

Young Master 111

Chapter 111: [Ye Wenhao Appears]

'Young Master Dao Cao'!

After crippling Xie Yin and Xie Kun's legs, Lin Ao Feng did not stop, ruthlessly crushing the legs of Feng Kai and four others amidst their terrified pleas for mercy.

For a moment, the air was filled with pleas and screams.

The sounds were akin to the wails of ghosts from the Nine Nether Abyss, striking fear into the hearts of the onlooking street racers and affluent bystanders.

Not just them, even Su Jindi was shocked speechless by the scene before him.

Though he had a reputation as the 'Demon Lord of Mayhem,' compared to Ye Fan's actions, his own were mere child's play involving fights, car races, and trampling on the privileged.

Even Ye Wenhao, hidden in the darkness at a distance, was slightly taken aback by the incredible scene at the parking lot entrance.

Though surprised, he did not reveal himself, continuing to closely watch the situation unfold.

"I have done as you said."

After crippling Xie Yin and others, Lin Ao Feng looked at Ye Fan with a grim expression, feeling worse than swallowing a fly during a meal or encountering a transvestite in a romantic encounter.

However...

Behind this discomfort, a boundless rage was suppressed deep within him.

He was certain that, after temporarily avoiding Ye Fan's sharp edge today, he would make Ye Fan pay back tenfold, a hundredfold!

"The matter of the Jin Emperor being beaten will be covered up." Seemingly sensing Lin Ao Feng's concealed rage, Ye Fan spoke expressionlessly, "Next, let's discuss another matter."

"You..."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Lin Ao Feng trembled with anger, his sinister face twisting together, his expression ferociously terrifying, "What do you mean?"

"I remember you said that if I kneel and kowtow to you three times, calling you 'Grandpa' three times, you'd leave my corpse intact."

Ye Fan completely ignored Lin Ao Feng's anger, stating word by word, "Just kneel as you said, kowtow three times, call me 'Grandpa' three times, and I'll spare your life!"

"Leave a line in everything, we'll meet again in the future!"

Lin Ao Feng exploded with fury, he could forsake his pride to temporarily avoid Ye Fan's aggression, humiliating himself in front of an audience by breaking the legs of people like Xie Yin. But to have him, a Crown Prince of the Southern Huaxia Underworld, kneel and call Ye Fan 'Grandpa' in public was absolutely impossible!

If he really did that, even if he could bear the shame, he would become the laughingstock of the southern Huaxia underworld, a permanent disgrace to the Nanqinhong!

"Leave a line in everything?" Seeing signs of Lin Ao Feng about to erupt, Ye Fan coldly said, "Did you do that earlier?"

"__"

Lin Ao Feng was left speechless; if it were not for Ye Fan's unimaginable combat power, he would have torn Ye Fan to pieces on the spot.

"I give you three seconds." Seeing Lin Ao Feng remain silent, Ye Fan spoke again, his tone devoid of any mercy, "One!"

"Huff... huff..."

Lin Ao Feng's breathing became hurried, his facial muscles completely contorted as if he were a mad beast, staring intently at Ye Fan.

"Two!"

"I admit you are strong, but pushing me to the edge, I don't mind taking you down with me!" Lin Ao Feng's eyes were bloodshot as he roared hoarsely.

"Three!"

Ye Fan strode towards Lin Ao Feng.

"Bastard, you forced me!"

Seeing Ye Fan determined to break all pretenses, Lin Ao Feng completely fell into madness, bellowing, "Today, even if I ruin my Kung Fu, I will use the 'Forbidden Technique' to kill you!"

Forbidden Technique?

Hearing Lin Ao Feng's words, Ye Fan's eyebrows slightly raised.

As a disciple of the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, Ye Fan naturally knew that there was a terrifying secret technique in the martial arts world called 'Forbidden Technique.'

As the name suggests, the Forbidden Technique refers to martial arts that are strictly prohibited.

The reason for its prohibition is that martial artists use special methods to instantly stimulate human potential, enhance strength, and unleash extremely terrifying energy.

Years ago, a news report stated that a sixty-year-old grandmother lifted a truck weighing several tons to save her grandson, which was essentially the stimulation of human potential under special circumstances, similar to the martial artist's Forbidden Technique.

Though stimulating the human potential in the short term can unleash incredibly terrifying energy, it comes with significant side effects—the elderly lady died on the spot after lifting the truck and saving her grandson—she had essentially used up all her life's energy in advance, bringing an end to her life.

Moreover, after using the Forbidden Technique to stimulate their potential, martial artists could potentially never advance further in their martial arts, with most regressing in strength and some completely exhausting their potential, much like the grandmother who saved her grandson, ultimately dying after defeating their opponent!

What's more, after using the 'Forbidden Technique' to kill their enemy, martial artists might completely lose their minds, becoming cold-blooded machines, killing indiscriminately.

Because of all this, this technique for gaining immense combat strength in a short period is despised by martial artists and is also strictly forbidden by major righteous sects and the Yanhuang Organization of the martial arts community.

In this moment, driven to fury by Ye Fan's relentless pressure, Lin Ao Feng, burning with anger, attempted to scare off Ye Fan with the 'Forbidden Technique'!

"Come on, let me see the legendary Forbidden Technique!"

Seeing Lin Ao Feng about to use the 'Forbidden Technique' against him, Ye Fan was not only unafraid but somewhat looking forward to it.

On one hand, in the past two years, although he had carried out missions worldwide, eliminating formidable enemies, he had never encountered a martial artist who used the Forbidden Technique and was curious to witness its power.

Furthermore, Lin Ao Feng's strength among those at the Innate Great Perfection Stage was considered below average, thus, even if he used the "Forbidden Technique," he could only barely reach the strength of the Early Innate Entry Realm in a short period of time. This provided Ye Fan with an opportunity to hone his skills and explore the possibility of enhancing his strength or even breaking through the Innate Realm.

"Good, good, very good!"

Due to various negative side effects of using the "Forbidden Technique," deep down in his heart, Lin Ao Feng did not wish to resort to it. However, seeing Ye Fan completely ignore his threats, he steeled his heart, decided to go to extreme lengths, and did not hesitate to risk martial arts degradation or even his life, all to kill Ye Fan!

As he spoke, Lin Ao Feng was about to mobilize his inner strength according to the method of the "Forbidden Technique" specified in the "Yin Yang Technique" he practiced.

Just at that moment!

A terrifying aura surged suddenly ahead!

The instant Lin Ao Feng was about to use the "Forbidden Technique," Ye Wenhao no longer masked his own aura!

As the aura appeared, the weather changed!

In an instant, the ordinary people at the scene felt as if a huge mountain suddenly pressed on their chests, extremely oppressive, and even their breathing became labored.

Whoosh!

At the same time, the expressions on the faces of both Ye Fan and Lin Ao Feng changed, and they instinctively turned their attention to the source of the powerful aura.

In the darkness, they could not see Ye Wenhao's figure but could only feel that powerful aura, so terrifying that it stripped them of any courage to resist!

"So, he has shown himself..."

Detecting that dreadful aura, Ye Fan inwardly sighed.

A person's reputation, a tree's shadow.

Although Ye Fan was a closed-door disciple of Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, and had some connections with the Yanhuang Organization, according to the legends and data from Jianghu, Ye Wenhao was incredibly dominant.

Under such circumstances, in order not to provoke the rules set by Ye Wenhao, and to suffer immediate losses, Ye Fan only crippled Wang Dong and did not attack Xie Yin and others. Instead, he forced Lin Ao Feng to make a move himself!

Initially, when Lin Ao Feng made a move and Ye Wenhao did not appear, Ye Fan thought he could freely handle Lin Ao Feng. However, just as he was about to act, Ye Wenhao suddenly released his terrifying aura, giving a stern warning!

Amid his silent sigh, Ye Fan knew that today it was no longer possible for him to act against Lin Ao Feng, and he planned to leave.

Although Lin Ao Feng also detected that aura, he failed to recognize that it was Ye Wenhao himself; instead, he mistakenly thought it was someone from Yanhuang.

This discovery did not make him nervous but rather relieved him—since a member from Yanhuang appeared, he did not need to risk his martial arts realm degrading or even his life in fighting with Ye Fan anymore!

As for... whether Yanhuang would pursue the matter of him breaking Xie Yin and others' legs, he did not care at all.

If the citizens do not report, officials do not investigate.

As long as Xie Yin and others do not report the crime, or simply deny that their legs were crippled by Lin Ao Feng, then even if Yanhuang Organization's people stood in front of Lin Ao Feng, he would not be afraid.

With Lin Ao Feng's identity and status, it was too easy to achieve this—Xie Yin, Xie Kun siblings, and Feng Kai five were not brainless enough to accuse him!

Understanding all this, when Lin Ao Feng saw Ye Fan wanting to leave, he no longer concealed his anger. Instead, he glared at Ye Fan with a sinister look and hoarsely said, "You little bastard, if it weren't for Yanhuang's people hiding around today, I would have sent you straight to Yama Palace!"

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan looked at Lin Ao Feng with a gaze like one watching a clown. If he had not detected Ye Wenhao's presence early on, Lin Ao Feng would have already been lying on the ground by now.

"You little bastard, dare to accept a life-and-death battle?"

Detecting the disdain in Ye Fan's gaze, Lin Ao Feng felt as if the last shred of his pride was trampled, and he gritted his teeth and said, "Think you're so tough? Accept the challenge then!"

A life-and-death battle?

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan's heart stirred slightly.

Although Southern Huaxia established the Yanhuang Organization specifically to control Jianghu people, just as the Underworld has its rules, so does Jianghu.

According to Jianghu rules, if two Jianghu individuals fight in a challenge or even sign a life-and-death contract for a duel, Yanhuang Organization will not interfere.

Moreover, the Martial Arts World hosts a 'Qing bang' competition every four years, where all major Wu Xue Sects, clans, and forces send their young generation of talented experts to compete for a spot on the 'Qing bang,' thereby showcasing their strength.

"Since you're determined to seek death, I don't mind fulfilling your wish!" Ye Fan replied expressionlessly.

"You little bastard, wash your neck and wait, your end is not far off!" Seeing Ye Fan agree, something flashed through Lin Ao Feng's mind, and he couldn't stop sneering.

Ye Fan no longer wasted words, directly left with Su Jindi, and couldn't help but glance once more at the spot where the terrifying aura had surged, still unable to see Ye Wenhao's figure.

However—

Ye Wenhao's gaze was locked on Ye Fan.

Tonight.

He came for Ye Fan!

...

Chapter 112: [Jianghu Affairs, Jianghu Settled]

As the only underground racing venue in the Jiangnan Region, the Yunshan Club was fully equipped, not only boasting a betting hall that could accommodate thousands of guests but also a medical room outfitted with various advanced medical facilities and a skilled medical team.

Thus, should an accident occur to a racer during a race, they could receive immediate treatment.

However—

Since the likelihood of accidents was very low and due to the high-risk nature of racing, when accidents did happen, they mostly resulted in car destruction and fatality.

Thus, the medical facilities of the Yunshan Club were actually just for show, and the staff there usually had nothing to do.

Yet, tonight was an exception; the medical staff at the Yunshan Club were overwhelmed with work—after Ye Fan and Su Jindi left, Lin Ao Feng had people send Wang Dong, Xie Yin and others to the medical room for treatment.

"Ah... be gentle..."

In a medical room at Yunshan Club, two medical personnel were treating Xie Kun's injuries, causing Xie Kun to continuously moan in pain.

In contrast, on another hospital bed, Xie Yin let the medical personnel treat her wounds without uttering a scream, her face calm, and her thoughts unknowable.

"Sister, didn't you say Lin Ao Feng is the Crown Prince of the Southern Huaxia Underground World? How come he couldn't handle that bitch Su Yuxin's doctor?"

A few minutes later, after the medical personnel had treated Xie Kun's wounds, Xie Kun, grimacing in pain, asked, "And Lin Ao Feng actually did exactly what that bastard said and broke our legs himself!"

There was no answer, Xie Yin remained silent, unable to explain to Xie Kun the hidden aspects of Jianghu within the secular world.

Having once been a disciple of the Lan Hua Sect, she knew well that in that Jianghu, respect was based on strength.

Thus, considering the terrifying strength displayed by Ye Fan, it was normal for him not to regard Lin Ao Feng.

"Sister, at least say something."

Seeing Xie Yin silent, Xie Kun grew anxious, "Are our legs just wasted for nothing? And, Lin Ao Feng doesn't even come to see us; isn't that too heartless?"

Heartless?

That word seemed to strike a chord in Xie Yin's heart, causing her to sneer coldly, "Aren't all men like that?"

