

Y Master 371

Chapter 371 Actions Speak Louder Than Words

"Since I have stepped in to handle this matter, I will naturally deliver a fair outcome."

Ye Yuanshan looked at the horrifying scars on Ye Long's body, sighed silently in his heart, then turned his gaze towards Ye Cang, "Ye Cang, what about you?"

"Old... Old Master, I'm the same as Brother Ye Long."

Because of his guilty conscience, Ye Cang appeared slightly nervous, but then he thought, at this point, like an arrow drawn back on a bow, he had no choice but to shoot—he could only follow the same dark path as Ye Long.

Only by doing so, could he possibly avoid family punishment and even make Ye Fan suffer consequences!

Ye Yuanshan, having witnessed a century of prosperity in Huaxia and survived numerous severe crises, had honed his ability to read people to the purity of fire.

Seeing Ye Cang's slight nervousness in answering the question, he was almost certain the problem originated from Ye Cang.

Realizing this, Ye Yuanshan frowned and asked sternly, "Ye Cang, today's issues stem from you. I have several questions for you, and you must answer truthfully. Do you hear me?"

"Old... Old Master, please ask," Ye Cang's nervousness intensified, his heartbeat suddenly quickening.

"According to what you told your mother on the phone, you took a girl with the surname Pan singing at the club, and Ye Fan beat you up, right?" Ye Yuanshan asked.

"Yes, Old Master."

This time, Ye Cang was not nervous since that was the truth.

"According to what you said, this girl surnamed Pan is your girlfriend, right?"

"Yes."

"Since that's the case, why would Ye Fan strike you for taking your girlfriend singing?"

As the last word dropped, Ye Yuanshan's initially cloudy eyes suddenly became extraordinarily sharp, and a terrifying aura of a long-standing authority emanated from him.

That aura caused Ye Cang's heart to jolt, his legs to soften, almost collapsing to the ground.

"Xiao Cang, since the Old Master is deciding for us, you don't have to fear Ye Fan retaliating later. Just tell the truth," Brother Ye Long said.

For Ye Long, his biggest worry was that Ye Cang couldn't withstand the pressure and fail to lie as they had agreed beforehand. Seeing Ye Cang's mouth agape in panic, he quickly spoke up to assist him.

"I wasn't asking you!"

Hearing Ye Long's words, Ye Yuanshan's eyes flickered, and he gave Ye Long a cold glance.

Before Ye Fan crippled his martial arts, Ye Long, who had cultivated the Yanhuang Fist, was a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist who could match the combat strength of a Innate Great Perfection cultivator. His Martial Arts Will was extremely resolute, further tempered in fights against Ye Fan, achieving a terrifying degree.

Now, facing the powerful aura of Ye Yuanshan, his face showed no sign of panic.

On the other hand, hearing Ye Long's words, Ye Cang felt his panic lessen slightly, and he began to speak as Ye Long had taught him: "Replying to the Old Master, to my knowledge, my girlfriend Pan Ying is a sister of a friend of Ye Fan. When he learned that Pan Ying and I were together, he warned me not to be with her. I refused, and he then fiercely threatened to teach me a lesson. Worried about him causing trouble, I called Brother Ye Long.

Before Brother Ye Long could arrive, Ye Fan came to the singing venue, tried to take Pan Ying away. I blocked him, and he slapped me, even cutting off one of my fingers. After that, he still wanted to attack me, but the security of the club and my friends arrived in time to stop him—those security guards had their hands chopped off by him, and my friends had all their Achilles tendons cut!"

"Old Master, both my friends and the club's security can testify to everything I've said," Ye Cang continued, adding, "Besides, Brother Ye Long can also testify. If it weren't for Brother Ye Long arriving in time, he probably would have attacked me too."

"Ye Fan, is that true?" Ye Yuanshan asked, directing his gaze at Ye Fan for the first time after listening to Ye Cang's narrative.

Ye Fan thought for a moment and said, "Old Ye, in order not to disturb your rest and to resolve this issue quickly, I will temporarily not explain. After they finish speaking, I will respond."

"Hey, you sure have a way with words... I think you just haven't figured out your excuse yet, have you?" Ye Wenling sneered coldly.

"Shut up!"

Ye Yuanshan glared coldly at Ye Wenling.

Her face slightly changed with fright, and she dared not say anything more.

Although she dared to talk back to Ye Zhen, she wouldn't dare to confront Ye Yuanshan, the stabilizer of the Ye Family, even if she had ten times the courage.

Seeing Ye Wenling scolded by Ye Yuanshan, including Ye Wentao, other third-generation members of the Ye Family wisely chose to remain silent, though they agreed with Ye Wenling's judgment internally.

However, Ye Long couldn't help frowning slightly, suddenly feeling a bit uneasy.

"Ye Long, according to what you said, you received a call from Ye Cang, learned that Ye Fan was going to teach Ye Cang a lesson, so you rushed over to stop it, but as soon as you showed up, Ye Fan attacked you by surprise, injuring you, and then relentlessly pursued and ultimately crippled your martial arts, right?" Ye Yuanshan asked without waiting for Ye Long to think it through.

"Yes, Old Master," Ye Long responded in a deep voice, his tone steady and firm, "Everyone present at that time can testify to this."

"Given that you are a Peak stage of Innate Martial Artist with the combat strength of a Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist, and Ye Fan, although practicing both Magic and Martial Arts, is merely at the entry-level of Innate, how could he possibly have injured you, let alone pursue and violently attack you?"

At this point, Ye Yuanshan had basically confirmed that Ye Long and Ye Cang were lying, and he had completely lost interest in their lies. However, he was still curious about how Ye Fan managed to defeat Ye Long.

"Replying to the Old Master, because you acknowledged him and made him a member of our Ye Family, I was cautious during our first encounter, not wanting to hurt him, so I only used part of my strength. However, I didn't expect that he had concealed his true power and struck me down, greatly weakening me," Ye Long said, mixing truth with lies.

"Ye Long, Ye Cang, let me be clear—if everything you two have just said is a lie, or if you have hidden any crucial details, even if it turns out that Ye Fan violated family rules, you will still be punished!"

His curiosity satisfied, looking at Ye Long's horrifying scars, Ye Yuanshan felt a tinge of compassion and tried to give them a chance, "I'll ask you one last time, are you sure everything Gao Cai just said is true? If you speak truthfully now, there's still time!"

"Certain!"

Ye Long was the first to speak, his tone still firm.

According to his plan, although both he and Ye Cang were lying, if all the witnesses took the lies as facts, then the lies would become facts, and the facts would turn into lies.

This was the essence of creating chaos with falsehoods.

He believed that even if Ye Yuanshan was determined to investigate thoroughly, whether it be Ye Cang's fair-weather friends or the club's manager and security, they would all know what to do.

In this way, the only witness Ye Fan could produce would be Pan Ying.

And Pan Ying was the sister of Pan Jueming, who was Ye Fan's spokesperson in the Underworld, this intricate relationship would greatly undermine the credibility of her words.

After all, Ye Fan could completely persuade Pan Ying to change her testimony through Pan Jueming!

Even if Ye Yuanshan believed Pan Ying's words, it would only prove that Ye Cang was misusing the Ye Family's power to commit evil.

In the worst-case scenario, Ye Cang, under the threat of Ye Yuanshan, would reveal the truth about their collusion, and he could simply claim that Ye Cang was trying to drag him down out of fear of familial discipline—Ye Cang had no evidence that he was setting up a trap for Ye Fan!

"Confirmed!"

Ye Cang also went all out, following closely behind Ye Long.

Ye Fan, before you speak, I want to ask you a few questions," Ye Yuanshan spoke again to Ye Fan.

"Please ask, Old Ye."

"Ye Long and Ye Cang were injured by you, correct?" Ye Yuanshan asked.

"It was I who hit them," Ye Fan answered succinctly.

"Why did you decide to strike them?" Ye Yuanshan went straight to the point.

"They all deserved it, especially Ye Long. His death would be insignificant!"

Ye Long spoke coldly, his icy words like pouring a ladle of water into a boiling oil pan, instantly causing an uproar.

"Rascal! Have you no respect for family rules? Have you no regard for the law?" Ye Wenjun, working in the police force, was the first to angrily scold Ye Fan.

"Grandpa, you see? He doesn't have a bit of remorse. On the contrary, by the looks of it, he seems like he hasn't had enough! I think he wishes he could stab Xiao Long to death. Or perhaps, he wishes he could slaughter all of us??" Ye Wenling said furiously, yet with a laugh, adding fuel to the fire.

Ye Wentao also wanted to say something, but after hearing their words, he swallowed back what he was about to say.

As before, Ye Wenhai, Gu Mei, and Qin Yan, like the couple, chose silence, opting to retreat strategically, letting Ye Wentao and the others take the brunt.

Ye Fan, no matter your reasons, Ye Cang and Ye Long are your brothers. You didn't need to be so harsh, did you?" Ye Zhen couldn't help but speak up, his eyebrows knitted, appearing quite dissatisfied with Ye Fan's argument.

"Ye Fan, this hardly counts as a reason."

Ye Yuanshan also frowned, he wanted Ye Fan to be a whetstone for the Ye Family, but if Ye Fan truly became an unrestrained slaughter blade, then he would become a disaster for both the Ye Family and Huaxia!

"The reason is here."

Ye Fan pulled out a USB drive he had obtained from the security at Qingshui No.1 Club, and said gravely, "This is the surveillance video from tonight at Qingshui No.1 Club."

Surveillance video?

Upon hearing these four words, both Ye Yuanshan and Ye Zhen's pupils slightly dilated, enlightening them.

The third generation of the Ye Family, led by Ye Wentao, all tensed up, their eyes instinctively shifting towards Ye Cang and Ye Long.

Under the lights,

they clearly saw Ye Cang's eyes widen in horror as he looked at the USB drive in Ye Fan's hand, his swollen face instantly turning as pale as paper, his legs trembling uncontrollably, as if he could collapse at any moment.

Similarly, Ye Long's eyes were also round with fear, those eyes that were filled with hatred now showed deep horror!

He didn't know about Ye Fan obtaining the surveillance video.

Yes.

He didn't know!

At the time Ye Fan went to the main lobby of the club to ask the security for the surveillance video, he had already passed out. When he regained consciousness, neither Ye Cang nor his two colleagues had mentioned it to him.

And... Ye Cang was also unaware!

At that moment, he had collapsed in terror outside the main door of the club, his heart completely filled with fear, unaware of what Ye Fan had done or said inside the club building.

Facts speak louder than words.

The surveillance video that Ye Fan brought out would expose their lies without them having to say a word!

Chapter 372 Sima Zhao's Intentions Are Obvious to Everyone

Thud!

Watching Ye Cang and Ye Long wilt like beaten eggplants, the third generation members of the Ye Family, led by Ye Wentao, all realized that things were absolutely not as Ye Cang and Ye Long had claimed. There was a hidden truth, a truth highly disadvantageous to Ye Cang and Ye Long, and also the reason why Ye Fan had taken action.

As they came to this realization, they also grew curious about what the hidden truth actually was.

Not only them, Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan were also somewhat curious—they might hold high positions and were accustomed to both clandestine and overt schemes, but they couldn't completely penetrate the course of this whole affair.

