

Y Master 361

Chapter 361 Desperate Situation

Hmm?

Seeing that Ye Long had once again resisted his mind power attack, Ye Fan's eyebrows knitted tightly together, his expression becoming extremely grave.

Although Ye Long was temporarily unable to divide his attention to attack him due to resisting his mind power attack, as it would severely damage his consciousness, Ye Fan also understood that this intensity of mind power attack was simply incapable of injuring Ye Long.

And... this was already the strongest mind power attack he could launch!

In this case, once his mind power was depleted, what awaited him would be being slain by Ye Long!

Earlier, when he was in fierce battle with Ye Long, he had first used martial arts techniques, and after suffering serious injuries, he had no choice but to use magic, which consumed a considerable amount of his mind power. Now, having used two consecutive mind power attacks, his mind power was only half remaining.

"What should I do?"

Ye Fan continued to stimulate his mind power attack while silently questioning himself in his mind, pondering a countermeasure.

There was no answer.

For a moment, Ye Fan and Ye Long were at a deadlock, and the original intense close combat had turned into a mental power confrontation.

This scene made Qingshui No.1 Club, with its extremely high threshold, like a pot of oil doused with cold water, erupting in an uproar.

The guests all pulled open the curtains of the floor-to-ceiling windows, observing the confrontation below through the glass.

Among them, in a top-tier private room on the eighth floor, several wealthy young elites from the Hong Ding Club looked down at the scene, discussing excitedly as if they had discovered a new world.

"That Ye Family's bastard really fears neither heaven nor earth."

"I didn't expect that he would dare to lay a hand on the Ye Family's people!"

"Yeah, it's one thing for him to attack the powerless Ye Cang, but to dare to move against the Yanhuang Organization's number two young genius and the Ye Family's eldest young master Ye Cang, isn't that like plucking a hair from a tiger's head?"

"It looks like the Ye Family's bastard is almost unable to hold out; it's just a matter of time before he's killed by Ye Long!"

"It does seem that way. But why isn't Ye Long making a move? What is he doing just standing there?"

As the last of the wealthy young elites raised doubts, the others in the private room, also members of the Hong Ding Club, appeared puzzled.

Being ordinary people, they weren't even clear about common knowledge in the Martial Arts World, let alone the unimaginable attack method of 'mind power attack.'

Not just them, but other guests in different private rooms, looking at the scene in the courtyard, were also baffled.

At the same time, security guards hired by the club at high salaries rushed to the first-floor lobby.

Different from how they would usually handle brawls, the guards didn't dare to rush out of the lobby to stop Ye Fan and Ye Long. Instead, they stood in two rows, waiting for orders.

In front of them, a burly middle-aged man with a fierce face avidly looked at the voluptuous young woman before him.

In secret, he was one of the bigwigs in Yanjing City's underworld, known for a number of years. Having washed his hands clean recently, he was recruited by the covert rulers of Qingshui No.1, specifically responsible for the security work of several famous clubs, including Qingshui No.1 Club.

If they were the usual prodigals, he would have intervened to coordinate long ago — those prodigals, even if not giving him face, would need to give some respect to his covert boss.

But today, he didn't take action. On one hand, Ye Fan and Ye Long's displayed combat power was simply too terrifying, far beyond what he and his group of security guards could handle; on the other hand, after the Princess reported the process of the incident to him, he learned the identities of Ye Fan and Ye Long!

In his view, over 80% of the prodigals in the Forbidden City would have to give face to his covert master, but the prodigals from the number one wealthy Ye Family were definitely not among them!

Moreover, he had a thousand reasons to believe that even if the Ye Family's Young Masters assaulted the young woman before him, who was the sister of his covert master, his master wouldn't dare to let out a single fart!

"Sister Wu, what did the boss say?"

Shortly afterward, seeing that the voluptuous young woman had ended the call, the middle-aged man named He asked hastily.

"My brother's intention is not to intervene directly," said the young woman, surnamed Wu and named Jun, with a serious face. "He told us to call the police and to clarify to the police that the individuals involved in the conflict are martial artists and that it would be best to get the Yanhuang Organization to intervene and stop it."

"Okay!"

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man surnamed He, without a second word, promptly took out his phone to call the police.

"Ding Dong—"

Shortly after, just as the middle-aged man had reported to the police, a soft chime sounded, and an elevator door slowly opened, with Pan Jueming and Pan Ying quickly stepping out of the elevator.

Swish!

With the appearance of Pan Jueming and Pan Ying, including Wu Jun, everyone in the lobby turned their gaze toward them in unison.

Among them, the middle-aged man surnamed He asked Wu Jun in a low voice, "Sister Wu, this matter seems to have started because of that girl, what should we do?"

"Just stand by and watch."

Wu Jun replied decisively. As a well-known socialite in Beijing, she had an impression of Pan Jueming, the erstwhile playboy.

Even though she didn't know why Pan Jueming would cling to Ye Fan's coattails, she, who had long mingled in the Forbidden City, knew all too well the rule of looking at the owner before beating a dog — Pan Jueming was not someone they could afford to offend!

Besides, her brother had made it very clear on the phone just now that they must not directly intervene in this matter.

"Ding Dong—"

Just as Wu Jun made her decision, another soft chime rang out and another elevator door opened. Ye Cang, with his face white and right hand gruesomely injured, stepped out of the elevator.

"Stop them!"

Ye Cang ran out of the elevator and, upon seeing Pan Jueming and Pan Ying walking out nonchalantly as if no one else was there, immediately roared at Wu Jun and the others.

As the Ye Family's Little Prince, today was not only slapped by Ye Fan but also had one of his fingers severed, the greatest blow he'd ever received in his life!

At this very moment, with Ye Long dealing with Ye Fan, how could he possibly let Pan Jueming and Pan Ying leave?

Hmm?

A low growl from Ye Cang by his ear caused Pan Jueming's steps to falter slightly.

And including the middle-aged man with the surname He, the security guards in the hall all turned their gaze towards Wu Jun, waiting for Wu Jun's instructions.

Under the light, Wu Jun's eyebrows were tightly knitted, unsure of how to deal with the situation.

"Damn it, I told you to stop them!"

Seeing the guards remaining indifferent, Ye Cang cursed out in fury, "Wu Jun, if you let them go today, I guarantee I'll smash this lousy shop to pieces and make sure you and your brother never dare step into Beijing again!"

"Huff~"

Taken aback by Ye Cang's threat, Wu Jun's complexion changed once again; she then took a deep breath and gritted her teeth, "Please wait a moment, both of you!"

Whoosh—

As soon as Wu Jun's words were out, including the middle-aged man surnamed He, the security guards in the hall almost simultaneously sprang into action.

Without saying a word, they began to surround Pan Jueming and his sister, Pan Ying.

"I advise you not to meddle in this matter; you can't bear the consequences!"

Upon seeing this, Pan Jueming abruptly stopped, holding his sister Pan Ying's hand while staring at Wu Jun, who was giving orders, his expression dark.

As his words fell, Pan Jueming no longer concealed his aura as a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist; it surged forth suddenly!

Originally, he had been forcibly elevated to the Great Perfection Realm by Ye Fan's empowerment technique. Afterward, through his own efforts in cultivation, he had not only become able to easily control his own strength but had also applied his martial arts cultivation in fights against Nanqinghong,

slaying more than a dozen enemies with his bloodstained hands, his body carrying a hint of murderous aura accumulated from the blood of his foes!

At this moment, the fierce murderous aura mingled with the aura of a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist burst forth, combining to form a pressure like a towering mountain, preventing everyone from acting rashly.

Among them, the middle-aged man surnamed He shook his head at Wu Jun first, signaling not to act rashly.

"You... what the hell are you still standing there for?"

Ye Cang, being quite distant, was the least affected by Pan Jueming's presence and upon seeing everyone standing still, he bellowed in rage.

"Young Master Ye, he is a martial artist – we're only asking for death if we confront him!" said the middle-aged man surnamed He, with a bitter taste in his mouth.

"Idiot!"

Hearing this, Ye Cang trembled with rage but said no more.

Meanwhile, Pan Jueming wasted no more words and immediately started running towards the exit of the hall with Pan Ying in tow.

Because... he had noticed that Ye Fan's aura was much weaker than at the beginning and was continuously decreasing!

The reality was indeed so.

To prevent Ye Long from attacking him, Ye Fan had used all his mind power to resist Ye Long's will, which made it impossible to continue healing, causing his internal energy and blood to grow weaker and weaker.

"Young Master Ye!"

Once outside the hall, Pan Jueming scooped up his sister Pan Ying and with a spring in his step, he dashed towards Ye Fan.

Hmm?

Hearing Pan Jueming's shout and sensing his martial artist's aura, Ye Long's pupils slightly dilated, showing a trace of concern—his entire focus was on resisting Ye Fan's mind power attack, and if Pan Jueming were to strike at him, he simply wouldn't be able to divert his attention to contend with Pan Jueming.

"Jueming, strike and destroy his Dantian!"

Ye Fan was not just unable to inflict harm on Ye Long, and his remaining mind power was running out, truly cornered. Suddenly sensing Pan Jueming's arrival, Ye Fan was overjoyed and gave an instruction.

"Kid, I warn you, I am a member of the Yanhuang Organization's Law Enforcement Team, as well as the eldest grandson of the Ye Family. If you dare to attack me, I guarantee I'll make sure you have no burial place after this!"

Sensing what he feared was coming to pass as Ye Fan instructed Pan Jueming to attack him, Ye Long panicked and threatened grimly.

"A long time ago, Jueming's life was already Young Master Ye's,"

Facing Ye Long's threat, Pan Jueming calmly responded, "And today, everything Young Master Ye does is for my sister. Not to mention death, even if I were to be drawn and quartered, I would accept it!"

"Not just you, your entire Pan Family will be exterminated for this!" Seeing his threat ineffective, Ye Long roared again.

This time.

Pan Jueming didn't respond.

Under the night sky.

With determination on his face, he let go of Pan Ying's hand, and with a push from his feet, he sped towards Ye Long!

"You're courting death!!"

Seeing Pan Jueming charging at him, Ye Long, driven into a corner, roared like a madman.

With the roar, his war intent soared!

In the face of dire straits, Ye Long's will did not submit but was honed even stronger, thus kindling his war intent, which surged once more!

Not good!

Realizing the change in Ye Long, Ye Fan was shaken, his expression turning wildly.

Chapter 362 A Thousand Cuts!

Reason told Ye Fan that Ye Long's rising war intent indicated not only had his willpower not been crushed under pressure, but it also had grown stronger.

As a result, moving forward, Ye Long could resist his mind power attacks without exerting his full strength, and had enough focus to handle Pan Jueming as well!

"Jueming, stop!"

Realizing this, Ye Fan quickly shouted to Pan Jueming, who was rushing towards Ye Long.

"Snap—"

Pan Jueming, too, sensed Ye Long's escalating war intent, but he didn't back down until he heard Ye Fan's shout; only then did he stop in his tracks and turn to look at Ye Fan.

"Jueming, he was just resisting my mind attack and couldn't spare effort to deal with you. Now, his will has strengthened, and he can ward off my mental attacks while striking at you at the same time..." Ye Fan rapidly explained.

"Haha..."

Before Ye Fan could finish, he was interrupted by a burst of triumphant laughter. Thirty meters away, Ye Long laughed uproariously to the sky, "Bastard, should I thank you? If you hadn't pushed me to the brink, my will wouldn't have been tempered, nor would it have grown stronger!"

"I think, I ought to repay you properly!"

By the end of his laughter, Ye Long's laugh gave off a sinister, terrifying aura, with especial emphasis on the word 'repay'.

"Snap—"

As his voice fell, the smile on Ye Long's face remained. He stepped forward, and the marble floor beneath his foot immediately shattered, debris flying everywhere.

Swish!

Recalling what Ye Fan had mentioned, and feeling the overpowering aura emanating from Ye Long at that moment, Pan Jueming's face involuntarily changed!

"Jueming, take your sister and leave immediately!"

Seeing this, Ye Fan, fully aware that he could no longer stop Ye Long with his mind power, urgently yelled to Pan Jueming.

"Young Master Ye..." Pan Jueming looked at Ye Fan, unwilling to leave.

"Go now!!"

Ye Fan shouted sternly, knowing well if he couldn't halt Ye Long with mind power, Ye Long was sure to make a lethal move, and Pan Jueming staying would only be sending himself to death.

"Ye... Young Master Ye, I won't go!"

Pan Jueming shook his head firmly, for the first time ever going against Ye Fan's orders, "You have shown me kindness as great as a reborn parent. Now, you've fallen into a desperate situation to save my sister; how can I leave alone??"

"You are no match for him, go now!!"

Pan Jueming's loyalty and gratitude warmed Ye Fan's heart, making him even less willing to see Pan Jueming throw his life away.

"Little Ying, leave this place by yourself, quickly!"

Ignoring Ye Fan's orders, Pan Jueming turned and shouted to his sister, Pan Ying.

"Brother, I... I won't go!" Pan Ying, her face turning pale with fear, still shook her head firmly, "I will stay and accompany you both!"

"Heh heh... heh heh heh... heh heh heh heh..."

Seeing this scene, Ye Long couldn't help but laugh, his smile filled with a mocking tone, "Bastard, I really hadn't expected anyone in this world to die for you, truly touching!"

"Ye Long, as a member of the Yanhuang Organization, assaulting someone on your own initiative is a violation of the law, and you will suffer severe punishment from the Yanhuang Organization!"

