

Young Master 221

Chapter 221: [Stick and Carrot]

As mid-level members of the Dong hai Gang, their understanding of Ye Fan was no less than that of Feng Dong, the top dog of Dong hai's Police.

They knew that Ye Fan, an Innate Martial Artist, had killed Situ Haotian and Huang Qi to avenge Situ Chen.

They also knew of the exploits of Ye Fan, bloodbathing the Nanqinhong Hanghu branch, slaying Nanqinhong Crown Prince Lin Ao Feng, and the Hongwu Sect genius Yang Qing in Hanghu.

They were aware, too, that Ye Fan was the nephew of Demon Queen Chu Ji, the illegitimate son of Ye Wenhao!

Because of all this knowledge, because Ye Fan's identity was too dazzling and his background too powerful, they subconsciously believed that Ye Fan would not covet the petty gains of the Dong hai Gang—in their view, with the support of Chu Ji and Ye Wenhao, Ye Fan could definitely join the ranks of Huaxia's wealthy in a short time!

This judgment led them, after Pan Jueming started the trend of grabbing territories and cutting the cake, to follow suit without hesitation, and to unanimously call Jin Ye to intimidate him into dividing the assets of the Dong hai Gang!

Now, having learned that Ye Fan was convening a meeting under the guise of Jin Ye's name, after their initial shock, they were filled with doubt: How could Ye Fan possibly care about the little money of the Dong hai Gang?

As doubt emerged, aside from Pan Jueming, the other eight mid-level members of the Dong hai Gang looked at each other, seemingly asking for the opinions of one another, all with bewildered expressions.

Creak!

Shortly thereafter, before the eight mid-level members of the Dong hai Gang could figure anything out, the door to the meeting room was pushed open again, and Ye Fan, followed by Jin Ye, slowly entered the meeting room.

Clang—

As Ye Fan entered, including Pan Jueming, all nine mid-level members of the Dong hai Gang unanimously stood up from their chairs and sofas, the collision of furniture ringing in the air.

"Mr. Ye!"

After standing up, Pan Jueming was the first to bow and greet Ye Fan.

"Mr. Ye!"

The other eight mid-level Dong hai Gang members, originally pale with fright at Ye Fan's arrival, heard Pan Jueming's words and, as if awakening from a dream, promptly followed suit, bowing to greet Ye Fan.

Without replying, Ye Fan looked thoughtfully at Pan Jueming and walked straight to the conference area.

"Have your men all leave, within ten seconds!"

Soon, upon reaching the front of the conference area, Ye Fan stood firm, his gaze as sharp as a knife, directed at the nine mid-level Dong hai Gang members, speaking in an unquestionable tone.

"Whoosh—"

The moment Ye Fan's command was issued, before Ma Liu and the other eight mid-level Dong hai Gang members could give an order, their underlings scattered like ancient servants upon receiving an imperial decree, and without a word, they darted out as if they feared staying a second over ten seconds.

Watching this scene unfold, not a trace of dissatisfaction could be seen on the faces of Ma Liu and the others—they might disregard Jin Ye and even bully him for money, but Ye Fan was someone they could not afford to offend!

"My name is Ye Fan, and I believe you all should know me,"

After Ma Liu and the others' subordinates had left the meeting room, Ye Fan, with a thick stack of documents in hand, threw them onto the damaged conference table, "On the way back to the villa, I looked over your files. Once, you were all core members of the Dong hai Gang, playing significant roles in various business domains of the Gang. Now, you've replaced the former elders who were in charge of these businesses, and each of you has become a big brother, imposing in every aspect."

"Hiss~"

Upon hearing Ye Fan's low voice, aside from Pan Jueming, Ma Liu and the others couldn't help but twitch their mouths and inhale sharply, their fear climbing ever higher.

"Turnover of the new or the old is inevitable for any organization. It's quite normal for you to take over the positions of the former big brothers after the mishap within the Dong hai Gang,"

At this point, Ye Fan suddenly changed his tone, releasing the aura of an Early Innate Realm strong person, "But after you rose to power, shouldn't you think about how to avenge Uncle Situ? Even if you're not capable of that, the least you could do is go to Ao Xiang Villa to bow and offer incense, right?"

"Gulp—"

Facing Ye Fan's interrogation, and feeling the terrifying aura emanating from him, Pan Jueming and the nine others felt as if they were dragged to the coldest place in the world, chilled to the bone, and frightened to even breathe.

"Not at all!"

Ye Fan answered his own question, his tone so cold it was suffocating, "Not only did you not go to Ao Xiang Villa to bow and offer incense to Uncle Situ, but you also took advantage of the chaos within Dong hai Gang to fight over territories, leading to the Gang being torn into pieces! What's more, you even intimidated Jin Ye, demanding that he divide the Dong hai Group's assets with you!"

"Slap—"

As he spoke, Ye Fan suddenly exerted force beneath his feet, and the floor beneath him instantly crumbled, turning into dust, even leaving a deep footprint in the concrete below.

Crack!

This sudden event made Pan Jueming and the nine members shudder in fear, losing even the courage to meet Ye Fan's gaze.

"Originally, I was an outsider and should not meddle in the affairs of the Dong hai Gang, but if it weren't for my taking down Situ Haotian and Huang Qi, the Dong hai Gang would have ceased to exist by now, transformed into a part of Nanqinghong! Thus, I believe I have some right to speak, don't I?" Ye Fan suddenly asked.

"Yes... yes!" The crowd nodded in terror.

"I don't want to see Uncle Situ's lifelong efforts go to ruin in the blink of an eye, and even less do I want Ruoshui's safety to be threatened because of your bullshit!"

Ye Fan spoke again, his tone leaving no room for doubt, "To avenge Uncle Situ, I will reorganize and strengthen the Dong hai Gang, driving Nanqinghong out of Huaxia step by step! If you wish to join me, you are most welcome, If you don't, I won't make things difficult for you!"

"I am willing!"

"I'm willing too!"

...

As Ye Fan's words concluded, apart from Pan Jueming, Ma Liu and the other eight people hurried to state their willingness, as if they were ready to show their hearts to Ye Fan.

Clearly, they all knew that since Ye Fan was taking over the Dong hai Gang, they had to obey him, or else they would be obliterated by Ye Fan!

"I am willing to follow Mr. Ye to avenge Mr. Situ!"

After Ma Liu and the eight others had expressed their willingness, Pan Jueming finally spoke up, and as he did so, he met Ye Fan's gaze without fear, his expression neither overbearing nor servile.

Upon seeing this, Ye Fan's eyebrows lifted thoughtfully.

"Since you all are willing, let me be plain before we end this meeting—if I find out that any of you kill each other to rise to power, or collude with other organizations and damage the unity of the Dong hai Gang, I will be the first to make him disappear from this world!"

Despite knowing that everyone had been coerced into submission out of intimidation, Ye Fan continued to adopt a hard-line stance, and while speaking, he deliberately employed the 'Tiger and Leopard Thunder Sound,' a martial arts technique that carries a Mind Power Attack.

Unlike the previous use of Tiger and Leopard Thunder Sound in this meeting room, this time, Ye Fan carefully controlled its power to ensure it wouldn't hurt anyone present.

Still, with just his words, everyone's eardrums vibrated, their blood churned disorderly, their faces turned pale, and they even struggled to stay on their feet, their gazes towards Ye Fan filled with awe and reverence!

"As I said before, you are all the backbone of the Dong hai Gang, now even more so as leaders of various domains; the growth of the Dong hai Gang requires your joint efforts!"

After experiencing the trials of the mundane world for so long, Ye Fan was aware of the 'stick and carrot' policy; seeing that everyone was thoroughly intimidated, he immediately presented the carrot, "Of course, you should all receive the treatment you deserve—Uncle Situ's inheritance will all go to Ruoshui, the assets of Fei Si and Liu Tianjun will be inherited by their descendants, and the assets of other Dong hai Gang veterans will all be used for the gang's operations."

Uh?

As expected, upon hearing Ye Fan's statement, everyone but Pan Jueming's faces lit up with joy.

After the internal strife within the Dong hai Gang, they not only took over the positions of the previous business leaders but also emptied the funds of the domains they managed into their own pockets.

Now, Ye Fan mentioning that the assets of other Dong hai Gang veterans would act as capital for business operations meant he had no intention of reclaiming the previous operational funds.

"Previously, the operational funds from various business domains, you take out a part to settle the gang members who were injured or killed in the chaos over the last few days, the rest is at your discretion."

As if to confirm their speculation, Ye Fan spoke again, "Moreover, from now on, you will, like the former veterans of the Dong hai Gang, hold shares in the gang—you will be able to take dividends from the gang's earnings each year based on your shareholding proportion!"

"Thank you, Mr. Ye!"

With Ye Fan's final words, all but Pan Jueming heaved a sigh of relief secretly, bowing and thanking Ye Fan.

From the moment he entered the meeting room, Ye Fan had sensed that Pan Jueming didn't fit in with the others, and he also knew that Pan Jueming was the instigator of the Dong hai Gang's infighting, yet, he was the only one who didn't make a call to blackmail Jin Ye for money.

This puzzled him to some degree.

Now, seeing Pan Jueming remain unmoved, Ye Fan asked in a deep voice, "Boss Pan, are you unwilling?"

"Mr. Ye, I..." Pan Jueming tried to say something.

However—

Before he could explain himself, Liu Kui, who bore a grudge against him, hastily accused, "Mr. Ye, the infighting within the gang happened because Pan Jueming led the way! He was the first one to send people to attack my turf, seizing my territorial control and business! He likely did this to ascend during the chaos, wanting to become the boss!"

"I've heard about this issue too, Boss Pan, is there any truth to it?" Ye Fan narrowed his eyes slightly, staring motionlessly at Pan Jueming as he asked.

Sensing the chill in Ye Fan's gaze, Pan Jueming felt somewhat fearful, but still, he set his jaw determinedly, meeting Ye Fan's stare, and spoke word by word, "Mr. Ye, regarding these matters, I wish to explain them to you alone."

"Explain alone?" Ye Fan's eyebrows raised.

"Mr. Ye, Pan Jueming is probably planning to concoct lies to deceive you..." Hearing Pan Jueming's request for a private explanation, Liu Kui instinctively thought Pan Jueming intended to fool Ye Fan.

"Liu Kui, do you think you're wiser than Mr. Ye?" Jin Ye, who had remained silent until now, glared at Liu Kui and coldly cut him off.

Liu Kui hurriedly shut his mouth, while Pan Jueming looked resolutely at Ye Fan, his demeanor like that of a gambler who had gone all-in at the casino, convinced in his choice, "Mr. Ye, after I've made my explanation, you're free to kill or mutilate me as you please."

"All right."

Feeling the confidence and resolve within Pan Jueming's gaze, and considering Pan Jueming's dossier, Ye Fan thought briefly before agreeing to Pan Jueming's request.

Chapter 222: [Token of Loyalty, Pawn Before the Horses]

After agreeing to Pan Jue Ming's request, Ye Fan didn't say anything further and took the lead toward the stairway entrance, Pan Jue Ming, seeing this, hurriedly followed.

How should Pan Jue Ming explain to Ye Fan?

Watching the two ascend the stairs, not only Ma Liu and the other eight members of the middle echelon of the Dong Hai Gang were curious, but Jin Ye was also slightly intrigued.

Until the figures of Ye Fan and Pan Jue Ming disappeared, no one could figure out the reason for this, however, they understood one thing: if Pan Jue Ming couldn't give Ye Fan a reasonable explanation, let alone continue to stay in the Dong Hai Gang, whether he could even preserve his life was a question!

Even outsiders knew all this, how could Pan Jue Ming himself not?

Despite being aware of all this, there was not a trace of fear on Pan Jue Ming's face, only determination, his steps were exceptionally firm.

Soon, Pan Jue Ming followed Ye Fan to the second-floor balcony, and at first glance, he saw the brightly lit Villa No.1.

The evening breeze blew as Pan Jue Ming took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Ye, you just mentioned that you looked over my file. Did you review my entire history, or just the part after I joined the Dong Hai Gang?"

Upon hearing Pan Jue Ming's words, Ye Fan was somewhat surprised—he had thought Pan Jue Ming would be eager to give an explanation.

After his surprise, Ye Fan turned to look at Pan Jue Ming, who intentionally lagged half a step behind, and saw a handsome face with an age-incongruent depth of vicissitude.

This realization nearly convinced Ye Fan that Pan Jue Ming had an untold story, so he responded, "I focused on the period after you joined the Dong Hai Gang; I glossed over the rest."

"Before I explain to Mr. Ye, I'd like to talk about my story before I joined the Dong Hai Gang, hoping you will grant me this opportunity," Pan Jue Ming turned to look at Ye Fan, his eyes not pleading, but full of respect.

"Okay," Ye Fan was also somewhat curious about Pan Jue Ming's story, so he nodded.

"I was born in Yanjing, and my ancestors for three generations were merchants. Our Pan Family was once one of the renowned business families in Beijing. The war in the last century and the subsequent civil war affected my clan, and a significant portion of our family wealth was plundered. Afterward, with the establishment of the new China, my family's robust foundations and extensive connections allowed us to gradually recover our strength and trend towards rebuilding our prosperity. However, man's plans are no match for those of heaven. During the subsequent calamity, my family was secretly plotted against by rival clans, accused of being 'counterrevolutionaries,' and our wealth was almost completely looted. Not to mention the wealth, except for the children, almost everyone suffered persecution."

