

Young Master 81

Chapter 81: [Exposing the Western Mirror]

Seeing Ye Fan's guilty conscience, Su Liuli felt as if someone had sent her a pillow just when she was dozing off, and she was inwardly ecstatic.

Meanwhile, up ahead, Situ Haotian saw Su Jindi rushing over and immediately said in a cold voice, "Stop him!"

"Swoosh!"

As Su Jindi called out Situ Ruoshui's name, the eight muscular men tensed up, ready for battle at any moment.

Upon hearing Situ Haotian's command, the leader of the muscular men, like a spry panther, leapt forward and shouted, "Stop right there!"

Su Jindi was startled by the sudden shout, subconsciously stopped in his tracks, and then, disregarding the menacing expression of the muscular man, stared straight at Situ Ruoshui and waved, saying, "Ruoshui Goddess, hello, my name is Su Jindi, I'm a supporter of yours!"

Huh?

The muscular man saw that Su Jindi was as excited as if he had been injected with chicken blood, and since there were clearly no hidden weapons on his body, turned to look at Situ Haotian.

"Let him come over, Brother Haotian, I've seen him at the competition venue," Situ Ruoshui said happily, seeming to find the chance encounter with a fan to be a delightful occasion.

"Ruoshui, our foster father has tasks for me to handle, we must hurry back to Dong hai," Situ Haotian said with a furrowed brow, feeling that staying in Hanghu for even an extra minute posed additional danger despite the lack of any moves from Nanqinghong so far.

"Alright."

Situ Ruoshui nodded reluctantly and then waved to Su Jindi, "I have to go now. What's your name in the game? We can exchange words later."

"In the game, I'm 'Emperor Lu'..." Su Jindi, dumbfounded after hearing Situ Ruoshui's words, felt his heart melt with joy, beaming with happiness.

However—

Before he could finish speaking, Su Liuli hurried over and, waving at Situ Ruoshui, said, "Hello Situ Ruoshui, I'm also a new student at Dong hai University's School of Economics and Management, my name is Su Liuli."

Huh?

Upon hearing Su Liuli's words, Situ Ruoshui started, then suddenly recalled something, saying, "I've seen your photo and introduction on the school's website, you're the top scholar of our new students!"

As her words ended, Situ Ruoshui turned to Situ Haotian and said, "Brother Haotian, she's my classmate, I'll go over and get acquainted."

"Miss Ruoshui, you can't go over there!"

This time, before Situ Haotian could speak, Xiao Jiu reached out to stop Situ Ruoshui and stared intently at Ye Fan, as if trying to see through him.

Noticing Xiao Jiu's unusual behavior, Situ Haotian quickly asked, "Xiao Jiu, what's wrong?"

"That man has slightly longer arms than the average person, with smooth knuckles and skin, he's a martial artist, and he's not weak!" Xiao Jiu said gravely.

Hearing this, Situ Haotian's expression changed drastically, about to put his men on alert, when he suddenly saw Su Yuxin approaching from below the steps.

Clearly... as the Crown Prince of the Dong hai Gang, he knew who Su Yuxin was!

"He's from the Hanghu Su Family."

Seeing Su Yuxin, Situ Haotian's concerns eased. After thinking it over, he turned to Situ Ruoshui and said, "Ruoshui, go greet them. After that, we'll leave."

"Understood, Brother Haotian."

Situ Ruoshui nodded and walked over to Su Jindi and Su Liuli.

"Sister Liuli, you have to introduce me grandly in front of Situ Ruoshui!" Watching Situ Ruoshui approach, Su Jindi's heart almost leaped out of his throat, as he gripped Su Liuli's arm and pleaded with a fawning expression.

"Introduce your sister, wait until I've taken care of business first!" Contrary to Su Jindi, Su Liuli was even more excited.

Important matters?

Su Jindi was puzzled.

"Hello Situ Ruoshui, I didn't expect to run into you here."

As Su Jindi wore a confounded expression, Su Liuli took the initiative to greet Situ Ruoshui, her gaze uncontrollably pausing on Situ Ruoshui's 36D peaks, with a hint of envy, jealousy, and resentment flickering in her eyes.

"I feel the same. I'm glad to get to know you before school starts."

Situ Ruoshui cheerfully responded, "Since we're so fated, let's be roommates when school starts. I'm also in business administration."

"Sure."

Su Liuli agreed promptly, then flashed a cunning smile, pointing at Ye Fan, and asked, "Do you know him?"