Hearing Ye Long's words, Pan Jueming turned around, took two steps forward, and with no fear, stood in front of Ye Fan and shouted at Ye Long.

"Are you threatening me?"

Ye Long's face changed, and his gaze locked onto Pan Jueming. That icy stare was like an invisible steel knife pressed against Pan Jueming's neck, causing Pan Jueming's entire body to tense up, not daring to even breathe deeply.

"You should know, it was this bastard who struck at me first, I was simply defending myself."

Seeing that Pan Jueming was too frightened to make a sound, Ye Long let out a cold laugh while resisting Ye Fan's mind power attack and continued walking toward Ye Fan and Pan Jueming.

"Jueming..." Ye Fan tried to order Pan Jueming to leave once more.

"Swoosh——"

Without responding, Pan Jueming gritted his teeth, suppressed the fear in his heart, and bravely clenched his fist, lunging at Ye Long!

He could tell, as time passed, Ye Long's war intent grew stronger, and his aura became increasingly powerful.

This way, attacking Ye Long now, he still harbored a sliver of hope for success. If delayed till the end, both he and Ye Fan would undoubtedly die!

"Well played!"

Seeing Pan Jueming rushing at him with a clenched fist, Ye Long was not angry but pleased instead.

Just as he mentioned, he dared to make an assassination attempt on Ye Fan as he was relying on the fact that Ye Fan struck first, and his actions were in self-defense.

But if he were to initiate an attack on Pan Jueming, it would be as Pan Jueming said, considered a crime knowingly committed, and he would surely face severe punishment from the Yanhuang Organization!

And the Yanhuang Organization was always very strict with internal punishments. By then, even if his father or the Ye Family intervened to plead with Yan, it might not work.

However, now that Pan Jueming attacked him first, even if he were to strike back killing Pan Jueming, it would be considered self-defense and not a violation of the Yanhuang Organization's rules!

"Since you wish to die, I'll grant your wish!"

Overjoyed, Ye Long let out a cold laugh, neither dodging nor evading but meeting the punch head-on. Although he only exerted less than one-tenth of his power, he believed it was enough to kill Pan Jueming.

"Bang——"

"Crack!"

The next moment.

As the two fists collided, a dull thud and the sound of bones cracking almost simultaneously erupted, and the fists immediately separated. Pan Jueming's right fist was a bloody mess. His arm hung limply, bent, and blood dripped profusely.

"Ptui— —"

Immediately, the terrifying power sent Pan Jueming flying backward, and while mid-air, he spat out a mouthful of blood mist, bleeding from every orifice, his complexion pale as paper.

"Jueming!"

A furious shout erupted, and Ye Fan, enduring his injuries, leaped forward and caught Pan Jueming as he fell to the ground.

"Brother... Brother!!"

Pan Ying ran toward Pan Jueming, crying out.

Ignoring his sister's call, Pan Jueming trembled all over, looked at Ye Fan full of remorse, and while spitting out blood foam, said, "I'm sorry... Young Master Ye, Jueming was useless..."

"Ptui——"

As his words fell, Pan Jueming's body shook, and he spat out another mouthful of blood, breathing in more than he could breathe out, likely not to survive.

"Don't talk!"

Seeing this, Ye Fan quickly cautioned him, and with a thought, the Xuanye Flying Blade flew out from his sleeve, cutting his finger, and blood dripped out.

After doing all this, Ye Fan, without caring about the risk of aggravating his injuries, activated his inner strength, forced out several drops of essence blood, and dripped them into Pan Jueming's mouth.

His essence blood contained the most precious Pure Yang Qi, which could save Pan Jueming's life.

"Struggle no more. Today, you will all die!"

Seeing this scene, Ye Long's heart was clear as a mirror. He snorted coldly, as if watching clowns perform.

"Whoosh——"

The response to Ye Long was a whistling sound of breaking air!

At the stir of Ye Fan's mind, he sliced his finger, and the Xuanye Flying Blade transformed into a white light, shooting towards Ye Long!

As the blade was thrown, Ye Fan hastily, despite his injuries, used both hands to form a 'Spirit Gathering Array' handprint, attempting to use his last bit of Mind Power to set up the array and replenish the depleted Mind Power.

"Hmph!"

Without the threat of Ye Fan's Mind Power Attack, Ye Long could fully mobilize his inner strength.

Facing the Flying Knife Assassination again, he disdainfully snorted, sidestepped with ease, and easily dodged it.

"Clang!"

As Ye Fan ceased his Mind Power supply to the flying knife, the second Xuanye Flying Blade, having lost its control, clanged to the ground.

At the same time, Ye Fan's hands fell, the handprint concluded, and the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi above the club was drawn madly towards the area above Ye Fan's head.

"You cursed bastard, do you think absorbing Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi is of any use now?"

Noticing this, Ye Long didn't care. On the contrary, he walked towards Ye Fan and Pan Jueming, his gaze on them like looking at two cold corpses.

Whoosh—

Right after Ye Long's words fell, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi gathered above Ye Fan's head formed an invisible column that descended from the sky and surged towards the top of Ye Fan's head.

The moment the first whiff of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi entered Ye Fan's body, his Mind Power was completely drained, he instantly lost control of the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, and also lost control over his body, falling powerlessly to the ground alongside Pan Jueming.

"Crimson Golden Crown!"

After falling, Ye Fan didn't mind the pain in his body; instead, he frantically shouted in his heart!

In his memory, every time his consciousness was damaged, the Crimson Golden Crown would appear.

Just now, he had used his last bit of Mind Power to set up the 'Spirit Gathering Array', his Mind Power was completely depleted, his consciousness was weak, and as usual, the Crimson Golden Crown should appear!

As if hearing Ye Fan's call, just when his Mind Power was exhausted, the Crimson Gold Halo timely appeared, encircling his body in a Crimson Gold Halo, enveloping him like an eggshell.

Hmm?

Seeing this incredible scene, Ye Long was stunned, and his steps subconsciously halted.

Inside Ye Fan's body, the Crimson Golden Crown, as usual, suddenly transformed into a golden black hole, and sucked fiercely!

Whir—

Upon sucking, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi above Ye Fan's head fluctuated violently, like iron drawn to a magnet, madly surging into Ye Fan's head, being absorbed by the Crimson Golden Crown, and then transformed into pure Mind Power, feeding back to Ye Fan.

The replenishment of Mind Power repaired Ye Fan's previously weak consciousness, and the previously dull and lightless Mind Power Seed, like being watered by rain, vigorously sprang back to life!

And...

Ye Fan was surprised to find that this time, the quality of the Mind Power fed back by the Crimson Golden Crown was stronger than the previous Mind Power quality!

This discovery thrilled Ye Fan as if he had returned from Hell to Heaven, his heart rejoicing: Could it be... could it be the breakthrough of the Magic Cultivation to the Innate Great Success Realm?

"I said, stop struggling pointlessly!"

Twenty meters away, although Ye Long didn't know what Ye Fan had done to cause the anomaly, a sudden unease in his heart prompted him to make a move sooner, not giving Ye Fan any chance to turn the tables.

Struggle??

Before Ye Long could act on his thoughts, Ye Fan's eyes sharpened!

"Whoosh—"

Suddenly.

An even more piercing sound of breaking air resounded!

Behind Ye Long, the previously fallen Xuanye Flying Blade suddenly leapt up, gliding along the ground, howling towards Ye Long with a speed as fast as lightning!

Danger!

Ye Long was shocked, wanting to dodge.

—Too late!

"Puchi—"

The sound of the blade piercing flesh rang out, the Xuanye Flying Blade, nearly ten times faster than before, easily penetrated Ye Long's right ankle, spurting out blood!

"How... how could it be so fast??"

Pain struck, Ye Long's balance was lost, his heart shocked—he could clearly perceive that this time, the Xuanye Flying Blade flew much faster than before!

"Whoosh—"

As if to answer Ye Long, the blood-streaked Xuanye Flying Blade traced a beautiful arc in the air, turned around, and once again howled towards Ye Long.

Click!

Ye Long's heart tightened with fear, but it was too late to dodge.

"Puchi—"

The sound of the blade piercing flesh resounded once more, the sharp Xuanye Flying Blade directly penetrated Ye Long's left ankle, leaving a bloody hole.

"Thunk—"

With both ankles pierced, Ye Long lost his balance completely and fell directly to the ground.

"Why... why has the speed of his flying knife suddenly become so fast??"

After falling, Ye Long looked at Ye Fan, who was enveloped in golden light, his face filled with terror, completely occupied by this confusion.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh whoosh..."

Without an answer.

The white light flickered, the flying knife howled.

Ye Long was splattered with blood, completely becoming a bloodied figure.

A thousand cuts.

Not one more, not one less!

Chapter 363 At Mercy

Ye Long, in his previous life and death battles, had tempered and enhanced his will; the same was true for Ye Fan.

In a predicament, he exhausted all of his Mind Power, inadvertently expanding the capacity of the Mental Seed. Afterwards, he received Mind Power feedback from the Crimson Golden Crown, which allowed his Magic Cultivation to step into the Innate Great Success Realm!

Originally, the quality of Ye Fan's Mind Power could already be compared to that of an Innate Great Master. After stepping into the Innate Great Success Realm, the quality of his Mind Power was equivalent to that of a Peak stage of Innate Mage. His control over the Flying Knife became vastly improved in speed, strength, and precision, increasing nearly tenfold.

This was also the reason why Ye Long couldn't avoid the Flying Knife Assassination at close range.

After using the Flying Knife to strike down Ye Long, Ye Fan didn't linger. He immediately controlled the Flying Knife to slash Ye Long's body a thousand times.

Ye Long was dead?

After the blood-stained Flying Knife returned to Ye Fan's sleeve, the workers and guests at the club all widened their eyes, motionless, watching Ye Long, who was completely drenched in blood, and quietly questioned themselves.

"Hiss~"

As if to answer everyone, Ye Long, lying on the ground bathed in blood, felt as if thousands of ants were biting him, causing waves of bone-piercing pain.

That pain made the corners of his mouth twitch, as he gasped in cold air.

Although he had endured a thousand cuts, Ye Fan, when inflicting these cuts with his Mind Power, had not only controlled the strength but had also deliberately avoided vital areas; therefore, Ye Long's life was not in immediate danger.

However—

If he continued to bleed like this, he would eventually die from excessive blood loss.

Ye Long was well aware of this fact. Thus, he tried to raise his wrist to take a Golden Healing Pill, only to find that the tendons in both hands were cut, leaving him unable to lift them.

At the same time.

Having recovered his Mind Power, Ye Fan divided his Consciousness in two, on the one hand, he stimulated his Power to heal himself, and on the other, he channeled Power into Pan Jueming's body to heal him.

"Whew~"

Soon, Ye Fan had stabilized his own injuries, heaving a sigh of relief inwardly. He also discovered that Pan Jueming's injuries were much more serious than he had imagined. Not only was his right arm disabled, but all of his internal organs were shattered. If Ye Fan hadn't used his Life-bound Essence Blood to treat him in time, Pan Jueming would likely have already been on the Netherworld Path.

Realizing this, Ye Fan knew that Pan Jueming's injuries wouldn't recover for the time being, so he took out a Healing Holy Medicine 'Nirvana Pill' to aid Pan Jueming in taking it.

After doing all this, Ye Fan looked up at Pan Ying to find her staring motionlessly at Pan Jueming. Her fair face was deathly pale, and her delicate body was trembling continuously, seemingly scared to the extreme.

"Little Ying, your brother won't be in danger of losing his life," Ye Fan said, seeing this and comforting her.

"Really... really?"

Pan Ying, startled by Ye Fan's words, had her worried and frightened eyes flicker with excitement.

"Mhm."

Ye Fan nodded lightly and said, "Your brother will need a while before he can wake up. Help him."

"Okay."

Pan Ying nodded quickly, squatted down swiftly, and supported Pan Jueming's head with both hands.

Ye Fan released his hold, slowly stood up, and strode towards Ye Long.

"Bastard... bastard, if you have the guts, kill me!"

As Ye Fan approached, Ye Long seemed to sense that Ye Fan intended to torture him deliberately and immediately burst out in a hoarse roar.

"Do you think I don't dare to kill you?"

With a quick shuffle of his feet, Ye Fan instantly appeared in front of Ye Long, looking down at him with a cold sneer.

Dare!

Ye Long couldn't help but come up with the answer in his heart.

This answer made his breathing become a bit rapid, and a trace of fear flashed in his eyes, but he chose not to submit. Instead, like an evil ghost, he glared venomously at Ye Fan and hoarsely shouted, "If you kill me, neither the Ye Family nor the Yanhuang Organization will let you go! When the time comes, even if you flee to the ends of the earth, it will be meaningless!"

"Even if I kill you, all that you've said will not become reality. Do you believe that?" Ye Fan looked at Ye Long with a numb gaze.

"Heh heh... hahaha..."

Ye Long laughed frightfully upon hearing Ye Fan's words, as if he had heard the coldest joke in the world, "Although I don't know why the elders let you return to the Ye Family, if you dare to kill me, even Ye Wenhao intervening won't save you! Moreover, do you think the rules of the Yanhuang Organization are just for show? That you can trample on them at will??"

"So what do you think, if I destroy your Dantian, rendering your entire Kung Fu useless, will the Ye Family and the Yanhuang Organization still kill me?" Ye Fan suddenly smiled.

"You..."

Ye Long trembled at the sight of Ye Fan's mocking smile, as if it was a nightmare come to life.