Looking towards the distant Dongfang Zhu Tower, Pan Jue Ming seemed a bit lost in thought, as if falling into the memories of the past, "That catastrophe nearly destroyed my family, with nearly half dying in those years. After it ended, my grandfather wanted to leverage his old connections to make a comeback. However, unlike after the founding of the nation, those who used to fawn over our Pan Family, who had commercial dealings with us, all treated us like bad omens. They did not offer help; they didn't even want to have normal interactions. That applied to businessmen, and even more so to the politicians we had connections with; they couldn't wait to tell everyone they had no relations with our Pan Family."

"My grandfather, who already lost most of his life from that calamity, died from anger facing all this. Our Pan Family was torn into four or five pieces, and my father took on the mantle of family head in these perilous times.

My dad, influenced from a young age, had a great business mind. After enduring the challenging initial years, he was able to seize the opportunities provided by the ever-changing policies of the past decades, which led to the resurgence of our Pan Family. By a few years ago, although the Pan Family wasn't in the

top tier of business clans in Yanjing, we were still quite notable, and moreover, we had a respectable network in the political realm."

"Just when we in the Pan Family thought we could rise to the ranks of the top business clans in Yanjing, or even in Huaxia, through our political connections, another nightmare descended upon us. The tree we relied on had fallen, and once again we were caught in the disaster, the consequences of which were no less significant than the calamity of the last century, if not worse."

At this point, Pan Jueming's eyes reddened slightly, and there was a sparkle of anger and hatred in his gaze, "My dad, my uncle, and my aunt were all thrown into prison. The assets of our Pan Family were divided up like a cake in a very short period of time, leaving behind only some secret assets that no one knew about."

As he spoke, Pan Jueming's emotions became more agitated, and his voice trembled slightly.

In order to control his emotions, he took out a cigarette from his pocket, pulled one out, and first offered it to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan did not have the habit of smoking, but after listening to Pan Jueming's account just now, deeply feeling the sorrow and hatred in Pan Jueming's heart, he hesitated for a moment before taking the cigarette from Pan Jueming's hand, allowing Pan Jueming to light it for him.

"According to the information, you sold your properties and squandered your money gambling in the Dong hai Gang's casinos, indulging in women all day long, and after losing all your money, you tried to kill yourself in the casino. You were stopped by the staff and fortunately met Uncle Situ, and were saved by Situ Shu."

After taking a light puff of the cigarette, Ye Fan thought about Pan Jueming's information and said thoughtfully, "If I'm not mistaken, you must have chosen to give up on everything when the Pan Family faced the third blow, right?"

"Yes, and no," Pan Jueming first nodded, then shook his head, took a deep drag of his cigarette, and said, "I am the eldest son of this generation in the Pan Family. When disaster struck again, although I cursed the blind heavens, I forced myself to accept everything and did not give in to despair. Instead, I planned to carry the burdens of the family just like my father had done."

As he said this, Pan Jueming's expression became pained, his smoking quickened significantly, as if he were trying to numb the deep-seated pain in his soul with nicotine.

Soon, one cigarette burned out, and he lit another, taking two harsh drags before speaking in a hoarse voice, "Later, something happened that completely shattered the last of my resolve."

"What?"

"A woman who repeatedly professed her love for me, swore she would stand by my side for life through thick and thin, and was ready to die for me, slept with my enemy when I was at my lowest, and I caught them in the act."

As he spoke, nightmare-like memories surged into Pan Jueming's mind like a tide, his eyes turned completely red, shimmering with a bloodthirsty light, and his body trembled uncontrollably, "Her background was decent, but in the Forbidden City, she could at most be considered average. Initially, I thought she had been forcibly taken by my enemy using despicable means, and in my rage, I planned to kill that bastard. But, when I charged to the bedside, that woman looked at me as if she was looking at a beggar and questioned what I was doing."

"That moment, I stood there stunned, staring blankly at the woman. Under the mocking smile of my enemy, she looked at me as if I were trash and told me: From now on, I have nothing to do with her! She told me to look in the mirror and see what I'm worth, and not to fantasize about the frog desiring the swan's flesh!

Ha ha... You know, before our Pan Family faced the nightmare, her family's situation wasn't even one percent of what mine was!!"

Speaking of which, Pan Jueming laughed, his smile filled with irony. It seemed as though he was mocking that woman, but even more so mocking himself, "Honestly, I will never forget her condescending expression and the look in her eyes filled with disdain. That scene was like a sharp dagger plunging straight into my heart, shattering the last bit of persistence I had."

"She's not worth it for that kind of woman."

Ye Fan couldn't comprehend the pain Pan Jueming had experienced back then, but he knew that the woman's actions were the straw that broke the camel's back, and he felt somewhat sorry for Pan Jueming.

"Not worth it indeed, but at the time, I couldn't understand. Rage completely clouded my mind, and I tried to kill that adulterous couple, only to be thrown out like trash by the henchmen of my enemy."

After reliving those painful memories, Pan Jueming's expression gradually returned to normal, and he spoke more slowly, "After that incident, I resigned myself to fate, I left the little assets I had at home to my brothers and sisters, and then, as shown in the details you've seen, I sold my villa in Yanjing and went gambling in the Dong hai casinos, cavorted with women, and eventually, I lost everything. When I tried to commit suicide, I was stopped by the casino's staff, and then I met Mr. Situ."

"At that time, Mr. Situ said to me: A person only has one life, if you really want to die, don't die here; if you want to keep living like a human being, I give you a chance."

Speaking of Situ Chen, Pan Jueming's face showed sadness, and within that sadness, there was deep gratitude, "Because of Uncle Situ's words, I joined the Dong hai Gang, helped Mr. Situ manage the casinos, until Mr. Situ was murdered."

"I sympathize with your experiences, but they seem unrelated to you orchestrating the internal strife within the Dong hai Gang." Ye Fan looked puzzled at Pan Jueming.

Pan Jueming met Ye Fan's gaze without fear, stating word by word, "I did it on purpose!"

"On purpose?" Ye Fan was slightly puzzled.

"Yes!"

Pan Jueming said earnestly, "Through some special channels, I learned that the case of Ao Xiang Villa had been overturned, thus deducing the situation and figuring that the Ye Family would surely seek revenge but lacked a good excuse. So, I instigated the internal strife within the Dong hai Gang! And the shootout under the Dong hai International Conference Center was also plotted by me!"

Ye Fan's expression changed slightly!

"I wanted to give the Ye Family Camp the quickest excuse to make a move, then take the opportunity to seize control of the Dong hai Underground World amid the chaos and present you with a token of loyalty!" Pan Jueming slowly revealed his purpose, with his expression becoming somewhat excited towards the end.

Coming to his senses from shock, Ye Fan immediately guessed Pan Jueming's intention, "You want to use me, or rather the Ye Family, to assist you in making the Pan Family rise again?"

"No!" Pan Jueming shook his head, expressing hatefully, "I only want to use you and the power behind you to take revenge!"

"Revenge?"

"In the second year after I joined the Dong hai Gang, Uncle Situ once told me that our Pan Family's downfall was orchestrated by the Bai Family from behind the scenes, and that my clan was dragged into it due to manipulation by the family where my enemy belonged!" Pan Jueming said through gritted teeth as if he would tear that man who had slept with his woman into pieces should he appear before him!

"So that's how it is." Ye Fan suddenly realized.

"Bang—"

The next moment.

Before Ye Fan could speak, Pan Jueming suddenly bent his knees and slammed onto the ground with a dull sound.

Beneath the night sky, he looked up at Ye Fan with reverence and said word by word, "Mr. Ye, I had planned to take control of the Dong hai Underground World amid the chaos to prove my worth, to offer

you a token of loyalty! Now that you've stepped in, I can no longer present that token, but if you acknowledge my abilities and agree to help me take revenge, I am willing to be your dog, to bite whoever you command!"

"Get up first," Ye Fan said with a frown.

Pan Jueming remained immovable, his gaze fixed on Ye Fan with determination.

"I can help you take revenge, but I don't need a dog."

Seeing this, Ye Fan didn't insist further, instead, he turned his gaze to the brightly lit Villa No. 1, his face cold as he said, "If you believe I can do it, then be my chess piece, help me erase Nanqinghong from Huaxia, in memory of Uncle Situ's spirit in heaven!!"

Chapter 223: [Dong Hai Godfather]

Longhua Funeral Home, situated at the southwestern corner of Dong hai, spans an area of 44,000 square meters, with a building area of 14,000 square meters and a green area of 21,000 square meters, making it one of the largest funeral homes in the world.

On the morning of October 5, Situ Chen's body was transferred from Ao Xiang Villa to Longhua Funeral Home for the memorial service.

At nine o'clock, the crystal coffin holding Situ Chen's body was placed in the largest hall of the funeral home, surrounded by abundant flowers.

In the hall, the staff of the funeral home had made all the necessary preparations, waiting for the memorial service to begin. Situ Ruoshui, dressed in mourning attire, stood by the crystal coffin, motionlessly gazing at Situ Chen's remains, tears uncontrollably streaming from her already reddened and swollen eyes, slowly tracing down her wan, doll-like face.

Seeing Situ Ruoshui crying again, Ye Fan couldn't bear it, yet he could only sigh quietly. Afterward, he gently patted Situ Ruoshui on the shoulder and walked out of the hall alone, leaving Situ Ruoshui and the remains of Situ Chen.

Outside the hall, led by Pan Jueming, the new core layer of the Dong hai Gang respectfully stood at the entrance, with dozens of Dong hai Gang members positioned three meters apart on either side of the steps, stretching all the way down.

They were all dressed in black suits, adorned with black sunglasses and gloves, with white flowers pinned to their chests, giving off an air of solemnity.

Beneath the steps, along both sides of the hall, wreaths were densely packed, numbering in the hundreds.

When Ye Fan stepped out from the hall, Pan Jueming, standing at the front, immediately approached him.

Seeing this scene, Ma Liu and the other eight new core members of the Dong hai Gang felt somewhat envious and jealous—last night, after Ye Fan had finished talking with Pan Jueming, he had announced in front of them that Dong hai Gang's future affairs would be managed by Pan Jueming and Jin Ye would handle the operations of the Dong hai Group!

This meant that Pan Jueming had now become the proxy leader of the Dong hai Gang under Ye Fan!

Beyond their envy and jealousy, Ma Liu and the others were also somewhat curious.

Initially, they all thought that due to Pan Jueming stirring up internal strife within the Dong hai Gang, even if he didn't die, he would be kicked out by Ye Fan. However, he had unexpectedly become Ye Fan's proxy—They were really curious about what Pan Jueming had said to Ye Fan!

Unaware of the complicated looks from Ma Liu and others, Pan Jueming quickly walked up to Ye Fan, bowed, and reported, "Mr. Ye, according to the schedule, guests for the memorial service will start arriving in half an hour, the memorial service will proceed precisely at nine, and immediately after the service ends, Mr. Situ's remains will be cremated, then taken to Fushou Garden Cemetery for burial."

"Alright."

Ye Fan, having never attended a memorial service, was unfamiliar with the procedures, so he had delegated all arrangements for Situ Chen's memorial service to Pan Jueming. Hearing Pan Jueming's report, he first nodded in acknowledgment, then thought of something else and asked, "Given the distance to Fushou Garden Cemetery, what if there is a traffic jam?"

"I've considered this issue. When the time comes, we'll have someone drive ahead to clear the way and ensure the roads are smooth," Pan Jueming explained.

"Let's do this—I'll give Feng Dong a call and ask the traffic management department to dispatch a police car to lead the way." Although Pan Jueming's plan could largely prevent traffic jams, Ye Fan felt it might cause confusion, and it would be troublesome if they couldn't conduct the burial before twelve o'clock.

"Uh..."

Upon hearing Ye Fan's words, Pan Jueming was taken aback—In his memory, over the past decades, no underworld boss's memorial service in Huaxia had ever had the privilege of a police escort.

Ignoring Pan Jueming's surprise, Ye Fan took out his phone and dialed Feng Dong's number: "Hello, Minister Feng."

"Hello, Mr. Ye."

Because Ye Fan had fulfilled all his promises and restored order to Dong hai's underworld, stabilizing the security, Feng Dong was very satisfied. Thus, he was very polite over the phone, but he was curious why Ye Fan was calling him on the day of Situ Chen's memorial service.

"Minister Feng, I need a favor," Ye Fan's tone was equally polite, seemingly getting accustomed to his new role.

"Please go ahead, Mr. Ye."

"Today is Uncle Situ's memorial service, which will be held at Longhua Funeral Home. After the service, Uncle Situ's ashes will be buried at Fushou Garden Cemetery."

Getting straight to the point, Ye Fan said, "To avoid any chaos during the transport of the ashes, I suggest that the traffic management department send a police car to lead the way."

"Mr. Ye, that could negatively affect the reputation of the police," Minister Feng responded first, then after a moment's thought, he continued, "Let me do this—I'll instruct the traffic department to reserve a lane for your convoy between Longhua Funeral Home and Fushou Garden Cemetery, and have traffic officers manage the route."

