

Y Master 351

Chapter 351 Accident, Playing with Fire

The setting sun dipped below the horizon, its morning radiance spilling across the land, and dusk descended upon the tranquil campus of Wangfu Middle School.

"Dinglingling—"

When the hour hand, minute hand, and second hand all pointed to 6 o'clock, a sudden and urgent bell shattered the quiet of the school.

In an instant, the previously peaceful campus erupted like a pot of boiling water, filled with the clamor of voices, the shuffling of desks and chairs, and the sound of students chasing and frolicking.

From the classroom of the first-year students, Pan Ying, with her hair tied in a ponytail and dressed in the school uniform, burst out with excitement.

This scene left the other students in the first-year class stunned.

Beyond the initial shock of Pan Ying's abrupt departure, they were also surprised because she had appeared unusually joyful today, like a sprite bubbling with happiness, and had strangely forgone her usual studious demeanor during the afternoon self-study period, opting instead to prop her chin on one hand and giggle at the window.

Ignoring the astonishment of her classmates, Pan Ying clutched a math textbook and ran towards the school exit.

Outside the campus, numerous cars were parked, the parents who had come to pick up their children stood by their vehicles, waiting for them to emerge from the school.

However, no one stood beside two of the cars.

These two vehicles were positioned closest to the school gates: one a Maybach and the other a Bentley, both expensive luxury cars that would astonish anyone with their price tags.

Inside the cars, led by Liang Shang, Ye Cang's cronies listened to CDs and smoked cigarettes while waiting for Pan Ying to exit the school gates.

"Liangzi, Pan Ying is coming out."

At 6:05 pm, one of the dissolute youths, with sharp eyes, spotted Pan Ying emerging from the crowd.

"Get out of the car."

Liang Shang put out his cigarette and gave the instruction.

Whoosh—

Shortly after, the doors to the two luxury cars flew open, and six ruffians led by Liang Shang stepped out, immediately drawing the attention of parents nearby, as well as the students.

As Ye Cang's lackeys and known bad actors at Wangfu Middle School, they were notorious; upon seeing them, the students scattered, dodging out of their way as mice would flee from a cat.

Hmm?

At the same time, amidst the crowd, Pan Ying too noticed Liang Shang and his group.

This sighting caused the joyful smile on her face to stiffen briefly before she shifted her gaze and quickened her pace towards the school entrance, all the while searching for her brother Pan Jueming among the faces outside the gates.

"Pan Ying, Young Master Ye requests your presence at Qingshui No.1 to discuss some matters," Liang Shang said with a sinister smile as he, along with the five ruffians, approached her as she just stepped out of the school gate.

"I'm not going," Pan Ying replied, stopping in her tracks and furrowing her brows, yet her eyes continued scanning the surroundings.

"Take her!"

With a smirk, Liang Shang barked the command upon hearing her refusal.

"You... you..." Pan Ying gasped in shock, instinctively stepping back.

Swish!

In an instant, the five ruffians sprang into action—two seized Pan Ying's arms, one covered her mouth, and the other two blocked the view of onlookers, coordinating their movements with practiced ease.

Moments later, as she struggled in vain, the ruffians pushed her into the Maybach.

"Uh..."

Witnessing this abduction, the surrounding students and parents stood frozen in horror.

"Vroom~ Vroom~"

Before the students and parents could recover from their shock, accompanied by two roaring engines, the expensive Maybach and Bentley revved up as if they were steel beasts, aggressively bursting onto the street at the school entrance and vanishing from sight.

It wasn't until the two cars had disappeared that the students and parents snapped out of their stupor, anger visibly rippling across their faces.

However—

Despite the anger, none among them called the police or even approached the security guards at the school gate.

For the students, having witnessed Liang Shang and his cronies' rampant bullying within the school, they knew all too well that not even the school leaders and board dared to offend them.

As for the parents, they all preferred to stay out of trouble.

Moreover, they were well aware that those able to afford Maybachs and Bentleys were far beyond the scope of people they could afford to offend!

...

Meanwhile.

At Yanjing Quanjude Restaurant.

Ye Fan, dressed in a Zhongshan suit, arrived at a private room which Lady Chu had reserved for him in advance.

After asking the waiter to brew a pot of tea and letting them know they could wait to take his order, Ye Fan checked the time, saw it was already 6:10 pm, and picked up his phone to dial Pan Jueming's number.

"I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is temporarily unavailable."

Soon, the pleasant voice of the voice assistant conveyed this message through the earpiece and into Ye Fan's ears with crystal clarity.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was taken aback— he remembered Pan Jueming saying he would arrive in Yanjing by five o'clock and then go to pick up his sister from school. Now, it was past six o'clock, and Pan Jueming's phone was unreachable.

With lingering doubts, Ye Fan hung up and dialed another number.

The person on the other end of the call was a driver from the Tianshan Group headquarters, who had been instructed to pick up Pan Jueming from the airport.

This arrangement was made by Ye Fan upon Lady Chu's recommendation.

"Hello."

The call connected, and a voice full of magnetism came through the receiver.

"This is Lady Chu's nephew, Ye Fan," Ye Fan introduced himself.

"Hello, Mr. Ye."

On the other end, the driver who was supposed to pick up the passenger heard this, his face full of respect. Although he didn't know why Ye Fan was calling him, the identity of Lady Chu's nephew was enough to fill him with awe.

"Here's the situation. The person my aunt arranged for you to pick up is my friend. I just tried calling him but couldn't get through. Did you not pick him up?" Ye Fan asked.

"Mr. Ye, the flight Mr. Pan was on hasn't landed yet, it's delayed by an hour and twenty minutes; it will land in another ten minutes," the driver explained carefully while feeling a sudden pang of nervousness in response to Ye Fan's question.

"I see," Ye Fan thought for a moment and then said, "After you meet him, have him give me a call back."

"Yes, Mr. Ye."

The driver replied respectfully and only after Ye Fan hung up did he put away his phone, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and then looked up at the announcement board to confirm once more whether the flight from Dong hai was landing at 6:20.

On the plane, Pan Jueming, who was sitting in first class, kept glancing at the watch on his wrist, an anxious look on his face.

Originally, this flight was supposed to land at Yanjing International Airport at five o'clock, but due to some issues at Dong hai Airport at takeoff, the plane circled above Dong hai Airport for an hour and twenty minutes before it was cleared by air traffic control to fly towards Yanjing.

This directly resulted in a twenty-minute delay for the landing.

According to what Pan Jueming's younger aunt, Pan Xiaolu, had said, Pan Ying would finish school at six o'clock; she would have finished by now.

More importantly, he told Ye Fan he would arrive before six-thirty, but now it seemed certain he would be late!

The thought of being late to the first dinner Ye Fan had invited him to made Pan Jueming wish he could sprout wings and fly out of the cabin straight towards Yanjing.

Ten minutes later, as Pan Jueming's patience was nearly worn out, the airplane, like a hunting falcon, swooped downwards.

Thud—

A muffled sound emanated as the plane landed smoothly and the wings opened, surging forward due to inertia.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have arrived at Yanjing Airport..."

At that moment, the flight attendant's melodious voice filled the cabin, reminding passengers to keep their seat belts fastened and not to make phone calls.

Already too impatient to wait, Pan Jueming knew making a call now wouldn't have any effect, so he took out his phone and turned it on immediately.

The moment the phone was powered on, Pan Jueming thought for a moment and then dialed Pan Ying's number first.

Because the flight was delayed, he had to abandon the plan to pick up Pan Ying and asked her to take a taxi to Quanjude, while he planned to get there as quickly as possible to avoid making Ye Fan wait too long.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable."

Soon after the call connected, it was not Pan Ying's voice that came through but the voice prompt of the automated service.

Huh?

Pan Jueming was slightly startled, then dialed the number again, but still couldn't get through.

What's going on?

Pondering in his mind, Pan Jueming thought for a moment and then dialed his younger aunt Pan Xiaolu's number.

"Jueming, where are you guys eating?" The call connected, and Pan Xiaolu asked first.

"Young aunt, the flight I took was delayed, and I've just landed," Pan Jueming distractedly replied, "I wanted to let Little Ying take a taxi to the restaurant on her own, but I can't get through to her phone."

"Wha... What??"

Startled by Pan Jueming's words, Pan Xiaolu's smile froze, and she abruptly jumped up from the sofa, her voice filled with nervousness, "You... you mean you can't get through to Little Ying's phone??"

"Yeah, what's wrong?" Pan Xiaolu's reaction puzzled Pan Jueming, and a bad feeling started to well up inside him.

"Something's wrong... Something must have happened to Little Ying!" Pan Xiaolu became agitated upon getting confirmation, and her speech became somewhat incoherent.

Swish!

Pan Jueming's face paled with shock: "Young aunt, did something happen to Little Ying?"

"Huff... Huff..."

On the other end, Pan Xiaolu explained with hurried breaths, "In recent months, a few profligates have been harassing Little Ying; they've blocked her several times at the school gate. To prevent Little Ying from being harassed, I've been picking her up from school early every day. Now, since you didn't arrive to pick her up on time, and we can't reach her phone..."

"Young aunt, do you know the identity of those people??" Pan Jueming interrupted Pan Xiaolu—feeling that it was very likely that those profligates had taken Pan Ying away.

As he spoke, Pan Jueming's expression turned savage, and a terrifying murderous intent, built up from blood, emerged from within him.

That murderous intent startled the nearby passengers, who turned pale with fear, and the flight attendant who had tried to stop him from making the call froze in her tracks.

"They are also students from Wangfu Middle School, and the leader is a scion of the Ye Family!" Pan Xiaolu said, her voice trembling, almost crying.

A Ye Family's Young Master?

Pan Jueming felt as if he had been struck by thunder; he was utterly dumbfounded!

"That Ye Family's Young Master is called Ye Cang!" Pan Xiaolu hurriedly added, worry evident in her tone.

Ye Cang?!

On hearing Pan Xiaolu's words again, Pan Jueming suddenly snapped out of his shock.

As the spokesperson for Ye Fan in the Yangtze River Delta Underground World, and due to his relationship with Ye Fan, he was not unfamiliar with the Ye Family.

He knew Ye Cang was the son of Ye Wenhao, the half-brother of Ye Fan from a different mother!

"Young aunt, don't worry; leave this matter to me. Wait for my call," Pan Jueming forced himself to calm down and quickly assured Pan Xiaolu.

After saying all that, he didn't wait for Pan Xiaolu to respond before he ended the call, then... with gritted teeth, he dialed Ye Fan's number!

Although deep down, as someone who worked for him, he didn't want to trouble Ye Fan, he also knew that only Ye Fan could save his sister!!

Chapter 352 Lifesaving Straw

"Buzz~"

In a private room of the Quanjude Restaurant, Ye Fan stood by the window, gazing at the distant Forbidden City, when suddenly he heard his cell phone vibrate.

Ye Fan's heart stirred, he retracted his gaze, pulled out his cellphone, and saw that it was a call from Pan Jueming. He answered it immediately.

"Mr. Ye... Mr. Ye, please save my sister!"

Soon, Pan Jueming's voice came through the wireless connection, directly into Ye Fan's ears. His tone was no longer as calm and respectful as before but was filled with anxiety and concern.

Noticing the unusual tone in Pan Jueming's voice and hearing his words, Ye Fan's pupils dilated instantly, and he quickly asked, "What happened to your sister?"

"Mr. Ye, my sister might have been kidnapped." After the initial panic, Pan Jueming forced himself to calm down and spoke rapidly.

"Jueming, don't panic, take your time, what exactly happened?" Ye Fan continued to ask.

"This morning you said you wanted to invite my sister and me to dinner, so I called her to tell her I'd pick her up after she got off the plane. She gets off school at six, but her flight was delayed. Just now, after the plane landed, I couldn't get through to her phone. I called my aunt too, and my aunt told me that someone has been harassing my sister for the past few months and even blocked her at the school gate before..." Pan Jueming explained rapidly.

"Do you know who the person is?" Ye Fan interrupted Pan Jueming.

"I do, it's... it's Ye Cang."

As he spoke, Pan Jueming felt his heart rise to his throat, his face fraught with nervousness.

Even though he knew that Ye Fan had never treated him like a dog, on the contrary, had treated him with great importance, he couldn't guarantee that Ye Fan would truly go against his own half-brother to save his sister!

"Ye Cang?" Ye Fan was momentarily stunned, then he asked again, "Are you sure?"

"Sure!"

Pan Jueming responded with a tremble, not even daring to take a deep breath.

"Jueming, don't worry, your sister should be safe for the time being."

Ye Fan checked the time and realized it was not yet half past six. He breathed a sigh of relief and then said, "I'll find a way to contact Ye Cang right now, he won't lay a finger on your sister!"

"Thank... thank you, Young Master Ye!"

What felt like centuries passed for Pan Jueming in just a few seconds. Now hearing Ye Fan's words, it was like hearing the most enchanting divine music, and he breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Wait for my call."

After saying this, Ye Fan hung up the phone, pondered for a moment, and then dialed Chu Ji's number.

Before Ye Fan's return to the Ye Family this time, Chu Ji had provided him with detailed information about the Ye Family, which included Ye Cang's detailed information, including his cellphone number.

Because of his cooperative relationship with the Ye Family, Ye Fan had only glanced at the information and had not memorized Ye Cang's cellphone number.

"Weren't you hosting a dinner? How come you have time to call me?" Once connected, Chu Ji was the first to speak, her tone slightly puzzled.

Ye Fan, ignoring her question, spoke with unusual seriousness, "Are you at the Courtyard?"

"Yeah, what's up?" Noting the gravity in Ye Fan's voice, Chu Ji put away her playful mood and asked with some curiosity.