Situ Ruoshui followed Su Liuli's gesture and shook her head somewhat cluelessly.

Realizing that Su Liuli was determined to expose his own 'smoke and mirrors,' and feeling somewhat embarrassed, Ye Fan could only face it.

"He says he knows you, and he also said that you invited him to join your Barbie Team!" As Ye Fan rarely showed a hint of embarrassment, Su Liuli felt on top of the world and almost burst out laughing.

When Situ Ruoshui heard this, she first looked taken aback, then suddenly something clicked, and she exclaimed joyfully, "You... you're Young Master Gui, right?"

Whoosh!

As Situ Ruoshui joyfully called out Ye Fan's gaming ID, everyone, as if drawn by a magnet, simultaneously turned their eyes to Ye Fan, filled with curiosity.

That's right...

It was curiosity!

While Situ Haotian and the others could tell Ye Fan was a martial artist and possibly served as a bodyguard for the Su Family, they couldn't believe that a martial artist, a bodyguard, would play games, and even have interactions with Situ Ruoshui!

Compared to them, Su Liuli, Su Jindi, and Su Yuxin felt even more shocked!

Remember, just three days ago, when Ye Fan mentioned that Situ Ruoshui had invited him to join the Barbie Team, even Su Yuxin, who had immense trust in Ye Fan, thought he was joking.

Chapter 82: [Exposing the Trick of the Western Mirror]_2

Indeed, it was precisely because of this that Su Liuli deliberately mentioned the bluff Ye Fan had boasted at the time, wanting to see Ye Fan's deception exposed.

Now, Situ Ruoshui full of surprise mentions Ye Fan's gaming ID, what does this mean?

It means Ye Fan wasn't bluffing, but it was all true!

"Your gaming ID is Ruoshui?" Ye Fan was also confused; he had always thought that the player named Ruoshui was a fan of Situ Ruoshui.

"Brother Ye, I am thoroughly kneeling to you!"

Su Jindi felt like going insane, at this point, he could confirm that Ye Fan hadn't lied, and... he could tell that Ye Fan didn't know that Situ Ruoshui's gaming ID was 'Ruoshui'.

"Er..."

At the same time, Su Liuli's sexy little mouth opened into an O shape, her face full of disbelief as she looked at Ye Fan, as if asking: Is this even possible??

Su Yuxin was also sighing endlessly.

In her view, Ye Fan went to Lv Hu Group Jiangnan Company in sheep's clothing but ended up helping the Lv Hu Group secure the Binhe New District's first phase project, not to mention helping the Su Family bring down the He Family.

And now, by just casually playing a game, he managed to get Situ Ruoshui, known as the Goddess of League of Legends and Goddess of Otaku, to personally invite him to join her team.

What's more important is that Ye Fan himself thought it was fake...

She felt like the world was falling apart!

"You still don't know by now?"

Situ Ruoshui couldn't help but exclaim, in her view, it was one thing for Ye Fan not to know her gaming ID that day, but several days had passed without him checking, and more miraculously, Su Jindi by Ye Fan's side was her supporter.

"Sorry, I really didn't know." Ye Fan could only bitterly smile; this misunderstanding was just too absurd.

Hearing Ye Fan say this, Su Jindi wanted to buy a block of tofu and smash his head in—those League of Legends players would dream of meeting Situ Ruoshui, yet Ye Fan directly rejected Situ Ruoshui's invitation... the gap was too enormous!

Playing hard to get!

This guy must be playing hard to get!

At this moment, Su Liuli also snapped out of her shock and suddenly thought of something. She hurriedly said to Situ Ruoshui, "Ruoshui, let me tell you, this guy is no good, and he's good at lying. I reckon he knew it was you all along; otherwise, he wouldn't have talked about you inviting him to the team with us. What he's doing is to pique your curiosity, to make you walk right into his trap!"

"__"

Seeing Su Liuli stirring things up again, Ye Fan felt a wave of helplessness. He wondered if he had crossed her in a past life; otherwise, why would Su Liuli target him at every turn since they met?

"No way, right?"

Situ Ruoshui looked at Ye Fan and blinked her beautiful large eyes, hesitating slightly before taking the initiative to walk towards him.

Hmm?

She... she couldn't have been deceived by Ye Fan's facade, right?

Seeing this, Su Liuli was frantic and at a loss for what to do.

And Ye Fan was also puzzled, not knowing what Situ Ruoshui was up to.