As she spoke, Xie Yin's emotions started to fluctuate, her charming eyes filled with hatred—she had originally thought that by getting close to Lin Ao Feng and using the Lan Hua Sect's exclusive Fang Technique and Yang and Yin, she could secure Lin Ao Feng, thereby skyrocketing to success. However, because of Ye Fan, all turned into a mirage!

"Seeing as how heartless Lin Ao Feng could be, why did you associate with him?" Xie Kun angrily said.

"Shut up!" Xie Yin's complexion changed, "How would this have happened if it wasn't because of you?"

"_"

Xie Kun was left speechless.

Seeing this, Xie Yin couldn't help but sigh deeply, filled with regret.

For she knew, even if today's incident with Su Jindi over the race had not occurred, since Ye Fan had rejected her back then, she wouldn't have let him go.

It was only her own fault for underestimating Ye Fan initially.

However—

Some mistakes are just that, mistakes.

There is no such thing as a regret medicine in this world!

Unlike Xie Yin, Lin Ao Feng had no regrets in his heart, only anger and frustration—as the Crown Prince of Nanqinghong and a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist, when had he ever faced such humiliation?

Yet, amidst his anger and frustration, he didn't lose his composure and immediately ordered the club's medical staff to do everything they could to save Wang Dong—Wang Dong was one of Lin Tianyi's Eight Great Kings, and if he were to be ruined or die, it wouldn't be easy to explain to Lin Tianyi!

"Young Master Lin, Mr. Wang has suffered internal injuries. Although the healing medicine you provided has stabilized his condition, the chances of a full recovery are minimal, almost none," the medical charge cautiously reported to Lin Ao Feng outside the operating room in the medical room.

Upon hearing this, Lin Ao Feng's expression darkened, "Are you saying that he will become a cripple?"

"Yes."

The medical chief answered softly.

"Useless!"

"Smack—"

Lin Ao Feng, furious, cursed and slapped the medical chief to the ground, then stormed out to visit Feng Kai's hospital room.

Like Xie Yin and Xie Kun, Feng Kai also had his lower legs broken by Lin Ao Feng. Although they could be treated surgically, the time for surgery hadn't yet come, and they had only received simple treatment.

"Lin... Young Master Lin!"

On the hospital bed, upon seeing Lin Ao Feng enter, Feng Kai instinctively tried to sit up, but this movement agitated his wound, causing his face to pale and sweat to bead on his forehead.

"Don't bother getting up," Lin Ao Feng said coldly, "You mentioned before that the man surnamed Ye had caused trouble at the CC bar and injured someone. Did Qiao Bazhi send anyone to deal with him?"

"To Young Master Lin, I am unaware of this..." Feng Kai replied weakly.

Upon hearing this, Lin Ao Feng's eyebrows raised involuntarily.

Initially, Qiao Bazhi, fearing blame from higher-ups, had not dared to report the true reason behind Wu He's killing until Qu Feng, One-eyed Wu Ren and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu arrived to clarify the situation.

Convinced of their grip on Ye Fan, Qu Feng and the others didn't report it upwards.

In such a situation, Lin Ao Feng was completely unaware of these ins and outs.

Just now, when Lin Ao Feng learned that Wang Dong could become a cripple, he intended to leave the club to find Yang Qing, the top young master of the Hongwu Sect, but then suddenly remembered what Feng Kai mentioned about Ye Fan causing trouble at the CC bar. This made him faintly suspect that Ye Fan might be connected to the deaths of Wu He, Qiao Bazhi, and the others.

At the sight of Feng Kai being clueless, there was naturally some displeasure.

"Young Master Lin, I personally think, given Master Eight's pride, it's very likely he's already sent someone to deal with that Ye surname," he said.

Seeing Lin Ao Feng's displeased expression, Feng Kai quickly conjectured further, "Given the strength he showed today, it's very likely that Wu He died by his hands!"

"I think it's not just Wu He, Qiao Bazhi and Qu Feng might have been killed by him too!" Seeing Feng Kai's guesses dovetailing with his own suspicions, Lin Ao Feng also firmed up his conjectures.

"Very likely!" Feng Kai hurriedly agreed, "Otherwise, how could those birdmen from Dong Hai Gang possibly wipe out Master Eight and his men without anyone noticing?"

"You will be in charge of handling the aftermath here, especially the siblings Xie Yin and Xie Kun, you know what to do, right?" Lin Ao Feng changed the subject, giving instructions.

Feng Kai quickly responded, "Please rest assured, Young Master Lin, I know what to do!"

Lin Ao Feng didn't waste any more words, turned around, left the hospital room, and drove towards West Lake Club.

After arriving in Hanghu, he not only took over Nanqinghong's properties from Qiao Bazhi but also moved into the affluent Purple Gold Garden, while Yang Qing resided at the West Lake Club.

According to Yang Qing, the West Lake Club, located at the West Lake, boasted beautiful scenery and was suitable for cultivation.

West Lake Club.

Yang Qing was originally sitting cross-legged in the courtyard of the club, meditating on the stone table when he heard Lin Ao Feng's footsteps and immediately opened his eyes.

"Mr. Yang, have you reached the Early Innate Realm?" Lin Ao Feng walked quickly to Yang Qing's side and didn't mention the events of tonight but instead inquired about Yang Qing's cultivation progress.

He knew that Yang Qing was half a step into the 'Early Innate Realm' six months ago, commonly known in the Martial Arts World as 'Half-step Innate', and belonged to those martial artists who can breakthrough to the Innate Realm at any time, stronger than the average 'Half-step Innate'.

"Not yet. The secular environment is not only wanted for better air, but it's too noisy, really not suitable for cultivation," Yang Qing shook his head, then asked, "Did you suddenly come to me tonight because you found the killer who killed Qu Feng?"

"Yes!"

Although Lin Ao Feng was just conjecturing that Qu Feng and Qiao Bazhi had died at the hands of Ye Fan, yet upon hearing Yang Qing's question, he simply nodded his head firmly.

"Oh?" Yang Qing leapt down from the stone table, asking, "Who did it?"

"Some scum named Ye Fan."

Mentioning Ye Fan, Lin Ao Feng's face filled with hatred, yet he did not tell Yang Qing about everything that happened tonight, but presented his judgment as fact, "According to my investigation, that scum named Ye Fan caused trouble at Nanqinghong's place. Embarrassed about losing face, Qiao Bazhi sent Wu He to deal with him, and he ended up getting killed. Later, Qu Feng, Wu Ren, and Zhang Zhu came to support, and all of them died by his hands!"

"What background does he have?" A killing intent surged from Yang Qing, seemingly eager to immediately slay Ye Fan.

"His martial arts style appears to be Ba Gua Palm, which probably means he belongs to the Ba Gua Sect," recalling the scene where Ye Fan crippled Wang Dong, Lin Ao Feng said confidently.

"Ba Gua Sect?" Yang Qing's brow slightly furrowed, "Did you exchange blows with him?"

"Hmm."

Lin Ao Feng nodded and half-truthfully said, "Initially I thought he was just a minor character, so I sent Wang Dong to spar with him, but Wang Dong ended up crippled. Moreover, that scum also wanted to kill me; luckily, people from Yanhuang appeared in time and made him hesitate."

"Could it be... could he be an Innate Master?"

Hearing this, Yang Qing was stunned. Although Wang Dong's strength was only at the level of general Postnatal Perfection, due to his rich combat experience, he could hold his own even against top-tier Postnatal Perfection fighters.

"No, that scum is probably just a top-tier Postnatal Perfect fighter, at most Half-step Innate."

Saying this, Lin Ao Feng deliberately stimulated, "Mr. Yang, that scum is formidable and from the Ba Gua Sect. Do you think we should handle this ourselves, or should we report back and have my father and your Sect Leader send someone new?"

"This is my first secular experience, if I return now with nothing achieved, how can I face anyone?" Yang Qing indirectly replied.

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Yang. If we go back like this, it would indeed be too shameful!" Lin Ao Feng hurriedly agreed.

"By the way, didn't you tell me that Ye Wenhao doesn't allow Jianghu People to cause trouble in his jurisdiction?"

Suddenly remembering something, Yang Qing asked, "How come Ye Wenhao didn't pursue it tonight when you clashed with that scum? And according to you, people from Yanhuang only showed up but didn't intervene?"

"Yeah, people from Yanhuang didn't intervene, and Ye Wenhao hasn't pursued it until now. I think it's probably because we didn't harm ordinary people," Lin Ao Feng speculated thoughtfully, then shifted the conversation, "However... given Ye Wenhao's style of doing things, I'm afraid he won't allow us to clash with that scum again!"

"What should we do then?"

As the top young fighter of the Hongwu Sect, Yang Qing had high regard for his own skills but was filled with fear for Ye Wenhao.

"Jianghu matters should be settled in Jianghu."

Lin Ao Feng explained, "If we challenge that scum, Ye Wenhao can't interfere, and even if the Ba Gua Sect pursues this later, they can't say we broke the rules."

"Right, I forgot that rule. Brother Lin, since you're less skilled, let me handle that scum. Issue a challenge in my name—that in three days, I will fight him to the death here!"

Yang Qing's eyes lit up, and before Lin Ao Feng could speak, he scoffed, "Just a Postnatal Perfect martial artist daring to challenge our Hongwu Sect, as if we have no experts?"

"With your strength that could break into the Innate Realm at any moment, killing that scum should be as easy as catching him!"

Seeing that his plan to eliminate Ye Fan through Yang Qing's hands was smoothly progressing, Lin Ao Feng quickly complimented, his scoffs unceasing, "Scum surnamed Ye, in three days you meet your demise!"

Chapter 113: [The First Promise]

The night was deep, and Jiuxi Rose Garden was peaceful, the lights in Su Family's No.2 Villa were brightly lit.

In the ground floor hall, Mrs. Su checked the time and found it was close to midnight. She then turned off the TV and went upstairs.

In the study on the second floor, Su Yuxin sat at her desk as usual.

Unlike before, however, she wasn't focused on her work tonight but propped her chin with one hand. She appeared to be looking at the documents, but in reality, she was lost in thought, in a clear case of being physically present but mentally elsewhere.

Creak!

The sound of the door opening brought Su Yuxin back to reality. She looked up and was startled to see Mrs. Su standing at the study door.

"Yuxin, Doctor Ye said your health hasn't fully recovered yet, and you shouldn't stay up late. Go to sleep now," Mrs. Su said affectionately.

Su Yuxin forced a smile, "Mom, I'm not sleepy yet. You go ahead."

"Are you waiting for Doctor Ye?" Mrs. Su glanced at the documents on the desk, saw that Su Yuxin hadn't flipped through them at all, and understanding what was happening, she asked with a bitter smile.

"Yes."

Perhaps because of the sudden outbreak of her illness last time, which Doctor Ye had fully witnessed in her frazzled state, Su Yuxin was no longer as reserved in her relationship with Ye Fan as before. Seeing Mrs. Su's inquiry, she didn't hide it.

"Alright then."

Seeing Su Yuxin admit it, Mrs. Su was surprised and then nodded with a bitter smile before gently closing the study door.

What is he doing?

After Mrs. Su left, Su Yuxin sat up abruptly, questioning herself. She then picked up her phone, hesitated for a moment, and finally did not call Ye Fan's number but instead got up and walked to the window.

The evening breeze blew, lifting her hair freshly washed after her bath. She stood quietly by the window in her pajamas, looking out the front door of the villa.

Her anticipatory look resembled that of a wife waiting for her husband to return home.

Could it be... he's coming back?

Suddenly, as Su Yuxin watched, a light flashed in the distance, and a car came from far to near, heading toward Su Family's No.2 Villa.

Soon, as Su Yuxin watched eagerly, the car slowly approached the villa and finally stopped at the front door.

Using the light, Su Yuxin could see that it was a Volkswagen Touareg, not the Audi A6L driven by Ye Fan.

This discovery left Su Yuxin a bit disappointed and curious about who would visit their home in the middle of the night.

Soon, under Su Yuxin's scrutiny, a burly man in black got out of the car and exchanged a few words with the approaching bodyguard, Hu Jun, before handing him an envelope.

After this, the man in black got back into the car and left the way he came, while Hu Jun, holding the envelope, quickly walked into the villa's courtyard, heading towards the main building.

Watching this scene, Su Yuxin felt it somewhat eerie.

"Knock, knock..."

A few minutes later, someone knocked on the study door.

"Come in." Su Yuxin turned and looked toward the study door as Hu Jun, holding an envelope, pushed the door and entered.

"Brother Hu, who was that man just now?" Su Yuxin asked without waiting for Hu Jun to report: "What did he give you an envelope for? What's inside it?"