"Wentao, go and have Secretary Wang bring over a laptop," Ye Yuanshan said, after a moment's contemplation. It wasn't clear whether this was to satisfy his own curiosity or for some other purpose, but he had decided he wanted to see the content of the surveillance video.

Since he was a century-old relic who didn't fancy technological products like computers, there wasn't one in his study—the room only contained an assortment of books and stacks upon stacks of classified red-headed documents.

"Yes, Grandfather!"

Ye Wentao immediately complied and turned to leave the room.

Two minutes later, Ye Wentao returned to the study with a laptop and, without waiting for further instructions from Ye Yuanshan, sensibly powered it on.

"Xiao Fan, play the video and narrate tonight's events," Ye Yuanshan instructed as the laptop booted up.

"Okay."

Ye Fan nodded and stepped forward with a USB drive in hand.

"Gulp—"

Looking at Ye Fan's solitary figure, several third generation members of the Ye Family looked uncomfortable, while Ye Cang's Adam's apple bobbed frightfully, involuntarily swallowing several times. He tensed up, standing still like a zombie, his face filled with terror.

In comparison, Ye Long was much more resilient. The shock in his eyes slowly receded, and his eyes shimmered with intelligence, as if he was contemplating what to say and how to handle the situation.

Soon, Ye Fan plugged the USB drive into the laptop and started the video.

As the video began, the first scene flashed to show Ye Cang's lackeys carrying Pan Ying into the club.

"This video was originally all the surveillance footage from Qingshui No.1 Club for tonight; it's quite lengthy. To save time, before coming here, I edited out the key parts to create a separate video," Ye Fan paused the video briefly to explain. "If anyone doubts the authenticity of the video, I can play the full video later for verification."

There was no response, as everyone seemingly understood that at this point, Ye Fan couldn't possibly mislead them, nor could he afford to.

With this understanding, the gaze with which members like Ye Wentao and others of the third generation looked at Ye Fan changed.

For the first time, they felt that the young man who called the shots in the Yangtze River Delta was not simply relying on the protection of Ye Wenhao to achieve everything!

"The girl in the footage is named Pan Ying, a friend of mine, Pan Jueming's sister, and also the girlfriend Ye Cang mentioned," Ye Fan pointed at Pan Ying on the screen. "According to her, after school, she was cornered by these thugs at the school gate. They told her Ye Cang was waiting for her at Qingshui No.1. She was unwillingly to meet Ye Cang and was forcefully taken by these thugs who injected her with an anesthetic on the way to Qingshui No.1—In the footage, she is still unconscious, her eyes tightly closed, her limbs limp; completely carried by the two thugs."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ye Fan enlarged the image, giving everyone a close-up so they could clearly see that Pan Ying indeed had her eyes shut and seemed unconscious.

Seeing no objections from the audience, Ye Fan continued playing the video. The thugs, together with Pan Ying, were warmly greeted by the club's manager, Wu Jun, as they entered the elevator and then exited it on the eighth floor. Upon being warmly welcomed by two 'princesses', they moved on to the most extravagant Dynasty Private Room inside Qingshui No.1.

After entering the private room, the video cut out, and Ye Fan paused it once more.

"There are no cameras inside the private rooms of the club, so there's no footage," Ye Fan explained. "According to Pan Ying, she was awakened on the bed inside the private room with red wine poured on her by Ye Cang."

"Huff... huff..."

Hearing this, Ye Cang's breathing became heavy. His mouth slightly open, he tried to utter a defense, but he couldn't muster the courage to speak, and just stared at Ye Fan with eyes wide in fright.

"After waking Pan Ying, Ye Cang gave her two choices. First, Pan Ying could agree to be his girlfriend and sleep with him. Second, if Pan Ying refused, he would force himself on her," Ye Fan then repeated the arrogant words Ye Cang had said at that time while Ye Cang watched in horror.

"Scoundrel!"

Ye Zhen was infuriated, his face turning iron blue as he suddenly bellowed out.

His unexpected roar frightened Ye Cang so much that his legs gave way, nearly causing him to fall to the ground.

And the third generation members of the Ye Family, led by Ye Wenhao, all wore extremely grim expressions. Qin Yan, fearing Ye Cang would collapse in fright, shifted to his side and grabbed his arm.

"Xiao Fan, continue," Ye Yuanshan said emotionlessly.

"Afterward, Ye Cang attempted to assault Pan Ying. My friend Pan Jueming heard that his sister Pan Ying had been taken away by Ye Cang's cronies and called me. I then called Ye Cang to confirm but unexpectedly got Pan Ying on the phone instead."

Ye Fan continued, "Pan Ying pleaded for help on the phone, so I asked her to hand it over to Ye Cang, warning him not to mess around."

"Ye Cang also realized that doing so would violate the family rules and the law, so he stopped in time. He told me that as long as I didn't inform any of you of this incident, he wouldn't touch Pan Ying again. I agreed with him, and I rushed to Qingshui No.1 immediately."

"According to what you said, Ye Cang had already stopped in time, so why did you still hit him?" Ye Wenling couldn't help but ask.

Facing Ye Wenling's question, Ye Fan simply ignored it, continuing, "When I arrived at the club, Ye Cang indeed hadn't touched Pan Ying again, but he threatened and intimidated her into admitting she was his girlfriend in front of me, or else he would kill her entire family!"

"Hiss~"

Upon hearing Ye Fan's words again, Ye Zhen's mouth twitched in anger, and Ye Yuanshan's expression darkened even further.

Whoosh!

At the same time, the eyebrows of Ye Wentao and the others knitted together in an instant, while Qin Yan went pale with fright, trying to say something in her defense, but upon seeing Ye Yuanshan's gloomy face, she dared not make a sound.

"Pan Ying was young and got scared by Ye Cang, agreeing in her panic. But... when she saw me and learned that I had injured Ye Cang's friend and that Ye Cang wanted to use that against me, she realized Ye Cang's scheme and spoke the truth."

At this point, Ye Fan deliberately paused, then suddenly raised his voice, "And after Pan Ying told the truth, Ye Cang couldn't argue anymore and warned me not to meddle in his affairs, and he even insulted my mother. I really have no right to enforce the Ye Family law on him, but not only did he almost violate my friend's sister, he also insulted my mother. So, I gave him a slap and cut off one of his fingers!"

"Alright, let's say what Ye Cang did was wrong, and you had every reason to punish him. But... why did you lay hands on Xiao Long?" This time it was Ye Wenjun who spoke, frowning as he asked coldly.

Ye Wenjun's dislike of Ye Fan had always been based on the subjective belief that Ye Fan abused the Ye family's power, disregarding the law.

According to what Ye Long and Ye Cang had said before, Ye Long was injured by Ye Fan's sneak attack while trying to stop Ye Fan from punishing Ye Cang, and afterwards, Ye Fan pursued and beat him mercilessly.

"That's something you'll need to ask the two of them about."

As he spoke, Ye Fan looked meaningfully at Qin Yan, then said, "According to Pan Ying, after Ye Cang ended the call with me, he left the inner room of the private room immediately. But... later on, after making a phone call, he went in and threatened her."

"Was it you who called Ye Long?" Ye Zhen asked Ye Cang with a stern glance.

Ye Cang nodded subconsciously, panic-stricken as he said, "Although... although he promised me that he wouldn't tell you and the Patriarch, I wasn't at ease, so... I called Brother Ye Long..."

"What did Ye Long say to you?" Ye Zhen asked again, clearly aware that this was the key to why Ye Fan attacked Ye Long.

Whoosh!

No sooner had Ye Zhen asked the question than Ye Long swept his gaze sharply toward Ye Cang, as if hinting something with his eyes.

Noticing Ye Long's gaze, Ye Cang stammered, making no response.

"Ye Cang, at this point, do you still think you can hide the truth?" Ye Zhen roared with rage, "I'm telling you, if you dare to lie again today, I will break one of your legs and have you thrown out of the Ye Family!"

"Xiao Cang, tell us about your call with Ye Long truthfully!"

As a bigwig in a state-owned enterprise, Qin Yan's emotional intelligence was unquestionable. She also recognized that the call between Ye Cang and Ye Long was a key part of tonight's events. Seeing Ye Zhen's rage, she hurriedly tugged at Ye Cang's sleeve, urging him.

"Brother Ye Long, he told me that even if I didn't touch Pan Ying, Ye Fan would still tell you about it and have me punished according to family law. He told me to force Pan Ying to admit in front of Ye Fan that she was my girlfriend. That way, Ye Fan would have no reason to intervene, and I wouldn't be breaking the family rules..."

Ye Cang spoke out the contents of the call in utter terror, "He also said he would hurry to the club and absolutely wouldn't let Ye Fan lay a finger on me."

Whoosh!

As Ye Cang's words came to an end, everyone's gaze unanimously shifted to Ye Long to find his brow deeply furrowed.

"According to the surveillance video records, Ye Long arrived at the club twenty minutes before me, but he didn't go straight to the Dynasty Private Room where Ye Cang was. Instead, he entered the private room next to the Dynasty Private Room and only showed up after I had injured Ye Cang and the club's security as well as those bad youngsters," Ye Fan said as he scanned his eyes over Ye Wentao and others, finally resting his cold gaze on Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan, "What, then, do you all think was Ye Long's reason for doing this?"

Why?

The faces of the Ye Wentao couple, Ye Wenjun couple, and Ye Wenling turned awkward, as they glared angrily at Ye Long—they had all been played by Ye Long!

Realizing that her son had been manipulated and used as a pawn, Qin Yan stared furiously at Ye Long.

Ye Wenhai and his wife Gu Mei showed signs of panic, no longer as composed as before.

Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan both had complexions of iron blue, their gazes cold as they stared at Ye Long.

The answer was self-evident!

The heart of Sima Zhao is known to all.

Chapter 373 Piercing Through That Layer of Window Paper

"Grandfather, Great Grandfather, I did all this just to test if Ye Fan was truly willing to return to our Ye Family. If he would attack Xiao Cang for the sake of outsiders, it would prove that he wasn't earnestly returning to the Ye Family."

Facing gaze after gaze, Ye Long's eyes showed no panic, nor fear, instead, he explained in an unhurried manner, "However, I didn't anticipate that he would act so swiftly that I didn't have time to stop him. Nor did I expect him to be so ruthless!"

"Clap, clap..."

Hearing Ye Long's composed explanation, Ye Fan smiled and clapped his hands, "Ye Long, could you be any more shameless? Or do you think we're all idiots??"

"Grandfather, Great Grandfather, Uncle, Aunt, Second Uncle, Second Aunt, Little Aunt."

As Ye Fan pressed on step by step, Ye Long maintained his composure, his gaze sweeping over everyone in turn, eventually settling on Ye Yuanshan, he said righteously, "What I just said represents my most genuine thoughts and intentions. And the reason I did this is because, based on Ye Fan's actions yesterday, I believed he came to the Ye Family with resentment, aiming to seek justice for his mother. No one knows if he would do something to harm the Ye Family. Of course, I admit that my approach was improper and I didn't consult you, which led to the current situation—I am willing to take responsibility for this and accept any punishment!"

"What a move to advance by retreating! Like father, like son indeed!"