"Help me check Ye Cang's cellphone number right now, it's in the information you gave me," Ye Fan said gravely.

"Okay."

Although very curious about why Ye Fan needed Ye Cang's cellphone number, Chu Ji, seeing the urgency in Ye Fan's request, did not ask for the reason. Instead, she got up immediately and went to Ye Fan's room to search for the number.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan quickly walked out of the private room and went downstairs.

At the same time.

In the 'Dynasty' private room of Qingshui No.1 Private Club, the favorite hangout of Yanjing's unruly youths.

Ye Cang, with bruises still visible on his puffy face, wearing a casual suit tailored by a famous tailor, lounged back with his legs crossed, holding a special cigarette between his fingers, a sullen look on his face as he smoked.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The sound of messy footsteps approached from afar and then abruptly stopped. The door to the private room was pushed open, and several unruly youths led by Liang Shang appeared at the entrance.

Among them, two young men supported Pan Ying, clad in her school uniform, from either side. Pan Ying's eyes were tightly shut, showing no sign of consciousness.

"Young Master Ye, to prevent her from struggling in the car, I had Little Seven give her an anesthetic needle," Liang Shang explained quickly as Ye Cang turned his gaze toward Pan Ying, his expression slightly tense.

Being Ye Cang's number one lackey, he knew all too well that Ye Cang was genuinely fond of Pan Ying. Otherwise, Ye Cang wouldn't have persistently pursued her for three months but instead would have taken her virginity long ago.

Despite having followed Ye Cang's instructions and forcibly brought Pan Ying here, Liang Shang wasn't sure if the method used would please Ye Cang.

"Put her on the bed in the room, and all of you wait outside. Without my order, no one is allowed to enter!" Ye Cang slowly extinguished his cigarette, his expression somber as he gave his command.

Because he had resolved to satisfy his lust with Pan Ying today, he had specifically booked this Supreme Level private room with a bedroom.

The bedroom inside was equipped according to international five-star hotel standards, with all kinds of luxurious facilities.

"Yes, Young Master Ye!"

Including Liang Shang, the six unruly youths immediately took the command, with two of them promptly assisting Pan Ying into the bedroom of the private room and laying her down on the bed.

After doing all this, they couldn't help but glance at Pan Ying's pure face, and they secretly swallowed hard.

As spoiled and debauched as they were, not only had they ended their virginity early, but they had also been with quite a few so-called tender models and female celebrities. However, they had yet to taste a pure and beautiful virgin like Pan Ying.

Although they were itching to strip Pan Ying bare and ravish her on the spot, they were well aware that this was what Ye Cang was going to do next and that they would be satisfied having their turn after Ye Cang was done.

After those two young men left the private room, Ye Cang slowly stood up, picked up a bottle of specially chilled red wine, and entered the bedroom.

On the large bed in the bedroom, Pan Ying lay motionless in a spread-eagled position.

Perhaps feeling that it would not be satisfying or thrilling enough to take Pan Ying's virginity while she was unconscious, Ye Cang did not rush to strip off her clothes. Instead, he opened the red wine with a calm composure.

With the red wine opened, Ye Cang approached with a sinister smile, his wrist slightly bent, tilting the bottle, and the chilling red wine was immediately poured over Pan Ying's innocent face.

"Mmm..."

The anesthetic needle used by Xiao Qi, as mentioned by Liang Shang in his mouth, was not very powerful. The sudden cold shock caused Pan Ying's body to shiver unconsciously, her eyelashes quivering slightly, and she let out a vague moan.

Seeing this, Ye Cang knew Pan Ying was about to wake up. He smirked and poured the red wine from her face down between her legs.

In a flash, the entire bottle of red wine was empty, and Pan Ying's school uniform was soaked through, the biting cold causing her to suddenly open her eyes.

"What... what are you doing??"

Perhaps because she had been unconscious for a while, Pan Ying, after opening her eyes, was stunned for a couple of seconds, then sat up with a look of panic, bracing herself on the soft bed and scooting backward.

"Pan Ying, I'll give you two choices. First, agree to be my girlfriend and cooperate with me, and I will treat you well. Second, refuse to be my girlfriend, and I'll take you by force," Ye Cang said with a malicious grin.

Pan Ying shook all over, her face turning white, completely dumbfounded.

"Besides, as you can see, my face is swollen. Yesterday, I was beaten up, and today, I am in a very bad mood."

Seeing Pan Ying frightened into silence, Ye Cang said coldly, "So, don't you dare doubt my words, I mean what I say!"

"No... don't!"

Hearing Ye Cang's words again, Pan Ying shuddered, her body trembling non-stop as she kept scooting back, seemingly wanting to get further away from Ye Cang.

"You only have these two choices," Ye Cang stated firmly, as if a judge delivering a verdict, leaving no room for doubt.

"Please... I beg you, please let me go!"

Pan Ying kept retreating until she reached the head of the bed, curling up like a frightened cat with fear written all over her once-innocent face, as tears flowed down.

At that moment, it seemed as if Ye Cang became a demon from the Nine Nether Abyss in her eyes!

"It seems you want me to force myself on you?"

Facing Pan Ying's pleas, Ye Cang's face showed no mercy. He casually threw the wine bottle onto the carpet and began to strip off his casual suit, ready to pounce on Pan Ying like a demon.

"Please... please spare me, okay??"

Seeing Ye Cang's actions, Pan Ying was too scared to move. With tears streaming down her face, she begged desperately, her once-innocent face filled with despair.

"Buzz buzz~"

This time, before Ye Cang could reply, the vibrating sound of a phone suddenly interrupted.

Hmm?

Ye Cang, hearing the noise, raised an eyebrow, pulled out his phone from his pocket, and was surprised to see an unknown incoming call from a Dong Hai phone number.

Seeing it was an unfamiliar number, Ye Cang did not pick up, but casually tossed the phone onto the bed. He then tore off his shirt buttons and, like a demon, lunged at Pan Ying.

"Ah—"

Pan Ying let out a scream, darted forward, narrowly avoiding Ye Cang's fierce pounce, and inadvertently pressed the answer button on Ye Cang's phone, also turning on the speakerphone.

"Ye Cang, this is Ye Fan!"

As the call connected, Ye Fan's voice traveled through the speaker in the quiet bedroom, sounding exceptionally loud.

Ye Fan?!

Startled by Ye Fan's voice, Ye Cang was momentarily stunned.

Clearly... he had never dreamed that Ye Fan would call at this moment!

"Ye... Ye Cang, I beg you, please let me go, won't you?"

While Ye Cang was dazed, Pan Ying spoke up again, pleading like a commoner begging for divine mercy.

Swish!

On the other end of the phone, Ye Fan, who had just climbed into a Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition, was originally waiting for Ye Cang's reply. He was taken aback when he heard Pan Ying begging for mercy, and his expression instantly changed!

"Ye Cang, I warn you, that girl is my friend's sister. If you dare to touch a single hair on her head, no matter if your mother or even Ye Yuanshan protects you, I will make sure you pay a terrible price!" Ye Fan spoke up again, his tone low and hoarse.

Clunk!

Hearing Ye Fan's warning and sensing the threat in his words, recalling how much Ye Fan had been valued by the elders of the Ye Family the previous night, Ye Cang's heart skipped a beat!

Meanwhile, Pan Ying stopped crying and turned her gaze towards the phone behind her, as if she heard a call to arms.

"Is he going to save me?"

Looking at the limited edition diamond-encrusted latest model iPhone, Pan Ying couldn't help but ask herself internally.

There was no answer.

The next moment.

Pan Ying, like a drowning person clutching at the last straw, grabbed the phone with her hand, asking excitedly and nervously, "Are you my brother's benefactor?"

Chapter 353 Outsmarting Oneself

Out of curiosity about what Pan Jueming had been doing these past few years, Pan Ying, during their phone conversations over the past two months, had asked Pan Jueming. She learned that he had met a benefactor in his life and was currently helping the benefactor with his affairs.

At that time, to make his younger sister feel that he was doing well outside, Pan Jueming had claimed that his benefactor was a very influential person. He said that as long as they served the benefactor well, they would not be bullied in the future, and the impoverished Pan Family could rise again.

Because of her innocence and trust in her older brother, Pan Ying did not doubt Pan Jueming's words at all.

But... she did not know just how formidable the benefactor her brother spoke of was!

Today, Pan Ying found out that their dinner host that night was the very benefactor Pan Jueming had mentioned, and her heart was filled with anticipation.

She was excited to meet the benefactor her brother had spoken of and see what kind of person he was.

Just now, in her despair, when she heard Ye Fan utter, "Ye Cang, I warn you, that girl is my friend's sister. If you dare to touch a hair on her head, even if your mom and even Ye Yuanshan protect you, I will still make you pay dearly!" she suddenly realized that the person on the other end of the phone was the benefactor her brother mentioned!

Moreover... a sliver of rational thought told her that her brother's benefactor was not afraid of Ye Cang or even the entire Ye Family!

This realization brought a glimmer of hope to her otherwise despairing state, prompting her to grab Ye Cang's phone and ask Ye Fan excitedly.

"Yes, don't be afraid. With brother here, he won't dare do anything to you."

Seeing that Pan Ying had guessed it was him right away, and recalling that Pan Ying had just been pleading, Ye Fan deduced that she probably had not been dishonored. He breathed a sigh of relief internally and soothed her gently.

"Gulp!"

Her whole body trembling with excitement, Pan Ying's Adam's apple bobbed as she tried to say something but felt as if something was stuck in her chest. Unable to speak, she just continued to cry.

"Hey, the fucking audacity!"

At the same time, Ye Cang, having recovered from his shock, initially filled with intense hatred for Ye Fan, became infuriated upon hearing Ye Fan's arrogant words. His rage seemed fueled by oil, erupting uncontrollably, and he couldn't help but yell at Pan Ying, "Give me the phone!"

"Give him the phone, I'll talk to him," Ye Fan said to Pan Ying upon hearing Ye Cang's voice.

Hearing this, Pan Ying turned around, saw Ye Cang approaching, but no longer felt the fear she had before and just tossed the phone to Ye Cang.

Ye Cang, with a face full of anger, snatched up the phone and coldly said, "Ye Fan, I warn you, don't meddle in other people's business!"

"I said, that's my friend's sister," Ye Fan retorted coldly.

"Your friend's sister? Isn't that fucking convenient?"

Although Ye Cang was aware that Ye Fan was involved with the Underworld, he did not know that Pan Jueming was Ye Fan's spokesperson in the Underworld. Consequently, he subjectively assumed that Ye Fan's phone call at this time was mostly because he had somehow learned of his plan to harm Pan Ying and was deliberately seizing the opportunity to teach him a lesson.

"You can choose not to believe it, but as I said before, don't you lay a finger on her," Ye Fan warned again, then asked coldly, "I'm on my way there now, where have you taken her?"

"Why the fuck should I tell you?" Ye Cang snapped angrily.

"If you're unwilling to tell, I don't mind calling Ye Zhen to ask you," Ye Fan threatened.

"You... you fucking dare?" Ye Cang raged uncontrollably.

"I even dared to humiliate Ye Zhen and your uncles and aunts in the Ye Family Mansion, why wouldn't I dare to call Ye Zhen?" Ye Fan smirked coldly.

"You... you!!"

Ye Cang seethed with anger recalling Ye Fan's audacious demeanor from the previous day, yet he was also filled with a growing unease.

This unease, like a pail of ice-cold river water quenching his fury, swiftly occupied his mindset, involuntarily softening his tone as he said, "If you don't inform my grandfather about this matter, I will tell you the location."

"Agreed."

Ye Fan readily agreed. He was well aware that the most important thing at that moment was to get to Pan Ying and ensure her safety. Dealing with Ye Cang was secondary.

"I'm at Qingshui No.1 Private Club, in the Dynasty Private Room," Ye Cang said, his face grim.

"Remember what I said, don't touch her!"

Upon learning the location, Ye Fan immediately started the car and gave one final warning.

"Hiss~"

Ye Cang, infuriated, almost threw the expensive phone to the ground as his lip twitched angrily.

"Beep...beep..."

Shortly afterward, before Ye Cang could calm himself, the call ended, and he heard a busy tone.

Ye Cang, looking bad-tempered, put down the phone and glared at Pan Ying, his fierce gaze seeming as though he wanted to devour her alive.

Instinctively startled, Pan Ying, recalling Ye Fan's reassurances and Ye Cang's change in demeanor, lost all fear and courageously declared, "Big brother will be here soon!"

Seeing Pan Ying, who had just appeared meek as a lamb, suddenly no longer fearful of him, Ye Cang was so angry that he nearly exploded. He unconsciously took a step forward, wishing he could immediately pin Pan Ying to the ground and ravage her.

But... that thought only flickered briefly!

Ye Fan's threats echoed like a haunting spell in his ears, making him involuntarily stop in his tracks!

"Hmph!"

Ye Cang's expression slightly fierce, he scoffed coldly and then strode out of the bedroom.

Seeing this, Pan Ying quietly breathed a sigh of relief, but instead of hastily leaving, she patiently awaited Ye Fan's arrival.

"Son of a bitch!"

Exiting the bedroom, Ye Cang walked to the couch with a dark expression and, in a fit of rage, picked up an expensive bottle of Lafite and forcefully threw it, only to hear a "smash" as the bottle shattered and wine splashed everywhere.

After smashing the bottle of red wine, some of Ye Cang's anger subsided.

His reason told him that leaving was the most prudent choice at this time, but as the 'Little Prince' of Yanjing, he was unwilling to just walk away!

Yes!