"Miss, that man claimed to be from Nanqinghong."

As a bodyguard of the Su Family, Hu Jun had some understanding of the underworld, and his tone became more serious. "The envelope he gave me contains a life-and-death contract!"

"A life-and-death contract?"

"Yes."

Hu Jun nodded and explained, "This is a common contract in the underworld and Jianghu. It is signed by two martial artists before they engage in a duel, including to the death. This way, even if someone gets injured or dies during the fight, the police won't get involved."

"Why would someone from Nanqinghong give you that?"

Su Yuxin knew very little about the underworld, and she was completely unfamiliar with Jianghu. After hearing Hu Jun's explanation, she first froze, then suddenly realized something and exclaimed, "Could it be for Doctor Ye?"

"Yes, Miss!" Hu Jun nodded: "Someone has issued a challenge to Doctor Ye!"

"Bring it here, let me see," Su Yuxin urged quickly.

Hu Jun didn't dare delay and quickly stepped forward, handing over the envelope containing the life-and-death contract to Su Yuxin.

Upon receiving the envelope, Su Yuxin opened it without delay and saw the content of the challenge letter—Hongwu Sect Disciple Yang Qing will engage in martial arts with Ye Fan at 18:00 on September 20, 2018, at West Lake Club. Having discussed with Ye Fan and agreed as follows: The martial arts duel is a mutually agreed upon act. If one is less skilled and gets injured or dies during the fight, no responsibility will be pursued against the opponent.

Beneath the text was Yang Qing's scribbled signature, and space was left next to it specifically for Ye Fan—if Ye Fan accepted the challenge, he would need to sign his name there.

Once this is done, should the Yanhuang Organization investigate, the winning party could use this proof to avoid legal responsibility.

After reading the contents of the challenge letter, a worried expression emerged on Su Yuxin's beautiful face, her gaze firmly fixed on the words "injured" and "dies."

"Miss." Seeing Su Yuxin fall silent, Hu Jun hesitated a moment before calling out.

Su Yuxin took a deep breath and adjusted her emotions before looking up at Hu Jun.

"The person claimed if Doctor Ye doesn't accept the challenge, he shouldn't step out of Jiangnan, or he would have nowhere to bury his corpse!" Hu Jun spoke again, his tone even heavier.

Swipe!

The blatant threat changed Su Yuxin's expression dramatically, her concern deepening as her eyebrows knitted tightly together, "I understand. You may leave now."

Upon hearing this, Hu Jun didn't say more, turned around, and left, while Su Yuxin immediately picked up her phone to dial Ye Fan's number.

The call was quickly connected, and without waiting for Ye Fan to speak, Su Yuxin asked eagerly, "Where are you?"

"I just entered the complex with Xiao Yu. What's up?" On the other end of the phone, Ye Fan was driving by hand into Jiuxi Rose Garden, heading towards Su Family's No.2 Villa.

"Let's talk when you get back," Su Yuxin said, deciding it was better to discuss it in person after hearing Ye Fan's response.

About ten minutes later, an Audi A6L entered the courtyard of Su Family's No.2 Villa, and Ye Fan was startled to see Su Yuxin standing next to the garage in her pajamas, looking worried.

"It seems your sister knows," Ye Fan remarked, thinking that Su Yuxin had found out about Su Jindi's racing tonight.

"She was bound to find out sooner or later, better sooner than later," Su Jindi laughed casually. "Now that she knows, maybe she won't have the heart to scold me when she sees me all bruised up."

Ye Fan didn't know whether to laugh or cry when he heard this.

Shortly after, Ye Fan parked the car, and as soon as he got out, Su Yuxin came up to him, about to tell him about the challenge letter, but then she saw the injured Su Jindi in the passenger seat and her pupils dilated as she exclaimed, "Jindi, what happened to you?"

"Got into a fight," Su Jindi replied, his head hanging low like a child who had done something wrong.

"What happened?" Su Yuxin continued to ask.

Seeing Su Yuxin determined to get to the bottom of it, Su Jindi didn't hide anything and recounted the events of the evening in detail. When he talked about how Ye Fan had slapped Xie Yin away and defeated Wang Dong easily, he got so agitated that he aggravated his wounds and winced in pain.

"You... why won't you ever listen?"

Initially, Su Yuxin had been curious about the baffling challenge letter, wondering why someone would challenge Ye Fan. Now, learning that it was all trouble caused by Su Jindi, she trembled with anger. "Do you realize the serious trouble you've caused for Doctor Ye?"

"What trouble?"

Su Jindi, already bracing himself for a scolding from Su Yuxin, pressed on upon hearing that he had caused trouble for Ye Fan.

"People from Nanqinghong want to take revenge against Doctor Ye, to the extent that they sent the challenge letter to our home!"

With a resentful tone, Su Yuxin lamented, her eyes faintly reddening, whether from anger at Su Jindi or deep concern for Ye Fan.

"This isn't Jindi's fault."

Seeing this, Ye Fan sighed, "On the one hand, tonight's event wasn't his fault—they pushed him too far! On the other hand, my feud with Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect was bound to confront me sooner or later!"

"You... Are you going to accept the challenge?" Upon hearing Ye Fan say this, Su Yuxin stopped blaming Su Jindi and asked him, full of worry.

Su Jindi also turned his gaze toward Ye Fan.

Sensing their concern and care, Ye Fan felt a warmth in his heart. "Let's read the challenge letter first."

"The challenge letter is in the study," Su Yuxin cursed herself inwardly for her forgetfulness, "Let's head upstairs first."

Ye Fan nodded and followed Su Yuxin into the main building along with Su Jindi, then after a moment, he said to Su Jindi, "Jindi, you should go to bed."

"Brother Ye, I..." Su Jindi looked remorseful and worried.

"I've said it before, this isn't your fault," Ye Fan assured him. "Besides, you've seen my skills; even if I accept the fight, I'll be fine."

"Alright."

Reassured by Ye Fan's words, Su Jindi recalled how Ye Fan had previously fought with members of the Yanhuang Organization, Zhu Gang and Quick Blade Wang Dong, feeling considerably less worried.

Later, Ye Fan and Su Yuxin entered the study and saw the challenge letter.

There were two copies of the challenge letter; Yang Qing had signed them both.

"Are you going?" After Ye Fan finished reading the challenge letter, Su Yuxin asked anxiously.

"Yes."

Ye Fan's answer was decisively straightforward.

On the one hand, he was very clear about Yang Qing's capabilities through information provided by Situ Chen. Moreover, he already had enmities with Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect, and it was inevitable to settle them sooner or later.

More importantly—he was the direct disciple of Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji!

This identity meant he represented not only himself but also Chu Xuanji.

If he chose to be a coward and back down, not only would the martial arts world belittle him, but he would also disgrace Chu Xuanji.

Chu Xuanji had raised him, taught him everything, and went all out to enable him to learn more martial arts and skills.

All of this made Chu Xuanji not only a master but also a father to Ye Fan in his heart—he would never bring shame to Chu Xuanji!

"Since the other party boldly issued a challenge, they must be confident. I fear that you..."

Unaware of all this, Su Yuxin spoke softly, her face filled with even more concern. She didn't mention words like injury or death, but instead said with self-blame, "I'm sorry, it's all because of me. If you hadn't been treating me, you wouldn't have come to Hanghu. Without coming to Hanghu, you wouldn't have encountered all this..."

"This has nothing to do with you," Ye Fan shook his head, "Some things are destined, and we can't avoid them."

"Are you really going to be okay?" Su Yuxin raised her head, looking at Ye Fan with deep affection and concern, and asked softly.

Hearing Su Yuxin's caring words and seeing her worried expression, Ye Fan felt an urge to embrace her.

However—

Before Ye Fan could act on his impulse, Su Yuxin couldn't help herself and threw herself into his arms, hugging Ye Fan tightly, her head against his chest, murmuring, "I and our Su family owe you so much, so much that I don't know how to repay you. You can't get hurt; otherwise, I'll never be able to repay this debt of gratitude..."

With her delicate body in his arms, her fragrance in his nostrils, and listening to Su Yuxin's emotional words, Ye Fan paused for a moment, then reached out and stroked Su Yuxin's hair, saying, "I've told you, no need for repayment..."

"Promise me you'll come back safe and sound."

Su Yuxin, hearing this, raised her head, placed her delicate hand gently on Ye Fan's lips, and stopped him from speaking further.

"Mhm."

Without grand declarations, Ye Fan simply nodded gently.

He had made the first promise of his life.

Chapter 114: Shocking!

The path of Martial Arts has existed from ancient times to the present.

For instance, during the Three Kingdoms Period, the undefeated general Zhao Yun rescued Lady Gan and Liu Chan at Changshan Slope, charging through the encirclement of the Wei Army, unstoppable on his way.

Similarly, in that modern invasion war, numerous heroes from the Martial Arts World fought bravely to protect their country, relying solely on their martial skills.

However, since the 1950s, there had been signs of decline in the path of Martial Arts; this situation continued until the end of the last century.

At the end of the last century, martial artists realized that the speed of cultivation had significantly increased compared to the past, and various sects began to produce all kinds of geniuses; the Martial Arts World became prosperous once again.

Today, the Martial Arts World holds an irreplaceable position—whether it is in Huaxia or one of the other Five Great Alliances, the Supreme Strongman of each association has a certain say in their territories.

As the top expert of the younger generation in the Hongwu Sect, Yang Qing was born at the end of the last century. Because he had unusual bones and excellent Martial Arts talent as a child, he was noticed by the Hongwu Sect Leader and taken as a direct disciple. Not only was he personally taught, but his physique was also improved by various spiritual elixirs.

It was because of this that Yang Qing, not yet thirty years old, had already become the top expert among the younger generation in the Hongwu Sect. A year ago, he had reached the 'Half-step Innate' realm and was now on the verge of entering the 'Early Innate' realm at any time.

On this clear morning, sunlight poured over the tranquil West Lake Club. Dressed in a white robe, Yang Qing practiced his boxing in the courtyard, moving as swiftly as the wind and striking as hard as a hammer. With each movement, the sounds of muscles and bones contending could be heard.

Suddenly—

Yang Qing's figure flashed, his arms suddenly opened wide like a crane fishing, then— he swiftly drew his arms back, his body slightly bent, resembling a fierce tiger. His right hand suddenly swung out, hitting a tree as thick as a bowl.

"Bang—"

"Crack—"

Accompanied by a muffled sound, Yang Qing's fist smashed into the tree trunk, his inner strength suddenly bursting out. With a "crack," the tree trunk broke and thunderously collapsed.

"Applause—"

Not far away, Lin Ao Feng, who had been walking this way, saw this scene and immediately smiled as he clapped his hands, saying, "Mr. Yang looks like he has mastered the foremost 'Tiger-Crane Dual Form' of Hong Fist to perfection.

"Barely managing to achieve unity of mind and form."

As Lin Ao Feng's applause and praise rang in his ears, Yang Qing stopped his boxing practice and spoke modestly, though he held his head high and puffed out his chest, the pride on his face unmistakable.

Seeing Yang Qing's prideful face, Lin Ao Feng couldn't help but laugh secretly inside. He had been buttering up Yang Qing since last night because he saw Yang Qing's arrogant nature and wanted to use him to remove Ye Fan.

"Brother Lin, you came to find me so early, could it be that Ye scoundrel has accepted the challenge?" Seeing Lin Ao Feng's silent smile, Yang Qing got curious and couldn't help asking.

Lin Ao Feng nodded, "Yes, he has accepted."

"Since he has accepted, things will be easier to handle. Once we kill him, our mission this time will be accomplished, and then I can return to the sect to focus on cultivation, striving to enter the Early Innate Realm soon to prepare for next year's 'Qing bang' tournament at Wudang." As he spoke, Yang Qing's eyes lit up with fervent light.

It felt as if the life-and-death fight with Ye Fan was nothing more than child's play to him; what he truly cared about was next year's 'Qing bang' tournament in Wudang.

Ye Fan, however, knew nothing about all this.

Jiuxi Rose Garden Noble District.

Ye Fan had also completed his morning practice and returned to Su Family's No.2 Villa.

"Buzz buzz..."

Back in his room, just as Ye Fan was about to shower, he heard his cellphone vibrating.

With some curiosity, Ye Fan walked over to the nightstand, picked up the phone, and was surprised to see a call from Situ Chen.

"Xiao Fan, I heard from Sky Army that you had a conflict with Lin Ao Feng last night at the Yunshan Underground Racing Track and even crippled one of Nanqinghong's Eight Great Kings, Wang Dong." As soon as the call connected, the voice of Situ Chen came through the receiver, both excited and worried, "Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Good, then it's good you're not injured."