Listening to Ye Long's words, Ye Fan couldn't help but inwardly sigh; Ye Long had completely inherited Ye Wenhai's mantle, shamelessly pulling a fast one as if he had tucked his face into his trousers.

Hmm?

Seeing that Ye Fan was not only exposing his lies but also trying to drag Ye Wenhai into the mess, Ye Long's brow furrowed.

Even Ye Wenhai and Gu Mei, due to a guilty conscience, showed a slight change in expression.

The Ye Wentao couple and the Ye Wenjun couple had very complex expressions on their faces.

With their intelligence and emotional quotient, they could obviously tell that Ye Long's reasons were far-fetched, mere smoke and mirrors, but... Ye Long's predicament was already bad enough, and they didn't have the heart to harp on his mistakes, so they remained silent.

Qin Yan, however, was frowning deeply.

She could see that Ye Fan hadn't come tonight for her and Ye Cang, but rather for Ye Long and his family.

"Enough!"

While Ye Wentao and others remained silent, Ye Wenling defensively said, "Even if Xiao Long is at fault, how does it matter? After all, he did it for the good of our Ye Family! Yet despite seeing through his scheme, you deliberately fell into his trap and beat him to such a state, it's completely heartless and insane! Even now, you're trying to throw dirt on my second brother—I think Xiao Long is right, you have ulterior motives, and you want to cause chaos in the Ye Family!!"

"I truly feel sorrow for the Ye Family having a descendant like you—if every member of the Ye Family were like you, it would be nothing short of blasphemy to the 'Number One Noble House' title!" Ye Fan looked disdainfully at Ye Wenling.

"What... what did you say?"

Perhaps not expecting Ye Fan to dare insult her publicly, Ye Wenling was initially stunned, then soon began to shriek like a fishwife quarreling in the market.

This time.

Ye Fan ignored her and looked straight at Ye Long, "Since no one wishes to break this façade, let me do it. But before that, let me explain the reasons behind my grudge with Ye Long. First, at the Martial Arts World auction, Ye Long was determined to acquire the Hei fist gloves, but ended up being outbid by me, hence he harbored resentment towards me. Second, it's because of the competition between my father and his father!"

"Ye Fan, you can slander me, but this matter is my personal affair. Do not slander my father!"

Watching Ye Fan repeatedly drag Ye Wenhai into the matter time and again, Ye Long finally lost his patience, no longer concealing the hatred in his tone.

"Slander? I believe that aside from your big-breasted, brainless aunt, everyone else is well aware that you used Ye Cang as cannon fodder to frame me, aiming to use this opportunity to teach me a lesson,"

Ye Fan sneered, "Of course, that's just your outward motive. Your hidden motive is to use this opportunity to cause a stir in the Ye Family and even within the Yanhuang Organization, and then force my father to plead on my behalf and save me..."

"You... You're talking nonsense!"

Seeing Ye Fan speaking as if he knew his thoughts as clearly as if they were in his own belly, Ye Long panicked. For him, the situation had developed to this point and he could not admit to deliberately framing Ye Fan, let alone implicate his father.

"If your scheme hadn't been exposed, and everything had played out as you designed, once my father had come forward to save me, he would inevitably have stood opposed to everyone in the Ye Family. This would have cost him points in Old Ye's eyes and he might even lose his position as the successor of the third generation of the Ye Family, subsequently to be replaced by your father!"

Ye Fan spoke again, his voice suddenly rising, loud as a bell, causing everyone's ears to buzz.

It has been said that the most hurtful words in the world are the truth.

Many times, that is indeed the case.

For the people of the Ye Family, they had also thought of this, but were unwilling to face it or admit it. Now as they watched Ye Fan lay out everything so vividly before their eyes, everyone's expression darkened, except for Ye Yuanshan's.

"Grandfather, Xiao Long is indeed at fault, but I think, he would definitely not have plotted against Wenhao like Ye Fan said."

Seeing the veil of pretense pierced, Gu Mei finally could no longer restrain herself. Stepping forward and completely disregarding Ye Wenhai's look of warning, she bowed to Ye Yuanshan, "I implore Grandfather to see the truth."

"Heh... You finally couldn't help yourself?"

Hearing Gu Mei's words, Ye Fan laughed, "Actually, you shouldn't be so impulsive. Your husband's eyes were about to pop out of his head just now! If I'm not mistaken, he is probably thinking about slapping you right now."

"Ye Fan, I don't know why you are trying to create conflict between me and your father, or why you are creating conflict within our Ye Family, but I can tell you for certain, I only found out about tonight's events afterward!"

Just as Ye Fan had predicted, Ye Wenhai was so angry inside that he was about to vomit blood, but with immense control, he didn't show it on his face, only frowning at Ye Fan.

"I believe that you found out about this matter afterward,"

Ye Fan looked at the devious Ye Wenhai and asked with a smile, "So, do you know why I said 'Like father, like son' after your son Ye Long retreated in order to advance?"

"Because your choice after this incident was also to retreat in order to advance..."

Without waiting for Ye Wenhai to reply, Ye Fan answered his own question, "My actions yesterday turned me into the black sheep of the entire Ye Family, the thorn in your side. Thus, not only did you believe your son's words, but you were also convinced that your siblings would stand up for your son to seek justice.

"By staying silent, you could appear more magnanimous, considerate of the bigger picture, understanding of the greater good. At this time, if my father came forward to plead and save me, it would create a stark contrast with you, lifting you higher in esteem."

"So this is your strategic retreat — by doing this, not only will you gain the sympathy and full support of your brothers and sisters, you will also make a better impression in the hearts of the seniors of the Ye Family!"

"Do not use your speculations to sow discord."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Ye Wenhai secretly marveled at how deep Ye Fan could play while keeping his cool instead of lashing out in great fury, merely furrowing his brow.

"Speculations? Isn't that exactly what you did back then?"

Ye Fan sneered, "Back when my mother was pregnant with me, and came to the Ye Family Mansion, the Ye Family members wanted to kick her out. Only you did not do so — you were the only one who supported my father and mother being together."

"_"

Upon Ye Fan mentioning the past, Ye Wenhai was left speechless.

Seeing this, the third-generation members of the Ye Family, headed by Ye Wentao, looked pensive — they had not considered this layer before and, just as Ye Fan said, they thought that Ye Wenhao did not stand up for Ye Long in order to maintain the overall situation.

Ye Zhen shook his head secretly from the sidelines, glancing towards Ye Yuanshan and waiting for Ye Yuanshan's instructions.

"Sigh..."

Ye Yuanshan secretly sighed. In his opinion, be it Ye Cang or Ye Long, or members of the third generation like Ye Wenhai, none were a match for Ye Fan.

At this moment.

He even thought, if Ye Fan were a formal disciple of the Ye Family, the Ye Family would not need to worry about the lack of a successor.

Of course, that was just a thought. He would never let a bastard like Ye Fan become the future helmsman of the Ye Family. He also believed that with Ye Fan's pride, he likely would not care for the power of the Ye Family. Otherwise, Ye Fan wouldn't have said, "My home lies in Spirit Mountain" in the first place.

"Dreams are full, reality is stark. Ye Wenhai, your plan is perfect, it's just a pity that you overestimated your son's intelligence and blindly trusted him."

Shortly after, just as Ye Yuanshan was about to speak, Ye Fan opened his mouth again, "Compared to you, my father is much more noble. When I told him about tonight's events, he guessed that you would likely retreat in order to advance, and cleverness would be met with cleverness. But he didn't want to see that happen."

"Uh..."

Ye Wenhai was slightly startled upon hearing Ye Fan's words, clearly... he had not expected Ye Wenhao to foresee this.

Not just him, even members of the third generation of the Ye Family headed by Ye Wenhao were taken aback.

Even Ye Zhen felt somewhat surprised.

The only person not surprised was the stabilizer of the Ye Family, Ye Yuanshan.

Because.

He knew that in terms of ability, Ye Wenhao was more than a shade better than Ye Wenhai.

That was the reason he had originally chosen Ye Wenhao as the third-generation successor of the Ye Family.

And his decision to remove Ye Wenhao's position as the successor was only because Ye Wenhao, in dealing with Ye Fan's issues, was too sentimentally involved, acting with too much emotion. Ye Wenhao had voluntarily given up the opportunity to be the successor of the third generation of the Ye Family in order to save Ye Fan, which greatly disappointed him.

Nowadays, Ye Wenhao was unlike Ye Wenhai; the former was not willing to tear the familial fabric apart for the position of the successor of the third generation and become enemies with his brother, which completely matched Ye Wenhao's character.

"Old Ye, regarding this matter, that's all I have to say. As for what to do, you decide."

Seeing Ye Wenhai with nothing to say, Ye Fan turned his head and looked deeply at Ye Yuanshan, speaking with a double meaning, "Before I leave, I want to say one thing to you: be it members of the Ye Family or the Bai Family, those waiting to see the drama unfold of 'my dad is Li Gang' are bound to be disappointed!"

"Uh..."

These words came out, and people like Ye Wentao seemed to understand but also did not, confused.

Ye Zhen was startled.

Ye Yuanshan was dubious.

Ye Fan turned and strode away, unhindered all the way!

Chapter 374 Judgment, Knocking, Congratulations

Until Ye Fan pulled open the door and walked out of the study, no one spoke up to stop him.

Ye Wentao and others did not dare, while Ye Zhen and Ye Yuanshan were still immersed in the shock and confusion brought by Ye Fan's words.

Ye Fan was not surprised by this.

Because, from the moment he took out the surveillance video, the outcome of tonight had actually been predetermined.

Hmm?

Under the archway connecting the inner courtyard and the middle courtyard, Ye Yuanshan's personal secretary saw Ye Fan approaching alone and couldn't help but be startled.

"Hello, Secretary Wang," Ye Fan greeted with a smile as he walked.

"You... hello."

Secretary Wang blurted out a response, his mind completely filled with one question: How did he come out alone?

No answer.

Ye Fan passed him by.

Meanwhile.

The study room in the inner courtyard was dead silent.

Including Ye Zhen, everyone's eyes were on Ye Yuanshan, waiting for Ye Yuanshan to make a decision.

Ye Yuanshan seemed not to see everyone's gazes, still savoring the double entendre in Ye Fan's last words, the formerly murky eyes now flickering with sharpness.

"Dad."

Ye Zhen thought for a moment and called out to interrupt Ye Yuanshan's thoughts.

"Huh~"

Ye Yuanshan took a deep breath, steadied his mind, and after some thought said, "Ye Cang, your actions have severely violated the family rules. According to the rules, you should have a leg broken and be expelled forever!"

"Uh..."

Perhaps not expecting Ye Yuanshan to ultimately make such a decision, the members of the third generation of Ye Family, led by Ye Wentao, showed shocked faces, even Ye Zhen seemed somewhat taken aback.

"Thump—"

Startled by the verdict, Ye Cang's legs went weak, and he directly collapsed to the ground.

"Thump—"

Qin Yan hurriedly knelt down and pleaded, "Grandfather, please consider that Xiao Cang is still underage and give him a chance to reform."

"Yes, Grandfather, although Xiao Cang was at fault, Ye Fan chopping off one of his fingers is punishment enough. Please show some leniency."