"I'm not killing you because I'm afraid of the Ye Family and the Yanhuang Organization. I just want you to experience a fate worse than death!" Ye Fan coldly cut off Ye Long's words, and then... his right foot suddenly swung up!

"Bastard... do you dare??"

Ye Long yelled with all his strength, his voice filled with rage and a hint of fear.

"Whoosh!"

No answer came.

Ye Fan's right foot slammed down fiercely!

"Boom—"

A muffled sound erupted as Power coursed forth.

Ye Long felt as if his Dantian had been ground into shreds by a meat grinder, the Power Seed instantly shattered, bringing with it a searing, piercing pain.

"Aow~"

With his Dantian destroyed and pain enveloping him, Ye Long's body curled up like a shrimp, howling in agony.

That sound, much like the wail of an evil ghost, echoed through the skies above Qingshui No.1 Club!

Gulp!

The ears of everyone rang with Ye Long's tormented howls; looking at Ye Long, who was completely soaked in blood, both the staff and the guests at Qingshui No.1 trembled with fear in their hearts.

Only one person was the exception.

Ye Cang.

At the entrance of the hall, he stood as if an immobilization spell had been cast on him, staring dumbfounded at the curled-up, howling Ye Long, with disbelief written all over his face.

Previously having heard the conversation between Ye Fan and Ye Long, Ye Cang knew that Ye Long being injured and chased by Ye Fan was entirely due to underestimating his opponent. Once Ye Long used all his strength, he gained the upper hand and even managed to send Ye Fan's ally, Pan Jueming, flying with a punch.

However—

Just as Ye Cang thought that Ye Long was about to deal with Ye Fan and Pan Jueming, Ye Fan suddenly erupted. Not only did he turn the tables with lightning speed, but at this moment, Ye Long was like a fish on a chopping board, completely at Ye Fan's mercy!

This drastic contrast gave him such a shock that he couldn't believe or accept the reality before him!

"Crippling your dantian, making you a cripple for life, isn't considered worse than death for you."

While Ye Cang was still in shock, Ye Fan slowly withdrew his foot and looked at Ye Long emotionlessly.
"Because, you firmly believe I will be punished."

"Huff... Huff..."

Ye Long's body contorted, his expression ferocious, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at Ye Fan and breathed heavily, "That's right! Bastard, you'll pay for this with your life! I swear!!"

"Mhmm, I believe when you find out that none of this can happen, you will truly despair. Only then will you truly experience a fate worse than death!"

Gazing at the agonized Ye Long, there wasn't a trace of mercy on Ye Fan's face, only indifference.

He was very clear that if he hadn't allowed his magic cultivation to breakthrough to the Innate Great Success Realm in one stroke, he and Ye Long would have switched roles by now—Ye Long would never have spared him!

"Pfft—"

Upon hearing Ye Fan's words again, Ye Long shuddered with rage, spat out a mouthful of blood, and directly fainted.

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan crouched down, searched through Ye Long, and took out the medicine bottles containing the Golden Healing Pills. He took out five pills and lightly squeezed them.

"Snap—"

With a squeeze, the Golden Healing Pills shattered, turning into powder. Ye Fan gave his wrist a flick, and the powder scattered over Ye Long's body like a celestial maiden spreading flowers, blending into those blood-soaked wounds.

Soon, the medicinal power took effect, Ye Long's wounds gradually healed, and the bleeding stopped, but he remained unconscious.

"Bro... Brother!"

Just then, as the effects of the Nirvana Pill that Ye Fan had given Pan Jueming started to take effect, Pan Jueming's eyelashes trembled, and Pan Ying excitedly called out.

At the sound, Ye Fan stood up and walked towards Pan Jueming and Pan Ying.

Uh?

When Pan Jueming opened his eyes, he first adjusted to the faint light, then saw Ye Fan walking briskly towards him, and the previously unstoppable Ye Long lying bloodied on the ground, alive or dead unknown.

What... what happened?

Had Young Master Ye turned defeat into victory??

Before, Pan Jueming had defied Ye Fan's orders and took it upon himself to strike out at Ye Long, seeing that Ye Fan was nearly exhausted and had completely lost his ability to fight.

Now, seeing this, Pan Jueming was completely stunned!

He even thought he was hallucinating!!

"Jueming, your internal organs and meridians have been severely damaged, but I have used my Life-bound Essence Blood and Pure Yang Qi to heal you, and afterwards, I administered the Nirvana Pill to you."

Shortly after, as an astounded Pan Jueming watched, Ye Fan leapt to his feet gracefully like a breath of fresh air and arrived in front of Pan Jueming, saying solemnly, "With this, not only will you have no worries for your life, but as long as I help you catalyze the power of the Nirvana Pill and use the Pure Yang Qi to heal you afterwards, your injuries will be fully recovered."

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

Ye Fan's words brought Pan Jueming back from his shock. First, he thanked him and then blurted out a question, "Young Master Ye, what happened?"

"In a moment of crisis, I broke through."

Ye Fan smiled but did not explain to Pan Jueming that it was only his magic cultivation that had broken through to the Innate Great Success Realm.

"I see."

Upon hearing this, Pan Jueming's confusion was resolved, and a joyful smile appeared on his pale face.

"Wait for me a moment, I'm going to take something and then leave this place."

Ye Fan gently patted Pan Jueming's shoulder and with a bound off the ground, he quickly moved towards the main building of the club.

"Plonk—"

Seeing Ye Fan suddenly coming at him, Ye Cang snapped out of his daze, subconsciously thinking that Ye Fan was going to attack him again, and in terror, he slumped to the ground.

Under the light.

Watching Ye Fan approaching rapidly, Ye Cang's mouth gaped wide, trying to say something, but was so terrified that his mind went blank and not a word came out.

Ignoring this, Ye Fan swept past Ye Cang with a grim face and appeared in front of Wu Jun and a group of security guards, asking in a deep voice, "Who is in charge here?"

"I... I am."

As one of the most well-known socialites in Yanjing City, Wu Jun had been through many storms but was still frightened by tonight's events. Now, confronting Ye Fan's inquiry, her heart jumped up to her throat.

"Give me the surveillance video from tonight." Ye Fan looked at the pallid Wu Jun, speaking firmly, his tone leaving no room for doubt, "You have five minutes."

"Yes... Yes!"

Wu Jun trembled all over as she responded, and just as she was about to have the middle-aged man named He to go get the surveillance video for Ye Fan, she saw the man named He had already taken the walkie-talkie and ordered the security in the monitoring room to send over the surveillance video from tonight immediately.

Three minutes later.

A man in a black suit, anxious and fearful, brought the USB stick with the copied surveillance video to Ye Fan.

"Wuwu~"

At the same time, the sound of a police siren suddenly approached from the distance.

"Did you call the police?"

Ye Fan's eyebrows rose as he looked at Wu Jun with a cold expression.

Wu Jun was so scared that her heart skipped a beat, and she almost collapsed on the spot.

And including the middle-aged man named He, all the security guards from Qingshui No.1, were all rigid, not daring to breathe too loudly.

Huh?

Just then, Ye Fan sharply sensed two martial artists' auras mixed in with the police cars, rushing towards this place at high speed!

Chapter 364 Fight to the Death

People from the Yanhuang Organization?

Having sensed the presence of two Innate Great Success Martial Artists, Ye Fan was fairly certain of the two martial artists' identities.

Meanwhile, Wu Jun and the others didn't dare even to breathe heavily, drenched in cold sweat.

Because... in their eyes, since Ye Fan dared to make a move against Ye Cang and Ye Long, he would definitely dare to act against them in front of the police.

What they didn't expect was that Ye Fan did not make a move but silently walked out of the hall.

"Phew~"

This scene initially stunned Wu Jun and the others, then they all breathed a sigh of relief.

At the same time, at the entrance of the hall, Ye Cang, who heard the sound of police sirens, showed a trace of excitement between his brows. Yet, upon seeing Ye Fan approaching, he lowered his head, not daring to look at Ye Fan.

Noticing the excitement in Ye Cang's expression, Ye Fan understood his thoughts but did not address him; he simply walked straight up to Pan Jue Ming and Pan Ying.

Shortly after, as Ye Fan reached Pan Jue Ming and Pan Ying, three police cars and a vehicle bearing the Yanhuang Organization license plate sequentially arrived in front of the club building.

As the cars stopped, twelve police officers and two Innate Great Success Realm members of the Yanhuang Organization stepped out.

Under the night sky.

They first glanced at Ye Cang, whose face was swollen with a broken finger, then, as if drawn, their gazes shifted toward Ye Fan, Pan Jue Ming, and Pan Ying.

Hmm?

Upon closer inspection, they not only noticed blood-stained clothes on Ye Fan and Pan Jue Ming but also spotted a bloodied person lying thirty meters behind them.

Because it was too dark and Ye Long's face and body were completely covered in blood, the two Yanhuang Organization members did not recognize Ye Long.

"Zhou Ke, according to the report, the conflict is between martial artists. You guys will handle it, and our police will fully cooperate. What do you think?"

Seeing the situation at the scene, the leading police officer quickly stepped forward and spoke to a man in a black martial arts uniform.

"Okay,"

the man named Zhou Wu nodded.

Although he hadn't recognized Ye Long because of the blood on his face and the weak lighting, he did recognize Ye Fan.

With this, although he realized the leader of the police wanted to pass this difficult task to him, he also knew that as a martial artist and participant in this incident, Ye Fan indeed required the Yanhuang Organization's attention.

"Phew~"

Seeing Zhou Wu agree, the leading police officer silently breathed a sigh of relief.

Being the director in charge of the police station for the area encompassing Qingshui No.1 Club, he didn't recognize the influential figures from the underworld such as Ye Fan and Pan Jue Ming mentioned in confidential police documents due to his lower ranking. However, he recognized Ye Cang, the "Little Prince" of the Ye Family, and saw that Ye Cang not only had a swollen face but also had a finger chopped off!

All this made him acutely aware of how tricky the situation was. If not handled properly, he could lose his official hat, which was minor; becoming the object of venting for these tyrannical young masters was the real concern.

Now that Zhou Wu had smoothly taken over the case, the pressure on his shoulders and the worry in his heart greatly diminished.

"Ye Cang, I am Zhou Wu, a member of the Yanhuang Organization Law Enforcement Team, and I am a colleague of your cousin Ye Long."

Noticing Director Zhang's change in expression, Zhou Wu inwardly cursed but still braced himself to approach Ye Long and ask, "What exactly happened here?"

"Zhou... Brother Zhou!"

Faced with Zhou Wu's question, Ye Cang, who had originally been slumped on the ground, suddenly surged with strength and got up angrily, pointing at Ye Fan, "He chopped off one of my fingers and even wanted to kill me. When big brother Ye Long intervened, he attacked and left Ye Long covered in blood, his life hanging by a thread."

"Ye... Ye Long was injured?"

"This... How is this possible?"

Upon hearing Ye Cang's words, both Zhou Wu and his colleague were stunned and dumbfounded.

As members of the Yanhuang Organization Law Enforcement Team, they were very aware of how formidable Ye Long's strength was.

Similarly, they were also familiar with the information about Ye Fan and knew his strength.

In their view, even ten Ye Fans combined would not be a match for Ye Long!

Yet now, Ye Cang told them that Ye Long was left bloodied and his life hung in the balance by Ye Fan...

This completely dumbfounded them!

"Yes, big brother Ye Long is over there!"

Seeing their disbelief, Ye Cang pointed towards the motionless Ye Long on the ground.

Swish!

Upon hearing Ye Cang's words, Zhou Wu and his colleague once again looked toward the distant blood-soaked figure on the ground.

Under the night sky.

They strained their eyes, trying to see more clearly, but no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't link the bloodied figure on the ground with Ye Long, the number two young genius of the Yanhuang Organization.

However—

Despite a thousand, ten thousand doubts that the bloodied figure was Ye Long, their rationality told them that Ye Cang wouldn't deceive them.

"Could it be... Ye Fan killed Ye Long??"

While forced to accept this absurd reality, a chilling thought emerged in their minds, and they couldn't help but turn their gazes back toward the blood-stained Ye Fan again.

Under their gaze, Ye Fan, appearing indifferent, supported Pan Jue Ming and walked briskly forward with Pan Ying.

"Brother Zhou, what should we do?"

Another member of the Yanhuang Organization asked gravely. Like Ye Long, he belonged to the younger generation of the Yanhuang Organization but was far less strong than Ye Long.

In his view, if even Ye Long was no match for Ye Fan, they had no chance against Ye Fan but a certain death!

But... if they just let Ye Fan go like this, the rules of the Yanhuang Organization would be thoroughly trampled by Ye Fan, becoming a joke in the Huaxia Martial Arts World!

Zhou Wu naturally also understood all of this, his brows tightly furrowed, his eyes flickering as he spoke, "Don't act rashly; let's first understand the truth of what happened."

As his words fell, Zhou Wu gritted his teeth and approached Ye Fan, Pan Jue Ming, and Pan Ying.

The young members of the Yanhuang Organization, seeing the situation, could only grit their teeth and follow.

Upon seeing Zhou Wu and his companion approaching and feeling the martial artist's aura emanating from them, Pan Jueming frowned deeply, his expression slightly solemn.

It seemed that he had guessed the identities of the two men.

Unlike Pan Jueming, Ye Fan, who was the one involved, acted as if nothing was wrong, his expression calm, and he did not even stop his steps.

"Ye Fan, I am a member of the first team of the Yanhuang Organization Law Enforcement Team, Zhou Wu."