He couldn't accept it!!

Yesterday, he had been slapped by Wenhao in front of Fan, suffering extreme humiliation, while Fan was exalted by the elders of the Ye Family to Mount Tian. The difference between them was like that between clouds and mud.

Today, he had intended to vent his anger on Pan Ying, but Fan intervened unexpectedly, stopping him from taking any reckless action.

It's no exaggeration to say that the humiliation he suffered these two days was greater than all the humiliations of his past eighteen years combined!

"Right, I can call Brother Ye Long!"

As Ye Cang was agonizing over his situation, he suddenly remembered what Ye Long had said to him last night outside the Ye Family Mansion. His heart surged, "Brother Long is on patrol duty today, and his personal phone is turned on."

No sooner had he thought of it than Ye Cang picked up his phone and dialed Ye Long's personal number.

"Xiao Cang, what's up?" The call connected quickly, and Ye Long's voice came through the receiver.

"Brother Long, that bastard is trying to piss on my head!" Ye Cang said, full of frustration and anger.

"Oh?"

On the other end of the line, Ye Long, who was patrolling not far from Qingshui No.1 Private Club, paused thoughtfully and deliberately slowed his pace. Rolling his eyes, he asked, "What happened?"

"Remember I've been chasing a junior high girl recently? She has been refusing to be my girlfriend. I was in a bad mood today, so I had someone forcibly bring her to Qingshui No.1 to let off some steam, but just as I was about to make a move, that bastard suddenly called me!"

Perhaps it was too much to bear alone, or maybe it was because he trusted Ye Long deeply, but Ye Cang did not hide his sordid behavior.

"What did he call you for?" Ye Long asked, maintaining his composure.

"He said that girl is the sister of his friend. If I dare to touch her, he would teach me a lesson and even complain to Grandfather!"

The more Ye Cang spoke, the more infuriated he became. While he hesitated to continue assaulting Pan Ying partly out of fear of Fan, what troubled him more was the fear that Ye Zhen would hear about it and subject him to strict family discipline.

"What's the girl's name?" Ye Long asked, barely containing his excitement.

"Pan Ying."

Ye Cang stated truthfully, then speculated bitterly: "Damn it, that bastard has hardly ever been in Yanjing. And Pan Ying is a native Yanjing person; how could he possibly know her? In my view, he's definitely just looking for an excuse to teach me a lesson!"

Pan Ying?

Could she be the sister of that bastard's subordinate, Pan Jueming?

Ye Long pondered silently, not responding.

"Brother Long, that bastard is on his way to Qingshui No.1 now. I'm afraid that after he takes Pan Ying away, he will also complain to Grandfather. What should I do?" Ye Cang asked helplessly.

"Xiao Cang, if Grandfather finds out about your actions, you are definitely going to suffer family discipline, and the family discipline is very severe. With your constitution, you won't die but you'll lose half your life," Ye Long said, deliberately provoking.

"Gulp!"

Ye Cang had never witnessed the Ye Family suffering family discipline, but he knew well its severity. Hearing Ye Long say this, he was so frightened that his Adam's apple moved uneasily, and he didn't dare to speak anymore.

"Xiao Cang, at this point, there is only one way you can avoid family discipline." Sensing Ye Cang's mood, Ye Long felt the timing was just right and threw out a bait.

Sure enough, Ye Cang asked excitedly, "What... what way?"

"Make that girl voluntarily become your girlfriend," Ye Long stated seriously. "That way, even if that bastard is being a meddlesome dog, you won't be breaking any family rules!"

"Uh..."

Ye Cang, who had been full of hope, was shocked by Ye Long's suggestion. His mouth fell open in astonishment, and he said with a bitter face, "Brother Long, I've been chasing that chick for three months now, and she has continuously refused. Today, I even had people forcibly bring her to Qingshui No.1, and I almost raped her. How could she possibly agree to be my girlfriend voluntarily?"

"I'll teach you a method," Ye Long continued enticing.

"What method?" Ye Cang's hope rose again.

"You do this..."

Seeing that Ye Cang was completely hooked, Ye Long stopped beating around the bush and quickly relayed his suggestion.

In the private room, Ye Cang's eyes brightened as he listened. Finally, he jumped up excitedly from the sofa: "Brother Long, thank you so much!"

"That bastard will probably arrive soon. You better go and do it now, or it'll be too late," Ye Long's eyes gleamed maliciously, his expression venomous, "Besides, you don't need to be afraid of him. I'm heading to Qingshui No.1 now—with me there, he definitely won't dare to touch a finger on you!"

"Got it, Brother Long!" Ye Cang was incomparably excited.

Ye Long wasted no more words and hung up the call.

"Bastard, although I don't know what makes you so special to the elders, so what?"

Slowly putting away his phone, Ye Long's expression darkened as he looked in the direction of Qingshui No.1 Private Club and sneered, "As long as you violate the family rules or the law, I can openly deal with you!"

"Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts? Heh, even if you wear the Black Iron Fist set, I can still beat you like a dog!"

After sneering, Ye Long sprang up, disappearing into the night like a ghost.

Chapter 354 Digging One's Own Grave

Qingshui No.1, Dynasty Private Room.

After ending the call with Ye Long, Ye Cang didn't linger and immediately got up to walk towards the bedroom.

In the bedroom, Pan Ying was sitting at the head of the bed. Seeing Ye Cang enter, she didn't show the panic she had before, just slightly furrowed her brows.

"Pan Ying, do you really think that with that bastard defending you, I wouldn't dare touch you?" Ye Cang said menacingly as he entered, his attitude drastically different from before.

Whoosh!

The change in Ye Cang caught Pan Ying off guard, making her face suddenly change colors as she reflexively stood up, slightly panicked, "You... you..."

"Humph, Pan Ying, let me tell you the truth, that guy is a bastard born between my father and a village woman, not a legitimate descendant of the Ye Family, just a bastard!"

Ye Cang coldly cut off Pan Ying's words, continuing while walking towards her, "A bastard, do you understand?"

Without responding, Pan Ying retreated in terror.

One step, two steps, three steps. After three steps, Pan Ying was backed up against the wall with no place to go.

Ye Cang sneered and took two steps forward. Amid Pan Ying's terrified struggles, he roughly cupped her chin with his hand, coldly saying, "He's just a bastard. In terms of identity and status, he can't hold a candle to me. The reason I stopped just now was not because I am afraid of him, but because I dread him telling my grandfather about this!"

"Then... then you..." Pan Ying's eyes widened.

"You wonder why I still dare to lay hands on you, right?"

Ye Cang laughed, a sinister laugh, "Because, even if I let you go now, he will still tell my grandfather. Considering my previous actions, I am definitely in for family punishment. Since I am doomed to be punished, why shouldn't I do something? What do you think??"

"Bang bang..."

Pan Ying opened her mouth to say something, but was too terrified to speak, her teeth continuously chattering instead, feeling like a fish on a chopping board, completely at Ye Cang's mercy.

"Of course, if you cooperate with me and prevent me from getting a family punishment, I won't touch you. In the future, I will never lay a finger on you again. In fact, no one in Wangfu Middle School or even

in Yanjing will dare to touch you!" Seeing Pan Ying trembling in fear, Ye Cang suddenly switched tactics, following Ye Long's idea.

"I... How do I cooperate with you?" Pan Ying asked instinctively.

"In a moment, when that bastard arrives, you admit in front of him that you are my girlfriend," Ye Cang said in a deep voice.

"Uh..."

Possibly not expecting Ye Cang to say such a thing, Pan Ying was shocked into a stunned silence.

Seeing this, Ye Cang added fuel to the fire: "If you do as I said, everything I just mentioned stands. Otherwise, not only will I rape you now, but after I get punished, I will make you, your brother, and even your aunt disappear from this world!"

"You..."

Pan Ying's legs went weak, nearly collapsing to the floor.

"You know my identity, and you should be very clear that with my status, making all this happen without anyone noticing isn't difficult at all. In fact, many would clamor to do these things for me."

As he spoke, Ye Cang slowly withdrew the hand that was gripping Pan Ying's chin, his face breaking into the arrogant smirk unique to a Ye Family's Young Master.

This smirk, appearing in Pan Ying's eyes, was like a demon's smile, causing her to hold her breath in terror!

"I will give you five minutes to think it over. If you haven't decided in five minutes, I will let you taste what it's like to be a woman!"

Watching Pan Ying's terrified expression, Ye Cang refrained from pressing her further, instead deciding to give her five minutes to think it over.

As his last word fell, Ye Cang took out a cigarette, lit one, leaned against the wall, took a gentle puff, and stared at Pan Ying with a sidelong glance, waiting for her response.

"Huff~ Huff~"

It took a full two minutes for Pan Ying to recover from her shock; she looked at Ye Cang, breathing heavily and with terror in her eyes, and asked tremblingly, "If I agree to you, will you really do everything you said?"

"Of course."

Ye Cang, secretly pleased, responded without showing any emotion.

Pan Ying, filled with nervousness, asked, "What if you go back on your word later?"

"If I go back on my word, that bastard will tell my grandfather. Do you think I would go back on it?" Ye Cang retorted.

"Okay... I agree to it."

Hearing Ye Cang's words, Pan Ying, after a brief moment of thought, agreed.

"Hey, Ye Fan, you outsider bastard! If later when you walk in, you hear her personally admitting she's my girlfriend, your face will definitely be a sight to see, right?" Seeing Pan Ying reluctantly nod in agreement after being both cajoled and intimidated, Ye Cang sneered inwardly.

At the door of the private room.

Led by Liang Shang, six wastrels watched the doorway diligently, as ordered by Ye Cang.

"Do you think Young Master Ye has finished his business?"

"Young Master Ye is quite strong in that area, probably not yet?"

"I also think he hasn't finished yet, considering Pan Ying is a virgin, Young Master Ye will take his time enjoying it."

"I wonder, after Young Master Ye is done, if he will let us brothers have a go too?"

"If all of us brothers take our turns, can that woman, Pan Ying, even withstand it?"

"What does it matter to us if she can't withstand it? As long as we get what we want!"

"Though that's what we say, we can't afford to kill her; it'll bring trouble no matter what."

The six exchanged comments one after another, with Liang Shang, serving as Ye Cang's top lackey and familiar with Ye Cang's behavior as a domineering Ye Family's Young Master who still feared the family's discipline, wrinkling his brows and knowing that if it leads to a fatality, even if Ye Cang wouldn't face legal consequences, he couldn't escape the Ye Family's own discipline.

Whoosh!

As the other five wastrels heard Liang Shang's remarks and were about to say something, they suddenly saw someone approaching them.

Their gaze fell on a man in a black suit walking toward them. The man's expression was cold, his steps firm and strong, his gaze sharp as a knife, causing them to unconsciously avert their eyes.

Then, as they tried to look at the man again, he had already entered a nearby room.

"Who is that guy, he looks so cool!"

"I don't know, I've never seen him before. His gaze is kind of scary."

"Getting stared at by him, I felt a chill run down my scalp."

"I didn't even get a clear look at his face."

...

In the neighboring private room, Ye Long heard the discussions of Liang Shang and others. His face showed no emotion, and he told his friends including the Princess to order more drinks once everyone had arrived. He gestured for the Princess to leave.

Watching the Princess exit the private room, Ye Long stood up. His body swayed slightly, and in an instant, he reached the window, pulled open the curtain, and his gaze swept towards the entrance of the club like a blade.

After what seemed like a long time under Ye Long's watchful eye, a grand Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition pulled up to the entrance of the club.

Hmm?

Quickly, Ye Long, a Peak stage of Innate strong man, clearly sensed the presence of a cultivator from the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition, a presence identical to Ye Fan's.

"Bastard, you finally showed up!"

Ye Long smiled sinisterly, then withdrew his gaze and returned to the sofa.

Meanwhile.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition driven by Ye Fan was stopped by the security at the club entrance, where one of the guards stepped forward and said, "Sir, please present your membership card."

"Membership card?" Ye Fan furrowed his brows.

"Sir, this is a private club, and according to our policy, all guests must present a membership card to enter. Of course, if you are a friend of a diamond-grade member of our club, your friend just needs to give our manager a heads-up, and you can enter," seeing Ye Fan frown, the guard quickly added, his tone very polite.

Typically, security guards, like women in nightclubs, have keen eyesight. They can judge a guest's identity, status, and financial strength from details such as their dress and demeanor.

In the eyes of the guard, the limited Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition driven by Ye Fan was an indicator of undeniable identity and status, so he certainly did not dare to neglect him.

"I am a friend of Ye Cang; he invited me here," Ye Fan stated unemotionally.

"Oh, you're a friend of Young Master Ye! Please come in, come in!"

Upon hearing this, the guard not only let him pass immediately but his expression also became even more respectful—Ye Cang was not only a diamond-grade member of Qingshui No.1 but also one of the most prestigious members!

The electronic door opened, Ye Fan pressed the accelerator, and the noble Rolls-Royce Phantom soared like a cheetah straight towards the main building of the club.

"Zzz~"

Seconds later, the sound of tires rubbing against the ground rang out, as the Rolls-Royce Phantom left a clear trail on the ground, coming to a steady stop in the parking lot in front of the club's main building.

Hmm?

The moment the car stopped, Ye Fan was just about to get out, but he suddenly sensed the presence of a cultivator!

Although... the presence was very faint, it was still detected by Ye Fan, and it was very familiar!

It was Ye Long!

This discovery caused Ye Fan to slightly narrow his eyes, pondering the trickery behind it.

"Hey, isn't that Ye Fan?"

"Looks like it, but I hadn't heard that he was coming to Yanjing?"