Relieved by the news, Situ Chen then cautioned, "Lin Ao Feng has always been arrogant and despotic; humiliated by you, he surely won't let things rest. Moreover, as Wang Dong is one of Nanqinghong's Eight Great Kings, Lin Tianyi himself will likely not let this go either."

"They have already taken their revenge."

Aware of Situ Chen's concern and worry, Ye Fan decided not to hide the truth, "Last night, they sent someone with a challenge letter; Hongwu Sect's Yang Qing wants to have a life-and-death fight with me."

"A life-and-death fight?"

Upon hearing this, Situ Chen was initially shocked, then thinking of Ye Wenhao in Hanghu, he quickly understood Lin Ao Feng's intentions and couldn't help asking, "Have you accepted?"

"Yes, the day after tomorrow at six in the evening, I will engage in a life-and-death fight with Yang Qing at the West Lake Club."

"Yang Qing may have the strength of a Half-step Innate, but he's surely no match for you," Situ Chen commented, then couldn't help asking, "By the way, Xiao Fan, you must have entered the 'Early Innate' realm, right?"

"Not yet, but dealing with that Yang Qing is no problem." Ye Fan confidently said, believing that as long as Yang Qing hadn't stepped into the 'Early Innate' realm, he couldn't be a threat to him!

"I always thought you were already in the Early Innate realm."

Hearing Ye Fan's words, Situ Chen was slightly surprised, but after a moment's thought, he said, "Alright then, Xiao Fan, I will personally accompany some people to Hanghu the day after tomorrow to help you fight!"

"Uncle Situ, there's no need."

Understanding Situ Chen's intentions and somewhat touched, Ye Fan chose to decline, believing a simple duel didn't need to be made so grand.

"Alright, that's settled then!" Situ Chen was a straightforward person, not one for fussing about.

Although Ye Fan had only met Situ Chen once, he understood him somewhat, and therefore, he did not refuse again.

"Ruoshui, eavesdropping at the door isn't a good habit," Situ Chen said with a bitter smile as he ended his call with Ye Fan.

Crack!

As soon as Situ Chen's words fell, the door was pushed open, and Situ Ruoshui appeared at the doorway in her cartoon pajamas. Far from being embarrassed about being caught eavesdropping, she was instead puzzled and asked, "Daddy, what did you mean by saying you're going to Hanghu to help Brother Ye Fan in his fight?"

"Xiao Fan is going to have a martial arts duel, and Daddy is bringing people to cheer for him," Situ Chen hesitated briefly before opting for the truth.

"Ah... Brother Ye Fan is going to fight someone? He won't be in danger, will he?"

Upon hearing Situ Chen's words, Situ Ruoshui's chubby cheeks immediately showed her worry. Although she knew nothing about martial arts, she likened it to online game PvP (Player vs. Player) battles, instinctively assuming that the loser might get injured or even die.

"No," Situ Chen said, shaking his head with a wry smile upon seeing her reaction.

"Daddy, can I go with you to cheer and support Brother Ye Fan?" Situ Ruoshui's face lit up with hope after hearing that Ye Fan would not be in danger.

"Alright then."

Situ Chen hesitated momentarily and then agreed to Situ Ruoshui's request.

On one hand, Situ Ruoshui had rarely pleaded him for anything in recent years, and furthermore, he understood that due to his overprotectiveness, Situ Ruoshui had hardly any friends in the past years and was very lonely, while the recent incident at Hanghu made Ye Fan her first friend.

Even more so, Situ Chen felt that Ye Fan held a more significant place in Situ Ruoshui's heart than a friend!

After all, every innocent girl dreams of a fairy-tale romance, and Ye Fan appeared like a War God, rescuing Situ Ruoshui from Qiao Bazhi and others, fitting perfectly into a fairy-tale narrative...

"Yay!"

As expected, seeing Situ Chen agree, Situ Ruoshui danced around excitedly, like a joyful sprite.

Watching this scene, Situ Chen sighed inwardly, whereas Situ Ruoshui skipped out of the study and went back to her bedroom. She picked up the phone to call Su Liuli.

When Situ Ruoshui had met Ye Fan and others at Lingyin Temple, she not only ended up in the same class as Su Liuli but also shared a dormitory with her.

In just a few days, their relationship heated up quickly, and they became close sisters, inseparable at school and known among Donghai University males as 'Dong University's Double Beauties'.

"Ruoshui, why are you calling me so early?"

On the other end of the phone, Su Liuli, who loved to sleep in, was still curled up in bed. Hearing her phone ring, her first thought was to turn it off, but upon seeing that the caller was Situ Ruoshui, she answered the call, still groggy.

"Sister Liuli, I'm going to Hanghu the day after tomorrow, will you come with me?" Situ Ruoshui asked excitedly, her chubby face flush with excitement.

"Why are you going to Hanghu?" Su Liuli asked, still confused.

"My dad said that Brother Ye Fan is going to have a duel the day after tomorrow, and I'm going with my dad to support him," Situ Ruoshui explained truthfully.

"Oh."

Su Liuli unconsciously responded, then, as if doused with cold water, suddenly woke up completely, "You... you said Ye Fan is going to duel with someone?"

"Yes," Situ Ruoshui replied, a bit surprised. "Sister Liuli, didn't you know?"

"You know I really dislike that guy and don't go around asking about his affairs," Su Liuli said pretending indifference, although her brows were tightly furrowed.

Situ Ruoshui, unable to guess Su Liuli's thoughts, naively said, "Sister Liuli, actually Brother Ye Fan is really nice, let's go cheer for him together."

"Alright, for your sake, I'll also go support him," Su Liuli said, yawning deliberately. "Okay then, Ruoshui, I'm too sleepy, going back to sleep..."

As she finished speaking, without waiting for Situ Ruoshui's reply, she hung up and immediately called Su Yuxin's number.

"Yu Xin, I heard that Ye Fan is going to duel with someone?" Su Liuli asked impatiently as the call connected.

"Yes."

On the other end, Su Yuxin sounded somewhat distressed. Although she could sense Ye Fan's confidence, she was still filled with concern about Ye Fan's upcoming life-and-death fight with Yang Qing.

These worries made her restless all night long, unable to sleep.

"Why is he suddenly fighting someone?" Su Liuli asked, a hint of worry seeping through her tone.

"Last night, Jin Emperor got involved in a street race and a fight that offended people from Nanqinghong. He stood up for Jin Emperor and offended Nanqinghong again," Su Yuxin sighed, her brows furrowed. "Nanqinghong sent a challenge letter for a duel to the death."

"A duel to the death?"

Hearing these three words, Su Liuli was shocked, her face displaying unmistakable worry.

"That guy must have his head kicked by a donkey. Just because someone challenges him, does he have to accept? What if he gets hurt in the match? What if he's killed?" After a brief moment of shock, Su Liuli burst into angry curses. Though her words were unpleasant, they could not mask the worry in her heart.

"He said he's confident,"

Remembering Ye Fan's promise from the night before made Su Yuxin's worries lighten a bit. She then asked, somewhat puzzled, "Liuli, I thought you really disliked him. Why are you so anxious about him dueling?"

"How can I not be anxious? If something happens to him, who will treat your illness?" A surge of alarm went through Su Liuli's heart, and she quickly responded, as though she was explaining to Su Yuxin and convincing herself at the same time.

Protesting too much.

She gave a perfect reason, yet she couldn't hide the guilt inside her heart.

Chapter 115: Blast to Smithereens!]

Although the Yanhuang Organization had been established for only a short time, it held an extremely high status in Huaxia.

It was not governed by military or political institutions, but was a separate entity directly managed by the "Elder Council" of Huaxia, and the head of the Yanhuang Organization was a member of the "Elder Council."

The reason for all this was directly related to the revival of the Martial Arts World and was also somewhat connected to the changing global landscape.

The Yanhuang Organization had offices in every province and special zone, but the staff was very sparse; besides the head, there were often only two or three employees.

Its duty was to cooperate with other departments to ensure the safety of the nation and its people, but it had a very specific target, mainly focusing on Jianghu People.

The Hanghu Police's top leader Dong Jianjun's comrade-in-arms Zhu Gang was a member of the Yanhuang Organization, but not the head of the Yanhuang Organization in Jiangnan Province.

On that day, he was merely passing by and went to capture Ye Fan on the way, but after learning about Ye Fan's identity and the intricacies of the situation, he subtly reminded Dong Jianjun, which led to Su Feiyu and Gou Wei being punished by law and clanging into prison.

After the incident, Zhu Gang returned home to enjoy a rare holiday until today, when he went back to the Yanhuang Organization to take up the role of an instructor, responsible for training and selecting Yanhuang Organization members.

It was only after returning to the Yanhuang Organization that Zhu Gang contacted Jiang Nian, the head of the Yanhuang Organization in Jiangnan Province, through the internal communicator of the Yanhuang Organization to inform him about the events of that day.

"No wonder Ye Wenhao showed such concern for that Ye Fan, it turns out that the kid is Chu Xuanji's direct disciple." At the end of his conversation with Zhu Gang, Jiang Nian muttered to himself and then rose from his seat and left the office.

Half an hour later, Jiang Nian drove to the government compound of Jiangnan Province and headed straight to Ye Wenhao's office.

"Governor Ye."

Upon seeing Ye Wenhao, Jiang Nian behaved with extreme respect.

That respect was not because Ye Wenhao came from the Ye Family of Emperor City, but because of Ye Wenhao's accomplishments in the path of Martial Arts.

The respect was even more due to the fact that he had vaguely heard someone say that Ye Wenhao had once caught the eye of the Supreme Strongman, who was revered like a 'god' by all members of the Yanhuang Organization, and was willing to take him as a disciple, but Ye Wenhao chose a political career instead.

"Please have a seat, Director Jiang."

Although Ye Wenhao had defeated the number one on the "Qing bang" twenty years ago, shocking the Huaxia Martial Arts World, there was not the slightest air of a Jianghu person about him, and he referred to Jiang Nian by his administrative position when he saw him.

"Last night, after the incident on Yun Mountain, following your instructions, I sent someone to monitor Lin Ao Feng around the clock."

Sitting on the sofa, Jiang Nian straightened his back and said, "According to the precise information we have obtained, Lin Ao Feng did not dare to retaliate directly against the young man named Ye Fan. Instead, he had Yang Qing, the foremost young expert of the Hongwu Sect who came to Jiangnan with him, issue a challenge to Ye Fan!"

"A challenge?" Ye Wenhao's pupils shrank slightly.

"Yes, they have arranged a duel to the death at the West Lake Club tomorrow evening at six o'clock!" Jiang Nian nodded with a somewhat grave expression, "By now, this matter has spread throughout Hanghu's Underworld."

Ye Wenhao remained silent.

"Governor Ye, according to Jianghu rules, the Yanhuang Organization does not intervene in matters where Martial Artists challenge each other. What do you think we should do?" Seeing Ye Wenhao's silence, Jiang Nian asked again.

Although he was not familiar with Ye Wenhao, he knew that in some past years, due to Ye Wenhao's deterrence and regulations, almost no Jianghu People caused any disturbances within his jurisdiction.

In this case, he couldn't be sure if Ye Wenhao would agree to allow the duel to the death to take place within Jiangnan.

"What is the strength of Yang Qing, the foremost young expert of the Hongwu Sect?" Ye Wenhao did not answer, but instead inquired about Yang Qing's strength.

"According to the information we have, Yang Qing was taken as a direct disciple by the Hongwu Sect Leader from a young age and reached the 'Half-step Innate Realm' a year ago, and could step into the 'Early Innate' realm at any time," Jiang Nian replied truthfully.

As Jiang Nian's words echoed in his ears, Ye Wenhao's brows unwittingly furrowed.

"Governor Ye, according to the intelligence I've gathered, Ye Fan is very likely also at the Half-step Innate Realm and is the direct disciple of the Evil Emperor. Defeating that Hongwu Sect genius should be almost certain," seeing this, Jiang Nian, knowing what Ye Wenhao was worried about, quickly added.

Whoosh!

Ye Wenhao's face changed instantly!

"How did you know he is Chu Xuanji's disciple?" Ye Wenhao blurted out, his usually expressionless face now showing deep excitement.

"Governor Ye, it's like this..."

Perhaps it was because Ye Wenhao was too agitated, but Jiang Nian felt somewhat puzzled. Despite his confusion, he did not withhold any details and told Ye Wenhao everything about the events, including that Ye Fan had previously trained with the Yanhuang member named Qin Hai and the recent incident where Ye Fan had sparred with Zhu Gang.

"I see!"

Having listened to Jiang Nian's account, Ye Wenhao had an epiphany, then stood up excitedly and began pacing back and forth, "I wasn't wrong! I wasn't wrong!!"