Soon, Zhou Wu approached Ye Fan and his group and stopped in front of them. First, he introduced himself, then he said, "Ye Cang just told me that you chopped off one of his fingers and also injured Ye Long?"

"Yes."

Ye Fan nodded, apparently not intending to obscure the facts.

"Ye Fan, according to the rules of the Yanhuang Organization, martial artists are not allowed to harm ordinary people without a reason. Also, as a member of the Yanhuang Organization Law Enforcement Team, Ye Long intervened to stop your violent act, yet you injured him..." Zhou Wu carefully chose his words and slowly started speaking.

However—

Before Zhou Wu could finish his words, he was interrupted by Ye Fan, "Gentlemen, I am aware of the rules of the Yanhuang Organization."

"Then please come with us," Zhou Wu said, clenching his teeth.

"I apologize, but this matter is beyond your ability to resolve," Ye Fan stated bluntly.

"Uh..."

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to be so direct, Zhou Wu and his companion were initially stunned, then a trace of anger appeared on their faces.

Though they were intimidated by Ye Fan's formidable strength, as members of the Yanhuang Organization, they had never felt so embarrassed while enforcing the law.

"I suggest you report this matter to your superiors and let them handle it."

Perceiving the anger of Zhou Wu and his companion, and seeing their frustration yet inability to speak out, Ye Fan did not make it difficult for them, "Moreover, you don't need to worry about me running away—if I had wanted to escape, I wouldn't have waited until now."

"When you report this, you can remind your leaders that if they want to find me, they can just call Ye Zhen directly."

As the words fell, Ye Fan shifted his gaze away from Zhou Wu and his companion, as if nobody else was there, and supported Pan Jueming as they walked toward the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition.

Seeing this, Zhou Wu and his companion, although filled with frustration, did not dare to forcefully detain them and allowed Ye Fan and his group to leave.

Who is he??

Meanwhile, the twelve police officers were stunned as if turned to stone.

As grassroots police officers, they had no knowledge of Ye Fan's identity, yet in their memory, they had never heard of a martial artist so blatantly arrogant in front of Yanhuang Organization members, and Zhou Wu and his companion didn't dare utter a word!

What shocked them even more was that Ye Fan had advised Zhou Wu and his companion to directly contact Ye Zhen, who stood at the apex of the power pyramid!

Sometime later.

Under the astonished gaze of the crowd, Ye Fan drove the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition towards the front gate of the club, all the way unobstructed.

"Woosh!"

"Woosh!"

As they watched the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition drive out of the club's large courtyard, Zhou Wu and his companion retracted their gazes, leaped up simultaneously, and rapidly rushed towards Ye Long.

Apparently, they knew that the most urgent task was to ascertain whether Ye Long was dead or alive, then consider reporting the matter.

"Uh..."

Even though Zhou Wu and his companion had already confirmed that the bloodied man lying on the ground was Ye Long, when they arrived next to Ye Long and saw his dreadful condition, their hearts were still turned upside-down!

They simply could not imagine how Ye Long had ended up in such a terrible state!

"Brother Zhou, Ye Long has mostly external injuries which are not fatal, but his Dantian is destroyed, and the Power Seed is shattered; he is currently in a coma due to excessive blood loss." After another shock, the young Yanhuang Organization member bent down to inspect Ye Long's injuries and looked at Zhou Wu with a face full of fear.

Hmm?

Upon hearing this, Zhou Wu was about to ask the young Yanhuang Organization member to wake Ye Long, but then he noticed Ye Long's eyelashes flutter slightly before he opened his blood-red eyes.

"Ye Long."

Seeing Ye Long wake up, Zhou Wu hurriedly called out to him.

Swish!

Ye Long, hearing this, instinctively looked towards Zhou Wu, his gaze initially confused.

Seeing this, Zhou Wu knew that because of the prolonged unconsciousness, Ye Long's consciousness had not yet recovered after waking.

"Where is that bastard Ye Fan?"

Somewhat later.

Just as Zhou Wu was about to speak again, the confusion in Ye Long's eyes disappeared, replaced by an overwhelming killing intent!

That feeling, as if he wanted to tear Ye Fan into thousands of pieces right then!

Noticing the hatred coursing through Ye Long's eyes, even though Zhou Wu knew that Ye Long was now crippled, he and his companion still felt a chill run down their spines, their scalps tingling with fear!

Dead or alive.

In that instant, both thought of these four words!

Chapter 365 Chickens Flying and Dogs Jumping

"I'm sorry, Brother Ye Long, we couldn't stop him, he got away." After the shock passed, Zhou Wu steadied his nerves and replied.

"Please bring the car over and also bring my cousin, Ye Cang." Ye Long said, knowing that Zhou Wu was telling the truth. He took a deep breath, using his strong will to forcibly suppress the raging killing intent, and spoke hoarsely.

"Okay."

Although Zhou Wu did not know what Ye Long intended to do, he immediately agreed to Ye Long's request. He turned to a young member of the Yanhuang Organization and said, "You go and bring the car here, and bring Ye Cang with you."

"Yes."

The young member of the Yanhuang Organization acknowledged and turned back towards the main entrance of the club.

About three minutes later, the young member drove Ye Cang to where Ye Long was.

"Hmm..."

The car stopped, and when Ye Cang got out and saw the horrific state of Ye Long's bloodied body, he turned pale, bent over, and immediately began to vomit.

Zhou Wu and the young member of the Yanhuang Organization then lifted Ye Long into the car.

"Brother Zhou, you go and talk to the police. From now on, the Yanhuang Organization will handle this matter; they don't need to get involved anymore." Seeing Ye Cang vomiting uncontrollably, Ye Long thought for a moment and said.

"Okay."

Upon hearing these words, Zhou Wu exchanged a look with the other man, understanding that Ye Long wanted them out of the way to talk to Ye Cang alone. They nodded and swiftly moved toward the main entrance of the club.

"Ye Cang, call someone from the club and have them bring your severed finger to my two colleagues, so they can help you reattach it." After Zhou Wu and his companion reached the main entrance, Ye Long suddenly said.

"Brother Ye Long, you?"

Ye Cang stopped vomiting and looked at Ye Long with a shocked and questioning face.

"There's no need to hide it now. I indeed arrived here early and didn't show myself—I wanted to have a legitimate reason to go after him once he made his move on you," Ye Long said gravely.

"Err... "

Although Ye Cang had thought of this when Ye Fan revealed Ye Long's scheme, hearing Ye Long admit it himself still gave him a great shock.

"After tonight's incident, you should understand that if this bastard isn't dealt with, you and I, or rather the whole Ye Family will never have peace! That's why I took the risk of you getting hurt earlier, deliberately creating the opportunity to eliminate the threat."

Seeing Ye Cang's reaction, Ye Long continued with a mix of truth and deception, "Now, you've had a finger chopped off by him, and I've been beaten to a pulp, rendered a cripple. We must seek revenge for this grudge!"

"Brother Ye Long, I don't blame you!"

Ye Cang believed him, expressing his position while filled with resentment, "We'll go to grandfather now, to the old master—even though that bastard somehow gained their favor, I believe if they see how he bullied us, they will definitely stand up for us and make that bastard pay the price he deserves!"

"We definitely need to find them, but it cannot be us who go."

Ye Long said darkly, "You call your mother now and tell her what happened tonight, but don't say you were trying to do anything untoward to that girl, insist that you only intended to start a romantic relationship with her."

"Okay."

Ye Cang wasn't foolish; he knew that once he mentioned attempting to force himself on Pan Ying, it would be to his and Ye Long's disadvantage.

"Also, tell your mother that I am currently unconscious. We are on our way to the Ye family Courtyard," Ye Long added.

"Got it, Brother Ye Long, I'm calling right now!"

Ye Cang acted obediently and promptly pulled out his cell phone from his pocket, first dialing Wu Jun to have someone bring over his severed finger, then he called Qin Yan.

"It's self-study time now, why are you calling me? Aren't you at school?" The phone connected, and Qin Yan's voice came through the receiver.

"Mom, that bastard beat up me and Brother Ye Long!"

Ye Cang spoke angrily, mixing his fury with a hint of aggrievement—as he had only ever been hit by Ye Wenhao before, Ye Fan was the second person to strike him, and he had even chopped off his finger!

"What... What?"

On the other end of the phone, Qin Yan, who was dressed in pajamas sitting on the sofa, sprung up as if she had been jabbed in the bottom, "You... you said you and Ye Long were beaten up by Ye Fan??"

"That bastard chopped off one of my fingers, and Brother Ye Long stepped in to stop him, only to be left bloody and with all his Kung Fu ruined by that bastard!" Ye Cang declared, filled with sorrow and anger.

"Err..."

Hearing Ye Cang's words for a second time, even Qin Yan, accustomed to the well-to-do life and high position in a state-owned enterprise, was left stunned in place, her mind going blank.

"Gulp—"

It took a full three seconds before Qin Yan recovered from her shock. She swallowed hard and then asked incoherently, "What happened? Why did he beat you? Are your injuries serious? Where are you now??"

"This is what happened..."

Ye Cang immediately followed Ye Long's instructions, telling Qin Yan a half-truth about the events of the night.

"This bastard is just too much!"

After listening to Ye Cang's account, Qin Yan trembled with rage. She cursed and said, "You two go to the hospital for treatment immediately. I will call Ye Long's parents and then head to the hospital to meet you."

Go to the hospital?

Ye Cang was startled to hear Qin Yan instructing him and Ye Long to go to the hospital and was unsure how to respond.

"Xiao Cang, rest assured, this time, even if your mother has to risk everything, I will seek justice on your behalf with your grandfather and great-grandfather!"

On the phone, Qin Yan, believing Ye Cang was still overwhelmed by the fear Ye Fan had inflicted on him, gritted her teeth and said.

"I understand, Mom."

Upon hearing this, Ye Cang breathed a sigh of relief, then hung up the phone and said to Ye Long, "Brother Ye Long, Mom wants us to go to the hospital for treatment. What should we do?"

"You go down and ask my colleagues for a Golden Healing Pill, have them crush it for you, and apply it to the wound, then reattach the finger," Ye Long replied, not answering the question directly.

"Okay."

Learning that his finger could be reattached, Ye Cang was somewhat excited. He nodded quickly and then jumped out of the car.

On the other end of the phone.

After ending the call with Ye Cang, Qin Yan immediately dialed the number of Ye Long's mother, Gu Mei.

Because Ye Wenhao and Ye Wenhai had always been in competition for the position of the third-generation successor of the Ye Family, Gu Mei was on bad terms with Ye Wenhao and Qin Yan, despite outward appearances.

Seeing the incoming call from Qin Yan, Gu Mei felt puzzled but answered the phone immediately, asking with a smile, "Xiao Yan, what brings you to call me so late at night?"

"Sister-in-law, there's been an incident!"

Unlike her usual pleasantries, Qin Yan did not offer any curtsies and instead spoke in a flustered manner, "Xiao Cang and Xiao Long were injured by that bastard Ye Fan!"

"What... what did you say??"

Just like Qin Yan earlier, Gu Mei was stunned into disbelief upon hearing this news.

"Xiao Cang just called me, saying they were injured by that bastard Ye Fan at the Qingshui No.1 Club," Qin Yan explained patiently, "Xiao Cang had a finger chopped off, and Xiao Long was beaten until covered in blood, his martial arts skills destroyed, and he is currently unconscious."

"That's... that's impossible!"

Upon hearing Qin Yan's words again, Gu Mei recovered from her shock and said incredulously, "Xiao Long is the second-ranked martial arts genius among the younger generation of the Yanhuang Organization, how could he be injured by that bastard? And even have his martial arts destroyed?!"

"Sister-in-law, I can't believe it's true either, but do you think Xiao Cang would lie to me about something like this?" Qin Yan retorted.

Impossible!

An answer surged in Gu Mei's heart immediately.

Even though she couldn't believe this was real, her rational mind told her that although Ye Cang might be a frivolous person, he definitely wouldn't dare joke about such a matter after Ye Fan had earned the favor of Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan!

"Where are they now?" asked Gu Mei.

"I've already instructed them to head to the hospital," Qin Yan replied.

"I'll call Xiao Long first to find out what's going on."

Gu Mei said this and then hung up quickly, dialing Ye Long's personal mobile number.

"I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is currently not answering."

Twenty seconds later, the sweet voice of the telephone operator came through the receiver, nearly causing Gu Mei to smash her phone in anger.

Shortly thereafter, Gu Mei resisted the urge to smash her phone and dialed Ye Long's number again, to no avail.

The consecutive unanswered calls made Gu Mei realize that Qin Yan's words were true, and that Ye Long must indeed be unconscious; otherwise, he would have answered his phone.

At the same time, Gu Mei hurriedly redialed Qin Yan's number, asking desperately, "Xiao Yan, which hospital are they rushing to?"

"I still don't know yet, but I've told Xiao Cang to call me back once they get to the hospital," Qin Yan said, her tone suddenly turning angry and spiteful, "Sister-in-law, although I don't know what that bastard did to receive the elders' recognition. his actions tonight are utterly outrageous—we must find the elders and seek justice for Xiao Cang and Xiao Long!"

"What he did not only violates the Ye Family rules but also the law and the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization! I refuse to believe the elders will continue to protect him!!"

"Not just us, we need to bring together Big Brother, Brother Four, and Sister Five as well."

Gu Mei showed an equally vengeful expression, eager to shred Ye Fan to pieces, "I'm going to inform your Second Brother right now, so he can notify them. Also, as soon as you get a call from Xiao Cang, call me immediately."