"Thank you. I appreciate it," Ye Fan accepted Feng Dong's arrangement, expressed his gratitude, and concluded, "I won't keep you any longer."

"Alright."

Feng Dong said as he hung up the phone, his face thoughtful.

Originally, he had only intended for Ye Fan to use his status as an Innate Martial Artist and the backing of his forces to intimidate and stabilize the emerging bosses of Dong hai's underworld. However, he hadn't expected Ye Fan to take over completely after Situ Chen and become the helmsman of Dong hai's underworld!

This puzzled him greatly.

On one hand, just like what Ma Liu and the others had previously believed, following Ye Fan's loyal and righteous nature, and his daring rescue of Situ Chen and Situ Ruoshui, it was assessed that Ye Fan would most likely not seize the property left by Situ Chen, nor covet the minor profits of the Dong hai Gang.

On the other hand, although Ye Fan was not an official member of the Ye Family, he was still the illegitimate son of Ye Wenhao, and such an identity engaging in the underworld would significantly impact Ye Wenhao and the entire Ye Family, giving no reason to take over the Dong hai Gang.

Just as Feng Dong was baffled by Ye Fan taking over the Dong hai Gang, a Rolls Royce Phantom drove into Longhua Funeral Home, slowly heading to the parking lot.

The car stopped, the door opened, and Chu Ji stepped out with the sisters Su Yuxin and Su Liuli.

Since they were attending a memorial service, all three of them had abandoned their personal tastes and dressed entirely in black.

Chu Ji donned a black trench coat, coupled with black leather pants and boots, topped with black sunglasses on her nose bridge, releasing a powerful aura from inside out that made the Dong hai Gang members responsible for reception dare not look directly at her.

Su Yuxin wore a black blazer paired with a long black skirt, and sported black-framed glasses on her nose, unmistakably exuding the aura of a powerful businesswoman.

Compared to them, Su Liuli was dressed in a black knee-length skirt, with a white scarf draped over her shoulders, looking less naive and more mature and dignified.

After exiting the car, Chu Ji led the way, followed by Su Yuxin and Su Liuli as they walked toward the memorial hall.

"Shush shush shush shush shush shush shush..."

As the three reached the stairs, the members of the Dong hai Gang, as if receiving an invisible signal, bowed one by one to welcome and thank them.

When the mid-level members of the Dong hai Gang like Ma Liu saw Chu Ji, a sense of awe filled their eyes, an awe that was beyond what they felt towards Ye Fan!

After all, the name 'Demon Queen' had resonated throughout Jianghu for many years, making her one of the most untouchable figures in the underworld!

Compared to people like Ma Liu, Pan Jueming looked at Chu Ji with respect, but without fear.

Seeing Chu Ji approaching, he wisely stepped back, making no attempt to greet her.

Chu Ji directly ignored everyone's gazes, taking Su Yuxin and Su Liuli directly to Ye Fan, and asked, "Is everything ready?"

"Yeah," Ye Fan nodded.

"Have you been exhausted these days?"

Since the incident at Eleven Soaring Mountain Villa, Ye Fan had not returned to Purple Sandalwood Villa. As Chu Ji finished speaking with Ye Fan, Su Yuxin couldn't help but speak up, her eyes filled with tenderness and concern.

"Not tired."

Ye Fan shook his head, his consciousness stirred, and he suddenly noticed that Su Yuxin's face was radiant, her inner strength abundant, faintly showing signs of breaking through to the peak of the Postnatal stage, well aware that it was all thanks to Chu Ji's excellent teaching.

"Is Ruoshui inside?" Not knowing why, seeing Su Yuxin and Ye Fan exchanging glances, Su Liuli felt uneasy and decided to find Situ Ruoshui.

"She is."

"Sister Chu, Yu Xin, I'll go in first to comfort Ruoshui," Hearing Ye Fan's reply, Su Liuli bid farewell to Chu Ji and Su Yuxin, entering the hall ahead of them.

Meanwhile, Chu Ji and Su Yuxin stayed behind to accompany Ye Fan, awaiting the arrival of guests attending the memorial service.

As Pan Jueming had said, half an hour later, guests gradually started to arrive. By eight fifty, the parking lot of the funeral home was nearly full of cars, nearly all of them luxurious.

After parking their vehicles, the guests went directly to the memorial hall, first shaking hands with Ye Fan at the entrance for a brief conversation, then receiving a white flower to wear before entering the hall.

At eight fifty-five, the hall capable of accommodating one thousand five hundred people was almost packed. Their gazes were not directed towards Situ Chen lying in the crystal coffin, but rather at Ye Fan standing next to Situ Ruoshui, looking thoughtful.

At nine o'clock, the big screen at the front displayed photos of Situ Chen from his life. Pan Jueming, acting as the host of the memorial service, went up on stage, started with an opening address, expressed his thanks, and finally said, "Mr. Situ Chen has only Miss Situ Ruoshui as his kin. Miss Ruoshui is too heartbroken to speak on behalf of her family, so Mr. Ye Fan will speak in her stead."

As Pan Jueming's voice fell, under everyone's gaze, Ye Fan, dressed in a black Zhongshan suit, took the stage with firm and powerful steps, holding the prepared eulogy.

Seeing this scene, the attendees at the memorial service unanimously confirmed a rumor: from now on, Ye Fan would call the shots in the nights of Dong hai!

"Dong hai Godfather, this is just the beginning."

Catching the puzzled, envious expressions around her, Chu Ji thought of the past and clenched her fists quietly, her eyes filled with hatred, "Chen Daozang, you and your Qinghong, are you ready?"

Chapter 224: [Love Hard to Let Go]

Fushou Garden is located in the south of Qingpu in Dong hai, where the cemetery integrates pagodas, pavilions, towers, walls, graves, trees, and lawns into one. Its traditional classical architecture, beautiful courtyard scenery, unique cultural landscapes, and diverse artistic stele carvings make the entire cemetery grand and elegant in style.

As the once godfather of the Underworld in the Yangtze River Delta region, Situ Chen knew, just like everyone else on that path, that he had embarked on a road of no return. With one foot in prison and the other in Hell, he had purchased a plot with excellent Feng Shui in the Fushou Garden of Dong hai early on for himself.

That plot was right next to the grave of Situ Chen's wife.

At eleven o'clock, Situ Chen's funeral ended, and the guests left one after another. Pan Jueming and Jin Ye led the members of the Dong hai Gang to wait in the square behind the cemetery. Besides them, there were also Su Yuxin, Su Liuli—the sisters. Chu Ji had affairs to deal with in Yanjing and left right after the memorial service.

"Uncle Situ, please rest assured, I will take good care of Ruoshui,"

In front of the gravestone, Ye Fan looked at Situ Chen's portrait and said word by word, "Similarly, I will not let your efforts be wasted. I will strengthen the Dong hai Gang, drive Nanqinghong out of Huaxia, and use Lin Tianyi's head to pay tribute to your spirit in heaven!"

As he finished speaking, Ye Fan bowed deeply three times to Situ Chen's gravestone.

After doing all this, he turned his head and saw Situ Ruoshui still looking at Situ Chen's portrait with blurred tears, so he walked over, sighed softly and said, "Ruoshui, let's go."

"Mm."

Situ Ruoshui nodded gently, then slowly walked to the front of the gravestone, stretched out both hands, and hugged the gravestone tightly. While letting her tears fall, she said in a hoarse voice, "Dad, you always said you were busy and didn't have time to be with Mom and me. Now, you can be with Mom forever."

At this, Situ Ruoshui's face was covered in tears, but she didn't wipe the tears from her face. Instead, she showed a smile uglier than crying and said, "Dad, Mom, don't worry, Ruoshui will be strong, I really will be strong..."

For some reason, hearing Situ Ruoshui's words and seeing the smile uglier than crying on her face, Ye Fan just felt a pang of heartache. He walked up without saying anything, gently patted Situ Ruoshui on the shoulder, and then, with her sad and reluctant expression, put his arm around her shoulder and left the cemetery.

Although Situ Ruoshui had said she would be strong in front of the gravestone, she still left in tears.

Seeing this, Ye Fan wanted to comfort her, but felt powerless.

Having once been an orphan, he knew better than most the significance of family to a person!

If it were not so, the word "family" would not have become his emotional burden, preventing him from breaking through to the Early Innate Realm.

"Swoosh—"

A few minutes later, just as Ye Fan was about to leave the cemetery with his arm around Situ Ruoshui, a slight sound suddenly came from up ahead.

Hm?

Ye Fan's body tensed instantly, and then with a move of his consciousness, he sensed a wild rabbit.

In the grass a few meters ahead, the grey rabbit, apparently sensing the powerful aura suddenly emanating from Ye Fan, squatted on the ground with its ears drooping and its body trembling.

Seeing this, Situ Ruoshui wiped away her tears and said softly, "Little bunny, don't be afraid, we won't hurt you."

Swish!

As Situ Ruoshui's words fell, the rabbit, originally quivering with fear, suddenly perked up its ears, leaped into the air, and disappeared into the bushes.

"Big brother, it seems like it understood what I said."

This little episode lightened some of the sadness in Situ Ruoshui's heart. She blinked her bloodshot eyes curiously towards the direction the rabbit had disappeared and murmured.

"Yes, it understood you, because you are an Innate Mage," Ye Fan said, seeing that Situ Ruoshui's attention was diverted and her sad expression had lightened, he felt compelled to add.

"Eh..."

Startled by Ye Fan's words, Situ Ruoshui asked in a daze, "What's an Innate Mage?"

"Hmm... Mages are similar to Martial Artists; they are both cultivators," Ye Fan explained. "However, Martial Artists focus on cultivating the body, while Mages focus on cultivating the consciousness, or rather, the spirit."

"Ah—"

Situ Ruoshui exclaimed with her mouth agape and eyes wide, asking in bewilderment, "How... how could I possibly become a cultivator?"

"It's like this..."

Seeing Situ Ruoshui's curious face, Ye Fan felt moved, knowing this was the best opportunity to divert her attention and alleviate her grief. He stayed put and explained to her how she became an Innate Mage.

"I am a Mental Body? And also an Innate Mage?" After listening to Ye Fan's explanation, Situ Ruoshui repeated to herself in a murmur, still seemingly in disbelief.

"Yes."

"Big brother, I remember you told me that Martial Artists are divided into Postnatal and Innate, and that Innate Martial Artists are much more powerful than Postnatal ones, right?" Situ Ruoshui, seemingly having reverted to her chatty self, asked again.

"Yes."

"Then Innate Mages must be much more powerful than Postnatal Mages, right?"

"Yes."

"Does that mean I'm even more amazing than Big Brother?" Situ Ruoshui suddenly remembered that Ye Fan had been a Postnatal Perfect Martial Artist before and was struck by the thought, asking with surprise-filled delight.

"__"

"Big Brother, am I really better than you? Doesn't that make me the bug of the Martial Arts World?"

Seeing Ye Fan's silence, Situ Ruoshui thought he had tacitly agreed. Her eyes widened in disbelief—in her memory, Ye Fan had cultivated in the deep mountains and forests for a long time.

"Well, I just became an Innate Martial Artist not long ago, and I was lucky enough to become an Innate Mage during the process of repairing your consciousness," Ye Fan pondered for a moment and then decided to tell Situ Ruoshui the truth.

"That's what I thought. I haven't cultivated at all, how could I possibly be better than Big Brother?"

Upon hearing this, Situ Ruoshui had a look of natural acceptance, but then something occurred to her and she asked, "Wait, Big Brother, I remember you never told me you were a Magician—could it be that you, like me, are a Mental Body and became an Innate Mage all of a sudden?"

"I just didn't tell you, that's all."

Ye Fan was both amused and exasperated. The image of the strange crimson Golden Crown appeared in his mind. He didn't know what that thing was or why it had appeared outside his consciousness, but he knew that his sudden increase in mental strength and becoming an Innate Mage was entirely due to the crimson Golden Crown.

"Big Brother, I remember even when you were a Postnatal Martial Artist, you could appear and disappear without a trace, and the fights were more exaggerated than in the movies. Now that you've become an Innate Martial Artist, you must be even more incredible."

Situ Ruoshui mused thoughtfully, "So, now that I've become an Innate Mage, am I really powerful? What kind of Spells do I have?"

"Well... you can influence or even control others' thoughts, even their consciousness, in a short period of time, making them act according to your will."

Ye Fan explained, "You can also control non-living objects to move, and the speed and distance of the movement are directly proportional to the strength of your Mind Power. Lastly, you can learn handprints to activate amazing Magic."

"Really?"

Situ Ruoshui felt as if Ye Fan had introduced her to a magical realm, her face no longer showed any traces of sorrow but was filled with curiosity and excitement.

"Well, if you don't believe it, try moving that tree branch in front of you." Noticing Situ Ruoshui's change in demeanor, Ye Fan fully relaxed and suggested with a smile.

"Tree branch, tree branch, obediently listen to my words, come here!"

Situ Ruoshui excitedly imitated the casting gestures from video games with her hands crossed in front of her chest and her eyes fixed on the tree branch ahead.

The next moment.