"Hello, Young Master Gui, whether you're making excuses to refuse my invitation, or you truly didn't know about me, I won't be angry," Situ Ruoshui walked up to Ye Fan with a sincere face and said, "Because as I mentioned to you that day, I think you really have potential and will definitely become a super expert in the future. I sincerely hope you can join our Barbie Team and come with us to the global e-sports competition!"

"Er..."

Su Liuli, Su Jindi, and Su Yuxin all froze once again, clearly... they had never dreamed that Situ Ruoshui would issue an invitation again after being rejected by Ye Fan.

Not just them, even Ye Fan himself was somewhat astonished!

"Thank you for not holding a grudge, and thank you for your invitation,"

To his surprise, Ye Fan was also touched by Situ Ruoshui's magnanimity and sincerity, but... he still shook his head and refused, "I'm really sorry, I still can't join the Barbie Team."

"Brother Ye, you..."

Watching Ye Fan reject Situ Ruoshui's invitation again made Su Jindi feel an urge to jump off a mountain. This was damn demoralizing.

Could it be that he wasn't playing hard to get?

Su Liuli was also somewhat taken aback. In her view, Ye Fan's tactic of playing hard to get had already succeeded, so there was no need to refuse again. After all, another refusal would embarrass Situ Ruoshui, and might change her good impression of Ye Fan.

The only one who wasn't surprised was Su Yuxin. Although she couldn't claim to know Ye Fan well, she could tell that with Ye Fan's skills, he naturally wouldn't become a professional gamer.

"It's okay, everyone has their own choice, just like I didn't choose the path of being a professional gamer either."

Situ Ruoshui hadn't expected Ye Fan to refuse again, leading her to be stunned for several seconds, but... after coming to her senses, she didn't get angry, instead she spoke with an adorable smile, "I'm glad to have met you, and now we're friends. Let's communicate more in the game."

As soon as she finished speaking, Situ Ruoshui reached out her soft little hand.

"Alright."

Situ Ruoshui's innocence and generosity touched Ye Fan, who reached out and shook her hand, being very careful about the contact and not taking the opportunity to flirt.

This took Su Liuli by surprise again, causing her to look at Ye Fan with confusion: Could it be that he really wasn't a hooligan as Yu Xin said?

No!

This guy must not dare to flirt because there are so many people around!

Su Liuli quickly reaffirmed her long-held opinion.

"Lady Su, I heard that your health has recovered, congratulations."

As soon as Ye Fan and Situ Ruoshui finished shaking hands, Situ Haotian suddenly came over, smiling and greeting Su Yuxin, but his gaze lingered on Ye Fan.

"Thank you."

Su Yuxin didn't know Situ Haotian well, they had barely met once, but seeing him take the initiative to greet her, she replied out of politeness.

"You're too kind, Lady Su."

Situ Haotian smiled, then turned his gaze to Ye Fan and asked, "I assume this gentleman must be Dr. Ye, whose reputation has greatly risen recently?"

"Mr. Situ, hello," Ye Fan responded with a smile.

Hmm?

Situ Haotian was taken aback, his pupils slightly narrowed: "Mr. Ye knows me?"

"If Mr. Situ knows of me, why can't I know of Mr. Situ?" Ye Fan replied with a smile.

For some reason, the simple smile on Ye Fan's face made Situ Haotian feel uncomfortable. He forced a smile and said, "Hehe, Mr. Ye has quite a sense of humor. Since Mr. Ye knows of me, then you must surely know of Liu Tianjun. It was from him that I heard about you."

"Mr. Situ, although I don't know why you have come here, as far as I am aware, you have been under Qiao Bazhi's pressure in Hanghu for the past two years. Coming to Hanghu so rashly is quite a dangerous move," Ye Fan pointed out subtly, partly as a courtesy to Liu Tianjun but more importantly because he had a very good impression of Situ Ruoshui and didn't want to see the innocent and adorable Situ Ruoshui become a casualty of gang rivalry.

"Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Ye," Situ Haotian replied calmly, but inside, it was as if his mind, like a lake into which a stone had been thrown, could no longer remain tranquil.

Inscrutable.

That was the impression Ye Fan gave him!

Chapter 83: [Hijacking, Chase!]

"Damn, Brother Ye, you're too awesome, huh?"

After bidding farewell to Situ Ruoshui and her group, Su Jindi looked at Ye Fan with admiration. "Situ Ruoshui invited you to join the Barbie Team twice, and you refused both times. Are you trying to slap us 'water threads' in the face?"

