Huh?

Taken aback by Bai Yuan's question, Bai Guotao was momentarily stunned.

Since Bai Luo's collusion with Qinghong to assassinate Ye Fan landed him in prison, which nearly implicated the Bai Family, a dark cloud had loomed over them for a while.

Perhaps due to his bad mood, since that incident, Bai Yuan had not been in contact with Bai Guotao, who also did not dare to initiate contact with Bai Yuan.

In such a situation, not only did Bai Yuan contact Bai Guotao today, but he also did not immediately talk about serious matters, which surprised Bai Guotao.

"Just returned home."

Although unsure why Bai Yuan suddenly acted this way, Bai Guotao did not dare to ask more and simply replied respectfully.

"Have you eaten yet?" Bai Yuan asked further.

"Yes," Bai Guotao replied, unable to contain his curiosity, he asked, "Dad, has something happened?"

"I heard some good news this afternoon and figured you might not be aware of it, so I wanted to fill you in," Bai Yuan said with a smile.

"Good news? Could it be that old man from the Ye Family is critically ill?" Bai Guotao was initially startled, then slightly excited—this would be the best news for the entire Bai Family!

"No," Bai Yuan hesitated for a moment, then replied with a bitter smile, "It's about Ye Wenhao."

"Is it that bastard Ye Fan causing trouble again and Ye Wenhao cleaning up his mess?" Mention of Ye Fan turned Bai Guotao's mood from a sunny March to a cold December, yet there was still a hint of anticipation in his eyes.

"This time it's not that bastard stirring up trouble, but something concerning Ye Wenhao himself," Bai Yuan said, and then asked, "You should be aware of the event that shook the Martial Arts World years ago, right?"

"Yes, he defeated Murong Gu, who was then first on the Qing Bang of the Martial Arts World, and took his place," Bai Guotao replied.

"Murong Gu, along with his son, came down the mountain to challenge Ye Wenhao in order to avenge the disgrace from those years. But since Ye Wenhao had retired from the Martial Arts World, fearing Ye Wenhao might refuse the challenge, they took a roundabout approach by having his son challenge that bastard to force Ye Wenhao into battle," Bai Yuan explained with a laugh.

Bai Guotao gasped and asked, "Could it be that Ye Wenhao and that bastard were both killed?"

"No, the one called Murong Gu and his son are the ones who died," Bai Yuan explained, sighing secretly, feeling somewhat regretful.

Due to the actions of Ye Wenhao and Ye Fan, the Bai Family members now despised them deeply, wishing they would die sooner rather than later.

"Dad means that Ye Wenhao reentering the Martial Arts World will fatally impact his career trajectory?"

Bai Guotao, as the third-generation successor of the Bai Family, possessed a political acumen unmatched by average members of the system, and he immediately pointed out the crucial issue.

"Exactly."

Bai Yuan inwardly praised, then continued, "Bai Guotao being selected by the higher-ups wasn't only because of the Ye Family's support but significantly because he had retired from the Martial Arts World. In the recent past, he kept causing troubles because of that bastard, which made the higher-ups somewhat dissatisfied. This time, he has reentered the Martial Arts World to engage in a battle to the death for that bastard, making the higher-ups very unhappy."

"So it seems that even with the old man from the Ye Family supporting him, his chances are slim," Bai Guotao said, feeling delighted.

"Yes, even ordinary officials fighting and killing can have a bad impact, let alone him?" Bai Yuan said with a smile all over his face.

"Heh, it seems both his rise and fall are due to that bastard," Bai Guotao felt a great sense of satisfaction. In his view, although Ye Fan had dealt a severe blow to the Bai Family, he also brought disaster upon Ye Wenhao and the entire Ye Family.

"I'm telling you this firstly to help clear the gloom in your mind and focus on your core duties, and secondly, to remind you that among the third generation of the Ye Family, apart from Ye Wenhao, the others are far behind, including that Ye Wenhai," Bai Yuan added.

"Thank you for the reminder, Dad," Bai Guotao said, his face inevitably showing a grin.

As the helmsman of the third generation of the Bai Family, he understood clearly that the Ye Wenhai referred to by Bai Yuan was Ye Wenhao's elder brother, the second choice for the third-generation successor of the Ye Family. Though capable, he lacked vision.

Moreover, Bai Guotao had heard that when Ye Wenhao's girlfriend Ling Yun had gone to the Ye Family to look for Ye Wenhao, among all the third-generation members of the Ye Family, only Ye Wenhai supported Ye Wenhao and Ling Yun being together, trying to sabotage the marriage alliance with the Qin Family.

This was as clear as Sima Zhao's intentions, known to all!

Now, although Ye Wenhai had become more tactful with age, experience, and position, Bai Guotao was certain that if given the chance to replace Ye Wenhao as the Ye Family's third-generation helmsman, even aiming for the peak, Ye Wenhai would not regard brotherly affection!

As Bai Yuan and Bai Guotao enjoyed schadenfreude, a sedan with a special license plate easily passed the Armed Police inspection at the Yanjing City Committee's compound, entered the compound, and headed directly for Villa 3.

Soon, the car with a special license plate stopped in front of Villa 3, and a young man clad in a black robe stepped out of the car and swiftly entered the villa.

"Xiao Long, why have you come home today?"