As Situ Ruoshui watched in stunned amazement, the tree branch in front of her rose from the ground as if heeding her call and floated towards her.

"Ah—"

After a brief shock, Situ Ruoshui danced with excitement, "It really came to me!"

"Yes, Ruoshui is very powerful."

Ye Fan couldn't help but smile. Although Situ Ruoshui was an Innate Mage, because she hadn't gone through cultivation, her Telekinesis was weaker than that of other Innate Mages, and she could only make the tree branch move slowly.

If it were him, a mere thought would be enough to make the small branch move swiftly!

"Big Brother, will you teach me the handprints? I want to try using Magic!"

Now convinced that she could indeed control inanimate objects, Situ Ruoshui fully believed Ye Fan's words and couldn't wait to try the amazing Magic.

"Magic is complicated and detailed; it's not something you can learn immediately. It requires constant study, practice, and exploration."

Ye Fan replied with a wry smile, wiping away the lingering tears on Situ Ruoshui's face, and said softly, "Everyone's waiting for us. Let's go back, and I'll teach you when we get back, okay?"

"Okay, let's go."

Situ Ruoshui nodded excitedly and instinctively took hold of Ye Fan's hand. He felt a soft, smooth touch as if there were no bones in Situ Ruoshui's hand.

Ye Fan didn't think much of it and allowed Situ Ruoshui to hold his hand as they walked towards the square.

After the interlude, it seemed that Situ Ruoshui had completely emerged from the shadow of Situ Chen's death. No longer sad or tearful, she was chatty and upbeat all the way, like a lively sprite.

Huh?

Seeing this, the members of the Dong Hai Gang, led by Pan Jueming, were stunned, filled with curiosity: How did Mr. Ye make Miss Ruoshui happy?

Not just them—even Su Yuxin and Su Liuli were puzzled.

Amidst their curiosity, Su Yuxin's expression became complicated. She realized that from now on, Ye Fan would become the closest person to Situ Ruoshui!

"It seems like Yu Xin will become Ruoshui's rival in love."

Noticing the change in Su Yuxin's expression, Su Liuli sighed inwardly, her face filled with envy, while her heart ached slightly.

Unrequited love is like a mandrake, a seductive poison that can lead to addiction.

Chapter 225: 【Arrogant】

The sunset cast its glow to the west, turning the sky into a blaze resembling a fiery cloud, more so like a painting full of imposing momentum.

Under the sunset, the tranquility of Tan Palace Noble District was broken. Luxury and sports cars came and went; their owners either affluent elites returning home from a day's work or mistresses and second wives heading out to enjoy dinner and the nightlife.

One returning, one departing, their lifestyles were distinctly different yet both constituted the main residents of the Tan Palace Noble District.

"Ruoshui, stop meditating. Quick, change your clothes. We're going out to eat."

At Villa No. 12 in Tan Palace, Su Liuli, having finished dressing up, saw Situ Ruoshui meditating in her pajamas like an old monk on the bedroom's bay window and shouted.

"Sister Liuli, just wait a bit longer. My telekinesis has not fully recovered yet." Situ Ruoshui opened her eyes, looking pitifully at Su Liuli, begging.

"My goodness, it's almost six o'clock. How long will we wait for your telekinesis to recover? Hurry up and change!"

Su Liuli was almost in tears. Over the past two days, Situ Ruoshui had been obsessed with cultivation as if possessed, staying up all day and night, either practicing magic or sitting in meditation.

"Alright, I'll change my clothes."

Upon hearing this, Situ Ruoshui helplessly nodded her head and right in front of Su Liuli, undid her pajamas, revealing smooth skin like jade and her snowy white 36D breasts.

"Oh my, you aren't even wearing a bra! Aren't you afraid that Ye Fan, that pervert, will peek at you?" Su Liuli helplessly patted her forehead upon seeing this.

Situ Ruoshui shyly smiled, "Sister Liuli, I forgot."

As they talked, Situ Ruoshui, barefoot and white as snow, walked straight to the wardrobe, opened it, and took out a white cartoon bra and panties.

"Ruoshui, don't tell me you're not even wearing panties." Su Liuli widened her eyes upon seeing this.

"Forgot that too." Situ Ruoshui blushed and shyly nodded.

"__"

Su Liuli was at her wit's end.

Twenty minutes later, Situ Ruoshui, who had not applied makeup, followed Su Liuli downstairs into the grand hall.

In the grand hall, Ye Fan, dressed in a Zhongshan suit, had been waiting for a while and upon seeing them come downstairs, stood up and asked Su Liuli, "Didn't we agree on leaving precisely at 5:30? It's now 6:10."

"Ask her." Su Liuli pointed at Situ Ruoshui.

Hearing this, Situ Ruoshui blushed again, her cheeks reddening as she kept her head down, not daring to look at Ye Fan, fearing that Su Liuli might reveal that she wasn't wearing a bra and panties.

"Yuxin will be at the restaurant soon. Let's hurry." Ye Fan, guessing that Situ Ruoshui had been immersed in meditation and magic practice, smiled, then took the lead out of the villa's grand hall.

Two minutes later, once Su Liuli and Situ Ruoshui got into the car, Ye Fan started the car and drove out of the villa.

In the back seat, Situ Ruoshui first looked at Ye Fan, then turned to Su Liuli and timidly asked, "Sister Liuli, can I meditate for a bit?"

"Meditate, my foot!" Su Liuli snapped, "Ruoshui, if you keep obsessing over cultivation, I'm cutting ties with you!"

"Ah—"

Situ Ruoshui was startled and hastily grabbed Su Liuli's hands, cooing, "Don't be mad, Sister Liuli. I won't meditate anymore, okay?"

"Ever since moving into Tan Palace Villa, Yuxin is busy with work during the day and meditation at night and has no time for me, and now you're busy with meditation and cultivation day and night. Do you even want me to live?" Su Liuli complained gloomily.

With a sly glint in her eyes, Situ Ruoshui suggested, "Sister Liuli, you could ask Big Brother to teach you how to cultivate."

"Hmph, if I ever cultivate, I'd join a Buddhist sect and seek teachings from that master in Southern Tibet."

Su Liuli snorted, "Don't think you all are having fun with your cultivation now. Once I become a follower of Buddha, I will surely become a leader of the Buddhist sect and thrash you all like it's nothing."

"Su Liuli, you're so fierce. Does anyone know that?" Ye Fan finally couldn't stand it anymore.

"—"

Upon hearing this, Su Liuli, feeling a sting, immediately lunged towards Ye Fan, scratching and clawing, "Ye... Ye Fan, I'm going to kill you!!"

"Giggle..."

Seeing this, Situ Ruoshui laughed, her chest trembling with laughter, as the car was filled with a joyful atmosphere.

Thirty minutes later, Ye Fan drove to a restaurant named 'Tan's Private Kitchen.'

As it was peak dining time, the restaurant was extremely busy, and the parking lot was full. Ye Fan finally managed to find a parking space.

After parking the car, Ye Fan led Su Liuli and Situ Ruoshui towards the restaurant and saw Pan Jueming, dressed in a business suit, patiently waiting at the entrance.

"Mr. Ye, Miss Ruoshui, Lady Su!" Seeing the trio, Pan Jueming immediately came forward, slightly bowing.

"In the future, you don't need to come in person for such small matters. Since you're here today, let's dine together."

Ye Fan sighed gently, as he had specially called Pan Jueming to book the diner due to his lack of familiarity with Dong Hai's dining options, but he hadn't expected Pan Jueming to not only reserve the place but also to personally come over.

"Alright."

Pan Jueming nodded his head, quietly noting it down.

A few minutes later, led by Pan Jueming, Ye Fan and two others entered a private room on the fourth floor of the restaurant.

In the room, Su Yuxin, dressed in a business suit, sat on the sofa, looking at a financial statement. Hearing the door open, she quickly turned her gaze toward the entrance.

"Yuxin, do you really need to go without sleep or food over this?"

Seeing the financial statement in Su Yuxin's hands, Su Liuli couldn't help but laugh and cry as she approached, snatched the report, and tossed it aside on the sofa.

Su Yuxin smiled helplessly, "Jin Emperor just called; he'll be here in ten minutes."

"Mr. Ye, you guys chat a bit. I'll wait for Mr. Su at the door." Upon hearing this, Pan Jueming took the initiative, not waiting for Ye Fan to respond. He tactfully turned and left, giving space to the three of them.

Seeing this, Ye Fan couldn't help but smile painfully—Pan Jueming's every small gesture was a clear display of his loyalty!

"Damn it, how can Dong Hai be even more congested than Hanghu?"

Meanwhile, two kilometers away from Tan's Private Restaurant at a crossroad, Su Jindi sat in an eye-catching Lamborghini, like an ant on a hot pan, excessively anxious.

"Buzz——"

Seconds later, the red light turned green, and Su Jindi slammed down the accelerator. The dazzling Lamborghini roared and instantly shot forward, overtaking the cars in front and causing the surrounding drivers to curse angrily.

Indifferent to this, Su Jindi could not hear them, and even if he had, he would not care—he had finally come to Dong Hai to meet with Ye Fan and others for a meal, and he could not afford to waste time on the road.

At seven o'clock, Su Jindi drove to the parking lot of Tan's Private Restaurant. He spotted an empty parking spot right in front of the lot and immediately drove toward it.

Just as Su Jindi was about to park the Lamborghini in that spot, a security guard appeared in front, waving his hand to indicate that parking was not allowed here.

"Isn't this spot empty? Why can't I park here?" Su Jindi opened the car window, full of confusion and asked.

"Sorry, sir, this parking spot has been reserved by another guest," the security guard said apologetically. "And the guest has already arrived, right behind you."

Hearing this, Su Jindi instinctively looked at the rearview mirror and was shocked to see a Maybach following his car.

"Beep beep..."

At the same time, from the Maybach behind, the middle-aged driver, seeing the Lamborghini still obstructing the way, pressed the horn, which sounded exceedingly shrill.

Hearing the piercing honk from behind, Su Jindi became extremely angered. He wanted to lash out, but remembering what Ye Fan had once told him—that flaunting power over the lower classes was a display of weakness—forced his anger down and drove forward.

Luckily for Su Jindi, he hadn't driven a few meters when a car left, and he quickly parked in the vacated spot.

Getting out of the car, Su Jindi was about to head to the restaurant when he saw a woman getting out of the Maybach.

Under the lighting at the restaurant's entrance, Su Jindi could clearly see that she was a tall, curvaceous woman with long curly hair, wearing the latest fashion released at the Milan Fashion Festival by the European Union, carrying the newest Hermes handbag, and wearing a white pearl necklace that shimmered enticingly under the lights.

The woman seemed to notice Su Jindi's gaze; her lips curved up slightly as she looked down on him from above, then sashayed into the restaurant with her hips swaying.

Apparently, she liked being eyed by men. But even more, she enjoyed the superiority that her privilege brought her!

At the same time, the man acting as the driver glared fiercely at Su Jindi from behind the woman, as if warning him that any more inappropriate looks would get his eyeballs gouged out.

Already annoyed from having his parking spot taken, Su Jindi felt his anger rise upon meeting the man's gaze.

Despite his irritation, influenced by Ye Fan to no longer be arrogant or overbearing, Su Jindi refrained from causing trouble and jogged towards the restaurant.

Seconds later, Su Jindi followed behind the woman's driver into the restaurant, quickly brushed past the woman, and headed straight for the elevator.

Seeing this, the woman slightly frowned.

"Miss Song, that kid is uncouth; it's not worth your anger," the driver said with a solicitous smile on his face. His master had many women, but he only cared about Miss Song, who came from Yanjing just like him. They had been together for several years, discussing marriage.

For this reason, he did not want Miss Song to complain about him to their master for incompetence.

Miss Song kept silent, and with the receptionist leading the way, full of envy, walked to the elevator and waited with Su Jindi.

"Ding-dong——"

Accompanied by a crisp sound, the elevator doors opened. Su Jindi was about to step in when suddenly a strong hand pressed on his shoulder, stopping him from moving forward.

Whoosh!

Su Jindi's face fell, and turning around, he saw the middle-aged man's gloomy face. He frowned, "What are you doing?"

"Miss Song, please."

Ignoring Su Jindi's anger, the middle-aged man gestured for Miss Song to enter the elevator and then forcefully shoved Su Jindi to the side, "Move aside!"

Chapter 226: [Enemies on a Narrow Path]

Although Su Jindi had practiced Kung Fu for several years, it was all for show. Thrown by the middle-aged man, he fell to the ground and took quite the fall, looking extremely embarrassed.

"Ah—"

Seeing this, the two receptionist ladies screamed in shock and retreated backwards.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man stepped into the elevator as if nothing had happened.

"Fuck your mother!"

As the former Demon Lord of Mayhem of the Hanghu Snob Circle, although Su Jindi had changed his ways after encountering Ye Fan, he still had the genes of madness flowing in his veins. The fact that he had been able to restrain his anger until now was already quite remarkable. Now thrown to the ground by the middle-aged man, he immediately got up from the ground, and under the disdainful gaze of the middle-aged man and Miss Song, he cursed furiously and lunged forward.

However—

Before Su Jindi could reach the elevator, the doors closed, leaving him furiously pounding on the doors.