"The state has its laws, and the family has its rules; without rules, nothing can be squared. I was originally planning to expel you from the Ye Family, but as Wentao said, since your finger was chopped off by Ye Fan, you have received your due punishment. I hope you can learn from this. If you dare to abuse the authority of Ye Family again, I will not be lenient!"

Ye Yuanshan, taking advantage of the situation, announced the decision he had already planned in his heart.

"Huh~ Thank you, Grandfather, for your mercy!"

Upon hearing this, Qin Yan's hanging heart was relieved, she took a deep breath, and quickly kowtowed her thanks, simultaneously realizing that Ye Fan cutting off Ye Cang's finger was both a punishment and a rescue.

This realization made her feelings incredibly complex, like a jar of mixed flavors overturned in her heart.

"Huff... huff... huff... "

Meanwhile, Ye Cang, recovering from the shock, was breathing heavily.

And Ye Wentao and the others remained motionless, still looking at Ye Yuanshan, waiting for him to announce the punishment for Ye Long.

"Ye Long, as the foremost among the fourth generation of the Ye Family, you have not only failed to lead by example but have also schemed against your own family. Later, you tried to deceive everyone and falsify the truth, framing Ye Fan, seriously violating the Ye Family's rules!"

Under the gaze of Ye Wentao and others, Ye Yuanshan articulated, "Since your Kung Fu skills have already been crippled by Ye Fan, I will not pursue the matter further. But... if I find out you retaliate against Ye Fan afterwards, don't blame me for being ruthless! Be careful of your actions!"

"Thank... Thank you, Dad, for being lenient."

Ye Wenhai and Gu Mei, the couple, quickly knelt down to show their gratitude, but inside they felt extremely aggrieved.

"Ye Wenhai, I'll give you a piece of advice: Skill is not as good as the path, trickery is not as good as righteousness," Ye Yuanshan said coldly, his tone even stricter than when announcing the results for Ye Cang and Ye Long.

"Yes... Grandfather, Wen Hai will remember your teachings!"

Ye Wenhai's heart skipped a beat, his normally impassive face now deathly pale.

This moment.

He could no longer perfectly control his emotions.

"Ye Wenling, the words Ye Fan spoke to you are the same words I'm telling you. Without the Ye Family's resources and support, what makes you think you can command the business world?" Ye Yuanshan's gaze turned towards Ye Wenling.

Ye Wenling looked defiant, her eyes seething with boundless anger!

Perceiving that anger, Ye Yuanshan scolded, "You can hate Ye Fan, and you can use every means to make him suffer and teach him a lesson. But I remind you, with your brains, ten of you couldn't outplay half of Ye Fan. Of course, if you think you can best him, I won't stop you, but you must bear the consequences of failure!"

"Wen Ling dare not!"

Ye Wenling shuddered, as if slapped across the face, her cheeks turning successively white and purple, before she finally gritted her teeth and dejectedly lowered her head.

"Wentao, Wen Jun, you two, one serving in the military, the other in the police force, both exhibiting a soldier's manner, inherently inheriting the essence of the older generations. But in peacetime, this alone is not enough!" Ye Yuanshan finally turned his gaze to the brothers Ye Wentao and Ye Wenjun, offering a reminder.

"Yes, Grandfather!"

Unlike Ye Wenling, faced with Ye Yuanshan's lesson, Ye Wentao and Ye Wenjun showed no dissatisfaction or reluctance, responding immediately, their bodies straight as spears, like soldiers receiving commands on the battlefield.

"A tiger kept in a pen is no match for a wolf in the jungle. All of you together couldn't outmaneuver a single Ye Fan, which is very disappointing!"

After pausing for a few seconds, Ye Yuanshan sighed and said, "I hope today's events will serve as a warning for all of you, helping you understand what you should and shouldn't do in the future. It would be better if you don't act as if you're Ye Family members when conducting yourself or handling matters!"

"Yes!"

Everyone spoke in unison.

Even Ye Zhen was no exception.

Wasn't Ye Yuanshan's criticism of Ye Wentao and the others also a rebuke to him?

"Little Zhen, you should go back tonight and think carefully about that statement, and tell me your thoughts tomorrow morning," Ye Yuanshan, seeing that Ye Zhen was also bowing to accept the order, thought for a moment and said.

"Understood, Dad."

Ye Zhen nodded, clearly knowing what Ye Yuanshan was referring to.

"Alright, it's getting late, you may all disperse, those who need to work go to work, those who need to go to the hospital, go to the hospital," Ye Yuanshan said tiredly, waving his hand and looking exhausted.

Apart from Ye Zhen, everyone else tactfully exited. Among them, Qin Yan stepped forward to help Ye Cang, while Ye Wentao and Ye Wenjun took the initiative to carry Ye Long's stretcher.

On the stretcher, Ye Long, covered in blood, had entirely lost his composure from when he first arrived at the Ye Family Mansion. He seemed to have lost his soul, with hollow eyes staring at the ceiling, letting Ye Wentao and Ye Wenhai carry him out of the study.

"Dad, should I make a call to inform Director Yan?" Ye Zhen asked, after Ye Wentao and the others had left.

"Hmm."

Ye Yuanshan nodded lightly.

Seeing this, Ye Zhen hesitated to speak.

"Don't rush; think it over and tell me later. Go back now," Ye Yuanshan, his mind as clear as a mirror, knew what Ye Zhen wanted to say and shook his head.

"Okay."

Ye Zhen swallowed the words at the tip of his tongue and turned to leave the study.

In the courtyard, Ye Wentao and the others did not dare to leave directly, all standing in place waiting for Ye Zhen, while Ye Wentao and Ye Wenjun handed the stretcher over to two security personnel.

"You two, take Ye Cang and Ye Long to the hospital," Ye Zhen came out of the study, glanced at the various expressions of the people, thought for a moment, and instructed the two security personnel carrying the stretcher.

"Yes, Chief!"

The two security personnel respectfully accepted the command.

"Wen Hai, Xiao Mei, and Xiao Yan, the three of you follow them to the hospital," Ye Zhen added.

"Hmm."

The three simultaneously nodded. Wen Hai and Gu Mei looked pale, seemingly still in shock from the earlier ordeal.

Because, for them tonight, it was like losing their wife and soldiers — not only was their son beaten and disabled, but they had also fallen greatly in Ye Yuanshan's esteem!

Beyond that, they all understood one fact: Ye Yuanshan was intentionally using Ye Fan as a whetstone to train them!

That is to say, they were utterly unable to use their own and the Ye Family's influence to do anything to Ye Fan.

It wasn't just them; the others understood this as well.

Among them, Ye Wenling felt somewhat unwilling, but thinking of Ye Fan's tactics tonight, and recalling the upheaval Ye Fan had caused in Hanghu and dong hai, she felt a deep helplessness and could only swallow her grievances.

Although Ye Yuanshan's words were tough to hear, she had to admit that without the backing of the Ye Family, competing with Ye Fan would be like an egg hitting a rock.

"Alright, let's go."

Ye Zhen glanced at everyone, guessing what was on their minds, but said nothing else and walked straight out.

Seeing this, everyone followed him.

A moment later, Ye Zhen got into the top-of-the-line Hongqi H8, which bore one of Huaxia's most prestigious license plates, and was the first to leave the alley where the Ye Family Mansion was located.

In the rear seat of the car, Ye Zhen first massaged his Taiyang point to relieve fatigue, then took out his personal mobile phone and called Yan, the head of the Yanhuang Organization.

"Greetings, Mr. Ye XX." The call was quickly answered, and the voice that came through the receiver was devoid of any emotion.

"Director Yan, sorry to disturb you so late," Ye Zhen, accustomed to Yan's indifference, wasn't bothered by it but sounded somewhat apologetic.

"Don't worry, Mr. Ye XX, you should understand that there is no day or night for me."

Yan responded coldly. Though he was the leader of the Yanhuang Organization, he typically delegated most matters to the five elders to handle and spent most of his time secluded, only someone of Ye Zhen's stature, at the pinnacle of power, could disturb him.

"Heh, that's true," Ye Zhen responded with a wry smile, "About the incident at Qingshui No.1 tonight, our Ye Family has already dealt with it internally. My grandfather asked me to inform you, hoping you won't take it to heart over there."

"Okay."

Yan agreed briskly, then unprecedentedly added, "Mr. Ye XX, congratulations on you and Old Ye making the correct decision."

"Uh..."

Ye Zhen was momentarily surprised, then wanted to say something, but found that Yan had already hung up.

What did Yan mean?

Ye Zhen slowly put away his phone, questioning himself.

No answer.

But... reason told Ye Zhen that Yan's last remark wasn't about tonight's incident but implied something else!

Chapter 375 Not Shedding Tears Until Seeing the Coffin

As Ye Zhen's car left the alley where the Ye Family Mansion was located and headed towards the Hong Qiang Courtyard office villa, other members of the Ye Family also departed from the alley in their cars.

Among them, Ye Long, who was severely injured and unable to move, sat alone in the back seat of an off-road vehicle, accompanied by two security personnel, heading to the well-known 301 Hospital. Ye Wenhai and his wife, Qin Yan, and Ye Cang, four people, took two cars, following behind.

Through the rearview mirror, seeing the distraught look on Ye Long and the crisscrossing wounds on his body, the two members of the Yanhuang Organization couldn't help but sigh deeply.

As bodyguards for Ye Yuanshan, they both came from the Yanhuang Organization and belonged to the same generation as Ye Long's master, Hong Lie.

Because they were stationed at the Ye Family Mansion all year round, they would see Ye Long once or twice each year and were able to gauge the improvement of Ye Long's strength through his aura.

It could be said that the speed of Ye Long's strength increase astonished them and made them believe that he might even surpass the master in the future.

But now, Ye Long had been beaten into a cripple, how could they not sigh at this?

Aside from sighing, they were also very curious, wondering what exactly allowed Ye Fan, who was clearly weaker than Ye Long, to defeat Ye Long?

Magic Artifacts!

This was the conclusion they reached from examining Ye Long's wounds.

But... it still left them puzzled — in their view, even with the rarest high-level Magic Artifact, Ye Fan should not have been able to defeat Ye Long who had mastered 'Yanhuang's Fury', right?

"Master Liu."

Shortly after, before the two security personnel from the Yanhuang Organization could come up with any explanation, Ye Long, who initially had lifeless eyes, suddenly spoke up.

Hmm?

At the sound of Ye Long's call, both were startled and instinctively looked at Ye Long through the rearview mirror, only to see that his gaze was no longer empty but filled with hatred.

Such intense hatred was so frenzied that it caused a slight tremor in their hearts.

"Young Master Ye, what's wrong?" the middle-aged man named Liu Yan turned around and asked.

Ye Long's voice was hoarse as he said, "I want to speak with my master, but my communicator is damaged. Could you please use your communicator to contact my master for me?"

He wants revenge?

Upon hearing Ye Long's request, Liu Yan had a thought and immediately guessed Ye Long's intention—he wanted Hong Lie to avenge him!

"Okay."

Understanding this, Liu Yan pondered for a moment and then nodded in agreement.

For one thing, he was just a small bodyguard in the Ye Family Mansion and could not refuse Ye Long's request. Moreover, even if Ye Long sought to take revenge on Ye Fan, it had nothing to do with him.