Hmm?

Even though Jiang Nian had never dealt with Ye Wenhao, he had long heard of Ye Wenhao's reputation and deeds and knew that Ye Wenhao was an extremely steady man.

Under such circumstances, Jiang Nian was taken aback to see that not only was Ye Wenhao visibly excited, but his hands were also slightly trembling!

Could it be... he didn't know Ye Fan's Identity?

In the midst of his astonishment, Jiang Nian had a thought.

Impossible!

Almost instinctively, Jiang Nian dismissed the possibility.

In his view, if Ye Wenhao didn't know Ye Fan's identity, there was no reason for him to pay such close attention to Ye Fan.

But then again...

On the other hand, if Ye Wenhao did know Ye Fan's identity, then the things he had just said shouldn't have made Ye Wenhao so excited, should they?

Jiang Nian pondered in secret but, after racking his brains, he couldn't figure out the reasoning. Hesitating for a moment, he reminded, "Governor Ye..."

"Director Jiang, when Ye Fan competes with that martial artist named Yang Qing, you must personally attend the scene!"

Ye Wenhao cut off Jiang Nian before he could finish his sentence and said in an unquestionable tone, "If Ye Fan is in life-threatening danger during the match, you must intervene immediately!"

To agree to the duel but then intervene in it?

Jiang Nian was somewhat stunned.

However—

Before Jiang Nian could recover from his astonishment, Ye Wenhao's next words completely froze him in place, "No, I will go myself!"

"Uh..."

Perhaps because Ye Wenhao's decision was too astonishing, Jiang Nian's mouth hung open in shock for several seconds before he said, "Governor Ye, according to the rules of Jianghu, we of the Yanhuang cannot intervene in such life-and-death fights..."

"I don't care about any Jianghu rules; I must ensure his safety!"

Ye Wenhao spoke with a tone that left no room for doubt, as if he were ready to personally execute Yang Qing should anything happen to Ye Fan during the duel.

Perceiving Ye Wenhao's unwavering stance, Jiang Nian was full of doubt.

In his view, even if Ye Wenhao had a deep connection with Chu Xuanji, it still didn't justify intervening in and breaking the rules of Jianghu for the sake of Chu Xuanji's disciple.

Could it be...?

Suddenly, a thought struck Jiang Nian, and he guessed a certain possibility.

...

Yanjing.

Known as 'Demon Queen,' Chu Ji drove a red Maybach to the entrance of a highly exclusive alley. Rolling down the window, she flashed a devastatingly charming smile at the guarding soldier.

Although the soldier was accustomed to Chu Ji's flirtation, his heartbeat still accelerated as he quickly allowed her through.

Chu Ji sent the soldier a kiss, then stepped on the gas, and with a "vroom," the Maybach worth tens of millions dashed into the alley like a red whirlwind, finally stopping before the gate of a courtyard house halfway down the lane.

As the car stopped and the door opened, Chu Ji gracefully stepped out, her wine-red wavy curls shimmering in the sunlight.

She wore a red dress that tightly accentuated her devilish figure to perfection. Below the hem, two snow-white legs dazzled the eyes. Her red high-heels, showing the instep, enveloped her delicate feet, matching the red dress she wore.

Dressed all in red, she felt it was still not captivating enough, so she deliberately painted her seductive lips a heart-throbbing shade of red, making her appear as a fairy in red in the modern city, so beautiful that it incited men's criminal desires.

With a light flick of her flowing hair, Chu Ji closed the car door, swayed her enticing waist, and provocatively strutted up to the courtyard door before pushing it open and entering.

Inside the courtyard, Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji sat on a stone bench, engrossed in a medical book, seemingly oblivious to the crisp sound of red heels clicking on the pavement.

"Master!"

Noticing Chu Xuanji's demeanor, as if he were 'deaf to the world outside the window and devoted only to the sages' books,' Chu Ji suppressed her beguiling smile and wore a look of reverence.

Without any response, Chu Xuanji acted as if Chu Ji did not exist.

"Master, I just heard that your beloved disciple is at it again. I've come running to report to you..." As she spoke, Chu Ji sighed and said, "Since you don't seem interested, I'll be going then."

As soon as Chu Ji's words were spoken, Chu Xuanji, as if summoned, immediately cast aside the medical book he had treated like a treasure a moment before and asked, "What happened to him?"

"Master, even if I'm not your biological daughter, at least I'm your adopted child. You can't be so partial, can you?" Chu Ji feigned sadness.

Chu Xuanji's brows shot up.

"Alright, alright, alright, don't get angry, I'll tell you."

Seeing Chu Xuanji frown, Chu Ji had no choice but to restrain her smile and spoke earnestly, "Last night, he clashed with Lin Tianyi's son, Lin Ao Feng, from Nanqinghong, and crippled one of Lin Tianyi's Eight Great Kings, Quick Blade Wang Dong."

"However... what's strange is that he didn't lay a hand on Lin Ao Feng."

As she spoke, Chu Ji couldn't help feeling puzzled; she understood Ye Fan well and knew that Chu Xuanji had trained him to be decisive and ruthless. It made no sense for him to spare Lin Ao Feng.

It wasn't just her who found it strange; even Chu Xuanji was puzzled.

"After the incident, the top young master of Hongwu Sect, Yang Qing, challenged Xiao Fan to a duel, set to take place the day after tomorrow in the evening at a private club near West Lake," Chu Ji added.

Once Chu Ji finished speaking, Chu Xuanji picked up the ancient medical book again, appearing utterly indifferent as if Ye Fan's upcoming life-and-death duel had nothing to do with him.

Seeing this, Chu Ji could only smile wryly.

She knew that it wasn't that Chu Xuanji didn't care, but that he was utterly convinced Ye Fan could obliterate that Hongwu Sect genius to dust!

Chapter 116: [Eager to Be Reincarnated]

'Fang Zizai Dada Tianwang

Time flowed like water, and before they knew it, the day of Ye Fan's duel with Yang Qing had arrived.

In the evening, the Rolls-Royce Phantom, well-known in the Dong hai Underground World, escorted by two Audi Q7s, exited the Shanghai-Hangzhou Highway and headed towards the West Lake Club.

In the Rolls-Royce Phantom, Situ Ruoshui and Situ Chen sat in the back seat, heads tilted back, watching the fleeting scenery outside the window, while memories of Ye Fan rescuing her from the hands of Qiao Bazhi and others surfaced in her mind.

Everything seemed like it had happened just yesterday, so clear and vivid.

"What's wrong?"

Seeing Situ Ruoshui staring blankly out the window, Situ Chen reached out and gently stroked her head, asking.

"Dad, has Brother Ye Fan arrived yet?" Situ Ruoshui did not reveal her thoughts to Situ Chen but changed the subject instead.

"He should be arriving soon,"

Situ Chen glanced at the time, then teasingly flicked Situ Ruoshui's nose with his finger, smiling, "Are you that eager to see your Brother Ye Fan?"

"Dad, what are you talking about..."

Even though she said this, Situ Ruoshui blushed as if a secret in her heart had been spied upon.

Seeing this, Situ Chen's mood turned as complex as a bottle of spilled spices.

"Dad, Brother Ye Fan won't be in any danger, will he?" Situ Ruoshui, seeing Situ Chen's silence, couldn't help but ask again.

"He shouldn't be."

Situ Chen shook his head, believing that as long as Yang Qing hadn't reached the Early Innate Realm, he shouldn't be a match for Ye Fan.

"Oh..."

Reassured by his words, Situ Ruoshui relaxed completely and turned her gaze back outside, suddenly noticing the West Lake Club right in front of them.

West Lake Club.

Lin Ao Feng and Yang Qing were sitting at a stone table in the bamboo forest of the club, sipping tea.

"Young Master Lin, my subordinates report that Situ Chen's car is heading towards the West Lake Club," a robust man entered the bamboo grove, first bowing to Lin Ao Feng and Yang Qing, then reported.

"What is that old man Situ Chen coming here for?"

These past few days, Lin Ao Feng had focused all his attention on Ye Fan, and hearing his subordinate's report, he couldn't help but feel puzzled.

"Brother Lin, in my opinion, Situ Chen and that bastard Ye Fan are in cahoots!" Yang Qing made his judgment known, "This also perfectly explains the earlier incidents."

"That must be the case."

Lin Ao Feng thought for a moment, believing the possibility to be highly likely, and sneered, "If that's so, then Situ Chen must be coming to aid that bastard Ye Fan in the fight!"

"Why don't we just finish them all off together?" Yang Qing's eyes flashed coldly, feeling as if eliminating Ye Fan and Situ Chen and their ilk would be as simple as crushing a few ants.

"Did Brother Yang forget the rules set by Ye Wenhao?"

Lin Ao Feng reminded him, "Moreover... if nothing unexpected happens, the Yanhuang Organization will definitely send someone to oversee this life-or-death battle. If we touch Situ Chen, not to mention Ye Wenhao, even the Yanhuang Organization won't let us off easily."

Hearing this, Yang Qing fell silent.

Although he was the top genius of the Hongwu Sect, neither Ye Wenhao nor the Yanhuang Organization were entities he could afford to offend.

"Brother Yang, let's go out and meet Situ Chen," Lin Ao Feng suggested.

Yang Qing nodded silently and stood up to follow Lin Ao Feng to the entrance of the club.

Shortly after, Lin Ao Feng and Yang Qing, along with their men, arrived at the entrance of the club just in time to see Situ Chen's Rolls-Royce Phantom brazenly approaching the entrance.

"Situ Chen is quite arrogant," Yang Qing said, displeased.

"You're wrong; he's nothing but a hiding turtle. He dares to come to Hanghu City so openly only because he knows Ye Wenhao is stationed in Jiangnan and believes that our Nanqinhong wouldn't dare make a move," Lin Ao Feng said disdainfully. "Otherwise, we would have had him eliminated long ago!"

This time, Yang Qing remained silent, knowing only that the Hongwu Sect and Nanqinghong had a partnership but being completely unaware of the strife between Nanqinghong and the Dong hai Gang.

Quickly, while Lin Ao Feng and Yang Qing waited, Situ Chen's Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped about a hundred meters from the club's entrance.

"Let's go over!"

Seeing the car stop and that Situ Chen and the others hadn't gotten out, Lin Ao Feng sneered arrogantly and led Yang Qing and their men over.

"Brother Chen, Lin Ao Feng is bringing people over, what should we do?" Inside the Rolls-Royce Phantom, Fei Si, who was Situ Chen's bodyguard and driver, turned and asked for instructions.

"Don't worry, they won't dare make a move," Situ Chen said calmly. "Let everyone stay in the car."

"Old Turtle Situ, since you had the guts to come to Hanghu, why don't you have the guts to get out of the car?"

No sooner had Situ Chen spoken than Lin Ao Feng, his voice booming from his dantian, openly insulted Situ Chen, loudly enough for everyone including Situ Chen and Situ Ruoshui to hear.

Swish!

Hearing Lin Ao Feng's arrogant words, including Fei Si, all of Situ Chen's bodyguards' faces changed, their gazes turning angrily towards the window, glaring at Lin Ao Feng, itching to get out of the car and tear him to pieces.

Meanwhile, Lin Ao Feng approached the Rolls-Royce Phantom with a face full of arrogance.

Seeing this, Situ Chen pondered briefly, then rolled down the window.

"Hey, I thought you, Old Turtle Situ, were too ashamed to show your face."

Lin Ao Feng, looking down from above, gazed at Situ Chen in the car and insulted him, then his eyes shimmered with excitement as he stared at the young, large-breasted Situ Ruoshui and deliberately said, "Little girl, last time you were luckily saved by that Ye bastard, but you won't be so lucky next time. One day, I'll have you kneeling at my feet!"

Hmm?

Startled by Lin Ao Feng's words, Situ Chen felt a surge of anger and then frowned. How did Lin Ao Feng know that it was Xiao Fan who saved Ruoshui last time?

"Villain, Brother Ye Fan won't let you off!" As Situ Chen pondered, Situ Ruoshui clenched her little fists and glared angrily at Lin Ao Feng.

"Hey, just as I thought, it was that Ye bastard who meddled last time! Today, I'll make him pay back with interest!" Lin Ao Feng sneered in response, "Old Turtle Situ, once that Ye bastard dies, your end won't be far either!"

"Lin Ao Feng, if you can't speak human, roll back to Taiwan, and let Lin Tianyi teach you!" Seeing Lin Ao Feng continuously making insulting remarks, Fei Si couldn't stand it anymore and shouted coldly.

"Oh, look, a dog has started to bark?"