"Sir... Sir, please take this elevator,"

At the same time, another elevator descended from above. The receptionist lady pressed the elevator button for Su Jindi, and the doors opened.

Feeling a fire burning in his chest, Su Jindi did not vent his anger on the two innocent receptionist ladies, but entered the other elevator in a rage.

About twenty seconds later, the elevator carrying Miss Song and the driver stopped on the fourth floor. The doors opened, and Miss Song, swaying her hips, stepped out first.

Not far away, Pan Jueming was standing at the entrance of the private room waiting for Su Jindi's arrival. Seeing the elevator doors open, he thought it was Su Jindi and was about to greet him, but instead, he saw Miss Song walking out of the elevator.

This discovery made Pan Jueming instinctively stop in his tracks, his pupils suddenly contracting, and a torrent of uncontrollable hatred surged in his eyes!

The intensity of that hatred made the muscles on Pan Jueming's face distort for a moment!

Because.

The Miss Song who walked out of the elevator was no other than the woman who had betrayed him years ago, slept with his enemy Zheng Xun, insulted him, and ruthlessly twisted the knife in his already wounded heart—Song Ying!

The events of that day were deeply imprinted in Pan Jueming's heart, so much so that he had repeatedly relived that scene in his nightmares.

Perhaps it was because the hatred in Pan Jueming's gaze was too intense, it caught Song Ying's attention almost immediately, and she instinctively looked towards Pan Jueming.

Hm?

At the sight of Pan Jueming's familiar face, Song Ying's pupils dilated, and she was taken aback without reason!

At the same time, the middle-aged man behind Song Ying, noticing her sudden pause, followed her gaze ahead and immediately spotted Pan Jueming, also taken aback!

As the personal driver of Song Ying's fiancé Zheng Xun, the middle-aged man named Ma Long could be considered an old hand in the Zheng family. He not only knew about the relationship between Pan Jueming, Zheng Xun, and Song Ying, but he was also aware of the grudges between the Zheng and Pan families.

As Song Ying and Ma Long stood frozen from shock upon seeing Pan Jueming, he took a deep breath and forcibly suppressed the hatred in his heart. Although Ye Fan had promised to avenge him, he didn't want to take advantage of this chance encounter. Instead, he planned to follow Ye Fan's arrangements step by step for his revenge!

Having made his decision, Pan Jueming was about to look away when he noticed another elevator door open, and Su Jindi walked out.

"What did you mean just now?"

Since childhood, other than being upset by the Su Family's Young Master Su Feiyu, Su Jindi had never been bullied like he was moments ago. Unable to control the rage within, he stormed up to Song Ying and Ma Long who were ahead, first in shock, then filled with fury.

"You little bastard, if you don't want your arms and legs broken, get the hell away from me as far as you can!"

Seeing Su Jindi questioning him in front of his boss Zheng Xun's rival, Pan Jueming, Ma Long's face changed, and he grabbed Su Jindi by the neck with a vicious look, hissing his warning.

As soon as he finished speaking, Ma Long threw Su Jindi aside without waiting for him to struggle, discarding him like trash.

"Stop!"

Watching this scene unfold, Pan Jueming's expression abruptly changed, and he bellowed furiously.

Although he had never met Su Jindi, he had seen his dossiers and photographs. If this weren't the case, he wouldn't have volunteered to wait for Su Jindi outside.

Huh?

Startled by Pan Jueming's shout, Ma Long immediately turned his gaze toward him. As he saw Pan Jueming rushing over, his brow furrowed with concern.

Meanwhile, Su Jindi, who had intended to bear the pain and fight back against Ma Long, was momentarily taken aback by Pan Jueming's angry shout.

"What's the matter, Young Master Pan? Don't tell me you plan to draw your sword to help others when you see injustice?" Seeing Pan Jueming approaching furiously, Ma Long sneered with disdain.

"Pan Jueming, you better not meddle in other people's business!"

Hearing this, Song Ying subconsciously assumed that Ma Long's arrogant behavior had provoked Pan Jueming, and she showed a condescending smirk as she sneeringly reminded, "You're not even on the same level as us. You can't handle our affairs!"

Without responding, Pan Jueming simply treated Song Ying as if she were thin air, brushed past her, then quickly walked over to Su Jindi. He helped Su Jindi up, asking, "Mr. Su, are you okay?"

"You... who are you?" Su Jindi asked, startled. He did not recognize Pan Jueming at all.

It wasn't only Su Jindi who was dumbfounded; Song Ying and Ma Long were also slightly taken aback. They had all thought that Pan Jueming had been stimulated by what had just happened and wanted to get more than he bargained for, acting out of turn. They never considered that Pan Jueming might know Su Jindi, who exuded the air of a dandy.

"Pan Jueming, you're really getting worse with age, mingling with such brats and addressing him so respectfully as Mr. Su."

Seeing Pan Jueming's respectful demeanor in front of Su Jindi, Song Ying's contempt grew even deeper, feeling as though betraying Pan Jueming was the wisest decision she had ever made!

"My name is Pan Jueming, I've been waiting here especially for you."

Ignoring Song Ying's sarcasm, Pan Jueming answered Su Jindi respectfully and asked with concern, "Are you alright?"

"It's nothing."

Su Jindi shook his head and then glared at Ma Long with a face full of anger, "It's this pair of dogs that are going too far. I didn't provoke them, and out of nowhere, they attacked me!"

"You little runt, have you not learned your lesson?" Ma Long regained his composure from his astonishment, his eyes widening, ready to start a fight again, not taking Pan Jueming into consideration at all.

"Do you want to sever one of your hands yourself, or shall I help you?" After making sure Su Jindi was fine, Pan Jueming relaxed and turned around, his gaze sharp like a knife as he stared at Ma Long, his voice cold as ice.

"You... what did you say??"

Upon hearing those words, Ma Long stared at Pan Jueming, full of astonishment, seemingly unable to believe that the once-downfallen Pan Jueming would dare to speak to him with such ruthlessness!

"I won't repeat myself. I'm giving you five seconds."

As he spoke, Pan Jueming emanated the aura of a martial artist — after joining the Dong Hai Gang, he began to learn martial arts under Fei Si. Although he had missed the best time for martial arts training, according to Fei Si, Pan Jueming was extremely talented, and he managed to reach the Postnatal Great Success Realm in just two or three short years, cultivating a Power Seed in his Dantian.

"You..."

Hearing Pan Jueming's words again and feeling the cold aura emanating from him, Ma Long snapped out of his daze as if waking from a dream. Even though he didn't know what made Pan Jueming dare to talk to him like that, he could tell that Pan Jueming was serious.

"Pan Jueming, I advise you not to be overconfident. The Zheng Family you offended before is not one you can afford to provoke, and now they could drown you with just a gulp of saliva!"

Not only Ma Long sensed that Pan Jueming was about to make a move, but Song Ying did too, and she reminded him with a sneer. To her, Pan Jueming's current actions were pure idiocy in her eyes.

Idiotic?

Hearing Song Ying's words, Ma Long's fear decreased slightly. Just like Song Ying said, after dividing up the assets of the Pan Family, the Zheng Family squeezed into the first tier of Huaxia's business clans. Over the past two years, with the support of the Bai Family, their development accelerated like a rapidly rolling snowball.

Besides, his master Zheng Xun, because of Zheng Family's rise, had firmly clung to Bai Luo's coattails and joined the elite Hong Ding Club, which every child of the Huaxia's high-ranking officials and every spoiled young master dreamed of joining!

It was no exaggeration to say that in Ma Long's eyes, the down-and-out Pan Jueming and Zheng Xun were like a loach and a dragon, absolutely incomparable!

"Pan Jueming, dare to touch one of my fingers and see what happens!" Having thought it through, Ma Long, relying on the power of others, resumed his arrogant demeanor.

Not dare?

Pan Jueming answered with his actions!

"Slap—"

With the sneering expressions of Song Ying and Ma Long, Pan Jueming took a step forward, quickly appearing in front of Ma Long, causing the smiles on Ma Long's and Song Ying's faces to stiffen slightly.

Whoosh!

The next moment.

Before Ma Long could react, Pan Jueming's right hand swept out, grabbing Ma Long's arm and twisting forcefully!

"Crack—"

A crisp snap sounded as Pan Jueming brutally twisted Ma Long's arm.

"Ah—"

Seeing this scene, Song Ying screamed in fright, while Ma Long grunted, staring at Pan Jueming in horror, daring not to move, as beads of sweat the size of beans burst from his forehead.

"Mr. Su, if you don't feel satisfied, just say the word, until you feel avenged."

For Pan Jueming, his move was not made with the intention of taking the opportunity to teach the coachman Ma Long a lesson or to intimidate Song Ying and Zheng Xun. He only wanted to avenge Su Jindi.

Because, he knew that Su Jindi had a very close relationship with Ye Fan — Ye Fan, in order to stand up for Su Jindi, had crippled the Quick Blade Wang Dong of the Nanqinghong and nearly tore apart Nanqinghong Crown Prince Lin Ao Feng on the spot!

"Hiss~"

Hearing Pan Jueming's arrogant and icy words, Ma Long couldn't help but take a sharp breath, half because he was angry and half out of fear.

Su Jindi was also confused by this sudden turn of events. He opened his mouth to say something but heard the classic ringtone of an iPhone coming from Song Ying's purse.

Startled by the ferocity of Pan Jueming, and then suddenly hearing the phone ring, Song Ying's mind raced, and without hesitating, she opened her purse and quickly pulled out her phone.

Husband.

Upon seeing the name of the caller, Song Ying's look of fright vanished entirely, replaced by a sneer.

That cold sneer seemed to tell Pan Jueming: this isn't the end!

Indeed, it wasn't over.

Chapter 227: "Come out, fight until you submit!"

After a cold laugh, Song Ying straightened her chest with pride, like a peacock, and pressed the answer button "Husband..."

"What are you doing? Why haven't you come yet?"

Just as Song Ying had called out "husband," she was interrupted by Zheng Xun's dissatisfaction. He had invited four members of the Hong Ding Club's Dong hai branch to dine here today. When those members heard his fiancée had come to Dong hai, they all suggested meeting her. For this reason, he had specially asked Song Ying to join them, but after waiting for nearly half an hour, she still hadn't shown up, which somewhat irritated him.

"Husband, I'm already on the fourth floor of the restaurant..."

"Then why haven't you come in?"

Once again, Zheng Xun interrupted Song Ying with dissatisfaction. It seemed he felt Song Ying's lateness was making him look bad in front of the other members of the Hong Ding Club.

"I was stopped by Pan Jueming."

Far from being grateful for her past relationship with Pan Jueming, Song Ying looked at him with a cold smile, intending to shift all blame onto him.

"What... what?"

Zheng Xun's expression changed. Although he had stolen Pan Jueming's woman and caused the ruin of Pan Jueming's family, Pan Jueming was after all his fiancée's ex-boyfriend, which in a way made him a cuckold. Upon hearing that Pan Jueming had stopped Song Ying, how could he remain seated?

The next moment.

Without waiting for Song Ying's response, Zheng Xun hung up the phone, forcibly restraining the anger in his heart, and squeezed out a strained smile, "I've got a call to take."

Although the other four members of the Hong Ding Club didn't know what had happened, they could all tell that Zheng Xun was in a bad mood and expressed that it was no issue.

With that, Zheng Xun no longer lingered and turned to walk out of the private room.

In the light, it was clear to see that the moment he turned around, his expression became extremely gloomy!

Quickly, Zheng Xu stepped out of the private room and immediately saw Song Ying at the elevator entrance. Then his gaze swept toward Pan Jueming like a sharp knife, flickering with flames of anger!

Pan Jueming had originally planned to settle things after teaching Ma Long a lesson and avenging Su Jindi. He knew the matter wasn't over when he saw Song Ying on the phone with Zheng Xun, and now that Zheng Xun had shown up, he was even more certain of this.

"Brother Pan, should we call Brother Ye?"

Having once been the Demon Lord of Mayhem in Hanghu, Su Jindi wasn't a brainless second generation. He could tell that Song Ying dared to be arrogant because she had backing. Now, seeing Zheng Xun show up, and remembering Song Ying's imperious manner on the phone, he deduced that Zheng Xun had no small influence and suggested accordingly.

"Not yet."

Pan Jueming shook his head. He was very clear that an outstanding subordinate should complete the tasks arranged by superiors and report back in a timely manner, not seek help from above at the first sign of trouble—that would show incompetence.

He didn't wish for, nor would he allow himself to leave an impression of helplessness on Ye Fan!

"Husband..."

Just as Pan Jueming decided to not notify Ye Fan for the time being, Song Ying approached with a face full of grievance.

"What's going on?" Zheng Xun asked Song Ying coldly, yet his gaze remained fixed on Pan Jueming, as if he feared Pan Jueming would escape.

"That brat tried to take advantage of me while getting into the elevator, and Brother Ma stopped him. After going upstairs, he was relentless and Brother Ma taught him a lesson. Pan Jueming saw this and came out to back up that brat, breaking Brother Ma's arm," Song Ying said swiftly, not even blinking as she lied.