"My hands can't move, so please place the communicator next to my ear after connecting with my master," Ye Long said, seeing Liu Yan take out the communicator to contact Hong Lie.

"Okay."

Liu Yan nodded again and, after dialing Hong Lie's internal short number with the special communicator, placed the communicator next to Ye Long's ear.

"Liu Yan?"

After about a dozen seconds, Hong Lie's voice finally came from the special communicator, tinged with confusion.

"Master, it's me," Ye Long said, his voice raspy.

As Hong Lie had faced rejection by Chu Ji at the Martial Arts World auction, which had deeply hurt his pride, he had gone into closed-door cultivation after the auction, intending to make a breakthrough in the 'Gang Qi Realm'.

Under such circumstances, he was unaware of everything that had happened at Qingshui No.1 that night.

Now, suddenly hearing Ye Long's voice, Hong Lie was puzzled: "Xiao Long, why are you using Liu Yan's communicator to contact me? And what's wrong with you? Why does your voice sound abnormal?"

"Master, I'm sorry, I've brought shame to you," Ye Long replied, his tone filled with frustration and resentment.

"Swish!"

Hearing Ye Long's inexplicable words and sensing the anomaly in his tone, Hong Lie's expression drastically changed and he hurriedly asked, "Xiao Long, what happened?"

"My Kung Fu has been crippled by that bastard Ye Fan, and I've become a complete invalid!"

As Ye Long spoke, his blood-stained face twisted somewhat, combined with his bloodied appearance, he looked like an evil ghost from the underworld, chilling to the bone.

"How... how is that possible?"

Hong Lie, as if hearing the most incredulous thing in the world, said in shock, "You've already entered the Peak of Innate Realm and mastered the first level of 'Yanhuang's Fury'. You should be able to fight even against an Innate Great Perfection Stage Martial Artist. He may have Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts but is only at the Early Innate Realm, and with your Martial Arts Will, his magic should be almost useless against you—how could you possibly be crippled by him?"

"He deliberately concealed his strength; his Magic Cultivation and Martial Arts Cultivation are both at the Innate Great Success Realm. Moreover, he ambushed me and caught me off guard. After using the Nirvana Pill to heal, I initially had the upper hand, but I didn't expect that in a crisis, his Magic Cultivation broke through to the Peak stage of Innate, and he used telekinesis to control hidden weapons and ambush me successfully!"

As Ye Long spoke, he couldn't help but recall the fight of that night, his resentment shooting straight through the roof, "Master, I can't accept this! I hate this so much!!"

"Where are you now?"

Hearing Ye Long again, Hong Lie had to accept the fact that Ye Long's Kung Fu had been crippled and thought for a moment before asking.

"I just left the Ye Family Mansion," Ye Long replied truthfully.

"What caused the conflict between you? How did Old Ye handle it?"

Hong Lie asked instinctively, and then realizing that Ye Long was using Liu Yan's communicator, and Liu Yan might be beside him, he quickly said, "Like this, I'll come over to you now, let's talk about the details when I see you!"

Chapter 376 Not Shedding Tears Until Seeing the Coffin - Part 2

"Hmm, I'm on my way to the 301 Hospital," Ye Long said, as if he saw the first light of revenge, his eyes burning with even crazier hatred.

"I'm not far from there, I'll wait for you at the hospital entrance."

As soon as he finished speaking, Hong Lie hung up the phone and quickly left the cultivation room.

...

Twenty minutes later.

Ye Fan drove the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition, arriving at the entrance of the courtyard where Chu Ji lived.

Screech!

The car had just stopped, and before Ye Fan could get out, Chu Ji pulled open the gate of the courtyard.

"All taken care of?"

As Ye Fan got out of the car, Chu Ji asked with a smile.

"Hmm."

Ye Fan nodded and stepped into the courtyard, noticing that only Chu Ji's room was lit, he asked with some confusion, "Where are Pan Jue Ming and his sister?"

"After you left, I used Power to help catalyze the medicine for Pan Jue Ming. Once the medicine took effect, he entered Meditation State, and his sister fell asleep beside him," Chu Ji replied.

"Thank you, Auntie," Ye Fan said with a smile.

"Thank me my foot, hurry and tell me how you dealt with the old man from the Ye Family," Chu Ji asked eagerly.

"I don't know." Ye Fan shook his head.

"You... don't know?" Chu Ji's eyes widened, looking at Ye Fan as if she had seen a ghost, "What do you mean?"

"I left before Ye Yuanshan could decide," Ye Fan explained.

"I see..."

Upon hearing Ye Fan's answer, Chu Ji paused to think and guessed the reason behind Ye Fan's actions, then looked at him eagerly, her curiosity undiminished, "Then tell me about the process."

Seeing her eagerness, Ye Fan, caught between laughter and tears, briefly recounted the evening's events to Chu Ji.

"That's solid, really damn solid!"

After listening to Ye Fan's recount, Chu Ji expressed her feelings in a distinctive Central Plains dialect, then she pondered for a moment and said, "According to what you said, Ye Wen Hai and his son, Ye Long, have lost their wife and troops. Ye Wen Hai, due to Ye Yuanshan's authority, will probably have to tread carefully from now on. But Ye Long might not!"

"I wasn't scared of him before, and now that he's become a cripple, why should I be?" Ye Fan said fearlessly.

"He has indeed become a cripple and naturally won't trouble you personally, but he will figure out a way to make his master come forward!"

As Chu Ji spoke, she thought of the secret only she, Chu Xuanji, and Yan knew. She sneered, "Hopefully Hong Lie won't foolishly stand up for that waste, otherwise he'll see what's coming to him!"

"Buzz~"

As if to prove Chu Ji's guess, her phone vibrated in her pocket just after she finished speaking.

"Hey, speak of the devil and he shall appear."

Hearing the vibration of the phone, Chu Ji seemed sure it was Hong Lie calling. An icy cold smile spread across her charming face as she pulled out her phone.

"Hong Lie?" Ye Fan slightly narrowed his eyes and asked.

"Hmm, let me disgust him a bit."

Chu Ji nodded, then answered the call, immediately taunting, "Aiyowei, Master Hong, calling me at such a late hour? Could it be the long night is too much to bear alone?"

"Chu Ji, do you know what happened tonight at Qingshui No.1?"

On the other end, Hong Lie had already met with Ye Long and learned the 'truth' about the night's events. He directly made the call to Chu Ji in front of Ye Long, hearing Chu Ji's taunting words, he got straight to the point.

"I know, your worthless disciple got a severe beating from Xiao Fan," Chu Ji cooed, "For that, I even scolded Xiao Fan a bit, same family after all, why the rush to severe ties?"

"Chu Ji, your nephew did more than just teach Xiao Long a lesson!"

As he spoke, Hong Lie, looking at the shocking scars all over Ye Long next to him, spoke in a low voice, "He not only destroyed Xiao Long's Kung Fu, but also left a thousand cuts on Xiao Long!"

"Wow... my Xiao Fan is that powerful?" Chu Ji cheered like a star-struck little girl hearing about her idol's feat in a Korean drama.

"Chu Ji, you know well, if your nephew hadn't made the first move to attack Xiao Long, Xiao Long wouldn't have lost!" Seemingly realizing Chu Ji was feigning ignorance to further annoy him, Hong Lie's voice grew colder and suddenly louder.

"Is that so?"

Seemingly having had enough, Chu Ji's tone suddenly changed, colder than Hong Lie, "How come I heard that it was your disgraceful disciple who tried to kill Xiao Fan, and it was only by sheer luck that Xiao Fan had a breakthrough and turned defeat into victory!"

"I'm not interested in discussing this with you, what I mean is, your nephew actively attacked a member of the Yanhuang Organization, which is a serious violation of the Yanhuang Organization's rules!" Hong Lie said coldly.

"So what? You're planning to stand up for that disgraceful disciple of yours??" Chu Ji scoffed coldly.

"My point is simple, let Miracle Doctor Chu step in to repair Xiao Long's Dantian and the shattered Power Seed, and we'll call this matter settled," Hong Lie said sternly.

"Giggle..."

Upon hearing this, Chu Ji laughed mockingly as if she had heard the world's coldest joke.

"Either let Miracle Doctor Chu repair Xiao Long's Dantian and Power Seed or let your nephew face the Yanhuang Organization's punishment, choose one!"

Perhaps knowing that pursuing Chu Ji was now hopeless, or perhaps tonight's events had completely infuriated Hong Lie, he flatly tore off the pretense with Chu Ji and threw down the gauntlet.

"Accept the Yanhuang Organization's punishment? Hong Lie, who do you think you are? Since when did the Yanhuang Organization come under your command?"

Chu Ji said icily, "Hong Lie, do you believe, even if the old man from the Ye Family doesn't say a word, if you dare touch a single hair on him, Yan will be the first to slaughter you!"

"Hehe...hehehe...hehehehe..."

This time,

Hong Lie couldn't help but laugh, his laughter filled with sarcasm, seemingly mocking Chu Ji's ignorance.

"Beep...beep..."

Just then, the special communicator on his wrist began to sound.

Hmm?

Hong Lie's smile stiffened as he lifted his wrist to look, and his pupils dilated instantly!

Because... at first glance, the caller was his master, the ruler of the Yanhuang Organization, the strongest in Huaxia, Yan!

"Master."

After being stunned for a moment, Hong Lie didn't even hang up, but immediately answered the special communicator.

"I heard you were looking for Xiao Long?" Yan's cold voice came through the special communicator.

"Yes, Master, Xiao Long, he..."

"Do not interfere in this matter," Yan said coldly, cutting off Hong Lie's words.

"But, Master..." Hong Lie tried to explain something.

However—

Before Hong Lie could finish his sentence, the call was cut off, and the "beep beep" sound echoed from the receiver.

"Hong Lie, do you believe me now??"

Meanwhile, Chu Ji's voice could be heard again.

"Snap—"

Hong Lie was so startled his hand trembled, and the phone immediately slipped and crashed to the ground, emitting a crisp sound.

Meanwhile, Ye Long's eyes widened, and he looked at Hong Lie with a face full of despair, completely consumed by one thought: how...how could this be??

"Destroying your Dantian, making you a cripple for life, this to you is not even as bad as being dead. Because, you firmly believe that I will be punished."

"Exactly! Bastard, you'll accompany me in death! I swear!!"

"Hmm, when you finally realize that none of this will happen, you will truly despair, and that's when you will truly prefer death!"

No tears until you see the coffin.

The conversation he had with Ye Fan previously, like a curse, kept echoing in his ears... and echoing...

Chapter 377 Assisting in Summiting, Changing Destiny

At dawn, when the first ray of morning light pierced through the horizon from east to west, Ye Fan slowly opened his eyes, his gaze sharp, and the surrounding airflow dispersed.

"The forty-fifth Power Seed is about to be saturated, and once it is, I can strike the forty-sixth vital acupoint and create the forty-sixth Power Seed, stepping into the Innate Great Success Realm of Martial Arts Cultivation," Ye Fan mused with anticipation flashing in his eyes as he felt the surging Power within him.