"Okay."

Qin Yan responded, then hung up the phone and hurried upstairs to change clothes and leave the house.

Meanwhile.

Ye Fan was driving his Rolls-Royce Phantom toward Chu Ji's Courtyard.

In the car, Pan Jueming sat in the rear seat, looking at Ye Fan's back with an expression as if he had something to say but hesitated.

"Jueming, don't worry, I won't be in any trouble," Ye Fan said, catching sight of Pan Jueming's expression through the rearview mirror and voluntarily reassuring him.

"Uh..."

Possibly not expecting Ye Fan to notice his concern, Pan Jueming was taken aback for a moment, then after seeing Ye Fan's confident look through the rearview mirror, he let out a long sigh of relief.

Although he could tell the upcoming situation was unfavorable for Ye Fan, due to his blind trust, he believed that if Ye Fan said there would be no trouble, then there would surely be no trouble!

"How will Young Master Ye handle the mess that's coming up?"

Now that he was relieved, Pan Jueming couldn't help but secretly question himself.

Chapter 366 Outsmarted by One's Own Cleverness

Like all daughters-in-law from prominent families, Gu Mei's status in the Ye Family was tied to her husband Ye Wenhai.

Among the four daughters-in-law in the Ye Family, she ranked second in seniority but only third in status, after Ye Wentao's wife and Qin Yan.

This made her somewhat unwilling to accept her position.

She had always hoped that her husband, Ye Wenhai, could replace Ye Wenhao to become the third-generation successor and the flag bearer for the Ye Family Camp, climbing to the top of the power pyramid.

Thus, her status in the Ye Family would rise along with him.

As Ye Wenhao's status in the Ye Family became more and more stable, Gu Mei's hopes grew dimmer and dimmer, and she reluctantly shifted her expectations onto her son, Ye Long.

In her view, as long as her son Ye Long was successful and had a promising future, it could also bring her glory within the Ye Family and the elite circles of Huaxia.

Ye Long had shown an exceptional talent in Martial Arts since childhood, had joined the Yanhuang Organization early on, and had even become the second-ranked genius of the younger generation within the prestigious Yanhuang Organization, destined for important positions in the future.

All of this filled Gu Mei with joy, and she became even more hopeful for Ye Long's future.

Thus, when she learned that Ye Long had been crippled by Ye Fan, her resentment towards Ye Fan was insurmountable, even more so than Qin Yan's.

After ending the call with Qin Yan, she rushed up the stairs without pause to find her husband, Ye Wenhai, in the study.

Because she was so anxious and angry, she lost one of her slippers while ascending the stairs but didn't mind it and continued with one foot bare to the study door, slamming it open.

"Bang—"

The door swung open with the sound.

In the study, Ye Wenhai, as usual, was wearing glasses and looking at a confidential red-headed document. Suddenly hearing the door being slammed open, he frowned and unhappily looked toward the door.

Hmm?

Upon seeing Gu Mei with red eyes, panting, and entering the study barefoot on one foot, Ye Wenhai's pupils dilated, and the displeasure on his face vanished as he blurted out, "What happened?"

"Little... Little Long has been crippled!" Gu Mei said with a mixture of rage and sorrow.

Whoosh—

Upon hearing Gu Mei's words, Ye Wenhai was so shocked that his body trembled and his hand shook, causing the red-headed document to slip from his grasp. He widened his eyes, staring at Gu Mei in horror, and demanded, "When did this happen? How do you know??"

"Just now Qin Yan called me, telling me that Little Long and Ye Cang were beaten by that bastard Ye Fan at Qingshui No.1 Club, including Ye Cang losing a finger and Little Long... he was beaten bloody, his Kung Fu wasted!" Gu Mei cried out mournfully.

"How could this happen?"

Ye Wenhai's face was blank, as if questioning Gu Mei but also questioning himself.

"Well... Qin Yan didn't tell me the specifics, but it must be true. Ye Cang himself informed her, and even if Ye Cang is muddleheaded, he wouldn't joke about such a matter," Gu Mei explained.

"Huh~"

This time, Ye Wenhai said nothing more and took a deep breath, strenuously stabilizing his agitated emotions, then picked up the phone on the desk and dialed Ye Long's personal mobile number.

He needed to personally confirm the truth of the matter and understand the full context!

"Dad."

Unlike the previous time when Gu Mei's call went unanswered, this time, the call was quickly connected, and Ye Long's voice came through the speaker, reaching Ye Wenhai's ears.

Even Gu Mei could faintly hear it.

Under the light, she held her breath!

"Your third aunt called, saying you and Ye Cang were injured by Ye Fan and that all your Kung Fu is lost—is this true?" Ye Wenhai asked directly.

"Yes." Ye Long responded weakly.

"Uh..."

Although Ye Wenhai also believed that Ye Cang would not jest about such matters, he still hoped that Ye Fan was not capable of hurting Ye Long and harbored some wishful thinking.

Now, receiving an affirmative response from Ye Long, Ye Wenhai was stunned in place.

Gu Mei, on the other hand, went pale and collapsed weakly onto the sofa.

"Can... can your Kung Fu be recovered?"

Compared to Gu Mei, Ye Wenhai had much stronger resilience. After a brief moment of shock, he sobered up and sharply inquired about the most crucial aspect.

"Cannot."

"Avenge Little Long! I want that bastard dead without a burial place!!"

Originally collapsed, Gu Mei, upon faintly hearing Ye Long's reply, suddenly stood up as if struck by a huge blow and screamed shrilly.

"Tell me what happened," Ye Wenhai said, much calmer than Gu Mei, unaffected by the nightmare-like news.

"It's like this..."

On the phone, the blood-covered Ye Long weakly recounted the events to Ye Wenhai. By the end, a mad desire for revenge surged within him, "Dad, I must have revenge!"

"Listen to me, you and Ye Cang go to the hospital for treatment right now." Ye Wenhai said sternly.

"Dad, I've already used the Golden Healing Pill to treat our injuries, and there is no life-threatening danger. Moreover, going to the hospital is pointless. The twenty-plus years I spent cultivating are completely gone!"

While saying this, Ye Long couldn't help but roar furiously, sounding like an enraged beast, "We are on our way to the Courtyard now. Although I don't understand why Grandfather and Great Grandfather esteem him so highly, we must seek justice today!!"

"Little Long, don't be impulsive!"

It seemed that Ye Long's fury was sensed, as Ye Wenhai first issued a reminder and then spoke angrily, "I'm going to call your uncles right now. You and Ye Cang wait for us at the alley. Once we get there, we'll go find your grandfather together!"

"Okay."

Ye Long consented, his blood-red eyes eerily frightening.

Without further ado, Ye Wenhai ended the call and dialed Ye Wentao's number.

"Wen Hai, why are you calling so late?"

The call was quickly connected, and the voice of Ye Wentao, the oldest of the third generation of the Ye Family, came through with a hint of confusion.

"Big brother, Xiao Long and Ye Cang were injured by that bastard Ye Fan. Xiao Cang had a finger chopped off, and Xiao Long has had all his martial arts skills ruined!" Ye Wenhai got straight to the point.

"How... how could this happen??"

Ye Wentao was shocked by this sudden piece of news on the other end of the phone.

"Big brother, Xiao Long and Ye Cang have already headed to the Courtyard. I'm now preparing to take Xiao Mei and Xiao Yan to meet up with them."

Avoiding the question, Ye Wenhai feigned anger, "I know grandfather favors Wenhao, hence he let that bastard into our family's door. But... that bastard has gone too far! We must have grandfather give us an explanation!"

"Wen Hai, don't be agitated."

Feeling Ye Wenhai's fury, Ye Wentao instinctively thought that his always low-key brother was truly angry and first admonished him, then said, "Alright, I'll immediately call Wen Jun and Wen Ling. We'll go talk to grandfather together about this. How does that sound?"

"Good, we'll meet at the alley."

Ye Wenhai feigned silence for two seconds before responding. Then, without waiting for Ye Wentao to reply, he hung up the phone.

"Remember, when we get to the Courtyard, do not make a fuss; let the elder brothers handle everything."

After ending the call, the anger on Ye Wenhai's face completely disappeared, and he was entirely calm again.

"What... what do you mean?"

Gu Mei was startled at first, then guessed Ye Wenhai's intention, her face in disbelief, "Are you worried Grandfather might think we're using tonight's incident against Wenhao?"

"Hmm."

"Ye... Ye Wen Hai, even at a time like this, you're still thinking about your position as the successor? Do you really care about your son Xiao Long at all??" Seeing Ye Wenhai nod, Gu Mei furiously scolded.

"Calm down!"

Apparently dissatisfied with Gu Mei's shrewish behavior, Ye Wenhai growled low, "It's come to this point; even if we overturn the heavens, can Xiao Long recover his martial arts skills??"

"__"

Gu Mei was left speechless.

"Since Xiao Long's skills can't be recovered, the only thing we can do is make that bastard pay! But to achieve this goal, whether us or the elder brothers speak, it's the same."

Ye Wenhai continued, brilliance flashing in his eyes, "And if Wenhao learns about this and protects that bastard without us raising the issue, what do you think Grandfather would think?"

"But if Wenhao pleads on his behalf, and Grandfather decides to show leniency, what then?" Gu Mei asked.

"Grandfather has lived his lifetime a wiser and more experienced man than us. Although he is over a hundred years old, he is still clear-headed; he knows exactly what this means for the Ye Family."

The glint in Ye Wenhai's eyes shone brightly, "If everything Xiao Long and others have said is true, then this scenario is almost unlikely to happen, instead, he will be utterly disappointed in Wenhao—forgiveness can only go so far, with only familial affection, how can one govern a country??"

Hearing this, Gu Mei pursed her lips but said nothing—she knew Ye Wenhai was right!

Several minutes later.

Except for Wen Hao, every member of the Ye Family's third generation was alerted and promptly drove to the Ye Family Courtyard.

Meanwhile, Wen Hao had received a phone call from Ye Fan, who informed him of everything that had happened that night.

"Sigh..."

After listening to Ye Fan's account, Wen Hao sighed deeply.

When he heard that Ye Fan and the two elders of the Ye Family had reached a cooperation agreement, he had not hoped for this scene to occur, but he had anticipated this day would come, just not so swiftly!

"Dad, I..."

For some reason, hearing Wen Hao sigh, Ye Fan felt a blockage in his heart and couldn't help but speak out.

"I know, by cutting off Ye Cang's finger, you were both punishing and protecting him. If this matter were reported to your great-grandfather, according to the Ye Family's rules, he would have his leg broken and be expelled from the Ye Family forever—this is much more severe than losing a finger!"

On the other end of the phone, Wen Hao sighed, interrupting Ye Fan, "And you did this entirely considering me."

"Phew~"

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan breathed a sigh of relief, feeling much more at ease.

Wen Hao then lit a cigarette and deeply sighed again, "I hope your second uncle isn't too smart for his own good."

"If he is unkind, then you can be unjust."

Ye Fan's eyes narrowed, his voice cold as ice, "You are benevolent and can't do it, so your son will do it for you!"

Chapter 367 Striving to Perform, Not for Oneself

The night was like ink, and the evening breeze blew past.

The Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition glided smoothly down the street, with Ye Fan gripping the steering wheel in one hand and holding his phone in the other, his expression resolute and indifferent.

On the other end of the phone, Ye Wenhao forcefully inhaled his cigarette, seemingly trying to anesthetize his complex emotions with nicotine.

"Dad, there's no need for you to get involved in tonight's matter," Ye Fan said.

After a few seconds, guessing that Ye Wenhao was in a dilemma, Ye Fan took the initiative to speak again.

"Mm."

Ye Wenhao hummed softly and hung up the phone first.

"Beep beep..."

Hearing the busy tone from the handset, Ye Fan also put away his phone.

In the back seat of the car, Pan Ying was as confused as a monk scratching his head, her face filled with bewilderment.

Pan Jueming looked excited.

Although he couldn't fully understand the purpose of Ye Fan's phone call just now, Ye Fan made the call in front of him to Ye Wenhao, discussing such confidential matters!

The implicit meaning contained within was self-evident!

"I can help you avenge, but I don't need a dog. If you believe I can do it, be my pawn," Pan Jueming couldn't help but recall Ye Fan saying this to him that evening at Ao Xiang Villa in his excitement.

To this day, he knew that not only had Ye Fan not treated him like a dog, but he also did not merely see him as a pawn—no chess player would risk losing the entire game to save a pawn!

"Jueming, to prevent them from making a desperate move, you and your sister should stay at this courtyard tonight. With my aunt protecting you, I trust that no one will be able to touch a hair on your head," Ye Fan said a few minutes later, as the imposing Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition came to a stop in front of Chu Ji's courtyard, turning his head to Pan Jueming.

Clearly, Ye Fan knew that because of the cooperation agreement with the Ye Family elders, those in the Ye family who harbored hatred against him were bound to lose both their wife and soldiers tonight, but he couldn't guarantee whether those people would make a desperate move and vent their anger on Pan Jueming and Pan Ying.

"Mm."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Pan Jueming didn't put on airs and simply nodded lightly.

All was understood without words.

Seeing this, Ye Fan opened the car door, got out first, and walked straight to the back door of the car.

"Mr. Ye... let Little Ying help me," Pan Jueming said, his eyes red and his voice choking, upon seeing this.

"Your sister is too slight, I'm afraid she won't be able to support you," Ye Fan said with a smile, "Stop being pretentious, I need to take you inside and then make a trip to the Ye Family Mansion."