Upon hearing this, Zheng Xun's face darkened as he approached Pan Jueming and said coldly, "Hey, Pan Jueming, I hear you've recently joined the Ye Family's bastard and become the second-in-command in the Dong hai Gang. It seems the rumors are true."

"Zheng Xun, you better watch your mouth!"

Seeing Zheng Xun insulting Ye Fan, Pan Jueming's expression turned cold, and the aura of a martial artist burst forth from him. His gaze was sharp as he stared at Zheng Xun, as if he would splatter blood on the spot if Zheng Xun dared to say another word against Ye Fan!

"Hiss~"

As Pan Jueming's icy words reached his ears, and feeling the chilling aura coming from him, Zheng Xun's lips twitched in anger, then he said with a frosty face, "Just a bastard of the Ye Family. Do you think that by clinging to his coattails, you can strut around Dong hai unchallenged?"

"Slap—"

Without answering, Pan Jueming's face remained ice-cold as he took a step forward.

"Pan Jueming, you'd better think this through. If you dare lay a finger on me today, I won't let you get away with it!" Seeing Pan Jueming's move to start a fight, Zheng Xun's face changed, but he did not retreat, instead, he threatened with a sneer.

Hmm?

As Zheng Xun's words ended, Pan Jueming's peripheral vision suddenly caught sight of Ye Fan coming out of the nearby private room, and his expression changed!

"Hey, looks like you're not beyond salvation."

Seeing Pan Jueming's change of expression, Zheng Xun thought his words had frightened Pan Jueming, and his arrogance surged. He looked up as if he were a divine being looking down on an ant, his face full of arrogance, "Cut off one of your hands and kneel down with that kid beside you. Knock your head on the ground three times, and we'll call it even. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise, what?"

Before Zheng Xun could finish his sentence, a deep voice interrupted.

Whoosh!

The sudden voice caused both Zheng Xun and Song Ying to change their faces simultaneously, instinctively turning their heads!

Under the light.

They saw Ye Fan, dressed in a Zhongshan suit, frowning as he walked over.

Who was he?

Seeing the unfamiliar face of Ye Fan who had rushed over from Yanjing to Dong Hai the night before, Song Ying was shocked!

Reason told her that Ye Fan must be Pan Jueming's backer, yet she could hardly imagine what level of audacity Ye Fan needed to challenge Zheng Xun, who had already cozied up to the Bai Family!

What level of audacity was needed?

The changing expressions on Zheng Xun's face provided a perfect interpretation.

As soon as he saw Ye Fan's face—not very familiar but definitely not strange—Zheng Xun's pupils dilated to their fullest, and a hint of panic instantly surged between his brows!

Indeed...

It was panic!

Despite his claims that Ye Fan was the Ye Family's bastard, as a member of the Hong Ding Club, he had heard about Ye Fan's various deeds, even knew that Ye Wenhao, for the sake of Ye Fan, had violated the rules, destroyed the Dantian of Yanhuang Organization's Dong Hai person-in-charge Lv Canghai with one palm, and had even issued a threatening declaration to the Bai Family's Deputy Flag Bearer Guan Yi!

All of this was enough to prove that Ye Wenhao took Ye Fan very seriously!

In such a situation, even if Ye Fan was just Ye Wenhao's illegitimate child, he was not someone Zheng Xun could contend with—the wrath of Ye Wenhao was something the Zheng Family could not afford!

"Brother Ye!"

Seeing that Ye Fan's single sentence had frightened Zheng Xun to the point where he didn't dare to let out a single fart, Su Jindi felt ecstatic like someone who had eaten the fruit of life, and hurriedly approached Ye Fan.

"Mr. Ye."

Pan Jueming, too, bowed and paid respects to Ye Fan at the first opportunity, but there was not a hint of triumph on his face, only self-reproach. He was berating himself for not properly handling the situation and troubling Ye Fan to intervene personally. With feelings of guilt, he tried to explain, "Mr. Ye, I..."

"I already know everything."

Ye Fan shook his head, cutting Pan Jueming's words short. Although the private room at Tan's Private Kitchen had good sound insulation, as an Early Innate Martial Artist, his Spiritual Sense and hearing were far beyond ordinary people. He heard everything when Pan Jueming loudly stopped Ma Long from making a move on Su Jindi and then concealed his consciousness to listen to the rest of the events.

His delay in stepping forward was meant to test Pan Jueming. On one hand, he wanted to see Pan Jueming's loyalty, and on the other, he wanted to observe how Pan Jueming would act in the face of Song Ying and Zheng Xun.

In his view, Pan Jueming's performance was worthy of full marks!

"Ye Fan, your man just tried to take advantage of my girlfriend..."

When Ye Fan interrupted Pan Jueming's words, Zheng Xun couldn't help but speak up, subconsciously trying to explain the cause and course of events, indicating that the fault lay with Su Jindi and Pan Jueming, and attempting to seize the moral high ground.

However—

Before he could finish his sentence, he was sternly cut off by Ye Fan, "If I remember correctly, you just said: 'If Jueming dares to touch a hair on your head today, you'll make sure he can't walk away! You demanded that Jueming sever one of his hands, and then both he and Emperor Jin kneel and kowtow three times to you before you would consider calling it even, right?'"

"Uh..."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Xun's mouth gaped open, he wanted to say something, but his mind went blank—he could tell that Ye Fan was taking up for Pan Jueming!

"Since you spoke so unkindly before, I will not be polite now," Ye Fan said, his tone suddenly turning icy, "You and your woman, kneel now and apologize to Jueming until he is satisfied!"

"You..."

Despite his fear of Ye Fan, upon hearing Ye Fan's domineering words, Zheng Xun trembled with anger, while Song Ying turned pale, realizing keenly that as soon as Ye Fan appeared, Zheng Xun had gone from lord to lackey!

"I'm giving you and your woman ten seconds. If, after ten seconds, you and your woman haven't done as I said, you'll bear the consequences!" Ye Fan spoke again in a cold voice, turning their own tactics against them.

"Ye... Ye Fan, this is just too much!" Facing Ye Fan's threat, Zheng Xun trembled with rage.

"One!"

"Ye..."

"Two!"

"Ye Fan, I hope you understand, you're just Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son. It was already beyond generous of him to save you once; do you really think he will save you for a lifetime?"

Seeing that Ye Fan was set on taking Pan Jueming's side and making both himself and Song Ying kneel, Zheng Xun panicked. He was fearful of Ye Wenhao behind Ye Fan, but he also understood that if he truly

knelt and apologized to Ye Fan under threat, he would become the laughingstock of the Huaxia scions and the shame of the Hong Ding Club!

At that point, he would be kicked out of the club by Bai Luo, thus losing the massive backing of the Bai Family!

Realizing all of this, Zheng Xun decided to throw caution to the wind, glaring at Ye Fan with fury, "Ye Family's bastard, even if you kill me today, I won't kowtow to that waste Pan Jueming!"

"Jueming, do it. Hit him until he kowtows and begs for mercy!"

Ye Fan's eyes narrowed slightly.

Chapter 228: [I'll Block it for You!]

"Pan Jueming, you dare..."

Upon hearing Ye Fan's expressionless command, Zheng Xun was frightened, and in a rage, stared at Pan Jueming.

Dare not?

"Slap—"

The response to Zheng Xun was a loud slap!

Under Song Ying's stunned gaze, Pan Jueming slapped Zheng Xun's cheek with great force.

This strike, although not enhanced with Power and deliberately controlled, still twisted Zheng Xun's head to the side, split his lip, and left five bright red finger marks on his face.

Blood gushed out, and Zheng Xun could taste the saltiness in his mouth, feeling as if the left side of his face had been scorched by fire, a burning pain throbbing through it.

"Fuck..."

Zheng Xun was enraged, charging at Pan Jueming like an angry lion.

"Whoosh!"

Pan Jueming remained composed, his left hand shaped like a claw, suddenly swung out, and, as if catching something from a bag, he firmly seized Zheng Xun's neck, immobilizing him.

Moments later, Pan Jueming, without pause, forcefully lifted with his left hand and, as if carrying a small chicken, hoisted Zheng Xun into the air.

"Pan... Pan Jueming, you are dead, I..."

Zheng Xun's face turned bright red from the struggle as he fought back in fury.

"Slap—"

Pan Jueming gave no further word, and with a backhanded slap, silenced the rest of Zheng Xun's sentence before it could leave his mouth, followed promptly by another slap with the back of his hand.

"Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap..."

For a moment, the crisp sound of slaps echoed nonstop as Zheng Xun's head swung back and forth like a drum toy under Pan Jueming's beating, his face swelling like a steamed bun, blood filling his mouth.

"Uh..."

Seeing this scene, Song Ying was utterly stunned.

From the moment she unhesitatingly chose to snuggle into Zheng Xun's arms, shamelessly mocking Pan Jueming in front of Zheng Xun because of the Pan Family's downfall, she never imagined Zheng Xun getting slapped by Pan Jueming!

Never thought it!

Because.

As she saw it, from the moment the Pan Family was ruined, Pan Jueming had lost the aura of a rich young master!

In her words, from that moment, Pan Jueming and Zheng Xun were no longer from the same world; even the spit from the Zheng Family could drown Pan Jueming!

And now, Pan Jueming, the down-and-out young master she had abandoned and despised, was slapping Zheng Xun in front of her, as if a father was beating his son.

The shock this scene brought to her was indescribable!

Under the lights.

Her eyes widened, motionlessly watching the spectacle before her, as if she were a statue turned to stone.

If not for the continuous sound of slaps beside her ear, she would even doubt if all this was an illusion!

An illusion?

Not!

Because, she saw, even though Pan Jueming's hand was continuously slapping Zheng Xun's face, there was not a trace of excitement or madness on his face!

What was there was a calmness that was alien to her!

It felt like Pan Jueming was hitting someone completely unconnected to him.

"Stop!"

The next moment, just when Zheng Xun was dizzied by Pan Jueming's slapping, a loud roar suddenly erupted.

Whoosh!

This roar woke Song Ying from her shock; she instinctively turned her head towards the source of the noise, only to see four young men of extraordinary bearing walking out of a private room, furiously heading in this direction.

"You... you save Zheng Xun!"

Instinct and reason told Song Ying that these four distinguished young men must be members of the Hong Ding Club, as Zheng Xun had mentioned, so she immediately cried out for help.

"Slap—"

At the same time, Pan Jueming did not cease because of the sudden roar; he did not even spare a glance at the four men—as long as Ye Fan did not speak, he would not stop!

"I told you to stop, didn't you hear??"

The lead young man was furious, being the Vice President of the Jiangnan Hall of the Hong Ding Club and a well-known child of high-ranking officials in dong hai. Everywhere in dong hai he went, he was looked up to.

It could be said, without exaggeration, that at times his word carried even more weight than the law!

In such circumstances, Pan Jueming's disregard for his command was more than enough to incite his anger.

"Slap—"

Still ignoring them, Pan Jueming resolutely continued Ye Fan's orders, delivering another slap to Zheng Xun's already swollen cheek with a crisp sound.

"Are you fucking looking to die?"

Seeing this, another young man spoke up, even angrier than the lead young man. It felt like he was the one being hit, not Zheng Xun!

"How dare you strike a member of the Hong Ding Club, today you'll either die or be skinned alive!"

The lead young man spoke again, his memory failing to recall any peer who dared to openly beat a member of the Hong Ding Club like this!

"I don't know what dogshit the Hong Ding Club is."

Upon hearing the lead young man pulling rank by mentioning the Hong Ding Club and sensing the four men approaching, Ye Fan slowly turned around, squinting at the angry youths, "If you want to join the fun, I don't mind accommodating your wishes!"

Whoosh!

Hearing Ye Fan's arrogant words, and recognizing the familiar face they had seen in photographs, the faces of the four young men changed instantly!

The next moment.

Their advance halted in unison!

It was as if a speeding car suddenly stomped on the brakes, stopping abruptly!

"Huff~"

Two seconds later, the lead young man recovered from his surprise, glared at Ye Fan darkly, and asked coldly, "Ye Fan, what do you mean?"

"Slap—"

The response the leading young man received was still the crisp sound of a slap.

"Hiss~"

Upon hearing the sound, the leading young man saw Zheng Xun's face swollen like a pig's head and immediately glared at Pan Jueming, saying, "Your name is Pan Jueming, right? If you don't want to vanish from the face of the earth, you'd better stop now."

"Slap—"

Pan Jueming landed another slap on Zheng Xun's face, knocking Zheng Xun out cold.

"You motherfucker..."

Seeing this, the previously roaring skinny young man was furious. In his view, Pan Jueming was challenging the authority of the Hong Ding Club.

"Get out before I change my mind!"

Ye Fan narrowed his eyes as he swept his gaze toward the skinny young man. The aura of an Innate Martial Artist erupted from him like a volcanic eruption, sweeping toward the four young men like a tidal wave.

The skinny young man instantly clamped his mouth shut.

He felt a tightness in his chest, dryness in his throat, and found his body involuntarily tensing up.

It was as though a knife was placed at his throat; if he dared to utter another word, he'd be negotiating life with the King of Hell!

Not just him, the other three young men also turned pale and their legs went weak from the overwhelming aura emanating from Ye Fan.

"We... we're leaving!"