"That Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition belongs to Demon Queen Chu Ji, it must be him."

...

While Ye Fan was silently contemplating why Ye Long was also at the club, several distinguished-looking young men, stepping out of Bentleys and Maseratis, looked at Ye Fan with puzzled expressions.

They were members of the Hong Ding Club's Yanjing Branch, not only did they regard Bai Luo, who Ye Fan had sent to jail, nearly as a deity, but they had also seen Ye Fan's profile and photos.

Shush!

The sudden surge of discussion brought Ye Fan back from his thoughts. He turned his head to glance at the members of the Hong Ding Club. Seeing that he did not recognize them, he withdrew his gaze and quickly walked towards the main entrance of the club.

"Welcome."

Seconds later, greeted by a row of cheongsam-clad beauties smiling cheerily, Ye Fan quickly entered the Qingshui No.1 Private Club, a gathering place for the skilled and wealthy of Yanjing.

"Sir, the guard told me you are a friend of Young Master Ye. He is in the Dynasty Private Room on the eighth floor. I will have someone accompany you up," a charming and mature woman approached, smiling coquettishly.

"No need, I'll go up by myself."

Ye Fan said expressionlessly, rejecting the woman's suggestion and quickly walking towards the elevator.

The woman, taken aback by his response, hesitated for a moment, then let Ye Fan take the elevator up alone.

"Ding——"

Seconds later, accompanied by a soft sound, the elevator doors slowly closed.

"Ye Cang, Ye Long, I don't care what you are scheming, but if you touched Jue Ming's sister, not even the Heavenly King can save you!!"

As the elevator ascended, Ye Fan's eyes narrowed into a slit, a terrifying murderous intent erupting like a volcano!

Chapter 355 Conspiracy Emerges

When the elevator stopped at the fifth floor, Ye Fan reigned in his killing intent and stepped out of the elevator.

"Welcome."

At the elevator door, two girls dressed in maid outfits bowed and greeted him immediately; their chests, a stark white, cleavage clearly visible.

"Take me to the Dynasty Private Room."

Ye Fan looked emotionlessly at the two maid-dressed girls, his eyes devoid of any lascivious thoughts.

"Honored sir, please follow me!"

The two maid-dressed girls brightened up at the mention of the "Dynasty Private Room." One of the girls quickly made a "please" gesture for Ye Fan and then smiled sweetly, leading the way with her pert behind swaying enticingly with each step.

She was secretly trying to seduce Ye Fan with these actions.

Because she knew that the Dynasty Private Room was the most top-tier private room of Qingshui No.1 Club, and its patrons must be diamond-level members.

According to the information she had gathered, only the top playboys of Beijing could become diamond-level members of Qingshui No.1 Club.

She believed that if she could arouse Ye Fan's interest, even if she couldn't become his woman, just by spending one night with him, she could reap countless benefits.

As for her integrity...

The day she chose to work here, she had thrown it all away!

However—

To her disappointment, despite her best efforts to act provocatively, Ye Fan remained unmoved, not even giving her a proper glance.

Realizing this, she stopped overestimating herself and obediently led the way.

Moments later, the maid-dressed girl led Ye Fan across a splendidly decorated corridor, turned, and stepped onto a golden carpet.

Whoosh!

At the entrance of the Dynasty Private Room in the corridor ahead, Liang Shang and six other playboys were still waiting. Seeing the girl leading Ye Fan, their gaze immediately swept over.

Who is that?

When they saw Ye Fan's unfamiliar face, Liang Shang and his group couldn't help but inwardly question themselves.

As high-level members of the club—who were second only to diamond-level members—they were extremely familiar with Qingshui No.1 Club and had even met many diamond and high-level members before.

Previously, they found Ye Long unfamiliar, and now seeing another unfamiliar face like Ye Fan, their surprise was unimaginable.

As Liang Shang and the six looked at Ye Fan with puzzled expressions, Ye Fan also cast his gaze at the six, while carefully sensing Ye Long's presence.

As the maid-dressed girl approached the entrance of the Imperial Palace private room, Ye Fan slightly paused his steps, glancing at the sign of the Imperial Palace private room, a slight start in his heart: Ye Long and Ye Cang aren't in the same room?

"Greetings, honored gentlemen. This gentleman is a friend of Young Master Ye."

Just as Ye Fan felt something was amiss, the girl stopped three meters away from Liang Shang and the six playboys, placed her hands on her abdomen, and bowed slightly.

"Uh..."

Originally, Liang Shang and the others were curious about Ye Fan's identity, feeling he was likely about to enter the Imperial Palace private room to find the man who had just left with a cold expression.

However, to their surprise, instead of heading to the Imperial Palace private room, Ye Fan followed the girl right up to them.

At this moment, hearing the girl's words, Liang Shang and the other six playboys looked at Ye Fan with puzzled expressions, as if asking: If he's a friend of Young Master Ye, why haven't we seen him before?

"Is Ye Cang inside?" Ye Fan didn't stop, brushing past the girl and asked the group expressionlessly.

"Yes."

One playboy reflexively replied, then realizing something off, he asked with a cold face, "Who are you?"

Without answering, Ye Fan walked straight toward the group.

"Young Master Ye has ordered that without his command, no one is allowed to enter..." Seeing this, Liang Shang's expression changed, and he stepped forward to intercept.

"You have three seconds to leave!"

Ye Fan coldly cut off Liang Shang's words, leaving no room for doubt.

"Uh..."

Originally, Liang Shang and the other playboys were confused because they hadn't seen Ye Fan before, and now they were stunned by his audacious words, quickly realizing Ye Fan was probably looking for trouble!

"You son of a—"

Liang Shang started cursing, not understanding why Ye Fan would dare to trouble Crown Prince Ye Cang, but he didn't believe that anyone in the younger generation of the Forbidden City could outshine Ye Cang.

Whoosh!

Before Liang Shang could finish his sentence, a swooshing sound erupted, and Ye Fan's right hand suddenly swung out, reaching for Liang Shang.

Liang Shang only saw a blur before suddenly finding the collar of his shirt grasped by Ye Fan.

"You..."

Liang Shang was both shocked and angry, about to speak again.

"Swoosh—"

Ye Fan, as if he were casually lifting a small chicken, instantly picked up Liang Shang, and then... with a forceful swing, tossed him out like throwing trash!

"Ah~"

Liang Shang was thrown into the air, quickly flying out, suddenly screaming in fright.

"Uh..."

Meanwhile, the other five prodigal sons and the girl who brought Ye Fan to the private room were all looking at him as if they had seen a ghost.

It seemed, they couldn't believe Ye Fan dared to hit someone at Qingshui No.1 Club, and moreover... he had hit Ye Cang's top lackey!

"Bang—"

The next moment.

A muffled sound provided the answer, also awakening them from their shock.

As if pulled by a force, they directed their gaze towards the source of the sound and shockingly saw Liang Shang, who usually acted unrivaled, curling up like a dead dog, trembling uncontrollably.

"Will you scam on your own, or do you want me to make you?" Ye Fan looked at the remaining five prodigals emotionlessly.

Whoosh—

As Ye Fan's words fell, the remaining five prodigals, like soldiers receiving a general's order, quickly stepped aside.

Then, under the horrified stares of everyone, Ye Fan stepped forward and pushed open the door of the private room.

Stepping into the private room, Ye Fan immediately saw Ye Cang casually sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, puffing away at an exclusive brand cigarette as he blew smoke clouds.

This sighting confirmed Ye Fan's earlier speculation when he passed by the Imperial Palace private room's door: this might be a trap!

"Where's my friend's sister?"

While inwardly affirming that tonight's events were a trap, Ye Fan asked calmly.

"Ye Fan, as a martial artist, you shouldn't have initiated a fight against ordinary people on your own. This violates both the family rules and the rules of the Yanhuang Organization, doesn't it?" Ye Cang slowly stubbed out his cigarette, sneering at Ye Fan.

"Big... big brother!"

Before Ye Fan could speak, the bedroom door was pulled open, and Pan Ying, whose school uniform was drenched with red wine, appeared in Ye Fan's sight.

"Ye Cang, I've told you before, if you dare touch a single finger on her, I'll make you pay a terrible price!"

Seeing the wine stains on Pan Ying's uniform and the residual tears on her face, Ye Fan slightly narrowed his eyes and glared at Ye Cang, anger suddenly flashing across his face.

"Ye Fan, it's my girlfriend I'm dealing with. What does it have to do with you??" Ye Cang sneered confidently.

Girlfriend?!

Ye Fan's pupils dilated in shock upon hearing these three words!

Having received a call from Jue Ming and hearing Pan Ying's cries for help during the call with Ye Cang, Ye Fan never suspected that Pan Ying might have been abducted by Ye Cang!

Now, hearing Ye Cang claim Pan Ying as his girlfriend... the shock Ye Fan felt was unimaginable.

"You might want to think about how you're going to explain the beating to Grandpa and Great Grandfather!" Seeing Ye Fan stunned in place, Ye Cang laughed gleefully, secretly admiring Ye Long's cunning.

"Little Ying, I'm your brother Jue Ming's friend, the one who just spoke to you on the phone. Weren't you kidnapped by him? How did you become his girlfriend?"

Ignoring Ye Cang's taunts, Ye Fan shifted his gaze back to Pan Ying. Although Pan Ying did not refute Ye Cang's words, reason told him that there must be a catch—if Pan Ying was really Ye Cang's girlfriend, colluding with Ye Cang to set him up, why would there be residual tears on her face?

"What? Ye Fan, you think I'm lying to you?"

Although Pan Ying had previously agreed to Ye Cang's terms, Ye Cang was still somewhat worried that the mirage might dissolve. Seeing Ye Fan questioning Pan Ying, he quickly glared at her, trying in this way to pressure Pan Ying, reminding her not to forget their earlier agreement. "Little Ying, tell him, aren't you my girlfriend?"

"Big... big brother, I'm not his girlfriend. He forced me to pretend to be his girlfriend!"

For Pan Ying, the agreement with Ye Cang had emerged partly from being frightened and confused, and partly from not considering the trouble that it might cause for Ye Fan.

When she heard Ye Cang say Ye Fan came to rescue her and got into trouble, she immediately realized this was a trap!

"Pan Ying, I warn you, don't talk nonsense!" Seeing Pan Ying not cooperating, Ye Cang panicked and blatantly threatened.

"Little Ying, don't be afraid. Tell brother, what's really going on?"

Even Pan Ying had realized this was a trap, and naturally, Ye Fan had too. Moreover, through Ye Cang's behavior he was certain that there was a big catch.

"Big brother, his men brought me here, trying to assault me. Accidentally, I got hold of his phone and received your call. After he took the phone back, he didn't dare do anything to me," said Pan Ying. "Later, he made a call and suddenly came to me again. He told me he wasn't afraid of you, but that he feared his grandfather finding out about this and being disciplined by the family code. He threatened me, saying if I didn't acknowledge being his girlfriend in front of you, he would assault me and, after he endured the family discipline, have someone kill me and my brother..."

"If I'm not mistaken, you called Ye Long, and he instructed you, right?"

Hearing Pan Ying's explanation, Ye Fan practically understood the entire plot, his gaze locked onto Ye Cang like a sharp blade, he said icily, "And all you have to do is make Little Ying admit she is your girlfriend in front of me, so I'll have no reason to discipline you, nor will I tell Ye Zhen, right?"

"Uh..."

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to figure all this out in such a short time, Ye Cang looked dumbfounded, at a loss for words.

"Don't worry, I won't go to Ye Zhen."

Ye Fan spoke coldly, his killing intent emerging once again.

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

Feeling the cold murderous intent from Ye Fan, Ye Cang trembled, his words came out jumbled, "Ye... Brother Ye Long is coming soon, if you dare to do anything to me, he won't let you off!"

Chapter 356 Breaking Arms and Legs!

"I said, the moment you laid a hand on her, even if Ye Yuanshan himself showed up, you would pay the price!" Ye Fan spoke in a deep voice, his face devoid of emotion as he walked towards Ye Cang.

Ye Cang, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, stood up with a "whoosh," retreating in fear, "Ye... Ye Fan, I warn you not to mess around!"

"Mess around?"

Ye Fan sneered coldly, his feet shifting in a blur, instantly arriving in front of Ye Cang. His right hand swung out instinctively, grabbing ahold of Ye Cang's collar and lifting him up into the air, "You rely on your status as a Ye Family's Young Master to bully men and women, yet now you tell me not to mess around?"

"I... What I do is my business! My parents don't even bother with me, what right do you have to?"

For some reason, upon hearing Ye Fan's words, Ye Cang felt as if he had been provoked, and the fear in his heart vanished without a trace as anger from deep within burst forth. He glared at Ye Fan, growling, "Who do you think you are?? Even if you've gained the favor of the Elders, in the end you're still just the Ye Family's bastard! You're nothing but the spawn of my father and some whore!!"

Whore?

Bastard??

Under the light.

Ye Fan's eyebrows brimmed with anger, and his right hand jerked fiercely!

"Smack——"

A loud slap echoed.

The previously shouting Ye Cang was flipped over onto the couch by a slap from Ye Fan.

This slap, although Ye Fan did not use Power and even intentionally controlled his strength, still had enough force to make Ye Cang's cheek swell and his mouth split, spilling out blood.

"You're too conceited. I have no interest in dealing with how you bully men and women with the power of the Ye Family, or if you commit murder and arson."

Ye Fan squinted at the bleeding corner of Ye Cang's mouth, his words measured, "The only reason I'm intervening is because you touched my friend's sister."

"You..."

Ye Cang spat out a mouthful of bloody saliva, filled with both anger and fear, not expecting Ye Fan to actually strike the moment he said he would, with absolute decisiveness.