Last night, after returning to the Courtyard, he first used the Pure Yang Qi in the Power to completely heal his injuries, and then he spent the whole night in meditation, absorbing the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi to replenish the Power he had consumed.

"If my Martial Arts Cultivation had been at the Innate Great Success Realm during last night's fight with Ye Long, my movement technique would not have been far inferior to Ye Long's. Then, even though my Magic Cultivation had not broken through to the Innate Great Success Realm, I could still dodge using my movement technique and fight Ye Long by leveraging the Flying Knife Assassination," Ye Fan thought.

Recalling last night's battle, Ye Fan clearly understood that though the Flying Knife Assassination controlled by Mind Power was strange and lethal, boosting his combat strength significantly, he mustn't forsake Martial Arts cultivation because of this trump card; both needed to complement each other, particularly focusing on enhancing the practice of his movement technique.

Only then could the power of Dual Cultivation of Magic and Martial Arts be fully demonstrated.

"I wonder how Jue Ming's injuries are recovering?"

After planning for his future cultivation, Ye Fan got up and walked toward the room where Pan Jueming was staying.

Because last night Chu Ji had completely catalyzed the Nirvana Pill's effects for Pan Jueming, Ye Fan didn't add gratuitously to that by using Pure Yang Qi for healing Pan Jueming; instead, he let Pan Jueming absorb the medicinal power of the Nirvana Pill to recover from his injuries.

Ye Fan walked to the window of the house and saw Pan Jueming sitting cross-legged on the bed, still in a state of Meditation Cultivation, and Pan Ying was sleeping beside him.

The morning light shone on Pan Ying's bare face with tear stains, her eyebrows slightly knit, looking fearful and anxious.

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan understood that everything that happened last night was like a nightmare for Pan Ying, one that would take a long time to forget and might possibly never be completely forgotten.

Initially, after Situ Chen died, Situ Ruoshui was also traumatized. Fortunately, Ye Fan unintentionally stimulated her 'Mental Body,' and through the miraculous Nine Star Gathering Spirit Array, she

generated a Mind Power Seed and became an Innate Mage, strengthened her Consciousness, and was no longer affected by that nightmare.

Whoosh!

Perhaps sensing Ye Fan's presence, Pan Jueming suddenly opened his eyes and saw Ye Fan standing by the window; he hurriedly got out of bed.

Upon seeing this, Ye Fan stood up and walked to the door, pushing it open and entering.

"Mr. Ye," Pan Jueming greeted as usual.

"How are you feeling?" Ye Fan asked.

"The external injuries have almost healed; the internal ones still affect me a bit."

As he spoke, Pan Jueming couldn't help but marvel inwardly at the magic of the 'Golden Healing Pill' and 'Nirvana Pill,' which seemed to defy the common saying that broken bones take a hundred days to heal.

What he didn't know was that although both the Golden Healing Pill and the Nirvana Pill were precious elixirs, especially the Nirvana Pill, known as the Healing Holy Medicine, the quick recovery of his injuries was mainly due to Ye Fan's Life-bound Essence Blood.

Last night, when Pan Jueming was hanging by a thread, Ye Fan had saved his life with his own Life-bound Essence Blood. After returning to the Courtyard, while Chu Ji catalyzed the Nirvana Pill's medicinal power inside Pan Jueming, she also helped catalyze the Pure Yang Qi-filled Life-bound Essence Blood from Ye Fan.

"The medicinal power in your body hasn't been fully absorbed yet. Once it's all absorbed and you've recovered for a while, you will be healed," Ye Fan said with a smile, choosing not to explain the reason to Pan Jueming.

Pan Jueming nodded, hesitated, and then asked, "Mr. Ye, was everything okay at the Ye Family Mansion last night?"

"It was fine."

Ye Fan spoke seriously, "Moreover, you don't have to worry; the Ye Family won't target you and your family because of what happened last night. Furthermore, from now on, they will absolutely not dare to trouble you again."

"Thank you, Mr. Ye."

After a moment of surprise, Pan Jueming looked at Ye Fan with deep gratitude.

"Haven't I told you not to be so formal with me anymore?"

Ye Fan chuckled bitterly. If not for last night's events, he might have simply treated Pan Jueming as a loyal subordinate, but Pan Jueming's selfless action against Ye Long, knowing it was tantamount to delivering his own death, deeply moved Ye Fan. Moved by this, Ye Fan came to regard Pan Jueming as a friend in his heart.

"I know, but you not only saved me, you also indirectly protected my family..." Pan Jueming wanted to say more, but seeing Ye Fan's stern look, he swallowed the rest of his words.

At the same time, Pan Jueming couldn't help but be curious: How had Mr. Ye achieved all this? Even if he had returned to the Ye Family, it was unlikely that he could have established such distinguished status and power within the Ye Family in such a short time, right?

There was no answer.

Even when the Pan Family had not fallen yet, the Ye Family had always been a mysterious and strong presence in Pan Jueming's eyes. Now, even though through Ye Fan he was gradually touching the fringe of this powerful clan, he still felt far, far too distanced from the circle where the Ye Family resided...

As Pan Jueming's curiosity surged, the unattainably high Family Head of the Ye Family, Ye Zhen, driven by a remark left by Ye Fan last night, pondered deeply for most of the night. Early in the morning, he took a car to the Ye Family Mansion to report his thoughts to Ye Yuanshan.

As the sun fully rose, Ye Zhen arrived at the entrance of the Ye Family Mansion in a car bearing one of Huaxia's most prestigious license plates.

"Regards to the officer."

The guard on duty at the gate, seeing Ye Zhen step down from the car, saluted and greeted him promptly.

"Has the old officer risen yet?" Ye Zhen nodded slightly, then asked.

"Officer, I don't know if the old officer has risen. Please go in and ask Secretary Wang," the guard said somewhat awkwardly. He had replaced someone for the night shift and had been standing there until now, not having even entered the inner courtyard, so he had no way of knowing whether Ye Yuanshan had gotten up.

Ye Zhen, upon hearing this, couldn't help but laugh drily, feeling his own nerves had been wound tight by Ye Yuanshan too.

Two minutes later, Ye Zhen passed through the outer courtyard and the middle courtyard and arrived at the inner courtyard, where he immediately saw Ye Yuanshan pacing back and forth with a pair of jade beads that Ye Fan had given him, his eyebrows slightly furrowed and appearing somewhat conflicted.

"Dad."

Seeing this, Ye Zhen knew what Ye Yuanshan was conflicted about and approached with a wry smile to greet him.

"Why did it take you so long?" Ye Yuanshan glared at Ye Zhen and then headed towards the study first.

Ye Zhen was slightly taken aback.

Seeing this, Secretary Wang came up and whispered, "The old chief hardly slept last night and has been pacing in the yard since dawn."

Hearing Secretary Wang's words, Ye Zhen could only smile wryly. He nodded at Secretary Wang and followed Ye Yuanshan into the study.

Upon entering the study, Ye Zhen noticed the room was full of the smell of smoke. Moreover, a new ashtray on the desk was crammed with many cigarette butts.

This discovery made Ye Zhen's expression change: "Dad, you smoked last night?"

"Hmm, thinking too hard, needed to smoke to organize my thoughts," Ye Yuanshan admitted, as there was no hiding it.

"Secretary Wang said you hardly slept last night and smoked so much. Can your body handle it?" Ye Zhen was worried.

Ye Yuanshan waved his hand dismissively, "Cut the nonsense, tell me the result of your thinking last night."

"Hmm."

Ye Zhen, hearing this, knew that Ye Yuanshan wouldn't rest until he had made a decision, so he carefully arranged his words and said, "I thought for most of the night and believe that his words have two meanings."

"What two meanings?" Ye Yuanshan's eyes brightened.

"First, he has seen through our decision—to strip Wenhao of his successor status. Second, he knows that many people consider him Wenhao's bad omen, convinced that he will bring Wenhao down and ruin his political career."

Ye Zhen said solemnly, "But according to him, far from being a burden on Wenhao, he will assist him greatly."

"He did mean that."

Ye Yuanshan was not surprised that Ye Zhen understood the meaning of Ye Fan's words; on the contrary, it would have been strange if Ye Zhen hadn't figured it out.

"Dad, you didn't sleep all night, probably because you were thinking about whether to change your mind, right?" Ye Zhen asked with a wry smile.

"What do you think?" Ye Yuanshan counter-questioned, indirectly answering Ye Zhen's question.

"He is Wenhao's son and, like Wenhao, values loyalty and righteousness. This can be seen from the way he handles things," Ye Zhen thought for a moment and said, "This means his resolve is beyond doubt. The key is whether he can achieve this."

"Do you think he can?"

Ye Yuanshan asked the question that most troubled him, the one that had kept him up all night.

"Very difficult, almost impossible."

Facing Ye Yuanshan's expectant look, Ye Zhen answered, "His abilities and tactics are undoubtable. If he pursued the military, political, or even business spheres, he could succeed. But...he is a martial artist who seeks the Martial Arts path. The Martial Arts World is filled with complexities, and his sharpness is too extreme; no one can guarantee he won't falter. In the Martial Arts World, a single failure could mean disaster. Even if he doesn't intend to bring trouble to Wenhao, Wenhao would surely not stand by."

"Moreover, he secretly controls the Dong Hai Gang. Although there isn't sufficient evidence of his involvement in illicit activities, it could eventually come out, which would be extremely dangerous for Wenhao."

"Lastly, he has too many enemies, including political families like the Bai Family, global underworld organizations like Qinghong, and Martial Arts Sects like the Hongwu Sect and Wudang Sect. Even if he stops provoking these enemies for Wenhao's sake, they are unlikely to let him go. And given his nature and style, he isn't one to sit and wait for doom.

He might ensure victory once, twice, three times, but he can't guarantee a win every time. A single loss would mean losing everything."

"Sigh...you are right, no one can ensure they won't make mistakes, and for him, every mistake could be fatal. And once he makes an error that results in disaster, Wenhao will likely abandon everything to stand up for and avenge him," Ye Yuanshan listened and couldn't help but sigh.

"But then again, if he saw through our petty tricks and vaguely suggested we use Chu Xuanji's favor to have Yan support the Ye Family, what if we decide to depose Wenhao later on and someone else reverses that decision? What then?"

"Since both options carry risks, we have only two choices, either bet on one side, which is risky and could result in complete failure if we bet wrong, or play dumb for the time being, watch his performance, and if he fails, and Wenhao disappoints us again, we then make a decision. It's not easy to allocate resources this way, after all, we can't strongly support both him and Wen Hai at the same time."

Ye Zhen pondered for a moment and said, "For safety's sake, I personally recommend the second option."

"Hmm, but prioritize resources for Wenhao," Ye Yuanshan thought for a while and finally made a decision.

Ye Zhen seemed surprised, "Dad, it seems you still have some confidence in him?"

"If he can help Wenhao reach the top, I will die without regrets!"

Ye Yuanshan laughed heartily, full of anticipation.

Chapter 378 Class Division

The sun was setting, and as dusk descended, the shrill sound of the school bell punctuated the air, causing the once serene Wangfu Middle School to buzz with activity as students hurriedly raced out of their classrooms, forming small groups as they exited the campus.

Beneath the setting sun, an unassuming Volkswagen Golf sedan was parked not far from the school gates.