Remembering Ye Fan's various past deeds, the leading young man ultimately decided not to dance on the blade's edge any longer, choosing to leave with a face full of frustration, intending to avoid Ye Fan's sharpness for now.

As his words fell, he gave Ye Fan a deep look and turned to return to the private room.

The remaining three young men, although filled with anger, clamped their mouths tighter than a virgin's legs in the face of Ye Fan's deterrence and quickly followed the leading young man out without a word.

"You... you all..."

Originally, Song Ying thought that the four members of the Hong Ding Club together could stop all this, but seeing them scared away by a single sentence from Ye Fan, she was completely dumbfounded.

Then, unable to help herself, she once again turned her gaze to Ye Fan, filled with doubt: Does he not know what the Hong Ding Club means?

Yes!

With doubts surfacing, Song Ying had a definite answer in her heart.

On one hand, she thought of Ye Fan's earlier words, "I don't know what dog shit the Hong Ding Club is," and on the other, in her view, even if Ye Fan was Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son, he couldn't contend with the Hong Ding Club formed by Young Master Bai of the Bai Family, Bai Luo!

Realizing all this, Song Ying trembled and said, "Lord Bai won't let you off!"

"Jueming, Jin Emperor, let's go."

Ignoring Song Ying's threat, Ye Fan saw that Zheng Xun had completely passed out and spotted the leading young man pulling out his phone, guessing what was about to happen.

"Yes, Mr. Ye!"

Upon hearing this, Pan Jueming was the first to respond. Then he let go, and Zheng Xun fell to the ground like a dead dog, senseless.

Without concerning themselves with whether Zheng Xun was dead or alive, Pan Jueming, with a serene expression, and Su Jindi followed Ye Fan toward the private room.

At the same time.

The four young men went into the private room, and the leading young man dialed Bai Luo's number, speaking with a mix of frustration and anger, "Lord Bai, someone is smashing up our Hong Ding Club's venue!"

"Who?"

On the other end of the phone, Young Master Bai was somewhat surprised. Ever since he had established the Hong Ding Club, nobody had dared to provoke it.

"Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son, Ye Fan!"

"Him?" Bai Luo's pupils constricted sharply, and after pondering for a moment, he asked, "What happened?"

"Just now, Ye Fan ordered Pan Jueming, that lapdog, to wildly slap Zheng Xun at Tan's Private Restaurant, knocking Zheng Xun unconscious. We rushed over to intervene, but not only did he not make Pan Jueming stop, he almost took a swing at us!" The memory of that scene made the leading youth feel as if his pride had been trampled, leaving him extremely frustrated.

Hearing the young leader's explanation, Bai Luo fell silent.

"President, this bastard Ye Fan is clearly challenging our Hong Ding Club. If we don't respond, we will become a laughingstock!" Seeing that Bai Luo didn't speak, the leading youth subconsciously thought Bai Luo was wary of Ye Wenhao, who was backing Ye Fan, and couldn't help but speak out.

Bai Luo raised an eyebrow, and after musing for a few seconds, he said, "Stay there, I'm on my way now."

"Yes, President!" The leading youth's expression brightened upon hearing this.

"The President is coming over?" The other three youths asked in unison.

The leading youth nodded, sneering, "I want to see if Ye Fan dares to be so arrogant in the presence of Lord Bai!"

Perhaps because the leading youth had been extremely stifled, he spoke quite loudly, and his words were heard crystal clear by Ye Fan, Pan Jueming, and Su Jindi as they passed by.

Among them, Ye Fan's expression remained unchanged, not even altering the pace of his steps.

Both Su Jindi and Pan Jueming's faces changed!

As the Great Demon King of the Hanghu Snob Circle, Su Jindi had been exposed to much from a young age. Not only did he know of the Bai Family, but he had also heard of the famed Young Master Bai Luo of the Bai Family!

If even Su Jindi knew of Bai Luo, then Pan Jueming was certainly no exception.

Although in his view, Ye Fan wouldn't fear Bai Luo, he couldn't guarantee whether Ye Fan would completely turn against Bai Luo to protect him, offending the entire Hong Ding Club!

Would he?

A few seconds later, Ye Fan stopped outside the door of a private room named 'Jiangnan Hall'. He turned his head to look at Pan Jueming and said word by word, "Don't worry, even if the King of Heaven himself came today, I would shield you."

Buzz!

Startled by Ye Fan's words, Pan Jueming's ears rang, his blood instantly boiled, and his scalp tingled!

Under the lights, his Adam's apple bobbed as he wanted to say something to Ye Fan, but his mind went blank, and he couldn't utter a word for a long time.

"Let's go have dinner," Ye Fan said, patting Pan Jueming's shoulder lightly.

"Mr. Ye, since they are all your friends, I'll not intrude," Pan Jueming managed to adjust his emotions but was still somewhat choked up, his head shaking like a tambourine.

"Alright then."

After spending some time together, Ye Fan had come to understand Pan Jueming's temperament and thus didn't insist, entering the room with Su Jindi.

Seeing this, Pan Jueming stepped aside, crouched down on the ground, leaned against the wall, and tremblingly pulled out a cigarette. He lit one and took a deep draw.

One puff, two puffs, three puffs...

He smoked quickly, his right hand trembling incessantly.

Once the cigarette was spent, Pan Jueming's eyes were bloodshot as he tossed away the butt and suddenly straightened up!

Chapter 229: [The First Direct Confrontation]

"Brother Han, should we go downstairs and wait for the chairman and, by the way, prevent that bastard Ye Fan from slipping away early?" a lean young man suggested to the leader, Han Tie, inside Tan's Private Kitchen Dong hai Hall private room.

"Right, if that bastard slips away, wouldn't the chairman have made a trip for nothing?" another young man spoke up, his expression slightly puzzled, wondering why Bai Luo wasn't worried about Ye Fan leaving.

"Okay."

Han Tie was also somewhat puzzled, but his understanding of Bai Luo was the deepest. He knew well that Bai Luo never acted without certainty. Since Bai Luo wasn't worried about Ye Fan running away, there must be a reason.

Whoosh—

A few seconds later, the lean young man opened the door of the private room for Han Tie, who stepped out and immediately looked toward the elevator.

Following his gaze, one could clearly see Song Ying throwing an expensive new Hermes handbag aside, trying to wake Zheng Xun, while Ye Fan, Pan Jueming, and Su Jindi were nowhere to be seen.

This discovery made Han Tie's pupils suddenly dilate!

Where are they?

Surprised, Han Tie couldn't help but ask himself.

Without an answer, Han Tie's expression changed, and without another word, he quickly walked toward the elevator, the other three members of the Hong Ding Club following behind him.

"Where are they?"

Before reaching the elevator, Han Tie couldn't wait any longer and asked Song Ying urgently, not caring at all about Zheng Xun's life or death, but inquiring first about the whereabouts of Ye Fan and the others.

For him, no matter if Zheng Xun was dead at this point, it wouldn't matter much to him, but if Bai Luo came up empty-handed today, that's a responsibility he couldn't shake off!

"In that private room!"

Song Ying pointed hatefully toward the 'Jiangnan Hall' private room.

Swoosh!

Upon hearing this, Han Tie and his companions turned to look where Song Ying was pointing, and indeed saw Pan Jueming standing at the entrance of the private room like a steel rod.

"Hey, it seems the rumors are true. That bastard from the Ye Family is indeed bold and insolent, accustomed to nobody daring to challenge him." Seeing Pan Jueming, Han Tie's mind stirred, and he instantly understood why Bai Luo wasn't worried about Ye Fan escaping and couldn't help but sneer.

After sneering, Han Tie then said, "You three wake Zheng Xun and then help him to the private room first, I'm going downstairs to wait for the chairman."

"Okay!"

The three members of the Hong Ding Club voiced in unison, then stepped forward to help Song Ying wake Zheng Xun, while Han Tie took the elevator downstairs.

Soon, one of the Hong Ding Club members slapped Zheng Xun's swollen, blood-engorged face. In his confusion, the pain jolted Zheng Xun awake. His originally handsome face was as swollen as a bun, covered with dark purple bruises, his thin lips beaten bloody and raw, his whole face grotesquely deformed.

Under the lights, his gaze no longer had any arrogance, filled only with terror, seemingly afraid that Pan Jueming would continue slapping him!

"Young Master Bai knows about this and is on his way to stand up for you!" the lean young man reassured Zheng Xun, seeing his pitiful state.

"I... I want that Pan family bastard to suffer a fate worse than death!" Hearing his companion's words, the fear in Pan Jueming's eyes vanished, replaced by endless hatred.

"Not just that dog, but that bastard from the Ye family also needs to be dealt with!"

"Exactly, damn it, no one has ever dared to challenge our Hong Ding Club like this!"

The other two members of the Hong Ding Club, also angered, helped Zheng Xun to stand while furiously cursing.

Although including Zheng Xun, several of them wanted to tear Pan Jueming apart on the spot, when they reached the entrance of the Dong hai Hall private room, they didn't dare to confront Pan Jueming directly but just glared at him viciously.

Clearly, they all understood the principle of not suffering immediate losses—not to mention that Ye Fan, Sun Pan Jueming's backer, was right inside the Jiangnan Hall private room, and with Pan Jueming's Postnatal Great Success strength, he could knock them all out with one hand!

Facing the murderous glares from Zheng Xun and the others, Pan Jueming didn't even glance their way, treating the five like they were thin air, but thinking of the imminent direct confrontation between Ye Fan and Bai Luo, his heart couldn't calm down, filled with nervousness, excitement, and mostly anticipation!

Meanwhile, Han Tie, as the deputy chief of the Hong Ding Club's Dong hai branch, arrived downstairs and was just about to head outside the restaurant when he suddenly saw a chubby middle-aged man hurrying toward him.

"Qin... Young Master Qin!"

The chubby middle-aged man stopped two meters away from Han Tie, panting heavily while bowing and greeting Han Tie very humbly.

"What is it?" Han Tie asked from a superior position.

"Qin... Young Master Qin, I just heard from the lobby manager that there was a fight in the store, and upon asking, I learned it involved you and your friends, so I rushed over immediately."

The middle-aged man from Tan's Private Kitchen, still bowing, first made an explanation, then pretended to be angry and said, "Who is the blind bastard who dared to provoke you, Young Master Qin?"

"Lord Bai will come here to take care of some matters soon. I don't care how you do it, but I want all the guests on the fourth floor except for those in the Jiangnan Hall gone within thirty minutes," Han Tie spoke, his tone leaving no room for question.

Lord Bai?!

Upon hearing these words, the corpulent middle-aged man was stunned!

As the hidden owner of Tan's Private Restaurant, who also owned several well-known eateries, he was considered one of the tycoons of the Dong hai catering industry.

His unique position made him aware of some specifics about the extravagant circle of Dong hai and he had also heard about the mysterious Hong Ding Club.

Right now, he could guess with his toes that the "Lord Bai" Han Tie referred to was the fourth-generation successor of the Bai Family, currently serving as the Grand Steward of Dong hai Province.

Realizing all this, he looked at Han Tie with utter shock, as if asking through his expression: Who on earth are the guests in the Jiangnan Hall that they can stir Young Master Bai himself?

Without answering, Han Tie passed by the corpulent middle-aged man with an expressionless face.

Gulp!

The corpulent man swallowed hard and then waved at the puzzled lobby manager, commanding coldly, "Immediately have the waitstaff inform all the guests except for those in the Jiangnan Hall and Young Master Qin's private room that a fugitive is dining in the restaurant and the police will be here any

minute to arrest people and seal the area. They need to leave. Try to make sure the staff's attitude is sincere. Also, inform the guests that all food and drinks tonight are on the house!"

"Yes, boss!"

The lobby manager, experienced and knowledgeable, sensed that tonight's affairs were extraordinary. She dared not ask any further, took the orders immediately, and then notified the waitstaff on all the floors via intercom to execute the corpulent middle-aged man's orders.

After hesitating a moment, the corpulent man quickly stepped over to the cashier desk and said to the somewhat dazed cashier: "Pull up the video feed for the guests in the Jiangnan Hall, quick!"

"Okay... okay!"

The cashier was startled but did not dare to delay, quickly searching for the video of Ye Fan, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Pan Jueming entering the restaurant.

Is it him?

As one of the giants of the Dong hai catering industry, the corpulent man not only knew from special channels about Ye Fan replacing Situ Chen to become the godfather of the Dong hai Underground World but also had seen Ye Fan's photo through some private club's information and knew about Ye Fan's hidden identity.

At this moment, seeing that the person who had alarmed Bai Luo was Ye Fan, he was first taken aback, then he realized it made sense—in the vast Dong hai, the only person who could make Bai Luo personally come over for a brawl was the Ye Fan in the video!

After coming to terms with it, the corpulent man's brow furrowed tightly, and after a moment of pondering, he said nothing and slipped out of the restaurant's back door directly.

Although he was curious about what kind of sparks the first confrontation between the prominent Ye Family's illegitimate child and Young Master Bai would ignite, he also realized that a confrontation at

this level was not something he could participate in. Leaving early was the best option; otherwise, he wouldn't even know how he might die!

Later, while the guests at Tan's Private Restaurant were enjoying their free dinner and cheekily cursing as if they had gotten away with something, in a villa in the family quarters of the Dong hai City government.