Hearing this, Pan Jueming said no more and let Ye Fan help him out of the car.

Screech!

Meanwhile, the courtyard door opened with a sound, and Chu Ji, draped in a red cloak, appeared.

"What happened?"

Seeing Ye Fan helping Pan Jueming and noticing the bloodstains on his body, Chu Ji's face changed as she asked worriedly, "How did you guys end up like this? Did you encounter an assassination? How serious are the injuries??"

"There was a scare but no harm done. Let's talk about the specifics inside," Ye Fan replied with a smile, indicating that it was alright.

"Phew~"

Relieved to notice that Ye Fan's injuries weren't serious, Chu Ji let out a sigh of relief.

"Lady Chu."

Bearing the severe pain from his wounds, Pan Jueming managed a greeting to Chu Ji, then said to Pan Ying, "Little Ying, this is our benefactor's aunt."

"Hello, aunt," Pan Ying greeted obediently.

"Come inside quickly," Chu Ji said, nodding with a smile, and stepped aside.

A few minutes later, Ye Fan helped Pan Jueming into a room in the courtyard, left Pan Ying to watch over him, and then left the room.

Chu Ji stood at the doorway of the room, and upon seeing Ye Fan exit, she immediately asked eagerly, "What exactly happened?"

"Let's talk in the study," Ye Fan said with a smile, seeing the anxious look on Chu Ji's face.

Chu Ji rolled her eyes unwillingly and followed Ye Fan to the study.

"Who made the move on you?"

Once in the study, Chu Ji asked again, driven by a pressing sense of urgency.

"Ye Long,"

"Him?"

Cold light flashed in Chu Ji's eyes, but she quickly thought of something and asked with some confusion, "He has reached the Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist and has even mastered the 'Yanhuang's Fury'?"

First Level of 'Yanhuang Fist,' putting him on a par with Innate Great Perfection cultivators in terms of strength and combat power. How did you manage to escape this calamity?"

"Rely on it."

Ye Fan's consciousness stirred, and a Xuanye Flying Blade flew out of his sleeve, hovering in front of him.

"You used telekinesis to catch him off guard with the flying knife?" Seeing the bloodstains on the Xuanye Flying Blade, Chu Ji's eyes lit up.

Ye Fan shook his head.

"Alright, I won't ask anymore, and stop beating around the bush. Just tell me everything clearly in one go."

Seeing his demeanor, Chu Ji felt so frustrated it was almost painful, glaring at Ye Fan with an expression that seemed to threaten to chop off Ye Fan's little brother if he didn't make things clear.

"Here's what happened..."

Noticing Chu Ji's impatience, Ye Fan didn't dare to keep her in suspense any longer and recounted everything that had happened that night, including Ye Long's schemes.

"Heh, Hong Lie's apprentice is indeed quite crafty, to think that he wanted to use Ye Cang as cannon fodder to create an opportunity to attack you!"

After hearing Ye Fan's account, Chu Ji felt intense hatred, with her killing intent flashing unmistakably—she wished she could turn back time and rush to Qingshui No.1 to chop up Ye Long herself!

"Lucky for me, my magic cultivation broke through to the Great Success Realm at the critical moment, otherwise you wouldn't be seeing me right now."

Thinking back on the life-and-death struggle that evening, Ye Fan too felt a chill—had he not broken through in time, he and Pan Jueming might already be discussing life with the King of Hell at this very moment.

"Innate Mages really are miraculous."

Hearing Ye Fan's sigh, and thinking of how he had effortlessly managed Ye Long with just a Xuanye Flying Blade, Chu Ji couldn't help but utter her amazement. Then another thought struck her, and she said contemplatively, "Although you spared Ye Long's life, this matter is probably far from over—the bastards of the Ye Family will most likely turn to Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan for help, and it's possible that even Hong Lie will get involved in this affair!"

"I understand," Ye Fan replied with a smile, his face fearless.

"Knowing this, why didn't you just finish off that little bastard Ye Long?" Chu Ji was puzzled. Ye Fan had always been ruthless against his enemies.

This time, Ye Fan did not rush to reply but considered how to explain the situation to Chu Ji.

"Are you afraid of putting Ye Wenhao in a difficult position?" A thought struck Chu Ji, and she vaguely guessed something, though she still wasn't certain.

"Yes and no," Ye Fan first nodded, then shook his head.

"What do you mean by yes and no?" Chu Ji widened her eyes, not understanding.

"There are three reasons why I spared Ye Long's life."

Ye Fan unveiled the mystery, "First, for Ye Long, crippling his Kung Fu and depriving him of any hope for revenge is far more satisfying than killing him. It will make him truly live in misery!"

"Second, as you said, I'm worried about making my father feel awkward. I can see that he does not wish for me to completely break ties with the Ye Family. If I had killed Ye Long, with the agreement I have with the Ye Family elders and the moral high ground, likely, they would only swallow their broken teeth, but the rest of the Ye Family, not knowing about the agreement, would certainly believe my father intervened on my behalf. Henceforth, they would bear a grudge against my father! That would leave my father in a very awkward position, as if swallowing bitterness without being able to say a word."

"What about the third reason?" Chu Ji asked eagerly.

"It's also for my father."

Ye Fan continued, "By crippling Ye Long's Kung Fu, I've turned him into a cripple. With his character, he will likely seek revenge on me. No matter what methods he uses to take revenge, he will need Ye Yuanshan's approval. In this way, this matter will ultimately escalate to Ye Yuanshan's attention—the third generation of the Ye Family will definitely rally around Ye Long, and I will expose Ye Long's conspiracy with evidence!"

"If Ye Wenhai actively seeks justice for his son, he will have to swallow the pain silently; if he decides to use it as an opportunity to scheme against my father, it will surely be noticed, and he will end up being clever only to outwit himself. Not only will he lose favor in Ye Yuanshan's eyes, but he will also offend the other members of the third generation of the Ye Family! By then, my father's position as the successor of the Ye Family will be thoroughly secured."

"Your calculating of Ye Wenhai and Ye Long is only cutting off one of Ye Cang's fingers. I assume that was also considering your father, wasn't it?" Hearing what Ye Fan had articulated, Chu Ji felt a sudden epiphany and couldn't help but smile bitterly.

This time.

Ye Fan didn't make a sound, silently affirming Chu Ji's words.

"Does Ye Wenhao know about this?" Chu Ji asked again.

"Hmm, I gave him a call before I returned to the Courtyard."

Remembering the earlier call, Ye Fan couldn't help but sigh, "He guessed that Ye Wenhao might be too clever by half, yet he didn't wish for such a scene to unfold."

"To others in the Ye Family, even if they are not enemies, they can hardly be called relatives, but in his heart, they are family."

Upon hearing this, Chu Ji remarked with a wry smile, "He and you are alike in valuing loyalty and righteousness. With his character, I fear he would rather give up the position of the third generation successor of the Ye Family, and even the chance to stand at the apex of the power pyramid, than see brother turn against brother, grudges leading to bloodshed."

"I know, which is why I said, he values relationships deeply and can't bring himself to do certain things, so I'll do them for him!"

At this point, Ye Fan let out a cold chuckle, "The old folks of the Ye Family played dumb, and in the agreement, they only said that the old man should make use of a great favor to boldly support the Ye Family when the time comes, but neglected to specify it was to be my father—did they think I was unaware of their little calculations?"

"The world thinks you will be the downfall of your father, not knowing that you care more about his career than anyone else and would exert all your efforts to propel him to the apex of the power pyramid!"

After hearing his words, Chu Ji first sighed, then, like Ye Fan, let out a cold laugh, "When that day comes, those who have underestimated you will be green with regret! And those who have been looking forward to the spectacle, heh, I bet their expressions will be quite a scene to behold!"

Ye Fan clenched his fists, his face determined.

"A grand play of imperial rivalry unfolds under the red curtains; you perform with all your might, yet not for yourself."

Seeing this, Chu Ji, moved by the scene, couldn't help but look out the window towards the direction of the Ye Family Mansion, her face filled with yearning, "I really want to go to the Ye Family Mansion with you to watch tonight's drama."

Chapter 368 Pointed by Thousands (Part 1)

Compared to the Hong Qiang Courtyard, which symbolizes the pinnacle of power, the threshold of the Ye Family Mansion is not any lower.

For one, the Ye Family is now undisputedly the premier family in Huaxia, and more importantly, the Ye Family Mansion houses the elder who witnessed a century of Huaxia's ups and downs and elevated the Ye Family to the pinnacle of power through sheer perseverance and wisdom.

That elder is the stabilizer of the Ye Family and also the only remaining first-generation hero in Huaxia!

Generally speaking, the height of a threshold and the degree of stringent security are directly proportional.

The threshold of the Ye Family Mansion is no lower than that of the Hong Qiang Courtyard, so naturally, its security force is equally formidable—from the main road leading to the alley, to the entrance of the alley, then to the front gate of the Ye Family Mansion, and finally inside the mansion, there are five security lines both overt and covert.

Among them, there are guards dispatched by the organization, members of the Yanhuang Organization, and expert martial artists sent by the Ye Family itself, numbering over fifty.

In early January in Yanjing, the winter season meant early nightfall; by nine o'clock, darkness had completely enveloped the land.

Under the cover of night, at the entrance of the alley where the Ye Family Mansion is located, there is a car with a special Yanhuang Organization license plate parked.

In the car, Ye Long, covered in blood, lay on the back seat, staring blankly at the ceiling of the car.

Ye Cang sat in the driver's seat, staring intently at the road leading to the alley entrance, waiting for the arrival of the Ye Family members.

Four martial artists responsible for guarding the Ye Family Mansion wisely stayed in the dark, not daring to approach and disturb Ye Long and Ye Cang.

Soon, under Ye Cang's watchful gaze, a Mercedes S700 was the first to drive toward them.

The approaching Mercedes S700 did not have a special license plate like the car Ye Long and Ye Cang were in, but several impressive passes were piled under the right windshield.

It is no exaggeration to say that in the vast land of Huaxia, there are few courtyards that this car cannot enter; on the contrary, they are few and far between.

In the Mercedes S700, Qin Yan, who manages a state enterprise, also knew that tonight's matter was extraordinary and didn't dare let her assistant drive; instead, she drove here herself.

The roadside lights shone through the car window, illuminating Qin Yan's well-maintained face, and one could clearly see anger filling that face.

Soon, when the Mercedes S700 stopped in front of the car where Ye Long and Ye Cang were sitting, Ye Cang quickly pushed open the door and got out, while simultaneously, a security officer flashed out from the dark to conduct a routine check.

Although they recognized that the car belonged to Qin Yan, according to the rules, even if it was Ye Zhen's car arriving here, it still required an inspection to verify that the people inside were Ye Family members.

If they weren't Ye Family members, entering would require the approval of Ye Yuanshan's personal secretary.

Seeing only Qin Yan inside the car, the security officer silently merged back into the darkness, while Ye Cang shouted towards Qin Yan, "Mom!"

"Xiao... Xiao Cang, are you alright?"

Qin Yan saw Ye Cang's face swollen and his right hand bloody, and with a heart full of distress, she walked towards him.

"Brother Ye Long had his colleague use a Golden Healing Pill to reattach my fingers, but I still can't move them for now," Ye Cang said, raising his right hand wrapped in gauze around his little finger.

"Phew~"

Hearing this, Qin Yan sighed in relief, "That's good. By the way, where is your Brother Ye Long?"

"In the car," Ye Cang said.

Upon hearing this, Qin Yan didn't say anything more and quickly walked towards Ye Long.

In the rear seat of the car, although Ye Long had stopped his injuries with a Golden Healing Pill, he was unable to move due to tendons sliced in his hands and feet, along with too many wounds on his body, and he just lay curled up in the back seat.

"Ss~"

Even though Qin Yan had already been informed that Ye Long was beaten bloody, seeing his sorry state still made her gasp in shock.

"Third Aunt, you're here," Ye Long said expressionlessly.

"Mhm."

For some reason, hearing Ye Long's unemotional words and seeing his lifeless eyes, Qin Yan felt a chill in her heart. She nodded and said, "Your parents will be here soon, and the others are on their way too, including your uncle and your grandfather."

Hearing Qin Yan's words, Ye Long was about to say something when, with his hearing far superior to ordinary people's, he distinctly heard another car approaching.

Qin Yan didn't hear the sound, but she saw the lights and immediately turned to look.

Soon, a large-displacement Hongqi H7 with a Yanjing City Party Committee license plate stopped at the mouth of the alley, and Ye Wenhai and Gu Mei, the couple, got out of the car one after the other.

The two paid no mind to the security personnel who came forward for the check and walked briskly towards the car where Ye Long was sitting.

"Uncle, Aunt,"

"Brother, Sister-in-law,"

As the two approached, Ye Cang and Qin Yan greeted them in succession.

Ye Wenhai paused, giving a slight nod, while Gu Mei, unable to wait, rushed to the car's rear door.

The rear door was open, and with the help of the light, Gu Mei immediately saw the terrible condition of Ye Long.

"Xiao... Xiao Long!"

Seeing her son covered in blood with wounds everywhere, Gu Mei felt the world spinning before bending down and crying out with outstretched hands.

"Mom, I'm fine, don't cry," Ye Long said, feeling somewhat irritated as he saw his mother in tears, while the hatred in his heart for Ye Fan soared to a terrifying level.

"Your injuries are too severe; you still need to go to the hospital,"

At that moment, Ye Wenhai also approached Gu Mei. Seeing Ye Long's ghastly condition, the rage in his eyes burned fiercely, but he still forcibly suppressed his anger and said in a stern voice.