"I promised him that as long as you don't provoke me, I wouldn't look for trouble with you. Even if I knew you cursed me behind my back, I would, for his sake, overlook it and not stoop to the level of scum like you. But you insulted my mother, and that slap just now was your punishment!"

Ye Fan interrupted Ye Cang's words with an expressionless face, then continued slowly, "Now, let's settle the debt for you laying a hand on my friend's sister."

"You... what... what are you going to do??"

Ye Cang shrank in fright, rolling instinctively to the side, trying to distance himself from Ye Fan.

"Which hand touched her?"

With a flicker of consciousness, Ye Fan motivated his Mind Power, and a Xuanye Flying Blade hidden up his sleeve appeared in his hand as if by magic.

"__"

This eerie spectacle froze Ye Cang in terror, his body rigid, his mind a blank slate, utterly forgetting to answer.

"Since you won't say it, then I'll choose myself." Ye Fan said, slowly grabbing Ye Cang's right hand.

"Ah... no... don't!"

Ye Cang shuddered like he'd been electrocuted, his hand jerking back instinctively, only to find it was useless.

This realization whitened his face with terror as he looked at Ye Fan, pleading, "Ye... Ye Fan, I was wrong... I... I'll apologize to her!"

Frightened.

Ye Cang was scared.

With the Ye Family as his powerful backing, he had been tyrannical and unchallenged within Wangfu Middle School and throughout Yanjing City for the past year or two.

But at this moment, not only had Ye Fan slapped him, but he also seemed intent on chopping off his hand, sending him plunging from heaven into hell, filling his heart with dread!

At this moment.

He completely forgot how imperious he had been when dealing with Pan Ying, and just how venomous his words to Ye Fan were!

"If an apology was enough, why would we need the law?"

Without a trace of emotion, Ye Fan spoke, his right hand holding the Xuanye Flying Blade, suddenly swiping through the air!

"Swoosh!"

A swift motion, and the sharp Xuanye Flying Blade, like cutting vegetables, effortlessly severed Ye Cang's right pinky finger.

"Pchit——"

The finger dropped off, blood spurting out, splashing all over Ye Cang's face.

Witnessing his own finger being chopped off, Ye Cang's mental defenses utterly collapsed. His body swayed, and he fainted to the ground, only to be woken up by the intense pain.

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

Upon waking, Ye Cang regarded Ye Fan with a look akin to seeing an evil ghost, his entire being petrified with terror, and a yellow liquid uncontrollably flowed from between his legs.

Facing this scene, there was no hint of mercy on Ye Fan's face.

Because he knew all too well that if Pan Ying hadn't been the sister of Pan Jue Ming, if she hadn't encountered him, she would have undoubtedly suffered terribly at Ye Cang's hands today!

Moreover, if it weren't for having the capital to come to an agreement with the Elders of the Ye Family, if he didn't possess strong Kung Fu skills, as a bastard son, when facing Ye Cang, he would have been subject to much more than just verbal insults given Ye Cang's character!

"Smack! Smack! Smack!"

Just then, messy footsteps came from beyond the door.

Whoosh—

Soon, the footsteps ceased and the private room door was pushed open by a bald man, followed by four black-clothed men.

In addition, including the recently tossed aside Liang Shang, the other six young masters entered the private room.

"Uh..."

Seeing the bloody scene inside the room, everyone who entered was stunned.

Especially the lead bald man!

A few minutes ago, he received a report that someone injured Ye Cang's friend and was about to lay hands on Ye Cang himself.

His initial thought was: Impossible!

On one hand, as the head of security at Qingshui No.1, he knew all too well the strong backing behind Qingshui No.1—normally, even those young masters from Yanjing City wouldn't dare cause trouble here.

What's more, he felt that even if someone was bold enough to cause trouble at Qingshui No.1, they surely wouldn't dare lay a finger on Ye Cang!

Though he thought it was impossible, reason told him that those princess wouldn't dare to falsely report on such matters, hence he swiftly led his men to the eighth floor.

At this moment, seeing Ye Cang's face and body stained with blood, and a bloody finger lying on the sofa, the shock of the bald man was simply indescribable with words!

"Let... let Young Master Ye go!"

After the shock had passed, the bald man roared in fury.

"This matter has nothing to do with Qingshui No.1; you'd better not meddle in other people's business."

Ye Fan didn't even turn his head in response to the bald man's threat, his tone seemingly nonchalant, yet undeniably firm.

"Do you... do you know who Young Master Ye is? I'm telling you, there's still time for you to stop now, otherwise I guarantee you won't be able to leave Qingshui No.1!"

Startled by Ye Fan's words, the bald man was both shocked and angered, although he did not know exactly who Ye Fan was, he believed that Ye Fan was certainly not a scion of the powerful — in the Forbidden City, no scion of the powerful had ever dared to trample the Ye Family's Young Master so brazenly!

Furthermore, judging by the flying knife in Ye Fan's hand, the bald man who had undergone special training subjectively believed Ye Fan was a martial artist, and very likely a disciple of Tang Sect — only Tang Sect favored using flying knives as hidden weapons.

"Take your men and leave while I haven't changed my mind," Ye Fan slowly turned his head, glanced at the bald man, then rested his gaze on Liang Shang and the other six dandies, "The six of them stay."

"Don't think you can do whatever you want just because you are a martial artist; Qingshui No.1 and Beijing are not places where you can wreak havoc at will!"

Once again hearing Ye Fan's arrogant words, the shock on the bald man's face slowly faded, and with a glowering look, he pulled out his treasured Type 54 pistol from his waist and pointed the muzzle at Ye Fan.

Clearly... he knew very well that if Ye Cang were to die in Qingshui No.1 today, it wouldn't just be him facing the consequences, but probably even the behind-the-scenes boss of Qingshui No.1 as well!

Even if Ye Cang didn't die, just by looking at the current miserable state, he knew he'd be in deep trouble!

In such a situation, he had to save Ye Cang and make up for his mistakes.

Under the lighting, he glared at Ye Fan like a starving wolf that wouldn't spit out bones after devouring a man.

That icy stare seemed to warn Ye Fan that if he did not stop, his head would be blown off!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

As the bald man drew his gun, the other four men dressed in black also reached for their pistols at the first opportunity.

"Ah—"

Seeing this scene, Pan Ying, previously frozen in fear by Ye Fan's bloody methods, regained her senses and screamed in horror.

Ye Fan, upon seeing this, quickly walked to Pan Ying, steadied her with one hand, then squinted at the bald man, "Are you sure you want to meddle in this affair?"

"I'll say it again, let Young Master Ye go! I give you three seconds, otherwise, I'll blow your head off!"

"1!"

"Swoosh—"

Just as the bald man had shouted '1', the sound of something tearing through the air suddenly rang out, and another Xuanye Flying Blade flew from Ye Fan's sleeve, turning into a streak of white light, and shooting rapidly towards the bald man.

"Pft~"

As the white light flashed by, the sharp mid-level magical artifact Xuanye Flying Blade, like cutting through tofu, instantly severed the bald man's right wrist that was holding the gun, causing blood to spurt wildly.

This scene came so suddenly and so quickly that the bald man hadn't even realized the pain.

But... the others couldn't help but turn their eyes to the fallen hand of the bald man.

Under the light.

The hand still held the jet-black pistol, now streaming with blood!

"Pft!"

"Pft!"

"Pft!"

"Pft!"

Immediately afterward.

Before the bloody hand even had the chance to hit the floor, the sound of blood spurting successively rang out, and four more blood-stained hands fell.

"Aow!!"

At that moment, intense pain struck, and starting with the bald man as the lead, the five security guards of Qingshui No.1 quickly clutched their bleeding wounds, wailing ceaselessly.

"Ah—"

Meanwhile, led by Liang Shang, the six dandies, terrified as if they had seen a ghost in broad daylight, screamed and ran towards the outside of the private room.

Only—

The blood-stained Xuanye Flying Blade was faster than them!

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

Bathed in the light, the flying blade whistled.

Liang Shang and the other six dandies hadn't managed to escape the private room when they felt pain in their ankles, then... immediately lost their balance and tumbled to the floor, cries of agony echoing everywhere.

Seeing this, including the bald man, the five security guards were so frightened that their hearts spasmed and their legs went weak.

"No!"

"Don't kill us!"

Thereupon, forgetting their pain, they unanimously knelt to the ground, begging for mercy like groveling dogs.

"Tsk tsk, it seems that bastard didn't waste the trap I meticulously set; he really went for the kill. Hmm, it's time to make my move. Hopefully, he directly killed that idiot Ye Cang, in which case, I can start without any worries!"

In the Imperial Palace private room next door, Ye Long sneered as he rose to his feet and strode quickly out of the private room.

Soon, Ye Long reached the entrance of the Dynasty Private Room and pushed the door open.

"Ye Long, you finally showed up."

Inside the private room, Ye Fan slowly put on the Black Iron Fist set, his gaze deadlocked on Ye Long, "Does backstabbing feel good??"

Chapter 357 Ferocious Strike!

Ye Fan sensed Brother Ye Long's presence as soon as he arrived at the bottom of Qingshui No.1 Private Club, and he felt that tonight's events would not be simple.

Afterwards, when he found out that Brother Ye Long and Xiao Cang were not in the same private room, he became even more certain of his judgment.

The truth revealed by Pan Ying confirmed Ye Fan's guess, and also made him understand the whole situation—Ye Long planned to use Xiao Cang as cannon fodder, forcing him to make a move and violate the rules of the Ye Family and the Yanhuang Organization, so he could take action against him!

Now, seeing Brother Ye Long appear, Ye Fan knew that Brother Ye Long felt the time was ripe, and that he was ready to make his move against him!

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to understand the situation so quickly, Brother Ye Long's pupils dilated slightly with a flash of surprise in his eyes, but his heart was filled with silent mockery.

In his view, the matter had come to this point, and it was a foregone conclusion that Ye Fan would take violent action against others. Even if he understood the trap, it would be of no help—there was no chance to make amends!

"Ye Fan, were they all injured by you?"

While secretly laughing in his heart, Brother Ye Long chose to feign ignorance, furrowing his brows and asking Ye Fan with a serious face.

"Brother... Brother Ye Long, he cut off one of my fingers!"

Following Brother Ye Long's questioning, Xiao Cang, who had been scared witless, suddenly awoke, howling with excitement as if he'd seen a savior when addressing Brother Ye Long.

"Ye Fan, as a martial artist, you should know the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization—according to them, martial artists must not attack ordinary people at will!" Brother Ye Long glared at Ye Fan, pretending to be angry.

"Brother Ye Long, at this point, you're still pretending to be dumb and playing this act. Is it interesting?"

Ye Fan sneered mockingly, "You went to great lengths just to lure me to attack Xiao Cang, right? You have been here for a while, but you hid next door without showing yourself, just to wait for me to make my move. Then you could claim moral and righteous grounds to go against me, right?"

"Uh..."

Hearing Ye Fan's words by his ear, Xiao Cang, who was originally angry and excited, was first stunned, and then as if doused with a bucket of cold water, became much more sober.

Although he swaggered around relying on the power of the Ye Family, as a young master of the Ye Family, he had been nurtured from a young age and was not lacking in wits.

In his eyes, if what Ye Fan said was true, then he had been played by Brother Ye Long!

With this thought emerging, Xiao Cang looked incredulously at Brother Ye Long, "Brother Ye Long, is what he says true?"

"Xiao Cang, don't listen to his nonsense! He's trying to drive a wedge between us to avoid punishment!"

Brother Ye Long looked seriously at Xiao Cang, denying Ye Fan's words. Then, like a judge passing sentence, he righteously said to Ye Fan, "Ye Fan, I don't know what you're talking about. All I know is, as

a martial artist, you hurt a dozen people, seriously violating the rules of the Yanhuang Organization! As a member of the Yanhuang Organization Law Enforcement Team, I must fulfill my duties..."

"You need to fulfill your duties, to take me to the Yanhuang Organization for punishment. If I dare resist arrest, then you'll take action against me, right?"

Ye Fan mocked with a sneer and then his tone shifted, turning the tables with a derisive question, "So tell me, knowing your scheme, why would I still take action to teach them a lesson?"

Why??

A thought struck Brother Ye Long: Ye Fan daring to do this meant he did not take him, or even the Yanhuang Organization's regulations, seriously!

This idea popping into his mind, Brother Ye Long was both shocked and angered, "Ye Fan, you are scorning the entire Yanhuang Organization!"

"It's not about scorning the Yanhuang Organization—I just want you, who are lurking behind the scenes, to pay a proper price!" Ye Fan sneered coldly, his fighting spirit erupting like a volcano, suddenly bursting forth!

"You want me to pay a price?"

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Brother Ye Long laughed as if he heard the coldest joke in the world, unable to contain his laughter, "Haha... Ye Fan, I've long heard that you are arrogant, but I didn't expect you to be even more arrogant than I imagined. Should I say you are too self-important, or should I say you're foolish?"

"Slap!"

This time.

Ye Fan didn't answer.

He stepped forward with an expressionless face!

"You think that with Black Iron Fist set, you can compete with me?"

Seeing this, Brother Ye Long's eyes sharpened, and a terrifying aura suddenly surged around him, "I will make you realize how foolish your thoughts are! With just one hand, I can crush you!"

"You talk too much!"

Ye Fan coldly interrupted Brother Ye Long, his feet moved swiftly, pouncing toward Brother Ye Long like a hungry tiger leaping towards its prey!

In that instant.

The Power Seeds in forty-five of Ye Fan's vital acupoints began to rotate wildly, with power surging out frenziedly, converging together like a torrent, rushing towards Ye Fan's right fist.