Bai Luo leisurely changed into a casual suit, took his briefcase, and walked out of the villa's hall.

"Lord Bai, are you going out?"

Just as Lord Bai stepped out, a figure flashed out of the shadows like a ghost, appearing in front of Bai Luo, and bowed to ask.

"The illegitimate son of Ye Wenhao attacked people at the Hong Ding Club. I'm going to handle it," Bai Luo nodded in response.

"Lord Bai, it's said that Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son possesses strength comparable to the Innate Great Success level and is arrogant and prone to violence at the slightest disagreement. I suggest that you avoid direct confrontation with him," the shadow spoke again. He was a guard secretly retained by the Ye Family, responsible for Bai Luo's safety and naturally did not want to see Bai Luo risk his life confronting Ye Fan.

"I must go," Bai Luo shook his head, the Bai Family had just been severely weakened by a joint effort from the Ye Family and the Yanhuang Organization, and their morale had plummeted.

Under such circumstances, if the news that Ye Fan had Pan Jueming beat up Zheng Xun got out, and he, as the president of the Hong Ding Club, didn't even dare to fart, his prestige at the Hong Ding Club would plummet, leading to instability within the club!

He couldn't allow that to happen.

He vividly remembered a saying from the Bai Family head: "Once the people's spirit is scattered, the team is hard to lead!"

"If Lord Bai insists on going, then if there is a conflict, I will use the 'Forbidden Technique' to fend off Ye Wenhao's illegitimate son, and you should leave immediately," hearing his decision, the shadow did not dare to persuade further and solemnly reminded him instead, being an Early Innate Martial Artist, the only way he could counter Ye Fan was to activate the Forbidden Technique!

"Uncle Zhong, conflict will definitely occur, but you don't need to use the Forbidden Technique," Bai Luo smiled gently, "Often, what seems like a terrible thing is actually a blessing in disguise."

"Uh..."

Hearing Bai Luo's words and seeing his gentle smile, the middle-aged man named Zhong initially paused, then braced himself.

Although he did not know what Bai Luo planned to do, he knew that when Bai Luo wore a gentle smile, it meant trouble for someone...

Chapter 230: 【Tonight Will Be Your Nightmare!】

The night had completely fallen, and a brand new Hongqi H7 sedan with a Yanjing municipal government license plate was driving on a main road, heading toward Tan's Private Kitchen Restaurant.

In the backseat of the car, Bai Luo gently rubbed his temples, then lifted his wrist to check the time. He found that the minute and second hands had reached the point he had calculated. He opened his briefcase, took out his mobile phone, and dialed a number.

"Hello, Director Zhao, this is Bai Luo." The call connected, and Bai Luo politely said.

"Hello, Director Bai."

On the other end of the phone, Zhao Meng, who had replaced Lv Canghai as the new head of the Yanhuang Organization's Dong hai Office, responded evenly to Bai Luo, but his brow unintentionally furrowed.

Because the Bai Family had viciously blindsided the Yanhuang Organization last time, not only had the Yanhuang Organization joined forces with the Ye Family to strike back at the Bai Family, but everyone from top to bottom was unhappy with the Bai Family.

Zhao Meng was no exception!

In such circumstances, he couldn't help but ponder the purpose of Bai Luo's call—he didn't believe Bai Luo would call him for no reason!

"Director Zhao, it's like this, there's something I feel I need to report to you," Bai Luo maintained a very humble stance.

"Director Bai, you're being too polite. We're not in the same system, you should report matters to your own superiors," Zhao Meng secretly stayed on guard.

"Director Zhao, this matter is not an official business."

Bai Luo saw the opportunity was ripe and cut straight to the chase, "I just had a meal outside and heard that an assault occurred in Tan's Private Kitchen Restaurant, involving a martial artist. I thought about it and felt it was better to report it to you."

"Director Bai, are you certain?"

Zhao Meng's facial expression changed slightly, if a martial artist caused harm to society just after his arrival in Dong hai, his superiors would definitely hold him fully accountable and relegate him to an insignificant position.

"Director Zhao, do I really need to call you in the middle of the night just to make you happy?"

Seeing Zhao Meng taking the bait, Bai Luo's attitude was no longer as humble as before, he spoke indifferently, "Whether it's true or not, why don't you send someone to investigate?"

As soon as the words were spoken, Bai Luo didn't bother with further chatter and hung up the phone, a gentle smile returning to his face.

Looking at Bai Luo's smile in the rearview mirror and recalling Bai Luo's earlier plan, Wang Zhong couldn't help but mourn for Ye Fan.

In his view, Ye Fan, who only knew how to use force, didn't even qualify to compete with Bai Luo!

Twenty minutes later, Wang Zhong drove the Hongqi H7 to the entrance of Tan's Private Kitchen Restaurant.

In the parking lot, Han Tie, who was smoking in a Land Rover sedan, saw Bai Luo's car arriving and hurriedly stubbed out the cigarette butt, got out of the car, and walked briskly toward the Hongqi H7. As Bai Luo got out of the car, Han Tie quickly bowed slightly, "Chairman!"

"The Yanhuang Organization verified the call, didn't they?" Bai Luo asked.

"According to the lobby manager, someone did confirm whether there was a brawl in the restaurant earlier; it should be people from the Yanhuang Organization," Han Tie replied respectfully.

Hearing this, Bai Luo raised his wrist, checked the time again, and said with a smile, "People from the Yanhuang Organization should arrive here within fifteen minutes; we have to make sure that the wild breed from the Ye Family turns into a mad dog that bites within these fifteen minutes."

"Er..."

Hearing Bai Luo's words, Han Tie was taken aback, but he wisely chose not to ask further questions, instead following Bai Luo into the restaurant like an attendant.

Three minutes later, accompanied by Han Tie and Wang Zhong, Bai Luo took the elevator to the fourth floor of the restaurant.

"Chairman!"

At the elevator door, Zheng Xun and others, who had already been notified, saw Bai Luo coming out of the elevator and bowed to greet him. Among them, Zheng Xun looked at Bai Luo with a touch of gratitude in his eyes—he hadn't expected Bai Luo would stand up for him!

Facing everyone's salutations, Bai Luo nodded slightly, then headed straight for the 'Jiangnan Hall' private room guarded by Pan Jue Ming. Han Tie and the others followed behind him, creating a rather impressive procession.

Seeing this scene, Pan Jueming's expression changed, and a sense of panic surged within him.

Although he knew his performance had been approved by Ye Fan, and Ye Fan had explicitly expressed his support, as a former scion of the Pan Family from Yanjing, he was acutely aware of what the name Bai Luo meant to the younger circles of Yanjing and even Huaxia!

Under the light, Bai Luo seemed to have anticipated the course of events when he saw the panic emerge on Pan Jue Ming's face. The gentle smile on his face deepened, while Zheng Xun, who had been previously slapped senseless by Pan Jue Ming, felt extremely thrilled, almost unable to resist the urge to strut triumphantly in front of Pan Jue Ming!

Rustle—

Shortly afterward, before Bai Luo and his entourage could approach Jiangnan Hall, the door to the private room was pulled open, and Ye Fan emerged, followed by Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, Situ Ruoshui, and Su Jindi.

Upon leaving the private room and seeing the unmistakable panic on Pan Jueming's face, Ye Fan said nothing. He simply stepped forward, standing like a mountain in front of Pan Jue Ming, awaiting Bai Luo's approach.

For some unknown reason, as Pan Jue Ming looked at Ye Fan's lone figure, the panic within him dissipated. His emotions suddenly calmed, and Su Yuxin and the others stared at Bai Luo and his group with unfriendly eyes.

During the meal, they had already learned about the incident, and all believed that Zheng Xun and Song Ying were asking for it with their excessive bullying.

Soon, Bai Luo and his group drew closer, stopping two meters away from Ye Fan.

"Are you Pan Jue Ming?"

Under the bright lights, Bai Luo completely ignored Ye Fan's presence, tilting his head to look down upon Pan Jue Ming with a patronizing gaze. Though his tone was calm, it exerted an intangible pressure on Pan Jue Ming.

That pressure came from Bai Luo's identity and the aura he had cultivated from long-standing authority.

The pressure made Pan Jue Ming's heart race, but he didn't answer; he treated Bai Luo's question as if it were flatulence.

Hmm?

Witnessing this scene, except for Wang Zhong, who was tensed up behind Bai Luo, gathering his consciousness and constantly paying attention to Ye Fan, the rest were looking at Pan Jueming with displeasure.

It seemed that, in their eyes, Pan Jueming should have been groveling before Bai Luo, not ignoring him!

Not just them, even Bai Luo was a bit surprised by Pan Jueming's tough attitude. However, he didn't show that surprise on his face and casually said, "Pan Jueming, 29 years old, member of the Yanjing Pan Family. Three years ago, you came to Dong hai City, became a lackey under Situ Chen, and helped him manage the gambling establishment. During that time, you gained Situ Chen's appreciation and cultivated Martial Arts, becoming a Postnatal Great Success Martial Artist."

"I haven't said anything wrong, have I?"

At this point, Bai Luo smiled gently, "Just now, you struck and injured Zheng Xun. According to the rules of the Yanhuang Organization, Martial Artists are not allowed to attack ordinary people on their own initiative—your actions clearly violated the rules of the Yanhuang Organization!"

Hearing Bai Luo's calm words, Ye Fan slightly raised his eyebrows, silently pondering what Bai Luo was actually trying to sell, while Pan Jueming's face slightly changed.

"Of course, if Zheng Xun doesn't report you to the Yanhuang Organization, they won't hold you accountable."

Ye Fan's silence equally surprised Bai Luo. Beyond his surprise, he continued, "I'm giving you two choices now. The first choice is that Zheng Xu reports you to the Yanhuang Organization, and you will accept the Organization's punishment. Also, the police will investigate your involvement with the underworld, and if there are no surprises, you'll spend your life in prison!"

Upon hearing this, the muscles at the corner of Pan Jueming's eyes started twitching like mad.

"The second choice, kneel down immediately, apologize to Zheng Xun by kowtowing and we'll consider the matter settled," Bai Luo said, still smiling.

Crack!

Hearing the second choice Bai Luo offered, Pan Jueming couldn't help but clench his fists, his face filled with rage, ready to say something.

"You don't have to rush to answer me. It's best to think it through clearly."

Seeing this, Bai Luo spoke up again. While he spoke, he glanced at Ye Fan, his gaze like a divine being looking down on an ant, filled with disdain, "I know, you think he can keep you safe. I can tell you clearly

if he were a formal member of the Ye Family, there might be some possibility. Unfortunately, he isn't, he's just a bastard who will never gain the Ye Family's recognition..."

"And what are you?"

Seeing Bai Luo insult Ye Fan by calling him a bastard, before Ye Fan could get angry, Su Liuli, who was standing behind him, lost her patience. With her candid nature not tolerating any disrespect, she couldn't stand someone acting mighty in front of her. "Other than relying on the halo of your Bai Family to show off, what else can you do?"

"You little bitch, what did you say?"

Su Liuli's words were like stirring up a hornet's nest, making the members of the Hong Ding Club behind Bai Luo uncontrollably furious, as if they wished they could throw Su Liuli into the dirtiest nightclubs right away.

"Have you made up your mind?" Bai Luo said with a smile, glancing at Su Liuli and then turning his gaze towards Pan Jueming, all along not deigning to look directly at Ye Fan.

Not even a glance!

"Smack——"

Pan Jueming bit his teeth and took a step forward, his face showing defiance, "You think I'm a three-year-old child that can be scared by a few words? If you dare, just bring it on!"

"Pan Jueming, you're fucking asking for death!"

Compared to Su Liuli's words, Pan Jueming's speech made the members of the Hong Ding Club behind Bai Luo ever more infuriated. Like enraged wild beasts, they all began cursing Pan Jueming viciously.

Meanwhile, the gentleness on Bai Luo's face became somewhat stiff.

Originally, he had planned to overbear with power and verbally provoke Ye Fan, to coerce Pan Jueming into kneeling and admitting his fault in front of Ye Fan, eventually enraging Ye Fan to act against the rules of the Yanhuang Organization.

But now, with Pan Jueming's unbending defiance, and the 'simple-minded, impulsive, like a ticking time bomb' Ye Fan, he remained completely indifferent. Not to mention getting angry, he didn't even say a word.

All of this was completely beyond his expectations and threw his plans into disarray!

Hmm?

The next moment.

Just as Bai Luo was considering what to do, Ye Fan's consciousness stirred, sensing the presence of three Martial Artists in the lobby downstairs.

"I'm really curious if the Bai Family members' brains were squeezed by their assholes, to actually choose a trash like you as the successor! Don't you think such petty tricks are good for just one use?"

Sensing the intense presence of Martial Artists downstairs, Ye Fan immediately understood Bai Luo's intentions, looking at him as if he were looking at an idiot, "You've overestimated your intelligence and underestimated mine."

"Ssss~"

Despite Bai Luo's strong heart and deep scheming nurtured from a young age by his family environment, Ye Fan's words still infuriated him.

"Trust me, tonight will be your nightmare!"

Noticing the emotional disturbance in Bai Luo, Ye Fan scoffed and with a flick of his finger, instantly formed a handprint!