"No rush, it's not too late to go after we have the results."

Ye Long said somberly, as if to him, punishing Ye Fan was far more important than going to the hospital for treatment.

"That... that bastard is just too cruel and ruthless, he should be sent to the Eighteen Layers of Hell!"

Gu Mei, looking at the crisscrossed scars on Ye Long's body, roared in grief and anger, wishing to grind Ye Fan's bones to dust right then and there.

Seeing Gu Mei lose control, Ye Wenhai raised an eyebrow and said in a deep voice, "How to deal with him, I'm sure dad and grandpa will decide."

"Huff... Huff..."

Reminded by Ye Wenhai, Gu Mei woke up as if from a nightmare, panting heavily while trying to control her emotions.

Meanwhile, Qin Yan's heart stirred, vaguely guessing the implication behind Ye Wenhai's words.

She didn't mind.

Because... in her view, if Ye Wenhao really did step forward to protect Ye Fan, completely disregarding Ye Cang, then even if Ye Wenhao were to reach the peak, it would be meaningless to her and Ye Cang!

A few minutes later, Ye Wenling, alone, drove a Bentley business car to the entrance of the alley. Her husband, Lu Zheng, because of his minor role in the Ye Family and fear of offending people, did not dare to get involved and did not accompany Ye Wenling.

"This damn bastard, he's completely trying to kill Xiao Long!"

Ye Wenling got out of the car, first greeted Ye Wenhai, Gu Mei couple, and Qin Yan, then sorrowfully examined Ye Cang's injuries, and finally, seeing Ye Long lying covered in blood in the back seat of the car, unable to move, burst out raging, "We must get dad and grandpa to throw him into jail!"

Facing Ye Wenling's furious scolding, everyone kept silent.

Unable to hold back her anger, Ye Wenling then questioned Qin Yan, "By the way, sister-in-law, does Third Brother know about this? Is he still thinking of standing up for that bastard?"

"I don't know."

Qin Yan shook her head, her face somewhat ugly, but she understood that given Ye Wenhao's emphasis on Ye Fan, he would definitely step in if he knew about this.

"Sister-in-law, don't worry. If Third Brother dares to protect that bastard, we will all stand by you. I want to see whether we all together matter more or he cares more about that bastard!" Ye Wenling declared resolutely.

"Mm."

Qin Yan nodded slightly.

At the same time, two more cars approached, one of which bore a military license plate, and the other bore a special department license plate.

The cars stopped, and the Ye Wenjun couple and Ye Wenjun's couple alighted from the cars and walked towards everyone.

Like Ye Wenling, they first greeted everyone and then checked the injuries of Ye Cang and Ye Long, and were furious over Ye Fan's 'beastly' behavior.

"I've already told dad, and he will be here soon. We'll wait for him and then go to see grandpa together." Seeing that all the third generation of the Ye Family, except for Ye Wenjun working in Jiangnan, had arrived, Ye Wentao started to suggest.

"Good."

Everyone agreed with Ye Wentao's arrangement without any objections.

For, although Ye Wentao, being the oldest of the Ye Family's third generation and for reasons of personality, capability, and military service, was not chosen as the successor, he was highly influential among the third generation of the Ye Family.

Just as Ye Wentao said, at this moment, the top-end Hongqi H8 sedan of Ye Zhen was on its way to Ye Family Mansion.

In the car, having already been informed, Ye Zhen, after leaving the office villa of the Hong Qiang Courtyard, did not rush to contact Ye Fan, instead, he carefully reviewed Ye Wentao's report several times.

After making sure he knew every detail of the event like the back of his hand, Ye Zhen pulled down the car window shade, then took out his personal phone and dialed Ye Fan's number.

"Old Ye."

The call connected quickly, and Ye Fan's voice came through the receiver, sounding utterly different from the awe usually shown by other Ye Family members when facing Ye Zhen, it was just like usual, neither haughty nor humble.

"I've heard about tonight's events, but it's all their side of the story, so I'm skeptical. I want to hear from you about tonight's events."

Unlike other Ye Family members, Ye Zhen did not rebuke Ye Fan but said that he doubted Ye Wentao's report, so as to allow Ye Fan to speak about tonight's events.

"Old Ye, if I'm not wrong, they must have already arrived at Ye Family Mansion by now, right?" Instead of answering Ye Zhen, Ye Fan countered with a question.

"Mm."

Ye Zhen nodded, his brow furrowing slightly, his expression subtly displeased.

In his view, even if Ye Fan had the Imperial Sword and collaborated with him and Ye Yuanshan, having harmed Ye Cang and Ye Long, he should still offer an explanation no matter what.

"Old Ye, a man's promise is worth his weight in gold. Back then, since I promised you I wouldn't actively trouble them, I surely kept my word."

Seemingly guessing what was on Ye Zhen's mind, Ye Fan stated each word clearly, "As for tonight's events, I'll head to Ye Family Mansion later and offer you and the other senior an adequate explanation!"

"Alright."

Ye Zhen's brow furrowed more tightly, yet a bad premonition rose within him — the truth of the matter would definitely not be as Ye Wentao had reported!

Chapter 369 Pointed Out by Thousands

At ten o'clock, as Ye Long and others waited, the top-of-the-line Hongqi H8 sedan, bearing one of Huaxia's most distinguished license plates, slowly made its way to the entrance of the alley where Ye Family Mansion was located.

The two off-road vehicles that had been escorting it midway, however, wisely stopped two hundred meters away from the alley entrance.

Whoosh—

At the sight of Ye Zhen's official car arriving, the crowd grew restless, and Ye Wentao hurriedly led the people to greet it.

"Stop the car."

Upon seeing this, Ye Zhen spoke slowly, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

The middle-aged man serving as both the driver and bodyguard immediately followed Ye Zhen's instruction and pressed the brake.

The car stopped, and before the driver-bodyguard could get out to open the door for him, Ye Zhen himself pushed the door open and stepped out.

"Dad!"

"Grandpa!"

Everyone greeted him in unison, including Ye Cang at the back of the group, whose voice was somewhat softer, perhaps due to a guilty conscience.

"Ye Cang, come here."

Ye Zhen's gaze swept toward Ye Cang. It seemed calm, but it was as sharp as a treasure sword, causing Ye Cang's heart to tighten.

"Grandpa, Xiao Long's injuries are too severe for him to rise and welcome you, please don't blame Xiao Long."

At that moment, Ye Long's voice suddenly rose. His words were respectful, but there was a slight lack of the usual reverence in his tone.

Hmm?

Perhaps not expecting Ye Long to speak up, Ye Wentao and the others were slightly startled.

Meanwhile, Ye Cang, nervously guilty as if awakened from a dream, let go of all his uneasiness and walked straight towards Ye Zhen.

Noticing the change in Ye Cang's expression, Ye Zhen's interest was piqued, his eyebrows raising briefly.

"Grandpa!"

Soon, Ye Cang reached Ye Zhen and bowed deeply in respect.

"Ye Cang, is everything you told your mother true? Have you omitted anything on purpose?" Ye Zhen asked coldly, eyes fixed on Ye Cang.

"Grandpa, every word Xiao Cang has said is true, Brother Ye Long can testify to that," Ye Cang responded, maintaining his bow, not showing a hint of panic in his tone.

"Dad, at this point, do you still doubt Xiao Cang and Xiao Long would lie? Could that bastard have whispered in your ear and spread rumors?"

Following Ye Cang's statement, Ye Wenling couldn't help but speak up. As the youngest in the third generation of the Ye Family, who received the most affection as a child, she was one of the few who dared to contradict Ye Zhen.

"Dad, Xiao Cang had a finger chopped off, while Xiao Long was beaten so badly that his Kung Fu is completely ruined. I believe they wouldn't lie," Ye Wentao said, supporting Ye Wenling's claim, as soon as she finished speaking.

"I also don't believe the two of them would lie," Ye Wenjun couldn't help but join in, agreeing with Ye Wentao.

"Dad..."

"That's enough."

Seeing that someone else was about to speak, Ye Zhen interrupted. He glanced intentionally or unintentionally at Ye Wenhai, Gu Mei, and Qin Yan, then headed straight for the car where Ye Long was.

The crowd made way, and after Ye Zhen had walked to the front, they followed behind him.

"Ye Long, can you confirm that everything Ye Cang said is true? That he and that girl surnamed Pan are in a relationship? Also, are you sure it was when you stopped Ye Fan from attacking Ye Cang that you were ambushed and injured?"

Quickly approaching the rear door of Ye Long's car and seeing Ye Long's grievous state, Ye Zhen merely furrowed his brow, then bluntly posed the questions.

These were the two most crucial points of the evening's events and what he believed to be the most important.

"Xiao Long confirms."

Ye Long, unafraid, met Ye Zhen's gaze with determination in his voice.

"Let's enter the mansion first."

Seeing that Ye Long did not appear to be lying, Ye Zhen pondered for a moment, made arrangements, and then turned back to his official car.

No one dared to speak further. They all returned to their cars and drove into the alley.

Soon, led by Ye Zhen's official car, several vehicles consecutively stopped at the entrance of the Ye Family Mansion.

"This evening's matter will definitely be resolved."

Having gotten out of the car once more, Ye Zhen didn't rush to enter the mansion but turned to look at everyone and said in a deep voice, "Ye Fan is on his way here. Wentao, take them to wait in the middle courtyard, while I speak with your grandfather."

"Yes, Dad!"

As a military man who maintained his military demeanor even in daily life, Ye Wentao stood up straight and respectfully accepted the command upon hearing Ye Zhen's instructions.

"Chief, the old chief is waiting for you in the study," the life secretary of Ye Yuanshan stepped forward and reported with a salute to Ye Zhen.

Ye Zhen nodded slightly and led the way into the mansion, heading straight toward the inner courtyard.

"Secretary Wang, does my grandfather know about this incident?" Ye Wentao asked.

"The old chief only knows that you have all come, but it seems that he doesn't know the specifics of what has happened," Secretary Wang replied.

"Thank you, Secretary Wang."

Upon hearing this, Ye Wentao first expressed his gratitude, then led the others into the mansion. Ye Long, too injured to move on his own, was carried in by two security personnel.

Shortly after, Ye Wentao and the group arrived at the hall in the middle courtyard. As with the eve of the birthday banquet the previous night, no one spoke, and the atmosphere was somewhat oppressive.

At the same time, Ye Zhen arrived at the inner courtyard alone and walked straight to the study room door. He didn't push it open immediately but paused and knocked on the door, "Dad, it's me."

"Come in."

Ye Yuanshan's voice came from the study, neither warm nor cold, leaving Ye Zhen unable to fathom Ye Yuanshan's thoughts.

Creak!

A light sound was heard, and Ye Zhen pushed the door to enter, only to see Ye Yuanshan lying on the wicker chair as usual.

Unlike usual, Ye Yuanshan was not listening to Peking opera but instead was playing with the two jade beads that Ye Fan had given him.

"Dad, are these two jade beads really as magical as Wenhao said?" Ye Zhen advanced and stopped three meters away from Ye Yuanshan before he spoke out.

Ye Yuanshan slowly opened his eyes, his gaze murky as he looked at Ye Zhen, and said, "They feel quite nice, much better than the things those little brats gave me."

Upon hearing this, Ye Zhen's heart stirred, contemplative.

"Speak, what has happened that all of you have come in full force to see this old man?" Ye Yuanshan asked of his own accord.

"Ye Long and Ye Cang were injured by Ye Fan. Ye Cang had one of his fingers chopped off, and Ye Long is seriously injured, his Kung Fu destroyed," Ye Zhen reported.

Ye Yuanshan was calm until he heard that Ye Long's Kung Fu had been destroyed; only then did his eyebrows slightly raise, "Tell me everything about what happened."

"According to what Ye Long and Ye Cang said, the situation is like this..."

Ye Zhen dared not be negligent and quickly informed Ye Yuanshan of the course of events, being very detailed, especially about several key points.

"Has that useless bunch done their investigation?" Ye Yuanshan asked, his brows furrowing tighter after hearing the whole story, his murky eyes becoming sharp, his tone extremely harsh.

Ye Zhen was taken aback, not sure how to answer.

"And you? Have you investigated it yourself?" Ye Yuanshan continued to press.

"The incident happened too suddenly, and I didn't have time to investigate. I only reviewed the course of events several times and picked out a few key points..."

"Without investigation, where is the right to speak? Are you relying solely on the one-sided words of those two little brats?"

It seemed that Ye Yuanshan was very dissatisfied with Ye Zhen's answer, suddenly raising his voice, and began to scold, which resulted in a bout of coughing due to the anger.

"Dad, please don't get agitated."

Seeing this, Ye Zhen's expression changed, and he quickly went to pat Ye Yuanshan's back. After Ye Yuanshan stopped coughing, he continued to report, "On the way here, I called Ye Fan and told him I was skeptical of what Ye Cang and Ye Long had said, trying to get him to open up to me about tonight's events..."

"What did he say?" Ye Yuanshan interrupted Ye Zhen again, asking in a deep voice.

"He said a man's word is his bond. Initially, having promised us that he wouldn't seek trouble, he would naturally follow through. He added that regarding tonight's incident, he would come here to give us a reasonable explanation," Ye Zhen relayed Ye Fan's words exactly as they were said to Ye Yuanshan.

"Sigh..."

Ye Yuanshan let out a heavy sigh as Ye Fan's words echoed in his ears.