In the villa's hall, a woman who had just tied on her apron in preparation to cook was somewhat taken aback to see the young man stride into the hall.

The astonishment was because the young man in the black robe was her son, now a member of the Yanhuang Organization, and due to the nature of his job, his visits home were rare.

"Just handling some matters and also to see you and Dad." The black-robed young man gave a slight smile. However, due to his martial arts training and the frequent elimination of offending martial artists, his smile carried a hint of fierceness.

"That's quite a coincidence, your Dad came home today too."

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, just as dragons and phoenixes are in the eyes of parents. The woman, oblivious to the fierceness in the black-robed young man's smile, beamed brightly, "Your dad is in the study. Go chat with him first, I'll make some extra dishes for you."

"Hmm."

The black-robed young man nodded, his feet sliding across the floor as if shrinking the earth beneath him, reaching the staircase in the blink of an eye, silently ascending, and hastening to the study door, where he gently knocked.

"Come in."

Inside the study, Ye Wenhai, who had just returned from his work, sat at his desk looking at a confidential document with a red header, and without raising his head, he responded to the knock.

"Dad."

The black-robed young man named Ye Long pushed the door open and greeted.

"Ye Long?"

Like the woman, Ye Wenhai, upon seeing Ye Long, was also startled, instinctively putting down the red-headed document he was holding, and asked, "Why are you back?"

"In three days, the largest auction of the year in the Martial Arts World is taking place in Yanjing City. My master told me there's a Magic Artifact suitable for me being auctioned there. He specifically gave me something to exchange for it." Ye Long spoke with pride.

On one hand, his master was the captain of the Law Enforcement Team, second only to the Great Elders of the Yanhuang Organization—highly formidable and distinguished. As the disciple, mentioning his master filled him with honor.

On the other hand, to his knowledge, among the younger generation of the Yanhuang Organization, only one person possessed a Magic Artifact. He would become the second, a symbol of status!

"Magic Artifact?"

Ye Wenhai, although not a martial artist, had stirred the Martial Arts World through Ye Wenhao and was knowledgeable about it, not only aware of Magic Artifacts but also that they were the world's most expensive treasures, unbuyable even with wealth.

"Yes."

Ye Long nodded with a smile, "Next year, the Qing bang competition will be held, and the master hopes I can use this auction to secure the Magic Artifact that suits me, thereby bringing honor to him and the Yanhuang Organization during the competition."

"That's great news."

Hearing this again, Ye Wenhai's face lit up with joy, saying, "Ye Long, you must continue to strive harder, not only to make a name for yourself in the Qing bang competition but also to secure a firm foothold within the Yanhuang Organization. Perhaps one day, you might even ascend to the position of an elder!"

"Dad, don't worry, of all the young members in the Yanhuang Organization, only one is stronger than me. My becoming an elder is a certainty. Even, if something unfortunate were to happen to the one ranked first, I might even take control of the Yanhuang Organization!" Ye Long declared confidently.

"Good, good, very good!" Ye Wenhai smiled broadly.

"By the way, Dad, do you know about Third Uncle's matter?" Ye Long suddenly changed the topic.

"What happened to him?"

At these words, the smile on Ye Wenhai's face initially froze, then slowly faded.

All because the Third Uncle that Ye Long mentioned was Ye Wenhao, who had been suppressing him for twenty-three years!

"Third Uncle and that bastard have become famous." Ye Long said mysteriously.

"Oh?" Ye Wenhai was startled, "What happened?"

"Dad, it's like this..."

Ye Long gleefully relayed to Ye Wenhai how Murong Gu and his son Murong Sheng had challenged Ye Wenhao and his son Ye Fan, and had been defeated to death in the process.

"That bastard really never lets people rest easy." Ye Wenhai's smile returned, his eyes twinkling with an intense light.

"They say Third Uncle killed Murong Gu, in the Half-step Gang Qi realm, with one move, and that bastard even managed to kill Wudang's young martial arts genius Murong Sheng. They've both become quite famous." Ye Long said, a hint of envy apparent in his eyes.

"Ye Long, there is a saying — 'fame is feared as the pig fears fattening.'"

Yet, Ye Wenhai smiled meaningfully, saying, "Your Third Uncle was already well-known in the Martial Arts World. After he left it to pursue a career in the administration, he faced much less interference. With this incident, surely quite a few martial artists will challenge him, right?"

"Yes."

Ye Long nodded, then quickly grasped Ye Wenhai's intentions and reminded, "However, since Third Uncle can instantly kill a strong person in the Half-step Gang Qi realm, he must be considered invincible below the Gang Qi realm. And because of the dignity of strong people, those in the Gang Qi Realm would not condescend to challenge him."

"He is safe, but what about that bastard?" Ye Wenhai asked with a smile.

"That bastard is far inferior, not to mention others, he is not even a match for me." Ye Long declared proudly.

"That's right. I heard that your Third Uncle almost gave up his career for that bastard the last time. Now that the bastard is famous, if he faces another challenge and something happens to him, who knows what your Third Uncle might do in his frenzy?"

As he spoke, Ye Wenhai's smile was as bright as the spring in March, unable to be concealed, "We just hope that this father and son duo won't involve our Ye Family, otherwise it would be akin to one rotten apple spoiling the whole barrel."