"Jue Ming, are you sure those spoiled brats won't take revenge on Little Ying?"

In the passenger seat of the car, Pan Xiaolu sat motionless, her eyes fixed on the school gates, waiting for Pan Ying to emerge. Simultaneously, she asked with concern.

The previous night, she had received a call from Pan Jueming, informing her that Pan Ying was safe.

Moreover, during the call, Pan Jueming had told her that he had someone who taught a lesson to those plotting against Pan Ying, including Ye Cang. Those brats would no longer dare to bother Pan Ying.

Pan Xiaolu was filled with skepticism about Pan Jueming's words, so much so that she had Pan Ying answer the phone too, but Pan Ying was still in shock at the time. She only assured Pan Xiaolu that she was okay, without going into any details of what had happened.

This directly led to Pan Xiaolu still being half-convinced of Pan Jueming's words, greatly worried that Ye Cang and the other brats might seek retribution.

"Aunt, I've told you eight hundred times, why won't you believe me?" Hearing her, Pan Jueming couldn't help but give a strained smile, although he could understand where Pan Xiaolu was coming from.

Since he hadn't received Ye Fan's permission, he didn't dare take the liberty of revealing Ye Fan's identity to Pan Xiaolu, nor did he go into detail about what happened the previous night.

In such a situation, it was normal for Pan Xiaolu to doubt his words and even doubt whether the benefactor he mentioned was as impressive as claimed.

After all, Ye Cang was known in the Forbidden City as the 'Little Prince', backed by the formidable Ye Family. Not just youngsters but even powerful figures who roam the Forbidden City wouldn't dare to discipline Ye Cang.

"Little Ying is coming out!"

Pan Xiaolu was about to say something when she suddenly saw Pan Ying, dressed in casual clothes, exit the school gates. Her face immediately lit up with joy, and without thinking, she pushed the car door open and got out.

Seeing this, Pan Jueming smiled and followed her out of the car.

"Aunt, Brother!"

Upon seeing them, Pan Ying ran over excitedly.

"Little Ying, why aren't you wearing your uniform today?" Pan Xiaolu asked affectionately, gently touching Pan Ying's head.

"My uniform got dirty, so I couldn't wear it. Bro took me shopping for new clothes," Pan Ying explained.

"Aunt, it's getting late. Let's talk in the car; we can't keep our benefactor waiting."

Seeing Pan Xiaolu was about to speak again, Pan Jueming broke in with a strained smile. He had already made Ye Fan wait once yesterday, and naturally couldn't let that happen again today.

"Alright."

Pan Xiaolu nodded, and she and Pan Ying both took their seats in the back of the car.

Potentially worrying about triggering unpleasant memories for Pan Ying, Pan Xiaolu, although curious about whether what Pan Jueming said was true, managed to suppress her curiosity and did not ask about what happened the previous night.

Half an hour later, Pan Jueming drove them to a five-star restaurant named Hua Fu First Class.

Hua Fu First Class, a five-star restaurant that had opened in Yanjing in recent years, had quickly become a favorite among the affluent due to its elegant environment and delicious cuisine, and it had carved out a niche for itself in the fiercely competitive five-star hotel industry of Yanjing, thriving tremendously.

It was only 6:30 pm, but the parking lot was already full of cars, predominantly luxury vehicles, though none bore special plates.

All this was a result of the crackdown on extravagant living that took place eight years ago.

After that campaign, the once omnipresent government officials, who were treated like royalty in various luxury hotels, had toned down considerably. They rarely dined in luxury hotels now, and if they did, they wouldn't arrive in government cars but would be picked up by the host.

"These parking spaces are reserved; park over there."

In the parking lot, a security officer in charge of directing cars saw the Volkswagen Golf trying to park directly in front of the door and immediately stepped forward to stop it, an undisguised look of disdain on his face.

"Okay."

Noticing the disdain from the security officer, Pan Xiaolu, who had previously been known as a Yanjing socialite, felt somewhat uncomfortable. On the other hand, Pan Jueming just smiled nonchalantly and drove the car to the parking spot indicated by the security officer.

Seeing this, Pan Xiaolu grew even more skeptical of her nephew's words and felt that the benefactor her nephew had mentioned couldn't be that impressive.

After all, any significant figure, no matter where they went, would be met with sycophancy. Thus, not just the influential figure themselves but even those around them would typically carry a bit of arrogance.

Claiming to work for this benefactor, Pan Jueming showed not a hint of arrogance, and even the sharpness he once possessed was gone, replaced with nothing but timidity—how could this convince Pan Xiaolu of the impressiveness of Pan Jueming's supposed benefactor?

"Aunt, you go ahead and take Little Ying to the private room while I wait for our benefactor at the entrance," said Pan Jueming, having intuited his aunt's thoughts, though he offered no explanations.

On one hand, he felt there was no need; on the other, since following Ye Fan, he had adopted Ye Fan's distinct approach to interactions—treat those below without disdain, those above without adulation.

"Bro, I'll stay and wait with you. I didn't even get a chance to thank Big Brother yesterday," said Pan Ying cheerfully. "Aunt, you go ahead."

"Alright then."

Pan Xiaolu nodded. Since Pan Jueming had suggested inviting Ye Fan for dinner, as hosts, it was proper to order the dishes first, following the etiquette of hosting guests.

Chapter 379 Class Division_2

Soon, the three of them arrived at the hotel entrance, where Pan Jueming and Pan Ying stood while Pan Xiaolu entered the hotel with a brilliant smile from the receptionist.

Three minutes later, Pan Ying took the elevator to the hotel's seventh floor. Following the waiter's lead, she went into the booked private room and began looking over the menu to order.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan arrived alone at the hotel parking lot, driving the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition.

Although the security guards at the Huafu First Class Hotel were used to seeing all kinds of luxury cars, they couldn't help but be dazzled by the sight of the limited-edition "king of cars," and they hastily went over to direct Ye Fan to park in a spot they hadn't let Pan Jueming use before.

Seeing this, Pan Jueming wasn't disheartened; instead, he found it quite amusing. After Ye Fan got out of the car, he said to Pan Ying, "Our benefactor is here, Little Ying, let's go over."

"Okay."

Pan Ying nodded obediently and walked with Pan Jueming toward the exiting Ye Fan.

They knew each other?

This... how is that possible??

Watching this scene, the security guard almost popped his eyes out!

Because, in his view, Pan Jueming and Pan Ying, who drove a Volkswagen Golf, were from a completely different world compared to Ye Fan in the Rolls-Royce Phantom Presidential Edition; they simply couldn't have any intersection!

"Mr. Ye."

"Big brother!"

As if to respond to the security guard, Pan Jueming and Pan Ying greeted Ye Fan one after another.

"Jueming, don't do this in the future, there's no need," Ye Fan sighed.

"Alright," Pan Jueming chuckled wryly, "My aunt has already gone up to order. Shall we go up as well?"

"Okay."

Ye Fan nodded slightly, and shoulder to shoulder with Pan Jueming and Pan Ying, he headed towards the hotel entrance, leaving behind a stunned security guard.

In the Furong Hall on the seventh floor of the hotel, after Pan Xiaolu had finished ordering, she decided to go downstairs to meet Ye Fan with Pan Jueming and Pan Ying.

Even though she didn't believe that Ye Fan, as Pan Jueming's benefactor, was any important figure—thinking that there was more to yesterday's incident—she felt obliged to personally greet him and offer thanks, since Ye Fan had saved Pan Ying the day before.

It must be said that since the Pan Family's downfall, Pan Xiaolu, who had been distanced from the life of a socialite, had become less concerned about class divisions.

Whoosh—

As soon as Pan Xiaolu stepped out of the private room, the opposite door opened, and four tall waitresses wearing cheongsams and flesh-colored stockings walked out sullenly from the private room.

With just one glance, Pan Xiaolu noticed that these four waitresses were probably the top-grade in terms of looks, physique, and temperament in the hotel, obviously serving some VIPs.

While realizing this, Pan Xiaolu didn't bother to check who was sitting in the opposite private room, but she noticed that a gaze had fixated on her.

Hmm?

This discovery made Pan Xiaolu's eyebrows raise slightly, and she looked instinctively over, only to see a chubby, middle-aged man looking at her as if he had discovered a new world, his eyes gleaming.

That gaze was all too familiar to the former Pan Xiaolu, who would encounter it countless times every day.

But ever since she had stepped away from the socialite life, and as she aged, coupled with no longer being keen on dressing up and applying makeup, she seldom encountered such stares.

She had not expected that today, after making an effort to dress up out of respect for Pan Jueming's benefactor, she would once again be subjected to that kind of gaze.

Moreover, Pan Xiaolu vaguely felt that the middle-aged man looked somewhat familiar, but she couldn't recall where she had seen him before.

Two seconds later, Pan Xiaolu shifted her gaze and walked towards the elevator.

Witnessing this, the chubby middle-aged man inside the private room obsequiously said to the young man occupying the host seat, "Mr. Xue, I spotted some top-grade goods that you might like, and I happen to know her. I'll have her come in to accompany us for drinks."

"Oh? Bring her in for a look."

Upon hearing this, the young man with the last name Xue and first name San Yue slightly altered his displeased expression and said indifferently.

"Alright."

The middle-aged man smiled and nodded, stood up, and walked out of the private room, understanding that currying favor with this young master of the Xue Family, a core member of the Hong Ding Club, who lost his mother at a young age and grew up deprived of maternal love, developed a peculiar character. He had no interest in young and pretty girls with supple skin and was only keen on rolling in the sheets with women over thirty-five.

In Yanjing's high society, it was said that Xue San Yue was in search of maternal love!

"Pan Xiaolu!"

Soon, the middle-aged man stepped out of the private room and called out to Pan Xiaolu's back, which exuded the charm of a mature woman.

The sudden call made Pan Xiaolu halt her steps, and she turned around to see the chubby middle-aged man with a slight frown, trying to recall where she had seen him before.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man held his head high and walked with a swagger toward Pan Xiaolu. His arrogant demeanor was a stark contrast to how he had behaved in front of Xue San Yue just moments before in the private room.

"What? Don't you remember?"

In the face of Pan Xiaolu's puzzled stare, the middle-aged man approached her, admiring the carefully dressed Pan Xiaolu and suddenly feeling that Pan Xiaolu, despite being close to forty with a somewhat lacking complexion, was overall still quite remarkable.

"You are?"

The unabashed gaze of the middle-aged man made Pan Xiaolu uncomfortable, her eyebrows furrowing even tighter.

"Pan Xiaolu, you're not pretending to be dumb, are you?" the middle-aged man said with a hint of displeasure, "Back when your Pan Family went bankrupt, you were the one who came to me begging for mercy."

Finally, Pan Xiaolu recalled that the middle-aged man in front of her was called Xu Wanfu, who had been a vice-president at a bank's Yanjing branch.

After the Pan Family went bankrupt, faced with vicious opposition that wanted to completely crush the Pan Family, Pan Xiaolu had no choice but to seek help from this middle-aged man, hoping he would handle matters following normal procedures, even contemplating offering herself in exchange.

But at that time, Xu Wanfu, due to pressure from higher-ups, despite being very keen to have a crazy fling with Pan Xiaolu, had to forsake his desire for the sake of his career.