Lin Ao Feng was not only unafraid but also challenged provocatively, "How about, after Mr. Yang kills that little bastard, you represent your master and have a match with Mr. Yang?"

"_"

Fei Si was so angry that he turned purple, but he was speechless, being only at the Postnatal Perfection Realm, and was no match for 'Half-step Innate' Yang Qing.

"Lin Ao Feng, I advise you to start thinking about how you'll collect the corpses of the Hongwu Sect's young members!" Situ Chen finally spoke, his tone was neither hurried nor slow, seemingly unconcerned with Lin Ao Feng's provocation.

"Within ten moves, I'll send that little bastard to the western paradise!"

This time, without waiting for Lin Ao Feng to speak, Yang Qing spoke with a face full of disdain, as if Ye Fan was already a dead man in his mind.

As Yang Qing's arrogant words fell, a famous Bentley from Hanghu City appeared on the road ahead, slowly driving toward the clubhouse.

Seeing this scene, Lin Ao Feng and Yang Qing stopped their verbal rivalry, and turned their gaze towards the front.

Meanwhile, Situ Chen, along with Situ Ruoshui, got out of the car, waiting under the protection of Fei Si and others for Ye Fan's arrival.

Inside the Bentley.

Ye Fan, as usual, acted as the chauffeur, with Su Jindi sitting in the passenger seat, while Su Yuxin and Sister Liuli sat in the back of the car.

In the passenger seat, Su Jindi, his arm in a sling, saw his former goddess Situ Ruoshui, not as excited as before, shouting his lungs out, but instead he remained silent.

Not just him, in the back seats, both Su Yuxin and Sister Liuli remained silent as well.

In fact, not just now, but on the whole journey, all three had been very quiet.

The silence was because they couldn't erase the worry in their hearts!

They were worried that something unexpected would happen to Ye Fan in the contest!

Soon, under the watchful eyes of Situ Chen, Situ Ruoshui, and others, the Bentley slowly arrived.

The car opened, and Ye Fan was the first to step out.

"Brother Ye Fan!" Seeing Ye Fan getting out of the car, Situ Ruoshui rushed toward him excitedly, while Su Yuxin, Sister Liuli, and Su Jindi followed suit and stepped out of the car.

"Ruoshui, hello."

Seeing Situ Ruoshui approaching, Ye Fan smiled and tousled her hair, then greeted Situ Chen, "Uncle Situ."

"Little bastard, Brother Lin said you were arrogant, and I didn't believe it."

Seeing Ye Fan getting out of the car and treating him and Lin Ao Feng as air, Yang Qing's face turned cold, and he said coldly, "It seems you're more arrogant than I imagined! Unfortunately, the arrogant ones usually die fast, and you're no exception—you'd better have them prepare a coffin for you in advance, so there's no trouble collecting your body!"

Whoosh!

Startled by Yang Qing's words, everyone, including Ye Fan, turned their gaze towards Yang Qing.

"Brother Lin, the one you fancied, Su Yuxin, is not bad, much better than those damaged goods."

Noticing he had everyone's attention, Yang Qing didn't even give Ye Fan a proper look but instead gazed at Su Yuxin, clicking his tongue, "Lady Su, it's rare for Brother Lin to take a liking to you. If you agree to be his woman, I can make the death of that little bastard next to you a bit more comfortable."

As he spoke, a chilling coldness emanated from Yang Qing.

Feeling the overwhelming murderous intent from Yang Qing, everyone except Ye Fan felt a chill over their bodies, as if they had suddenly plunged into an ice cellar.

Seeing this, Ye Fan silently stepped forward, standing in front of everyone like a towering mountain.

In an instant.

Everyone felt a relief in their hearts; the pressure instantly vanished without a trace.

Hmm?

Feeling the aura emanating from Ye Fan, Yang Qing's gaze intensified!

"You're quite noisy."

Ye Fan narrowed his eyes, his gaze sharp as a knife at Yang Qing, "If you're eager for reincarnation, I'll fulfill your wish right now!"

Chapter 117: [Knock Out All Teeth]

"You little bastard, you're asking for death!"

Ye Fan's even more arrogant words rang in his ears, and Yang Qing's face changed with anger as his war intent burst forth instantly, ready to take on Ye Fan on the spot.

"Mr. Yang, don't be hasty!" Seeing this, Lin Ao Feng reached out to stop Yang Qing and said, "Let him jump around a bit longer."

Upon hearing this, Yang Qing glared at Lin Ao Feng with a face as dark as iron, as if asking why.

"It seems that the Yanhuang Organization's people have arrived."

Lin Ao Feng pointed ahead, and as Yang Qing looked in the direction indicated, he saw a Toyota Land Cruiser approaching, frowning at Ye Fan, "You little bastard, I'll let you live a little longer in this world!"

Ignoring Yang Qing's shouting, Ye Fan and Su Yuxin, along with others, also turned their gaze behind them, watching the Toyota Land Cruiser as it drove up.

Soon, under everyone's watch, the Toyota Land Cruiser slowly decelerated and finally came to a stop just five meters away from the crowd.

Whoosh—

The car door opened, and Jiang Nian, the Yanhuang Organization's Jiangnan Province head, stepped out of the car, his face expressionless as he walked toward the crowd.

Jiang Nian?

Seeing Jiang Nian, Lin Ao Feng's expression slightly changed; clearly... he hadn't expected this fight to alarm Jiang Nian.

While Yang Qing's anger and arrogance diminished somewhat—he could sense the presence of an Early Innate Martial Artist's aura emanating from Jiang Nian.

Although Ye Fan also noticed that Jiang Nian was an Early Innate Martial Artist, his face remained calm.

If you do nothing wrong, you have nothing to fear.

He hadn't done anything to endanger society; whether Jiang Nian was powerful or not had nothing to do with him!

"I am Jiang Nian, the Yanhuang Organization's head for Jiangnan."

Soon, Jiang Nian approached the group and spoke without expression, "I've been informed that Hongwu Sect disciple Yang Qing has challenged Ye Fan, the deputy general manager of the Lv Hu Group Jiangnan Company. I want to know if you have already signed a life-and-death contract?"

"Master Jiang Nian, we have already signed it," Lin Ao Feng said, stepping forward first.

"Are you a party involved?" Jiang Nian gave Lin Ao Feng a cold glance.

Lin Ao Feng shrank back, not daring to make a sound, but handed the life-and-death contract to Yang Qing, who stepped forward with it in hand, "This is the life-and-death contract."

Jiang Nian took it with one hand, and after scanning it quickly and seeing the signatures of both parties, he said coldly, "According to the regulations of the Yanhuang Organization, when martial artists challenge each other and sign contracts, the Yanhuang Organization does not intervene. However...after the match ends, regardless of life or death, neither party shall pursue the other's responsibility, nor seek revenge! Otherwise, the Yanhuang Organization will spare no expense to punish the violator—do you understand?"

"Understood."

Ye Fan and Yang Qing almost replied in unison.

"Good to understand. To prevent either side from using any 'Forbidden Techniques', as per the orders from above, I will act as the supervisor and referee for this fight for life and death," Jiang Nian said coldly. "According to the agreement, both parties will fight for life and death inside the Jianghu Club, is there a venue there?"

"Yes!"

Lin Ao Feng hesitated, but still answered first.

"In that case, please enter the club's venue for the fight," Jiang Nian said without scolding Lin Ao Feng this time, his voice grave, "Those who are watching must stay far away to prevent accidental injuries."

As Jiang Nian's words rang in their ears, neither Ye Fan nor Yang Qing's side had any objections.

"Hmph!"

Yang Qing snorted coldly at Ye Fan and took the lead with Lin Ao Feng into the club, while Ye Fan and the others followed behind, with Jiang Nian trailing at the end.

About two minutes later, the group arrived at an open space in front of the clubhouse's main building.

The ground was entirely paved with marble, very smooth, and on several marble stones, one could faintly see red bloodstains.

Those were left by Ye Fan on the day of his great slaughter.

"Brother Ye Fan, you must give that bastard a harsh lesson!"

Seeing the familiar main building, Situ Ruoshui was once again reminded of that day's events. She clenched her fists and cheered for Ye Fan.

"Don't worry, Ruoshui Goddess, Brother Ye will definitely beat that idiot in seconds!"

Originally, Su Jindi was filled with confidence in Ye Fan deep down. Affected by the emotions of Su Yuxin and Sister Liuli on the way here, he started to worry, but after seeing Ye Fan's dominant performance in front of Yang Qing, all his worries instantly vanished, and he had absolute faith in Ye Fan!

As Su Jindi finished speaking, Su Yuxin couldn't help but step forward, extending her hands and slowly adjusting Ye Fan's collar.

At that moment, she was like a wife sending off her husband on a long journey, her expression tender and her movements careful.

After doing all this, she lifted her head, looked at Ye Fan deeply, said nothing, and then returned to her original position.

At this time, silence was more powerful than sound.

Situ Ruoshui was momentarily stunned by this scene, while Su Liuli was experiencing a mix of emotions—worry, envy, and an indescribable sense of loss.

"Ye Fan!"

Suddenly, as Ye Fan was turning to walk towards the open space, the emotionally conflicted Su Liuli couldn't help but call out to him.

Whoosh!

At Su Liuli's call, Su Yuxin and the others all turned their gaze towards her, and Ye Fan also stopped walking, looking at her with puzzlement.

Feeling everyone's eyes on her, Su Liuli felt an inexplicable nervousness, her heart rate accelerating to a terrifying speed, and her mind went blank.

"What's wrong?" Seeing Su Liuli not speaking, Ye Fan asked with confusion.

"That... That, a man's word is his bond. Since you've promised to cure Yu Xin, you must make it happen!"

Upon Ye Fan's inquiry, Su Liuli quickly thought on her feet, using Su Yuxin as a shield to speak with conviction, "So, you must win this battle! And... You can't let anything happen to you before you've cured Yu Xin!"

"All right!"

Seeing Su Liuli's usual arrogance, Ye Fan responded with a wry smile.

"Why don't you bring out his parents, aunts, and uncles, and give him warnings one by one?"

Seeing Ye Fan stall, Yang Qing began to laugh mockingly from the open space, "Why say so much to a dead man?"

"Is your mouth full of shit? Can you speak human language?"

Shocked by Yang Qing's words, Su Liuli, as if provoked, retorted irritably, "Oh, I get it, you must be jealous, right? You wish someone were comforting you, but no one does. Don't worry, when you die later, I'll ask my Wangcai to take care of your corpse!"

"You slut, are you seeking death?"

As Hongwu Sect's number one genius, Yang Qing was pampered by elders and envied by other disciples in his sect, never having experienced such insults.

As the words fell, before Yang Qing could do anything to Su Liuli, he was locked in by two dangerous gazes.

The gazes were owned by Jiang Nian and Ye Fan!

Among them, Jiang Nian's eyes were sharp and filled with a warning that seemed to say to Yang Qing that if he dared to attack ordinary people, the Yanhuang Organization would stop at nothing to slay him!

As for Ye Fan's gaze, it was one of absolute deathliness.

That's right...

Suddenly, the smile vanished from Ye Fan's face without a trace, leaving his gaze as lifeless as a walking corpse as he advanced toward Yang Qing, emitting an aura of deathly stillness.

For some reason, Ye Fan at this moment provoked an inexplicable sense of fear in Yang Qing's heart, leaving his mind somewhat disturbed.

It wasn't just him; Lin Ao Feng who stood not far behind him felt the same way.

In his view, even when Ye Fan had crippled Wang Dong three days earlier, it had not unsettled his mind as much as this moment.

Even Jiang Nian, who was acting as the referee, and Ye Wenhao, who was hidden in the shadows, were taken aback!

They could sense the terrifying murderous intent hidden behind that deathly air!

That murderous intent surprised both Jiang Nian and Ye Wenhao, who was concealed in the darkness!

What was happening?

Could it be a special cultivation technique?

Yang Qing and Lin Ao Feng, as well as Jiang Nian and Ye Wenhao, all wondered almost simultaneously within their hearts.

There was no answer.

They didn't know why Ye Fan had suddenly become so deathly still.

"You little bastard, within ten moves, I will make your blood splatter right here!"

As Ye Fan stepped onto the clearing, Yang Qing's unease intensified. In his anxious state, he continued to raise his war intent and bellowed towards Ye Fan.

It seemed he was using this method to dispel the unease in his heart.

There was no response.

Ye Fan simply stared at Yang Qing with that lifeless look and slowly walked toward him.

"Smack!"

Seeing this, Yang Qing channeled power into the sole of his right foot and stamped down hard, using the recoil to propel himself like an arrow released from a bow, rapidly shooting toward Ye Fan.

This move might have appeared simple, but Yang Qing had utilized a movement technique from Hong Fist, his speed lightning-fast.