As the power emerged, a terrifying evil aura surrounded Ye Fan, making him seem like a demon from Hell, with a menacing and fearsome presence.

The evil aura emerged and the fist flew—Killing Move, Qi Rushes to the Sky!

Ye Fan made his move, unleashing the killing move 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' from Xuansha Fist!

The reason he did this was because he knew this attack was his best opportunity to defeat Brother Ye Long!

On the one hand, he believed that Brother Ye Long would underestimate his strength and could be careless and overconfident. On the other hand, by initiating the attack and catching Brother Ye Long off guard, there would be no chance for Brother Ye Long to unleash his full combat power!

With one punch, the evil aura around Ye Fan immediately gathered on the Black Iron Fist set on his right fist, which flashed a black light as the Formation within was instantly activated.

As a High-level Magical Artifact, the Black Iron Fist set contains two Formations that can double a martial artist's attack speed and power.

Once the Formations in the Black Iron Fist set were activated, the effect of accelerated attack became apparent. Ye Fan's fist swung forward abruptly faster, turning into a Phantom, silently thundering towards Brother Ye Long.

At the same time, a dreadful and sinister Evil Yin Qi suddenly emerged from in front of Ye Fan. Wherever his fist passed, the air seemed to evaporate silently, creating a vacuum in its wake!

"A rice grain, yet also shines like a pearl?"

Just as Ye Fan predicted, facing his mighty punch, Brother Ye Long, full of confidence, neither dodged nor avoided, merely reaching out to throw a casual palm strike.

"Boom—"

Fists met palms, as if two massive mountains violently collided with one another.

In an instant, a majestic and terrifying surge of power burst forth from Ye Fan's right fist like the energy wave produced by an exploding bomb!

Qi Rushes to the Sky, Second Level, eighteenfold power!

With the Black Iron Fist set's enhancement, that was thirty-sixfold power!!

"Crack crack crack crack crack..."

In the flash of sparks, sounds like firecrackers exploding echoed as the majestic and terrifying power instantly neutralized the power contained within Ye Long's palm!

Hmm?

Ye Long's smile instantly froze on his face!

Because... he found that not only was Ye Fan's punch not weaker than his, but it was, in fact, overwhelmingly stronger!

He clearly sensed a force like a landslide or tsunami, crushing everything in its path, and in the blink of an eye, shattered the power of his palm strike!

How... how is this possible?

Ye Long's complexion changed wildly, and he quickly urged his Dantian, trying to replenish his power and neutralize the remaining force from Ye Fan's punch.

Too late!

The next moment.

Before the power that Ye Long was trying to summon reached his palm, the remaining force from Ye Fan's punch blasted into Ye Long's hand!

"Crack—"

With the outburst of power, Ye Long's wrist and arm, unprotected by any power, couldn't withstand this terrifying force and broke in succession, blood spurting wildly.

"Whoosh—"

Ye Long's inner energy roiled, his body flew backward like a struck baseball, heavily hitting the private room's door behind him with a muffled sound.

After the thud, the door, unable to bear the force of the impact, collapsed, and Ye Long's body continued to fly backward until it hit the wall outside the door and finally stopped.

"Uh..."

Seeing this scene, everyone in the private room was stunned.

For Pan Ying, having been a good student all her life, she was a world apart from the Martial Arts World.

She was completely removed from martial artists, having never seen, or even heard of them!

She couldn't clearly see the lightning-fast exchange between Ye Fan and Ye Long and only watched as Ye Long exaggeratedly flew backward, crashing the door of the private room, making her feel as if she was hallucinating.

Not just her, Liang Shang and the other six scions, along with the security team led by the Bald man, although aware of the Martial Arts World and having witnessed the prowess of martial artists,

But... they had never seen martial artists of Ye Fan's and Ye Long's caliber clash, which made them feel as if they were in a dream!

Compared to them, Ye Cang was the most shocked of all!

Even though he hadn't practiced martial arts and only knew a little about the Martial Arts World, he knew that Ye Long was the second-ranked genius of the younger generation in the Yanhuang Organization!

And now, Ye Fan had knocked Ye Long flying with a single punch, breaking his arm... The shock to Ye Cang was simply indescribable!

Ye Cang and the others were in such shock, let alone Ye Long himself.

After falling to the ground, Ye Long's right hand wrist and arm were broken in multiple places, dangling powerlessly. His inner strength was chaotic, his organs subtly injured, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Unconcerned with his injuries, Ye Long looked at Ye Fan with a face full of disbelief, as if he had seen a ghost in broad daylight, his mind completely filled with one question: How... how could he be so strong?

As the second-ranked genius among the Yanhuang Organization's younger generation, he was well aware that the killing moves of Xuansha Fist could only be cultivated by martial artists at the Innate Realm.

In his view, Ye Fan was just an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist, at most having only mastered the first level of Xuansha Fist.

Therefore, Ye Fan could strike with nine times the attack power of an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist using the 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' move, and with the Black Iron Fist set's doubling effect, that was eighteenfold power!

Yet... a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist's power quality is a hundred times that of an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist— even with a regular strike, he could fully counter Ye Fan's attack, and even injure Ye Fan!

But now, not only was Ye Fan uninjured, but he had also wounded him, which gave Ye Long a disoriented feeling!

In a sense, Ye Long's judgment was not wrong.

But—

What he did not know was that Ye Fan's power quality could perfectly rival that of an Innate Great Success Martial Artist, and he had also mastered the Second Level of Qi Rushes to the Sky—without using the Black Iron Fist set, Ye Fan could strike with eighteen times the power of an Innate Great Success Martial Artist's normal punch using 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' move!

At this moment, using the Black Iron Fist set and striking with Qi Rushes to the Sky, he delivered the equivalent of thirty-six times the power of an Innate Great Success Martial Artist's normal punch, which was also 3.6 times the power of a Peak stage Innate Martial Artist's normal punch!

Although Ye Long had practiced Yanhuang Fist, which far exceeded the power quality of an average Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist, being only about twice that of an average Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist's power quality, how could a regular punch possibly withstand Ye Fan's killing move?

"Weren't you saying you could crush me with one hand? Is this all the strength you've got?"

Looking at the shocked expression on Ye Long's face, Ye Fan let out a cold laugh, sprang forward, and sped towards Ye Long.

He was going to make the most of kicking an opponent when he was down!

Chapter 358 Relentless Pursuit, Change of Situation

Whoosh!

Sensing the fluctuation of Ye Fan's aura, Ye Long's face changed, and with a carp flip, he forcefully retreated!

Although he knew that his injury from Ye Fan's punch was due to his carelessness and underestimation, at this moment his right arm was nearly disabled, his internal energy was chaotic, and his organs were damaged to varying degrees. Engaging Ye Fan head-on would not only prevent him from exerting his real strength but would also worsen his injuries!

Hmm?

Seeing Ye Long retreating without fighting, and Ye Fan moving rapidly, his pupils slightly contracted, and he still decided to abandon the idea of using telekinesis to manipulate the Xuanye Flying Blade for an attack.

On one hand, controlling the Xuanye Flying Blade through telekinesis had to be unexpected, it was his last resort, and absolutely could not be used lightly. More importantly, the distance between him and Ye Long was not short, and given Ye Long's sensing and dodging abilities, it was possible for him to dodge the flying knife assassination!

After a moment, Ye Fan flashed out of the private room, while Ye Long retreated thirty meters, ending up facing Ye Fan from afar.

"Bastard, your strike was even mightier than that of a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist. You must have broken through to the Innate Great Success Martial Artist!"

Under the light, Ye Long glared at Ye Fan with resentful eyes, wishing he could grind Ye Fan to dust, "You've hidden yourself too deeply!"

"If I had stepped into the Innate Great Success Realm, you would already be reporting to the King Yan at Yama Palace!"

Ye Fan looked at Ye Long mockingly, as if watching a clown perform.

"Tsk~"

Hearing Ye Fan's arrogant words and seeing his mocking gaze, Ye Long's mouth twitched angrily, "Bastard, no need to hide it—if you were just at the Early Innate Realm, how could you possess the attack power of a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist? Do you think I'm an idiot??"

"Whether you're an idiot or not doesn't matter. What matters is, you will pay the appropriate price for today's events!"

Ye Fan sneered, secretly setting up a small-scale 'Evil Yin Formation' with the Ghostly Gourd around Pan Ying in the private room, ensuring she wouldn't be hurt by Ye Cang and others, then took another step forward.

"Bastard, you're too arrogant! Truly too arrogant!"

Seeing Ye Fan relentlessly pursuing him, Ye Long was so angry that his lungs nearly exploded, "Just now, if not for my carelessness and misjudgment of your strength, you think you could injure me with just your strength?"

"There are no 'ifs' in this world!"

Ye Fan stepped forward to test whether Ye Long was truly going to run away, and seeing that Ye Long was merely furious and not intending to flee, he suddenly accelerated!

"Bastard, you forced this!"

Ye Long gritted his teeth and growled, while quickly taking out a pill.

A high-level elixir, Nirvana Pill!

With just one glance, Ye Fan saw that Ye Long had taken out the best healing pill in the world, the 'Nirvana Pill,' which could quickly restore his injuries once its medicinal power was activated.

Just as Ye Fan recognized the Nirvana Pill, Ye Long swallowed it with a pained expression.

The pain was due to him being one of the top young geniuses of the Yanhuang Organization, who was only allotted one Nirvana Pill, and that too as a reward after making a significant contribution to the organization.

Unlike other general members of the Yanhuang Organization who could only receive low-level Golden Healing Pills.

Having swallowed the Nirvana Pill, Ye Long did not linger, but stabilized his internal energy while using body power to catalyze the pill, attempting to activate its effects in the shortest time possible to heal his injuries.

Strike while the enemy is sick, take his life!

Seeing Ye Long swallow the Nirvana Pill, Ye Fan pushed his speed to the limit, his whole being like a cannonball, creating a gust as he rushed towards Ye Long.

"Damn...you!"

Ye Long cursed angrily, but knew this was not the time to confront Ye Fan head-on, turned his head and ran.

"Ye Long, didn't you say you could crush me with one hand? Why are you now fleeing like a stray dog?" Ye Fan pursued relentlessly, simultaneously taunting Ye Long.

"Bastard, once the Nirvana Pill takes effect, I'll tear you to pieces!" Ye Long was infuriated to the point of gnashing his teeth, but didn't dare to slow down.

Suddenly, in the lavishly decorated corridor, Ye Fan rapidly chased after Ye Long, both moving extremely fast, leaving behind streaks of afterimages, stunning the staff and guests of the club.

Soon, Ye Long reached the entrance on the eighth floor but didn't take the elevator downstairs. Instead, he jumped onto the window to the south of the entrance and delivered a kick!

"Clang—"

As he kicked, the glass shattered, Ye Long leaned out, his feet stepping on the wall next to the window, miraculously standing on the wall.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"

With dull sounds echoing, amidst the stunned expressions of the security guards and guests in the club's courtyard, Ye Long, like a dragonfly touching water, continuously stepped on the wall, rushing downwards.

It felt as though he was running on flat ground like a normal person, completely defying the law of gravity of Earth!

When Ye Long landed on the fourth floor of the main building of the club, Ye Fan also jumped onto the window, imitating the move, running downwards along the opposite wall.

"Thump—"

At that moment, when Ye Long landed on the second floor height of the main building, he forcefully stomped on the wall, using the rebound to shoot into the air, performing a flip in the air, and gracefully landed.

Hmm?

Upon landing, Ye Long found that his hurried escape had aggravated his injuries again, and as the Nirvana Pill's effects were yet to fully manifest, he had to resist the urge to go on the offensive and ran forward, hoping to widen the distance between himself and Ye Fan.

Moments later.

When Ye Long had run about twenty meters from the main building of the club, Ye Fan landed steadily in the courtyard.

This time, Ye Fan did not continue the pursuit.

Because he knew that back in the narrow corridors of the club, Ye Long's movements were greatly restricted.

Now that Ye Long had reached the spacious courtyard, akin to a bird flying in the sky or a fish entering water, he could perfectly execute his movements, leveraging his speed advantage for dodging.

Under such conditions, it was impossible for him to attack Ye Long!

"Bastard, it seems you know you are not as fast as me in movement!"

Seeing that Ye Fan had stopped chasing him, Ye Long quickly accelerated the speed of catalyzing the medicinal effect, all the while staring at Ye Fan with a sneer.

Ye Fan's eyebrows couldn't help but rise.

Reason told him that once Ye Long recovered from his injuries through the Nirvana Pill, and his combat power was fully restored, he would definitely use "Yanhuang Fist" and bring out all his strength!

In that case, the chance of defeating Ye Long overwhelmingly was almost nonexistent, and he might even be at a disadvantage!

"Bastard, no one has ever pushed me into such a sorry state!"

Ye Fan's silence made Ye Long subconsciously think that Ye Fan was considering escaping, and he yelled angrily, "I admit, if you choose to run now, I can't stop you. But... I guarantee, you can run this time but not forever—I will pursue you relentlessly until I kill you!"

"From the moment we started fighting, hasn't it been you fleeing like a stray dog all along?"

Ye Fan scoffed mockingly, though he was uncertain about the upcoming fight. However, he also knew that if he left now, he couldn't ensure Pan Ying's safety.

He had to wait until Pan Jue Ming arrived to safely take Pan Ying away before considering whether to engage in battle or leave.

"You..."

Hearing the words "stray dog" and thinking about how he had fled like a scared rabbit, Ye Long's face turned green with rage, yet he was unable to refute—although he was injured by Ye Fan due to his carelessness, the fact that he had been injured by Ye Fan and had fled everywhere was true!