"Dad, do you think Ye Cang and Ye Long are lying?" Ye Zhen's heart moved, and he vaguely guessed Ye Yuanshan's thoughts.

Looking at Ye Zhen with a gaze sharp as a knife, Ye Yuanshan dodged the question, "What do you think?"

"I think, since Ye Fan dared to discipline them and said such things to me afterward, he must have his reasons, and it's very likely he's in the right," Ye Zhen shared his opinion.

"It's not likely, but certain!"

Ye Yuanshan's face showed a mix of frustration and disappointment, "First, he caused chaos in the Ye Family Mansion yesterday, only to vent the anger in his heart and seek justice for his mother. Not only did we not stop him, but we also cooperated deliberately, and I even allowed him to sit at the main table. All this ought to have let him release his anger, and having promised us, he naturally wouldn't go looking for trouble with Ye Long and Ye Cang."

"Secondly, his conduct in Hanghu and Dong Hai earned your assessment as 'sly as a fox, fierce as a tiger'—his actions are always meticulous, and tonight's event has so many loopholes, completely at odds with his usual style of doing things."

"Thirdly, as of now, Wenhao hasn't even made a single call to you or me. If Ye Fan was indeed at fault, do you think Wenhao would remain indifferent, considering how much he values him?"

"Cough cough..."

As Ye Yuanshan finished speaking, he coughed again, his elderly face slightly reddening due to the shortness of breath.

"Dad, then, according to you, how should tonight's events be handled?" After Ye Yuanshan stopped coughing, Ye Zhen asked for guidance.

"Didn't he say he would give us a reasonable explanation? Then let's wait for his explanation," Ye Yuanshan said with narrowed eyes, a sharp look in his gaze, "As for how to deal with it, I naturally have a plan in mind."

"Ring ring ring—"

This time, before Ye Zhen could respond, the phone in the study rang.

Ye Zhen heard the sound, took two steps forward, walked to the desk, picked up the phone: "Hello."

"General, Ye Fan has arrived at the entrance of the alley in his car. Should we let him in?" Ye Yuanshan's personal secretary inquired from the other end of the phone.

"Let the security personnel let him through," Ye Zhen instructed, then hung up the phone and said to Ye Yuanshan, "He's here."

"Have that disappointing bunch come here."

"Alright."

Taken aback by the words, Ye Zhen then walked out of the study with complex thoughts.

Meanwhile.

Ye Fan was driving the king of cars, the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition, slowly into the alley toward the Ye Family Mansion.

This was his second visit within two days.

Last night, he had made a scene at the Ye Family Mansion.

Tonight, what would it be??

Chapter 370 Pointed by Thousands (Part 2)

Ye Fan stopped the car and didn't bother to look at the vehicles with special license plates, but instead got out directly and walked toward the entrance of the Ye Family Mansion.

"Hello, Secretary Wang."

Seeing Ye Yuanshan's personal secretary waiting for him at the door, Ye Fan was not surprised, but merely bowed slightly in greeting.

"Uh..."

Facing Ye Fan's humble demeanor, Secretary Wang was taken aback.

As Ye Yuanshan's personal secretary, he was considered the most powerful secretary in Huaxia, and even rumored to be the most impressive second in command, a position that outwardly seemed less significant than some Provincial Governors but secretly envied by those high-ranking officials and Provincial Governors.

Naturally, his emotional intelligence was beyond question.

With his high emotional intelligence, he had pieced together the events of this evening through the injuries of Ye Cang and Ye Long and the behavior of the third generation of the Ye Family, guessing almost exactly what had happened.

But—

What he hadn't anticipated was that Ye Fan, who had stirred up trouble in the south causing the Bai Family to suffer and had caused a scene in Yanjing at the Ye Family, would be so courteous toward him.

"Hello, Xiao Fan."

Surprised, Secretary Wang smiled in response, but a bizarre thought crossed his mind: Ye Fan's courtesy was certainly not out of respect for his position.

After affirming this point in his mind, Secretary Wang didn't bother with too much politeness and directly said, "The old general asked me to bring you to the back yard."

"Then please lead the way, Secretary Wang." Ye Fan smiled faintly, his face showing no worry.

Seeing this, although Secretary Wang did not understand why Ye Fan was so confident, reason told him that it would not be easy for Ye Wentao and others to take advantage of Ye Fan today.

Just as Secretary Wang was leading Ye Fan toward the inner court, Ye Wentao and the others had arrived at the inner court a step earlier, but they hadn't entered the study, and were just standing in the courtyard while Ye Long was being carried on a stretcher by two security personnel.

Although they were genuine Ye Family's Young Masters, it was very difficult for them to see Ye Yuanshan, and they couldn't meet him without his explicit approval.

This was why Ye Long had Ye Cang call Qin Yan—to bring a crowd and force Ye Yuanshan to deal with this matter!

"Big brother, since Grandpa asked us to come to the inner court, why won't he let us go inside?" In front of the study, Ye Wenjun asked Ye Wentao quietly.

Ye Wenling, not far from the two men, faintly heard Ye Wenjun's words and sullenly chimed in, "Exactly, you said not letting us in is one thing, but Xiao Long's injuries are so severe, staying outside could make them worse."

"Grandpa must be waiting for that kid to come, let us all go in together then," Ye Wentao pondered and said.

Upon hearing this, Ye Wenjun and Ye Wenling thought it made some sense and didn't say anything further.

Meanwhile, Ye Wenhai was frowning slightly, pondering the intentions behind Ye Yuanshan's actions.

At that moment.

Secretary Wang led Ye Fan through the archway connecting the inner and central courts into the inner court.

Whoosh!

The moment Ye Fan appeared, everyone's gaze involuntarily landed on him.

Among them, the Ye Wentao couple and the Ye Wenjun couple looked at Ye Fan with displeasure.

The gazes of Ye Wenling and Qin Yan were filled with anger.

On the other hand, Ye Wenhai and the Gu Mei couple's expressions were relatively calmer, but the hidden resentment in their hearts was startling.

As for the involved party, Ye Cang looked at Ye Fan with both anger and fear—he not only resented Ye Fan deeply, but was also terrified of Ye Fan's cruel methods, which had left a shadow in his heart.

Unlike Ye Cang, the look Ye Long gave Ye Fan was filled with nothing but hatred!

That hatred seemed to tell Ye Fan that it was a fight to the death between them!

In those few seconds, Ye Fan took in everyone's gazes, and linking it to their positions in the yard, he vaguely guessed Ye Yuanshan's intentions.

"Ye Fan, just wait a moment while I consult with the old general,"

Perhaps because of everyone's obvious hostility towards Ye Fan, Secretary Wang did not dare to appear too close to him and directly called out Ye Fan's name.

Ye Fan nodded slightly, then stopped walking and stood aside on his own, clearly distinct from Ye Wentao and the others.

"Ye Fan, aren't you going to explain anything?"

In a way, Ye Wentao was among the third generation of the Ye Family who still had a relatively good impression of Ye Fan. However, Ye Fan's actions last night and tonight had drastically changed his impression, and seeing Ye Fan acting as if nothing had happened, he frowned and asked.

"Since you've already come here to complain, which clearly shows you fully believe their words, my explanations would be as redundant as taking off my pants to fart," Ye Fan replied nonchalantly, unafraid as he met Ye Wentao's gaze.

"How dare you!"

Ye Wenjun, who worked for the police department, already had a very bad impression of Ye Fan. Seeing that Ye Fan showed no signs of admitting his faults and was even disrespectful to his own elder brother, he became furious.

Ye Fan looked away, paying him no heed.

"Big brother, second brother, why bother talking so much to this uneducated person?"

Seeing that Ye Wentao and Ye Wenjun were getting nowhere, Ye Wenling sneered, "Let him jump around a bit more. I don't believe that Grandpa will protect him in this matter!"

"Educated? Do you even know how to write the words 'educated'?" Ye Fan narrowed his eyes slightly, staring straight at Ye Wenling with a teasing smile.

Ye Wenling's face filled with anger, and she pointed angrily at Ye Fan, "Bastard, let me tell you, don't think that just because you've been shown some colors, you can open a dye workshop—today, even if Ye Wenhao himself comes, you will still be held responsible for injuring Ye Long and Ye Cang!"

"It seems you are not the one to decide, are you?" Ye Fan scoffed mockingly. "Otherwise, you wouldn't be standing here, would you?"

"You..."

Ye Wenling trembled with rage but was at a loss for words.

Despite her disdain for Ye Fan and her anger at his brutal actions, just as Ye Fan said, she had no authority to decide the outcome of this matter.

Not only her but no one in the yard could do so!

"Ye Fan, no matter how slick your tongue, you can't change the fact that you initiated the attack and injured me,"

After a brief silence, the blood-covered Ye Long spoke, his gaze chillingly fixed on Ye Fan as he said, "It's true that the old man allowed you into the Ye Family Mansion, but there are laws of the country and rules of the family. I believe the old man will uphold justice for me!"

"I thought this was a tribunal," Ye Fan said with a faint smile, then his tone suddenly turned cold, "Ye Long, you should remember what I told you. I don't kill you, not because I fear the Ye Family or the Yanhuang Organization, but just so you can experience the taste of a fate worse than death—when you think revenge against me is hopeless, you will taste that flavor."

"Hiss—"

Once again hearing Ye Fan's insufferably arrogant words, Ye Wentao and others instinctively inhaled sharply in anger, including the usually restrained Ye Wenhai and Gu Mei couple.

"Grandfather, did you hear that? This outsider, this bastard, not only disregards our Ye Family but also disregards the laws and regulations of Huaxia. Even if he is the third brother's illegitimate child, he shouldn't be allowed to act so recklessly, right??"

Perhaps knowing that she was no match for Ye Fan in a war of words, Ye Wenling stopped arguing with him and instead stomped her foot fiercely and shouted toward the study room door.

Her shout inadvertently made Ye Wentao and others cast their eyes toward the study room door.

Inside the study, Secretary Wang, Ye Zhen, and Ye Yuanshan heard everything distinctly.

Among them, Secretary Wang looked somewhat embarrassed, Ye Zhen frowned tightly, while Ye Yuanshan's aged face showed traces of disappointment.

Apparently, he was not pleased with the reaction of Ye Wentao and the others.

"Dad, you see..."

"Xiao Wang, let them in."

Ye Yuanshan cut off Ye Zhen's words, giving instructions.

"Yes, Old Chief."

Secretary Wang immediately accepted the order, then bowed to Ye Zhen before turning and leaving the study.

Creak!

With a soft noise, under the watchful eyes of everyone, Secretary Wang stepped out of the study and said to Ye Wentao, "Brother Ye, the Old Chief asks you to come in."

"Thank you, Secretary Wang."

Ye Wenhao first expressed his thanks, and then led everyone towards the study room.

On their way to the study, except for Ye Wenhao and the Gu Mei couple, others couldn't help but cast a glance at Ye Fan, as if afraid he might escape.

"Since you and your wife are hell-bent on dragging my dad into this, then don't blame me for being unkind."

Seeing this, Ye Fan was almost certain that Ye Wenhao and the Gu Mei couple were planning to blow up tonight's incident. He sneered silently and walked silently at the back.

"Grandfather!"

"Old Grandpa!"

Everyone aside from Ye Fan greeted Ye Yuanshan upon entering, including Ye Long who was carried into the study room on a stretcher by two security personnel.

Ye Yuanshan's face was gloomy and he did not respond.

"Put him down."

Seeing this, Ye Zhen instructed the two security personnel.

"Yes, Chief!"

The two security personnel immediately followed the order and put down the stretcher, tactfully retreating from the scene.

"Our courtyard has never been as lively as it is today, except during festivals."

After the security personnel left, Ye Yuanshan's gaze swept over Ye Wentao and others without looking at Ye Fan, "And my old bones haven't meddled in family matters for a long time. Today, I will make an exception—Who will speak first?"

"Grandfather, originally we did not want to disturb your rest. But tonight's matter is too serious, only you can preside over justice," even though Ye Yuanshan said this cheerfully, everyone felt his anger and were somewhat fearful. In the end, Ye Wentao gritted his teeth and stepped forward, bowing deeply.

"Grandfather, you must have heard everything just now."

Seeing Ye Wentao step forward, Ye Wenling also came forward, stating her case confidently, "He is third brother's son, he carries the Ye Family's blood in his bones, and you allowed him back into the Ye Family, we have no objections. We could even tolerate his antics at your birthday feast yesterday. But... what he did today is too much! Look at what he has done to Ye Long??"

As she spoke, Ye Wenling pointed at the bloodied Ye Long.

"Dad, without rules, there is no square. There are laws of the country, rules of the family. Given Ye Fan's actions, he not only broke family rules but also violated the laws and the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization; he must be punished," added Ye Wenjun, stepping forward to express his position.

"Wen Hai, Xiao Mei, Xiao Yan, what about you three?" Ye Yuanshan looked at them impassively.

"Grandfather, Xiao Yan lives as a member of the Ye Family and will die as its ghost. Whatever decision you make, Xiao Yan will have no complaints," said Qin Yan smartly.

Gu Mei looked down, glancing sideways at Ye Wenhai.

After a moment's thought, Ye Wenhai stepped forward and said, "Wen Hai follows grandfather's decision."

"And you two?"

Ye Yuanshan then asked Ye Long and Ye Cang.

"Old Grandpa, Xiao Long just wants justice!"

Ye Long, lying on the stretcher, met Ye Yuanshan's gaze unflinchingly, and spoke slowly, his voice loud and clear, not hiding his hatred for Ye Fan!