Remembering the past, Pan Xiaolu felt an inexplicable pain in her heart, but she did not show it on her face. Instead, she calmly asked, "I wonder what Chairman Xu needs from me?"

"Life must be hard, going from a socialite to an ordinary woman," Xu Wanfu said condescendingly, looking down at Pan Xiaolu. "I can offer you a chance to return to your previous lifestyle, and even give your Pan Family a chance to make a comeback."

"Sorry, I'm not interested," Pan Xiaolu's expression changed, and she replied coldly before turning to leave.

"Wait a minute!"

Perhaps not expecting Pan Xiaolu to refuse so decisively, Xu Wanfu was initially stunned, then hurriedly stepped forward and reached out to grasp Pan Xiaolu's arm.

"Ding-dong—"

Just then, a crisp sound echoed, and the elevator doors slowly opened.

Chapter 380 Provoking the Great Bodhisattva

"What are you doing?"

Pan Xiaolu was pulled by Xu Wanfu to stop in her tracks, she forcefully tugged at her hand, but failed to pull away, and immediately said in a cold voice.

Xu Wanfu couldn't help but raise his eyebrows. Now he had eliminated the word "deputy" from his title and had overcome barriers many officials couldn't in a lifetime. Even if he wasn't a big shot at the foot of the Imperial City, he still held some clout in the financial industry.

Pan Xiaolu, however, not only didn't act submissively as she had before when meeting him, she even seemed disgusted, which displeased him greatly.

However—

Displeased as he was, to achieve his goal, Xu Wanfu still let go of Pan Xiaolu's arm and smiled, "Miss Pan, as the saying goes, a chance encounter is better than a meeting by appointment. It's fate that we meet here today. I happen to be dining with Xue San Yue. I thought you might join us for a meal and chat. As you know, given Xue San Yue's identity, befriending him could be an opportunity for both you and the declining Pan Family."

"I'm not interested!"

Pan Xiaolu's expression turned icy as she turned away again.

"Pan Xiaolu, as the saying goes, a fallen phoenix is not as good as a chicken. Are you sure you don't want to reconsider?" Xu Wanfu stared bleakly at the graceful silhouette of Pan Xiaolu's back and said coldly.

No response.

Pan Xiaolu's footsteps halted again, her pupils dilated, staring motionless ahead.

Ahead, Pan Jueming and Pan Ying were walking towards them accompanied by a young man in a Zhongshan suit, who was slightly frowning. Pan Ying had a strange expression, while Pan Jueming looked somewhat grim.

"I knew it, you're a smart person. Come on, let's not keep Mr. Xue waiting."

Xu Wanfu also saw Ye Fan and the two others but only glanced at them. Seeing Pan Xiaolu stop, he subconsciously thought she had changed her mind, and naturally reached out and took her arm with a smile.

"Let go of me!"

Seeing Ye Fan walking between Pan Jueming and Pan Ying, Pan Xiaolu knew Ye Fan was the benefactor Pan Jueming talked about. As she saw Ye Fan frowning, thinking he might have misunderstood her, she was wondering how to explain to him. Before she could figure it out, she felt Xu Wanfu sticking to her again and immediately shouted angrily in an attempt to break free again, but failed.

"What do you mean?"

Xu Wanfu had thought Pan Xiaolu had agreed, and seeing her not only trying to break free but also shouting at him, he grew somewhat angry, "Pan Xiaolu, with your current status, being able to accompany Mr. Xue for a drink is an honor—others couldn't even ask for this opportunity!"

"Let her go."

This time—

Without waiting for Pan Xiaolu to respond, a deep voice sounded. Pan Jueming quickened his pace towards them, his gaze coldly fixed on Xu Wanfu as if a beast targeting its prey.

Shush!

Xu Wanfu felt as if a thunderclap had sounded beside his ear, causing his heart to tremble. He subconsciously let go, then felt embarrassed that he, a bank chairman, was intimidated by a mere shout, and thus frowned and glaring at Pan Jueming, he asked sternly, "Kid, who are you yelling at?"

"Are you alright?"

Pan Jueming ignored Xu Wanfu's question, his gaze directed towards Pan Xiaolu.

"No...no problem." Pan Xiaolu's complexion looked somewhat unpleasant, as if she was scared that Pan Jueming might misunderstand her, "I..."

"Pan Xiaolu, what's got into you all of a sudden? Got caught by your little man, did you..."

Seeing Pan Xiaolu somewhat flustered in front of Pan Jueming, and recalling the earlier anomaly, Xu Wanfu naturally assumed Pan Jueming was the outsider Pan Xiaolu was having an affair with, and restored his haughty demeanor, "You, now, only deserve to be with such a pretty boy!"

"Who is he?"

Mimicking Ye Fan's angry demeanor, Pan Jueming narrowed his eyes slightly and stared at Xu Wanfu, turning to ask Pan Xiaolu at his side.

"Jueming, let it go!"

Pan Xiaolu, seeing that Pan Jueming was about to lose his temper, changed color in fright and hurriedly intervened.

Clearly, in her view, if Pan Jueming were to impulsively strike Xu Wanfu, who was known as Xu Caishen, matters would get troublesome.

"Pretty boy, thinking of starting a fight? I'll have you know, prison food isn't all that tasty!" Xu Wanfu scoffed disdainfully, tugging on his clothes, ready to leave.

"Who said you could go?"

Just then, another voice rang out, not loud but calm as water, yet it made Xu Wanfu stop turning around stiffly.

"You... What did you say?" Xu Wanfu followed the voice and turned his gaze to Ye Fan, who had walked up behind Pan Jueming, asking with a face full of disbelief.

With his status, even when he came to a luxurious hotel like Huaifu First Class, the dining department's manager treated him like royalty, yet now someone was not allowing him to leave...

This even made him doubt if there was something wrong with his ears!

Pan Jueming felt a tremor in his heart, and a surge of excitement flickered across his somber face.

As a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist, his hearing was far beyond that of ordinary people; he had clearly heard the earlier exchange between Pan Xiaolu and Xu Wanfu and had a vague understanding of the situation.

The reason he had been holding back his anger and not striking was because he didn't want to cause trouble for Ye Fan—he had come with Ye Fan, and if he were to strike someone, it could potentially draw unwanted attention to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan's recent remark was enough to make his stance clear!

"Ding dong—"

At that moment, the elevator doors opened again, and a middle-aged man in a suit, accompanied by four slightly older and attractive waitstaff, stepped out, instantly spotting Xu Wanfu confronting someone.

This discovery changed his expression, and he immediately yelled, "What are you doing?"

In the midst of his shouting, the middle-aged man, disregarding his image and with a prominent beer belly, rushed over.

"Xiao Li, you've arrived just in time. Tell me, your hotel is supposed to be five-star, isn't it? How can you let just anyone come in to dine?" Seeing the dining department's manager rushing over, Xu Wanfu said, "If it's like this, then I won't be bringing my friends here anymore."

"Chairman Xu, please, calm down."

Hearing Xu Wanfu's threatening words, Manager Li's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly put on a smiling face to apologize.

Originally, Xu Wanfu and the mysterious Mr. Xue were already dissatisfied due to a mishap with the waitstaff's arrangement, and now with this incident occurring, if he couldn't handle it properly to Xu Wanfu's satisfaction, it wasn't just him, the mere manager, at stake— even the hidden owner behind HuaFu First Class Hotel would be in hot water.

"Hmph!"

Xu Wanfu snorted coldly, displaying a leadership attitude that said, 'I won't tell you; figure it out yourself.'

Manager Li understood immediately and frowned as he asked, "What's going on here?"

"Jue Ming, break one of his hands, no need to use Power, just snap it."

Ye Fan suddenly spoke up.

"Uh..."

Astonished by Ye Fan's words, Manager Li was shocked, staring at Ye Fan as if he were looking at a Martian.

Xu Wanfu was also dumbfounded, blurting out, "What... what did you say??"

Whoosh!

What responded to Xu Wanfu was the sound of the air being split.

Under the lights.

Pan Jueming's right hand suddenly waved, as if effortlessly reaching into a bag, and with lightning speed, he grabbed Xu Wanfu's right hand.

He remembered, Xu Wanfu had grabbed his little aunt with that hand!

"You..."

Xu Wanfu trembled all over with fright, wanting to speak again.

However—

Pan Jueming didn't give him the chance, his wrist suddenly exerted force, and with one twist!

"Crack—"

"Ow~"

With a single twist, a crisp sound rang out, Xu Wanfu's wrist broke, and his body bent as if a fat pig stabbed with a knife, letting out a pitiful howl.

Pan Jueming, mindful of Ye Fan's instruction, released Xu Wanfu's broken wrist and turned back to stand in front of Ye Fan.

Click!

Manager Li was so scared that his heart skipped a beat and his Adam's apple moved nervously. He tried to say something, but found his mind completely blank, mechanically stepping forward to help Xu Wanfu.

Meanwhile, Pan Xiaolu was just as stunned.

Because Pan Jueming's description of Ye Fan saving Pan Ying was so mystical and exaggerated, it was hard for her to believe, and she hadn't taken Ye Fan seriously initially.

Because of this.

When Ye Fan earlier said to Xu Wanfu, 'Who allowed you to leave?' she was quite alarmed.

Now, seeing Pan Jueming carry out Ye Fan's casual order without hesitation, breaking Xu Wanfu's arm...

The shock it brought her was simply too immense... too immense!

"Could it be... could it be that he really does have a powerful background as Jueming mentioned?"

Shocked, Pan Xiaolu couldn't help but shift her gaze to Ye Fan, her mind completely occupied by this thought.

"Manager Li... Manager Li, call security, get security up here!"

Before Pan Xiaolu could gather her thoughts, Xu Wanfu, with Manager Li's support, staggered to his feet, his face pale, forehead beading with cold sweat, glaring at Ye Fan and Pan Jueming like a wounded beast, and began to roar.

"Okay... okay!"

Seeing this, Manager Li realized that Xu Wanfu was truly angry, so how could he delay?

"The Xue San Yue you just mentioned, is he from the Hong Ding Club?" thought Ye Fan, giving Xu Wanfu a cold look.

Hmm?

Manager Li was about to call security using his walkie-talkie, but hearing Ye Fan mention Xue San Yue's identity, he was so startled that he stopped what he was doing, a strange thought crossing his mind: could this man be a Great Bodhisattva?

Even Manager Li, realizing from Ye Fan's mention of Xue San Yue that Ye Fan seemed no ordinary person, how could the cunning old Xu Wanfu not realize this?

"Who are you?"

Xu Wanfu gripped his broken wrist, enduring the pain, and looked at Ye Fan with some suspicion and uncertainty.

"Notify Xue San Yue that if he doesn't appear in front of me within one minute, then he shouldn't bother showing up at all and instead jump straight off the seventh floor!"

Ye Fan responded indirectly, his tone seemingly casual yet carrying an irresistible force.

"Uh..."

If Ye Fan's earlier words had merely surprised Xu Wanfu, Manager Li, and Pan Xiaolu, then at this moment, this statement had outright stunned them.

Under the lights.

They stood like petrified statues, motionless, staring at Ye Fan, who was only a short distance away:
Who... who is he??