"Hum~"

While Ye Long was at a loss for words, a Mercedes-Benz S600 rushed into the entrance of Qingshui No.1 Club like a black whirlwind, speeding toward the main building before abruptly slowing down.

"Zzz~"

Accompanied by a loud screeching of tires against the ground, the black Mercedes-Benz S600 stopped at the main entrance of the clubhouse, and Pan Jue Ming stepped out of the car with a face full of urgency and concern.

"Mr. Ye!"

After getting out of the car, Pan Jue Ming, as a Postnatal Martial Artist, immediately sensed the presence of both Ye Fan and Ye Long and quickly ran towards Ye Fan.

"Jue Ming, your sister is fine. She is currently in the Dynasty private room on the eighth floor, go bring her down,"

Ye Fan turned to look at Pan Jue Ming and instructed, "Besides, I have set up a Miniature Evil Yin Formation around her. Once you enter the formation, just use your Power to resist the entry of Evil Yin Qi into your body."

"Mr. Ye..."

Pan Jue Ming sighed in relief upon hearing his sister was unharmed, but then became worried about Ye Fan's safety as he sensed a strong murderous intent from both Ye Fan and Ye Long, knowing that a fierce fight was about to take place.

"You don't need to worry about here, just take good care of your sister,"

Ye Fan saw that Pan Jue Ming wanted to help, but before Pan Jue Ming could say it, Ye Fan interrupted him. On one hand, Pan Jue Ming lacked the strength to join in the fight between him and Ye Long, and more importantly, he wanted to settle the score with Ye Long personally!

"Alright!"

Having heard Ye Fan's words again, Pan Jueming seemed to realize that he couldn't participate in the battle between Ye Fan and Ye Long, so he quickly nodded in agreement and turned to run towards the main building of the club.

Hmm?

Just then.

Ye Fan clearly perceived a change in Ye Long's aura!

A terrifying war intent suddenly emerged from Ye Long and kept rising continuously!

The emergence of war intent transformed Ye Long into a war machine, radiating a cold, murderous aura that invoked awe.

This discovery made Ye Fan raise his eyebrows slightly, his expression turning somewhat solemn.

"Yanhuang Fist," created by "Yan," the strongest in Huaxia and ranked first in the Dragon Ranking, integrates the essence of war, boosting war intent in the shortest time, making the boxing forceful and deadly. It is acclaimed as the martial art best suited for slaying enemies on the battlefield.

War Realm.

That is the essence of "Yanhuang Fist"!

And the War Realm is expressed through war intent.

Generally speaking, the level of war intent exhibited by a martial artist who practices "Yanhuang Fist" is directly proportional to their understanding of the War Realm.

From the war intent Ye Long emitted, Ye Fan understood that as a young prodigy of the Yanhuang Organization, Ye Long was not undeservedly famous—his war intent far surpassed Lv Canghai, the former head of the Yanhuang Organization's East Sea Branch, whose Dantian had been destroyed by Ye Wenhao's palm!

Moreover, it was even more terrifying than Zhao Meng, who had recently stepped into the Peak of Innate Realm and was the new head of the Yanhuang Organization East Sea Branch!

This meant that although Ye Long had not been in the Innate Realm for long, his comprehension of "Yanhuang Fist" exceeded that of Zhao Meng!

"It seems he must have comprehended the ultimate killing move 'Yanhuang's Fury' of 'Yanhuang Fist'."

Ye Fan thought to himself, his expression growing even more solemn.

He had heard from Chu Xuanji that although "Yanhuang's Fury" only had six layers, each layer multiplying the power by six times, its prowess was comparable to 'Qi Rushes to the Sky.'

Because... "Yanhuang's Fury" not only contained power attacks but also spiritual attacks. The terrifying intent of war could destroy an opponent's will like ancient wood crumbling.

For martial artists with weak wills and frail consciousness, their spirit would be directly destroyed when attacked by "Yanhuang's Fury," resulting in death. For those with strong wills and powerful consciousness, at the very least, they would be affected, or at most, lose control of their power, thus being killed by the power attack wrapped in the attack!

For Ye Fan, because of his dual cultivation of magic and martial arts, he had a strong consciousness and will, and with the mysterious Crimson Gold Halo protecting him, he was unafraid of spiritual attacks.

What he truly worried about was that Ye Long's comprehension of "Yanhuang's Fury" allowed a single strike to possess more than six times the power of a Peak stage Innate Martial Artist!

If that were the case, then with his current strength, he simply couldn't contend head-on, and even if he wasn't killed by Ye Long's "Yanhuang's Fury," he would be severely injured!

"Since I started cultivating, apart from Leng Feng, no one among the younger generation has been able to make me fight with all my strength!"

As Ye Fan's expression became more solemn, Ye Long's aura peaked, his gaze sharp like a knife as he directly sentenced Ye Fan to death, "Bastard, you should feel proud that you made me use all my strength just to kill you!"

Chapter 359 A Desperate Battle!

As his words ceased, Ye Long did not immediately launch an attack but instead pulled out a pair of yellow gloves.

Under the light, Ye Fan could clearly see that the yellow boxing gloves were identical in shape to his Black Iron Fist set, just a different color.

Yanhuang Boxing Gloves!

The saying goes, "Once bitten by a snake, one is scared of a well rope for ten years." Having suffered greatly from underestimating Ye Fan earlier, Ye Long now aimed to ensure absolute certainty of success. Not only did he plan to use his full strength, but he also put on the Yanhuang Boxing Gloves, a mid-level Magic Artifact specifically forged for him by the Yanhuang Organization.

Although the mid-level Magic Artifact, Yanhuang Boxing Gloves, could not compare to the high-level Magic Artifact Black Iron Fist set, they could still increase the user's attack speed and power by fifty percent, making them a highly sought-after item among masters of Fist Technique.

"It seems that Ye Long is determined to kill me,"

Seeing this, Ye Fan understood clearly -- with Ye Long's strength, if he were to wear the Yanhuang Boxing Gloves and use "Yanhuang's Fury," Ye Fan probably wouldn't be able to withstand even a single move.

Knowing this, reason told Ye Fan that the best course of action at the moment would be to dodge Ye Long's sharp edge and retreat for now, and after breakthroughing to the Great Success Realm of Innate, he could seek revenge!

Currently, he had already formed a Power Seed in the forty-fifth vital acupoint. As long as he saturated the Essence of Power in the forty-fifth Power Seed and formed another Power Seed in the forty-sixth vital acupoint, he could step into the Great Success Realm of Innate!

Once he broke through to the Great Success Realm of Innate, killing Ye Long would be as easy as slaughtering a chicken!

"I told you, if you had run away earlier, I wouldn't have been able to stop you, but now...you don't even have the chance to run away!"

Seemingly noticing Ye Fan's thought of leaving, Ye Long sneered. His right foot slammed down, and with a "snap," his whole body shot towards Ye Fan like an arrow released from a bow.

"Whoosh--"

As Ye Long moved, a breaking sound transmitted, the air seemed to tear open, creating a vacuum zone with a turbulent airflow behind, the scene was indeed frightening.

"Die!"

Under the night sky, Ye Long seemed to cover ground with extraordinary speed, closing the distance to within ten meters from Ye Fan in mere moments, like a fierce tiger about to pounce on its prey, he roared loudly.

The roar burst forth, and his aura surged!

In an instant.

Ye Long's battle intent completely boiled over!

For a moment, Ye Fan felt an illusion as if he was on a battlefield.

Hmm?

Astonished, Ye Fan immediately activated his Mind Power, dispelling the illusion.

Simultaneously.

With his battle intent fully boiling, Ye Long's muscles and bones resonated like clashing steel, buzzing loudly. His uninjured left arm swung, his left fist turning into a Phantom, and he hurled it with all his might at Ye Fan!

Danger!

Just as Ye Fan dispelled the illusion, he felt an overwhelming aura evolving from the War Realm enveloping him completely, pressurizing his consciousness and forcing him to submit!

He felt utterly enveloped by Ye Long's Fist Intent, as if isolated from the world. No matter how much he dodged, he could not escape Ye Long's terrifying punch!

The Fist Intent had arrived before the fist itself!

— Yanhuang's Fury!

To cleanse the shame, Ye Long's first move was the ultimate killing move of "Yanhuang Fist": "Yanhuang's Fury."

"Yanhuang Fist" was a supreme skill created by Yan, combining the war realm of martial arts.

When Yan created the ultimate killing move, "Yanhuang's Fury," he fully immersed himself in the ancient battlefield, imagining himself as a general surrounded by enemy troops, facing death with defiance and striking out with all his might!

Although Ye Long had only grasped the First Level of "Yanhuang's Fury," he had already perceived a trace of its profound truth.

At this moment, he seemed like an ancient warrior riding into battle on a horse, using his body as the horse, his arm as the spear, and his fist as the spearhead, thrusting out with full force!

In a moment of life and death,

Ye Fan's mind was steady as a rock, his Mind Power surged crazily, instantly resisting Ye Long's oppressive aura, breaking through Ye Long's Fist Intent, and immediately acting on the Yanhuang Boxing Gloves on Ye Long's hands, slowing down Ye Long's attack speed.

Simultaneously, Ye Fan shifted his right foot, twirling his body like a spiral, and dodged to the side.

"Whoosh!"

A whooshing sound erupted, and Ye Long's fist roared past in front of Ye Fan, the fierce Fist Intent stirring up an airflow that, like a blade, slashed across Ye Fan's face.

Despite being covered with Essence of Power, Ye Fan still felt his face sting painfully, and his eyes burned.

Having no time to mind the pain on his face, and having barely dodged Ye Long's killing move, Ye Fan held his breath and swiftly slid backwards, slippery as an oily loach!

As for Ye Long, because his punch was too ferocious, his body moved like a black Phantom, intersecting with Ye Fan's shadow, and he only stopped after advancing more than ten meters.

"Crack—"

The moment Ye Long stopped, the marble floor of the courtyard, unable to withstand the strain, suddenly exploded, scattering debris everywhere.

Twenty meters away, Ye Fan also came to a halt.

"Whew~"

Under the night sky, Ye Fan took a deep breath, a flash of shock crossing his features.

Having heard Chu Xuanji speak of the terrifying aspects of "Yanhuang Fist," and having studied it himself, he was prepared for the combat power Ye Long could unleash at full strength, but he had still underestimated the power of that punch!

He was certain, if he hadn't managed to resist Ye Long's Fist Intent with his strong will and consciousness, making a timely dodge, he would definitely have been killed by that punch!

Even in his view, the power of that punch from Ye Long had already surpassed the attack of a normal Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist, fully capable of killing an ordinary Innate Great Perfection Master!

Indeed, things turned out just as Ye Fan had anticipated.

The First Level of Yanhuang's Fury, the Essence of Power was equivalent to six times the full-force strike of a martial artist not using any martial arts skills!

And the quality of Ye Long's own Essence of Power was twice that of a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist!

This meant that when Ye Long used the killing move "Yanhuang's Fury," his Essence of Power was equivalent to twelve times the full-force strike of a normal Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist when not using any martial arts techniques!

Furthermore, the Yanhuang boxing gloves Ye Long was wearing could increase his speed and strength by fifty percent!

Thus, it was an 18-fold increase!!

Whereas a typical martial artist at the Innate Great Perfection stage had an attack power only about 10 times that of a peak stage of Innate martial artist!

Not only was Ye Fan shocked, but Ye Long himself was also astounded.

You see, that punch was the strongest combat power he could unleash at the moment!

In his view, among the young martial arts geniuses, aside from Leng Feng, the top genius of the younger generation in the Yanhuang Organization, and Bai Emperor from the Ye Family, no one else could withstand it.

Moreover, he believed that ninety-nine percent of geniuses, intimidated by the Fist Intent, wouldn't even have the chance to dodge!

And yet, Ye Fan had dodged that punch unscathed. How could he not be shocked?

"I want to see how many moves you can dodge!"

Despite being shocked, Ye Long did not show it on his face but instead sneered coldly, shooting rapidly towards Ye Fan again.

"Snap—"

No response.

Ye Fan pulled away explosively!

Through the power displayed by Ye Long's punch just now, Ye Fan gained a clear understanding of Ye Long's strength.

He knew well that even if Ye Long did not use "Yanhuang's Fury," just using other techniques from the "Yanhuang Fist" could deliver double the power of a common blow, coupled with the enhancement from the Yanhuang boxing gloves and Ye Long's exceptional strength quality, a direct clash would inevitably result in injury!

As if anticipating Ye Fan would avoid a head-on confrontation, this time, Ye Long did not rush to attack but merely used his terrifying speed advantage from his movement technique to continuously close the distance with Ye Fan.

Twenty meters, fifteen meters, ten meters!

Gradually, the distance between Ye Long and Ye Fan was reduced.

"You can't escape, you bastard!"

Seeing that the distance between them had reached a range where they could attack, Ye Long still chose not to strike but continued to close in on Ye Fan, seemingly wanting to deliver a fatal blow!

"If I were to attack him, I could only do it when our distance is shortened, using Mind Power to control the Xuanye Flying Blade, catching him off guard!"

"But... if I attack first, he would definitely sense it instantly, and there's a high likelihood he could dodge."

"If I want the Xuanye Flying Blade to hit him, it can only be when his mind is most relaxed, aiming for a fatal blow!"

"And to make him let down his guard, I must clash with him head-on, making him believe he has full control."