"Die!"

The ten-meter distance closed in an instant, and Yang Qing swung his right fist, hurtling it with full force towards Ye Fan's head!

—Gongzi Fuhu Fist!

When Yang Qing made a move, he unleashed the famously powerful Gongzi Fuhu Fist from the treasures of Hong Fist.

"Smack!"

As Yang Qing threw his punch, muscles and bones sang in harmony, internal organs resonated, and the sound of his fist whistled through the air like thunder, bursting, as it felt as if the air itself had exploded.

As the saying goes, "The proof of the mule is in the walking."

With this punch from Yang Qing, Jiang Nian on the side could tell that Yang Qing had indeed stepped into the Half-step Innate Realm and had cultivated his inner strength to be extremely forceful, showing signs of transitioning to Gang Jin; otherwise, he wouldn't have produced a sound resembling an air burst.

While understanding all of this, he used his Spiritual Sense to read Ye Fan, trying to see how Ye Fan would deal with it.

Under Jiang Nian's sensing, faced with Yang Qing's ferocious punch, Ye Fan neither dodged nor flinched. His feet were planted firmly on the ground like nails, and his left hand suddenly swept out in a palm shape to meet Yang Qing's fist.

Palm over fist!

"Smack!"

As fist met palm, Yang Qing felt as if his punch had struck a mountain; not only was his power nullified, but his fist also felt a scorching pain.

This left Yang Qing utterly shocked!

After blocking Yang Qing's powerful punch with one palm, Ye Fan didn't linger. Suddenly, his palm turned into a claw, grabbing hold of Yang Qing's iron fist. His fingers were like steel hooks, reaching for the tendons and veins in Yang Qing's hand!

"Get lost!"

Yang Qing roared, his right arm shaking like a spear, forcefully breaking free from Ye Fan's eagle claw grab.

"Whoosh!"

Unmoved, Ye Fan expressionlessly swung out his right hand, his thumb and index finger forming pincers and rapidly reaching for Yang Qing's Adam's apple.

—Throat Lock!

This time, Ye Fan used the simple but effective Throat Lock, and with his strength, if he caught Yang Qing's throat, Yang Qing would undoubtedly die!

Yang Qing seemed to understand this as well, not daring to be careless. He swung his left arm like a steel rod, lifting it quickly to block Ye Fan's right hand.

Whoosh!

As if expecting this, Ye Fan's right hand fingers loosened suddenly from the claw shape, turning palm once more, and with a flick of the wrist, he slapped towards Yang Qing's mouth.

This change of move was both quick and abrupt, absolutely unpredictable!

Shocked, Yang Qing extended his arm again, pushing upwards with force in an attempt to block Ye Fan's slap.

"Smack—"

The next moment.

The crisp sound of a slap rang out.

Although Yang Qing had tried his best, Ye Fan still managed to hit him across the mouth with three fingers, the force penetrating the lips and striking the teeth, instantly shattering two teeth and loosening others.

In pain, Yang Qing hastily retreated, flashing back more than ten meters.

"Ptui!"

Seeing that Ye Fan did not pursue the victory, Yang Qing secretly breathed a sigh of relief, spat out, and two broken teeth mixed with blood water fell out, landing on the bright marble floor in a startling sight.

"Don't worry, I won't let you die outright."

Ye Fan stared at Yang Qing with a deathly expression, slowly speaking in a tone that sent shivers down the spine, "Because of what you said earlier, I'll knock out all your teeth and cut off your tongue before sending you to Hell!"

Chapter 118: [Breakthrough to the Early Innate Realm]

How... how could he be so strong?

As Ye Fan's emotionless words echoed in his ears, and looking at Ye Fan's deathly appearance, Yang Qing couldn't help but glance towards Lin Ao Feng with a face full of doubt.

No answer.

Lin Ao Feng was just as confused.

Three days ago, although Ye Fan had decisively crippled Wang Dong, the strength he displayed was merely Postnatal Perfection.

Today, Ye Fan easily deflected Yang Qing's 'Gongzi Fuhu Fist' and within a few moves, he had injured Yang Qing.

Although the injuries were not severe, and would not affect Yang Qing's combat ability, they were enough to prove that Ye Fan was stronger than Yang Qing!

Even Lin Ao Feng could see this point, let alone Jiang Nian, who was at the Early Innate Entry Realm?

Before coming to the West Lake Club, Ye Wenhao had repeatedly emphasized to Jiang Nian the necessity to intervene and save Ye Fan if ever he was in danger.

Although this method contravened the rules of Jianghu and might lead to queries about the integrity of the Yanhuang Organization, faced with Ye Wenhao's unquestionable command, Jiang Nian had thought it over and eventually agreed.

Now, watching this scene unfold, Jiang Nian was completely reassured. He saw that with the strength Ye Fan had shown, as long as Yang Qing didn't break through to the Early Innate Realm during the fight, he was destined to lose!

With his mind at ease, Jiang Nian covertly scanned the surroundings with his gaze, trying to find Ye Wenhao's hiding spot—he had been told that Ye Wenhao would also be present but wouldn't show himself to avoid any suspicion.

Jiang Nian looked around but did not spot Ye Wenhao.

In the distance, from a gap in the bamboo, Ye Wenhao, noticing that Jiang Nian didn't care much but focused on the situation inside the arena, wondered what words had suddenly turned Ye Fan into such a menacing figure.

"Brother Ye is mighty and domineering!"

As Ye Wenhao was contemplating, Su Jindi, whose body was wrapped in bandages, saw Ye Fan defeating Yang Qing in just a few moves, and, as if injected with adrenaline, excitedly screamed out loud, not even minding that it agitated his wounds.

"Brother Ye Fan, keep it up!"

Situ Ruoshui clenched her fists tightly and waved them vigorously, as if using all her strength.

Hearing Su Jindi's scream and Situ Ruoshui's shout, Su Yuxin and Sister Liuli also relaxed a bit.

Situ Chen and Fei Si also realized that Ye Fan had the upper hand and consequently relaxed.

"Mr. Yang, that bastard was hiding his strength that day. Be very careful!"

At that moment, Lin Ao Feng had a sudden revelation and yelled a reminder to Yang Qing.

Hiding his strength?

As Lin Ao Feng's words reached his ears, Yang Qing clenched his fists in anger. He felt like killing Lin Ao Feng to relieve his anger.

Though filled with rage, Yang Qing quickly averted his gaze back to Ye Fan and quickly adjusted his mindset.

"You little bastard, I admit you're strong, but that doesn't mean you can win—I'll still have your blood spill here!"

As the leading young expert of the Hongwu Sect, not only did Yang Qing possess remarkable strength, but he also had considerable combat experience. He knew well that fighting in martial arts is like battling on a battlefield. The momentum is crucial.

He had acted rashly just now, getting caught off guard by Ye Fan, which resulted in a significant drop in his momentum. Now, he had no choice but to hypnotize himself into regaining his confidence and spirit.

"Swoosh—"

Without any nonsense, as soon as Yang Qing pumped himself up, Ye Fan moved instantly and reached Yang Qing, raising his hand for a hand blade strike!

"Whoosh!"

The hand blade sliced through the air, seeming to tear it apart as the forceful wind swept towards Yang Qing.

So fast!

Seeing Ye Fan's ferocious approach, Yang Qing was shocked and, not daring to face it head on, sidestepped to dodge Ye Fan's sharp edge.

In the blink of an eye, Ye Fan's hand blade grazed past Yang Qing's shoulder, causing him to break out in a cold sweat.

Missing with the hand blade, Ye Fan didn't stop; with an arrow step, he chased after Yang Qing, delivering another hand blade strike!

Watching Ye Fan relentlessly pursuing him and keeping up his attacks, Yang Qing was greatly irritated, but since he couldn't put his full force into his movements while dodging, he had to continue evading.

As the hand blade missed again, Ye Fan shifted his weight downward and suddenly kicked out, firing his leg like a cannonball towards Yang Qing's ankle.

—Whip Kick!

After dodging twice in a row, Yang Qing felt a surge of frustration but also realized that if he continued dodging, his barely recovered momentum would plummet.

Realizing this, and sensing Ye Fan's Whip Kick coming, Yang Qing no longer dodged but instead huffed coldly and kicked out with a Whip Kick as well!

Whip Kick against Whip Kick, a fierce clash!

"Bang—"

The impact of their legs colliding was like two steel rods hitting each other, causing a horrific force that made Yang Qing uncontrollably take a step back as the marble beneath his feet cracked, creating a series of 'crack' sounds.

Not retreating but advancing, Ye Fan took another arrow step forward. Taking advantage of Yang Qing's unstable footing, a powerful hammer strike thundered out!

Click!

A chill ran down Yang Qing's spine, knowing there was no escape. He swung both hands out, spread open in a palm strike, blocking Ye Fan's hammer strike.

"Slap—"

The clash of fist and palm made a crisp sound. Yang Qing exerted force with both hands, intercepting Ye Fan's fist and completely neutralized the fist force in Ye Fan's hammer strike.

Opportunity!

A thought flashed in Yang Qing's mind, about to change his palms into claws to grasp Ye Fan's fist and launch a counterattack.

However—

Before Yang Qing could put his thought into motion, his consciousness suddenly sensed another attack from Ye Fan.

Danger!

Yang Qing's heart tightened, attempting to pull back and retreat quickly!

Too late!

"Whoosh!"

The sound of the air tearing apart rang out again as Ye Fan's left hand suddenly swept forward, like a phantom, striking hard at Yang Qing's mouth!

"Smack—"

The crisp sound of a slap echoed once more.

This time, because Yang Qing hadn't managed to use his power in time to defend, his mouth and teeth were instantly shattered by the force in Ye Fan's palm, sending him flying backward.

"Pu!"

In the air, Yang Qing opened his mouth to spit out, a mouthful of teeth mixed with flesh, his face bloodied and mangled, as if exploded by gunpowder.

Having struck successfully, Ye Fan did not stand still like before, but instead, generated power from his feet and chased after Yang Qing, attempting to pull him down from the air!

"Die!"

Yang Qing let out a low roar from his throat, his wrist flicking, and a dagger hidden in his long robe's sleeve swiftly shot out.

"Whoosh—"

The sound of the air breaking sharply rang out as the dagger turned into a white light aiming for Ye Fan.

Hidden weapon!

In this critical moment, Yang Qing remembered the best life-saving technique taught by the Hongwu Sect Leader, using a hidden weapon to catch the opponent off guard and thus turn the tables.

Swoosh!

The sudden change made Jiang Nian, who was observing the battle, turn extremely pale instantly!

Yang Qing's attack with the hidden weapon was exceedingly secretive, and the distance between Ye Fan and Yang Qing was too close; dodging seemed next to impossible!

Even if he wanted to help, it was already too late!

Compared to Jiang Nian, Ye Wenhao was even more worried—hiding in the bamboo forest, his heart suddenly tightened, and he even held his breath!

The next moment.

Just as Ye Wenhao and Jiang Nian were extremely nervous, Ye Fan sensed the danger and his body suddenly tensed up, dodging to the side like a spiritual monkey.

"Whoosh!"

Accompanying a whooshing sound, the dagger missed Ye Fan's ribs by a hair's breadth, the sharp blade slicing through his clothes and skin, as blood instantly seeped out.

"Clang!"

Shortly after, a crisp sound rang out as the sharp dagger not only pierced through the marble beyond the clearing but also lodged into the ground at an angle, demonstrating remarkable force.

Dodged it?

Seeing this scene, Lin Ao Feng was so shocked his eyeballs nearly popped out!

Although he was not as strong as Yang Qing, he could clearly see Yang Qing's movements and noticed the stealth attack with the hidden weapon.

In his view, at such a short distance, it was impossible for Ye Fan to dodge!

However, now, not only had Ye Fan dodged it, but he also nearly escaped unscathed—the dagger only grazed his skin!

Seeing Ye Fan dodge the hidden weapon attack, both Ye Wenhao, hidden in the bamboo forest, and Jiang Nian, acting as the referee, secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ah—"

And beyond the clearing, seeing Ye Fan's clothes torn at the ribs and stained with blood, Situ Ruoshui immediately screamed anxiously.

Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, and Su Jindi also felt a sudden tightness in their hearts.

"Don't worry, Xiao Fan just has a superficial wound." Nearby, Situ Chen broke out in a cold sweat, hearing his daughter's terrified scream and promptly explained.

Hearing this, Su Yuxin and the others breathed a sigh of relief, yet their gaze remained fixed on the clearing before them.

Under their watchful eyes, Yang Qing, capitalizing on the counterattack from the hidden weapon, floated to the ground, but his face was deathly pale!

Clearly... he knew that the hidden weapon attack was his lifesaving measure, as well as his most secretive trump card.

Now that Ye Fan had not only dodged the hidden weapon but also hadn't been seriously injured...

Under such circumstances, thinking he could still kill Ye Fan was nothing but a delusion!

"Smack! Smack! Smack!"

As Yang Qing became increasingly fearful, Ye Fan once again took steps forward, his expression emotionless as he approached Yang Qing.

Those solemn footsteps sounded like the calling of the Death God, filling Yang Qing's heart with fear instantaneously.

In his panic, he instinctively backed away, feeling as though the further he was from Ye Fan, the safer he would be.

One step, two steps, three steps...

After three steps, Yang Qing backed up to a flowerbed, his body hitting it almost toppling the flowerbed.

Click!

Yang Qing's heart shook, awakening from the fear, and also clearly realizing one thing: Ye Fan would definitely not let him escape!

"No!"

"I can't die!"

Once he realized this, a strong desire to live suddenly surged through Yang Qing's heart, and he stopped retreating, fixating his gaze on Ye Fan and growling resentfully, "I am the Hongwu Sect's unrivaled genius! I cannot die here! I have to participate in next year's Qing bang competition!!"

"I need to break through to the Early Innate Realm, to compete for the top ten of the Qing bang!!"

Roaring, the desire to live in Yang Qing's eyes grew stronger and stronger, causing his facial muscles to twist together, and veins emerged all over his body.

Simultaneously, an air current suddenly generated from Yang Qing's body, swirling around him, making his long robe flutter noisily.

In an instant.

A powerful aura emanated from Yang Qing's body, spreading around the clearing.

He stepped into the Early Innate Realm!

Chapter 119: 【The Last Feng Kuang!】

Early Innate Realm?

Feeling the aura of an Early Innate Martial Artist emanating from Yang Qing, Jiang Nian's face changed immediately!

Being in the Early Innate Realm himself, he knew very well whether one could achieve meditation was the true sign of a martial artist: if one could not meditate for a day, they could not be considered a martial artist for a day—without the ability to meditate, one could not generate power within the body, and could only fight with physical strength!

And whether one could step into the Innate Realm was the sign of whether a martial artist could become a strong person!

Firstly, once a martial artist steps into the Innate Realm, during meditation, the air that entered the body would follow the 'Grand Circulation' path, greatly purifying the impurities within the body, making the flesh, bones, and internal organs much stronger, achieving the true purpose of 'Body Refinement,' and enhancing body strength and various functions by almost ten times!

Secondly, the air that the martial artist inhaled into his body would circulate along the 'Grand Circulation' path and the resultant essence and blood would be ten times that of the Postnatal Realm, equivalent to a nearly ten-fold increase in cultivation speed, and the storage of Inner Strength in the Dantian would also increase tenfold!

Moreover, the inner strength transformed from essence and blood would change from Dark Force to Gang Jin. The two are of completely different qualities, with the power differing by more than ten times!

This means that the strength difference between an average Early Innate Martial Artist and one at Postnatal Great Perfection is almost ten times!

At this moment, although Yang Qing had just stepped into the Early Innate Realm and his body strength and various functions had not yet reached ten times their previous levels, the inner strength in his body had transformed from Dark Force to Gang Jin!

Therefore, in terms of Attack Power alone, Yang Qing's had increased by more than ten times!

And what's more important is that he could defend with Gang Jin. Facing Ye Fan, it was as if he had an Immortal Body—normally, Dark Force could not break through the defense of Gang Jin!

Attack Power soared by more than ten times AND he had an Immortal Body...

This, directly placed Yang Qing on invincible ground!

"Haha... Hahaha... Hahahaha..."

Seeing that he had broken through to the Early Innate Realm at a critical moment, and that his inner strength had quietly transformed into Gang Jin after circulating through the 'Grand Circulation,' Yang Qing couldn't help but laugh uproariously, looking smug, "Little bastard, should I thank you? If it weren't for you, I couldn't have broken through to the Early Innate so quickly!"

Early Innate Realm?!

Outside the clearing, Situ Chen and Fei Si's faces underwent a drastic change after hearing Yang Qing himself say he had stepped into the Early Innate Realm, especially since they had previously been alerted by Jiang Nian to Ye Fan's situation, their hearts rising to their throats, extremely anxious.

Although one was at the Peak of Postnatal and the other at Postnatal Great Perfection, they also knew how vast the gap was between the Early Innate Realm and Postnatal Great Perfection.

"Daddy, is Brother Ye Fan in danger now?"

Situ Ruoshui asked anxiously. Although she didn't practice martial arts, she used the model of online games to understand it, considering that breakthroughs equaled leveling up, and a game character would become stronger once it leveled up.

Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, and Su Jindi had no knowledge of Martial Arts Realms, but they too sensed the shift in the situation on the field. Hearing Situ Ruoshui's question, they quickly turned their gazes to Situ Chen, waiting expectantly for his response.

"Yes."

Situ Chen nodded gravely; in his view, Ye Fan had almost no chance of defeating Yang Qing, who had entered the Early Innate Realm.

Whoosh!

Seeing Situ Chen acknowledge this, the expressions of Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Su Jindi, and Situ Ruoshui changed at the same time, with worry immediately dominating their faces.

"Mr. Yang, tear this bastard to pieces!"

Originally, Lin Ao Feng was certain that Yang Qing would undoubtedly lose after being slapped twice by Ye Fan and losing all his teeth. However, he hadn't expected Yang Qing to break through to the Early Innate Realm at the moment of life and death...

All this shocked him!

Now, watching Ye Fan face Yang Qing's taunts without daring to let out a fart, Lin Ao Feng suddenly became ecstatic, as if injected with adrenaline.

"Director Jiang, stop this match immediately!"

In the bamboo forest, Ye Wenhao hastily used the walkie-talkie to urge Jiang Nian, his tone extremely serious.

The seriousness was because, in his memory, there had never been an instance in the Martial Arts World of a Postnatal Martial Artist defeating an Innate Martial Artist—the gap between Postnatal and Innate was an insurmountable chasm!

However—

Worried about Ye Fan's safety, he overlooked one thing: Yang Qing had only just stepped into the Early Innate!

The next moment.

Just as Jiang Nian was about to step forward to stop the match according to Ye Wenhao's instructions, Ye Fan, looking at Yang Qing with a nouveau-riche smirk, said without fear, "Even if you break through to the Early Innate, you can't change your fate of going to Hell!"

Hmm?

Hearing Ye Fan's words and seeing his fearless expression, Jiang Nian halted his advance.

Although his reason told him that Ye Fan had almost no hope of defeating Yang Qing at this point, he believed that as a disciple of the Evil Emperor Chu Xuanji, Ye Fan must have some hidden trump card he had yet to use; otherwise, he wouldn't appear so calm!

It wasn't just Jiang Nian, Ye Wenhao also harbored the same thought, and so he didn't urge Jiang Nian to stop the match any longer, choosing to wait and see instead.

"Haha... Hahahaha!"

Unlike Jiang Nian and Ye Wenhao, Yang Qing laughed unrestrainedly as if he'd heard the coldest joke in the world, then gazed at Ye Fan as though a divine being looking down at an ant, "Little bastard, your talk is bigger than athlete's foot! I wonder if you understand what it means to enter the Early Innate Realm! Come on, I, Mr. Yang, will stand here motionless, and let you have a good go at me!"

Chapter 120: The Final Feng Kuang!_2

Ye Fan was unshaken.

He knew that now was not the time to act.

"Come on, if you have the guts, come hit me, Mr. Yang," Yang Qing looked at Ye Fan mockingly, full of sarcasm as if watching a clown, "I'm even standing still for you to hit me and you still don't dare. Talking about sending me to Hell, that's just laughable!"

Seeing this, Lin Ao Feng felt greatly relieved and urged, "Mr. Yang, why waste words on someone who doesn't know life from death? Tear him to pieces and let him brag to the King of Hell!"

"Tearing him apart is letting him off too easy!"

After being prompted by Lin Ao Feng, Yang Qing's expression turned ferocious. His cold eyes drilled into Ye Fan like a wild beast eyeing its prey. He spoke in a deep voice, "Not only am I going to smash his mouth, break his teeth, but I'm also going to gouge out his eyes, then send him off to the afterlife!"

"Snap!"

As the words fell, Yang Qing stepped forward. The ground trembled with his step, the marble floor cracked, and fragments scattered chaotically—his presence was overwhelming.

Is this the power of an Early Innate Martial Artist?

Witnessing this, Situ Chen and Fei Si both felt a quiet shock, and the flicker of hope that Ye Fan's fearlessness had kindled in their hearts was doused by a cold bucket of realization, wiping it away completely.

"Snap!"

"Snap!"

"Snap!"

As if to boast of his Early Innate power, as if to mock Ye Fan's previous actions, Yang Qing strode forward with an air of invincibility. With each step, the marble cracked beneath his feet, the noise was terrifying.

Ye Fan began shifting his position as Yang Qing drew closer, maintaining the distance between them.

"So you know how to retreat, huh?"

Seeing this, Yang Qing let out a cold laugh and, in a flash, he lunged at Ye Fan. His right hand swung forward with an unrivaled momentum, aiming a slap at Ye Fan.

He intended to dish out a few hard slaps first, mash Ye Fan's mouth, shatter his teeth, and then slowly torture him to death!

Ideals are plentiful, reality is skeletal!

"Whoosh—"

Ye Fan didn't wait for Yang Qing to get close. With a swift leap, he dodged to the side like a breeze, quickly flicking ten meters away.

Hmm?

Seeing this maneuver, Jiang Nian and Ye Wenhao hidden in the bamboo forest couldn't help but be moved, suddenly understanding why Ye Fan was so fearless!

Despite Yang Qing's breakthrough to the Early Innate Realm, which multiplied his attack power several times, because he had only just entered the Early Innate realm, he hadn't had a chance to undergo 'Body Refinement,' so his physical capabilities had not improved, which meant his speed was not much different from before.

Under these circumstances, it was a fool's dream for Yang Qing to land an attack on Ye Fan, whose speed was clearly faster.

After missing his strike, Yang Qing also understood the reason, and a nameless irritation ignited within him—he had thought that having broken through to the Early Innate Realm, killing Ye Fan would be as easy as slaughtering a chicken, but it seemed it wasn't that simple!

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

Out of annoyance, Yang Qing didn't pause and instead dashed towards Ye Fan again in a swift motion.

Without a second thought, Ye Fan continued to evade.

"Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh..."

In a moment, the whistling of air was constant in the clearing, with Ye Fan and Yang Qing's figures flickering unpredictably—left and right, forward and backward, always maintaining about a ten-meter distance.

"You coward, what else can you do besides running around like a damn homeless dog?"

Having missed dozens of consecutive blows, Yang Qing realized only a third of his power remained within his Dantian. He stopped blindly attacking and vented his frustration in a loud shout, trying to provoke Ye Fan with his words.

Ye Fan remained unmoved. If just a few words could make him lose his temper and become irrational, he would have died at the hands of other Martial Artists from the Five Great Alliances over the past two years.

"I actually feel sorry for your master. If I were your master, seeing you flee like a homeless dog on the combat stage, I would slap you dead, you waste!" Yang Qing continued with his insults.

Ye Fan was taken aback not only by the insult to himself but also by the mention of his old master. His brows furrowed, yet he did not retaliate but instead sneered, "I think the one to be pitied is you—you, an Early Innate Martial Artist, can't even touch a single hair on this Postnatal Perfection Martial Artist. If word gets out, surely the entire Martial Arts World will laugh, won't they?"

"You..." Yang Qing turned an angry shade of green.

"Of course, I can tell your skin is thick enough to be used as a car tire, so you won't care. But what about your master? After all, he is Hongwu Sect Leader, right?" Ye Fan returned the insult with interest.

"You're courting death!"

Enraged, Yang Qing charged at Ye Fan again, his speed slightly faster than before—during the previous skirmish, the Gang Jin in his body circulated according to the 'Grand Circulation,' refining his body and thus improving his physique and speed.

However—

Even with the increase in speed, Yang Qing was still no match for Ye Fan. After several attempts, he couldn't even touch a hair on Ye Fan.

"You little bastard, fight me head-on if you dare!"

After several failed attempts and noticing the diminishing Gang Jin within him, Yang Qing had no choice but to stop his attacks, fuming with rage.

"Snap—"

No response.

Ye Fan's right foot slammed into the ground with force!

"Crack—"

A crisp noise erupted, and the marble floor tiles shattered instantly, the fragments bouncing into the air from the rebound force.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan snatched up a piece of marble and hurled it with all his might!