"If we clash head-on, using Yanhuang's Fury will undoubtedly kill me; if he uses other techniques from 'Yanhuang Fist,' a single strike would be equivalent to five or six times the power of an ordinary solo Peak Innate martial artist, whereas my 'Qi Rushes to the Sky' is 3.6 times. At most, I would be heavily injured, which could be healed by the Pure Yang Qi in my body!"

Ignoring Ye Long's taunting, Ye Fan, while retreating explosively, was also rapidly strategizing, contemplating the disparity in their strengths and countermeasures.

Thinking it over, Ye Fan steeled his heart, deciding to fight desperately!

Because, from his earlier sensing, although Yanhuang's Fury was powerful, it had a process of accumulating momentum and strength, was slower than other techniques, and extremely draining. Given Ye Long's current display of war intent, he likely wouldn't use Yanhuang's Fury this time.

Thus, even if he was to fight Ye Long head-on, he would only be injured, not killed!

And... he could take advantage when Ye Long let down his guard after the hard clash, to strike a lethal blow!

No sooner had he thought it than Ye Fan made his move, his mind activating the Power within forty-five vital acupoints in his body, calling it forth furiously, converging it towards his right fist.

Instantly, a sinister and terrifying evil aura began to permeate around Ye Fan.

When the evil yin appeared, Iron Fist swung!

Ye Fan did not hesitate, unleashing his ultimate killing move "Qi Rushes to the Sky" again!

"Still coming at me?"

Though he said that, Ye Long's face showed no trace of disdain; he really wanted to use "Yanhuang's Fury" to instantly kill Ye Fan, but since the world did not allow it, he had to swing a "Beng" fist in response!

Although it was just an ordinary Beng Fist, this punch still contained a trace of the War Realm, perfectly integrated with the "Zha" decision from the ancient Spear Technique, focusing power at one point with unmatched might.

"Boom—"

A muffled sound emitted as the fists of Ye Fan and Ye Long violently collided.

Crackle!

At the impact, the Power contained within their fists exploded like cannonballs, clashing together.

"Crack—"

Just like the previous direct confrontation, the sound of breaking bones resounded after the collision of forces.

However—

This time, it was Ye Fan whose arm was broken by the shock!

Beyond that, the remaining force from the Beng Fist hammered into Ye Fan's body, instantly injuring his internal organs and causing him to lose balance, spit out a mouthful of fresh blood, and fly backward.

Meanwhile, Ye Long stood firm like nails in the ground, unmoved, his face showing a victor's unique mocking smile.

"Whoosh—"

Just then.

The sound of breaking through the air suddenly rose!

A Xuanye Flying Blade whistled out of Ye Fan's sleeve, turning into a streak of white light, shooting towards the close Ye Long!!

Chapter 360 Struggling at Death's Door?

Just as Ye Fan had anticipated, the moment he was struck and sent flying, Ye Long completely let his guard down, even revealing a malicious smile of having vented his resentment.

At this moment, Ye Fan's telekinetic manipulation of the Xuanye Flying Blade to carry out an assassination took Ye Long completely by surprise, catching him off guard.

As the flying blade shot out, the smile on Ye Long's face froze, his heart entirely engulfed by the aura of death!

Ye Fan's attack was so abrupt and devious that Ye Long didn't have time to locate the sound, let alone use his Consciousness to sense the danger. He could only rely on his experience to identify it was a hidden weapon attack!

In the blink of an eye, Ye Long, leaning on his years of life-and-death combat experience, kept his feet firmly planted on the ground, his body rigid, suddenly leaning back at an angle toward the sky.

His feet as if cast in iron, his body straight like a plank, rising at an angle like a bridge!

——Iron Plate Bridge!

In this critical moment, Ye Long tried to dodge Ye Fan's hidden weapon attack using the 'Iron Plate Bridge'.

However—

Before Ye Long's body could fully bend, the streak of white light had already reached his face.

"Zi~"

"Puchi——"

Like the sound of cloth being torn, the sharp Xuanye Flying Blade sliced through Ye Long's flesh as easily as cutting tofu, shearing off half of his nose, and then, without losing any power, leaving a deep bone-exposing gash across his brow and forehead.

"Sss~"

Blood splattered, obstructing Ye Long's vision, yet he felt an intense, piercing pain. His face, which had been twisted in a mocking smile, was now covered in blood and filled with terror.

He was very clear that if it weren't for his extensive combat experience guiding his evasive maneuvers, and had he tried to sense with his Consciousness before acting, he would have already become a soul under Ye Fan's blade!

Hmm?

Ye Fan, like a kite with its string cut, flying through the air, saw Ye Long evade the lethal strike, feeling his heart sink. Immediately, he hastened to once again imbue his Mind Power into the Xuanye Flying Blade.

"Hoo!"

Under the control of Ye Fan's Mind Power, the swiftly flying Xuanye Flying Blade returned, suddenly stabbing towards Ye Long from behind.

"Damn it!"

Compared to the previous assassination attempt, although the speed and force of the Xuanye Flying Blade hadn't diminished, the threat to Ye Long was greatly reduced due to the distance and his heightened alertness. All he did was snort coldly, his body lifted, stepping nimbly aside to easily evade.

"Bang——"

Meanwhile, Ye Fan, having suffered internal injuries that caused a complete upheaval of his vital energy, lost control over his body and crashed heavily to the ground, losing control of the Xuanye Flying Blade in the process.

"Clang——"

Without Ye Fan's Mind Power guiding it, the Xuanye Flying Blade fell in a slant under the pull of Earth's gravity, landing on the marble floor with a crisp sound.

Seeing this, Ye Fan didn't rush to retrieve the out-of-control Xuanye Flying Blade; instead, he focused on stabilizing the vital energy in his body first. Then, he stimulated his Power and circulated it along the route of the Grand Circulation, allowing the Pure Yang Qi within the Power to heal his injuries.

Since he was only an Early Innate Martial Artist, Ye Fan's understanding of Martial Arts was inferior to Ye Long's, and so was his physical strength.

This directly led to his injuries being far more severe than those Ye Long had previously sustained. He had completely lost his fighting capability and even found it difficult to control his own body.

In such a situation, if he couldn't recover from his injuries quickly, he would be utterly killed by Ye Long!

On the other side, Ye Long stood up with his face a bloody, terrifying mess.

Seemingly perceiving that Ye Fan had completely lost his ability to fight, Ye Long didn't rush to attack or seek revenge. Instead, he quickly took out a low-level Golden Healing Pill and squeezed it lightly.

"Crack——"

With the squeeze, the Golden Healing Pill shattered into powder.

Ye Long closed his eyes, grabbed the powder, and sprinkled it onto his face.

"Sss~"

Soon, the powder penetrated the wound, and the piercing pain caused Ye Long to involuntarily inhale sharply. His body trembled violently, and his fists clenched with a crackling sound!

Since it was applied externally, the healing properties of the Golden Healing Pill acted quickly. The wounds on Ye Long's face began to heal, and the bleeding stopped.

"You damn bastard, you almost killed me! Just by that much!"

Feeling the wound closing up, Ye Long's rage completely erupted. He stared at Ye Fan with eyes blazing like a wounded beast and growled menacingly, "I'm going to break your body into a thousand pieces!"

As he spoke, a terrifying murderous intent surged from Ye Long.

Thirty meters away, Ye Fan, who was struggling to stabilize his vital energy and heal his wounds, felt Ye Long's killing intent and tensed up.

Immediately, he divided his Consciousness in two, one part continuing to direct his Power to circulate along the route of the Grand Circulation, while the other focused on the Ghostly Gourd in his sleeve.

Under the influence of Mind Power, the Ghostly Gourd swiftly flew out of the sleeve, floating in front of Ye Fan.

Whoosh!

Quickly, Mind Power entered the Ghostly Gourd, activating the Formation inside, and a beam of black light suddenly brightened.

Wooo wooo! Wooo wooo!

The black light flashed, and the Evil Yin Qi stored within the Ghostly Gourd burst forth, transforming into a stream of yin wind that swept towards Ye Long in the distance.

As the yin wind howled, Ye Long, burning with rage, felt as if he had been plunged into the Nine Nether Abyss, surrounded by the wails of countless evil ghosts rushing at him.

"Break for me!"

Facing the onslaught of Evil Yin Qi, Ye Long roared, and his flagging War Intent surged once more. An invisible force of Blood Qi burst from the top of his head, turning into a torrent that rushed towards the yin wind.

With that forceful rush, the yin wind scattered, turning into strands of Evil Yin Qi, many of which were directly incinerated by the Blood Qi that emerged from Ye Long, leaving no trace behind.

"Outcast, stop struggling, I will let you die in despair!"

Ye Long smirked coldly after shattering Ye Fan's Evil Yin Qi attack and strode toward Ye Fan with steady and forceful steps. With each step he took, the marble floor beneath him would crack, creating a mighty sound.

It seemed as if, to vent the anger in his heart, he was deliberately using this approach to make Ye Fan experience the fear before death!

"Disperse!"

Seeing that Ye Long wasn't rushing to kill him, Ye Fan secretly breathed a sigh of relief. At the same time, with a thought, streams of Pure Yang Qi suddenly separated from his power. Under the control of Ye Fan's will, they transformed into fine threads, enveloping his viscera and lungs.

Immediately, those streams of Pure Yang Qi furiously surged into Ye Fan's organs, quickly healing his injuries.

"Pu-chi—"

Under the healing of the Pure Yang Qi, the blood qi within Ye Fan's body stabilized a great deal, and his internal injuries gradually improved. He then spat out a mouthful of black blood.

With the black blood spat out, Ye Fan felt a trace of strength return to his previously weak body, and he could essentially control his body again, but he still could not rely on his body to fight!

Hmm?

Witnessing this scene, Ye Long's pupils suddenly dilated, and a few more shocks surged between his brows.

As a Peak Innate strong person, he was well aware that once a cultivator suffered internal injuries, coagulated blood would form within the body. If the coagulated blood could not be expelled, the internal injuries would not heal.

At this moment, Ye Fan spitting out coagulated blood proved that his internal injuries were recovering.

This was completely beyond his expectation!

After all, he hadn't seen Ye Fan take any Healing Pills just before!

In shock, Ye Long suddenly thought that not only did the two Jade Beads Ye Fan gave to Ye Yuanshan contain Pure Yang Qi, but Ye Fan also said that they were just casually made trinkets.

"Could it be that he is the Extremely Yang Body, a rare existence between heaven and earth?"

The thought suddenly surged in Ye Long's mind.

"Yes!"

"If he wasn't the Extremely Yang Body, it wouldn't be possible for him to easily gather Pure Yang Qi, nor would it be possible for him to heal internal injuries and expel the coagulated blood within such a short period!"

The next moment.

Ye Long had his answer.

Although he couldn't believe that Ye Fan was the extremely rare Pure Yang Body, reason told him that this was the only explanation for the bizarre situation at hand.

"No need to struggle, all your struggles are in vain!"

After understanding this, Ye Long sneered coldly and then... suddenly accelerated!

Swoosh!

Sensing this, Ye Fan knew that danger was looming and dared not delay, hastily forming Seals with both hands.

"Converge!"

As the Seal was struck, Ye Fan shouted in a low voice.

"Woo woo woo~"

The howling sound of the Yin wind rose again. The Evil Yin Qi that had been dissipated by Ye Long, under the manipulation of Ye Fan, once again gathered together.

Hmm?

Ye Long's consciousness trembled, and he suddenly felt the scene before him change. Darkness enveloped him, and he could not see his own hands. Then, a monster made up of thousands upon thousands of Yin Demons appeared before him!

The monster was more than ten meters tall, with a terrifying expression and robust limbs. It held a pitch-black saber in its hand, black smoke billowing around it. Those black smokes turned into thousands of Yin Demons, showing their fierce faces and wailing as if they were about to claim Ye Long's life.

The Evil Yin Demon!

At a critical moment, Ye Fan created the illusion technique 'Evil Yin Demon' with the Ghostly Gourd, one of his magic skills.

As soon as the Evil Yin Demon appeared, it wielded its saber with both hands and chopped down at Ye Long with full strength!

"Illusion attacks pose no threat to me, break!"

Faced with the attack of the Evil Yin Demon, Ye Long remained firm as a rock, roared loudly to bolster his War Intent, and instantly dispelled the surging Evil Yin Demon.

Noticing this, Ye Fan was not surprised.

After all, Yanhuang Fist was most suitable for battlefield combat. During battle, one would face death without fear, advance bravely with a heart as steady as a rock, possessing an especially strong will, and could easily break illusions.

Since the illusion attack had failed, while Ye Fan hastily healed, his Consciousness moved again, a Golden Light flashed between his eyebrows, and an invisible Mind Power shot rapidly toward Ye Long.

"Hmph, overestimating yourself!"

Suddenly, Ye Long felt a slight tremble in his heart, immediately understood it was a Mind Attack, and, with a cold snort, defended his Consciousness with his strong will. A terrifying intent of war emerged from his spirit, dissipating Ye Fan's Mind Attack into nothingness.

After the first attack failed, Ye Fan did not pause and launched another Mind Attack, even more fierce than before!

"I want to see just how much Mind Power you have!"

As a Peak Innate strong person, Ye Long knew very well that for a Magician to break through an opponent's Consciousness with Mind Power, not only did their own Consciousness and Mind Power need to be far stronger than the opponent's, but also, if the opponent's will was strong, it was only possible to overwhelm the opponent with quantity!

Thus, the one being attacked merely had to resist with their will, while the Magician would have to continually deplete their Mind Power!

Once the Mind Power was exhausted, it would be as if the opponent had been sentenced to death!

Knowing all this, Ye Long saw Ye Fan's current actions as nothing more than the final struggles of a dying man, unable to change the outcome!