"It's just that Situ Ruoshui is too naive and easy to deceive." Su Liuli huffed, seeming somewhat resentful of Ye Fan's moment of triumph.

"Jin Emperor, with all the skills Divine Doctor has, how could he possibly spend all his energy and time on gaming?"

Su Yuxin glared at Su Jindi disapprovingly, then looked at Su Liuli somewhat powerlessly and said, "Liuli, just what grudge do you have against Divine Doctor? Can't you go a day without dissing him and feel okay?"

"Sister, you..."

Perhaps not expecting Su Yuxin to side with Ye Fan, Su Liuli looked upset, tried to retort, but couldn't find a reason, showing a lack of confidence.

Ye Fan, apparently used to Su Liuli's harmless nitpicking, passed by her as if nothing had happened.

"This is killing me!"

For some reason, seeing Ye Fan's calm and composed demeanor, Su Liuli felt a crushing sense of defeat, as if she'd tried to steal a chicken only to lose the rice, and stomped her foot in frustration.

Meanwhile, Su Jindi followed Ye Fan around like a shadow, shifting the conversation from martial arts to flirting techniques, with only one central theme: "Brother Ye, how did you pique goddess Situ Ruoshui's curiosity?"

Situ Ruoshui, unaware of her impact, descended the mountain under the protection of Situ Haotian and others, humming the official theme song of League of Legends, cheerful as a joyful sprite.

"Xiao Jiu, I always feel that guy named Ye Fan is unfathomably mysterious," Situ Haotian said, walking at the back of the crowd with Xiao Jiu, chatting as they went.

Xiao Jiu nodded: "Hmm, his strength is probably not weaker than mine, maybe even stronger!"

"I'm not talking about Kung Fu." Situ Haotian mused thoughtfully.

Xiao Jiu, puzzled, asked, "Young Master Haotian, what do you mean?"

"I can't quite explain it, it's just a strange feeling, like he's a hungry wolf in human skin, seemingly harmless on the surface, but actually a very dangerous person."

"Young Master Haotian, are you saying this because... he not only knows your identity but also warned us that Hanghu could be very dangerous?" Xiao Jiu asked, not fully understanding.

Situ Haotian nodded. "Yes. Think about it, even if he is the Su Family's bodyguard, it doesn't make sense for him to know so much about us and the Nanqinghong, right?"

"That's true,"

Having heard this from Situ Haotian, Xiao Jiu also felt that Ye Fan was somewhat eerie, but after a moment of silence, he added, "Young Master Haotian, although he is dangerous, he isn't our enemy, so there's no need to worry too much about him."

No answer came forth as Situ Haotian couldn't help but glance at Situ Ruoshui, a trace of inexplicable worry flickering in his eyes.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Moments later.

Before Situ Haotian could look away, the sounds of slicing air followed one after another, and three shadowy figures sprung out from the woods on both sides of the road, blocking the path ahead like a massive mountain.

Swish!

The sudden change caused the complexions of the eight men ahead to drastically change!

On one hand, the appearance of the three men was too sudden, so sudden that they were completely unprepared; more importantly, as elite members of the Dong Hai Gang, they recognized the three men ahead!

One-eyed Wu Ren, Iron Fist Zhang Zhu, and Hongwu Sect's Qu Feng!

These three not only had a loud reputation in the underworld, but they were also recognized figures in Jianghu!

After a brief moment of shock, the eight men instinctively reached for their guns, but the trio like Qu Feng, having anticipated their move, didn't give them the chance to draw!

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The sound tore through the air again as Qu Feng and the others sprang up, reaching the eight men in a blink of an eye.

"Slap—"

The first to arrive, Qu Feng, using the momentum of his run, swung his hand in a palm strike, hitting the leader's forehead squarely. Inner strength burst forth, directly shattering the man's skull, with blood and brain matter flowing from the orifices.

"Pfft—"

The young, one-eyed Wu Ren went second, his hand flashed, and the dagger turned into a streak of white light, like cutting tofu, it sliced across the neck of a man, with hot blood spurting out like a fountain.

"Bang—"

Iron Fist Zhang Zhu did not want to be outdone, his right fist smashed out like a cannonball, right into the chest of another man, shattering his internal organs.

In the blink of an eye, three men were dead!

"Young Master Haotian, run!"

Seeing this scene, Xiao Jiu shouted loudly, his body moving swiftly to reach Situ Ruoshui, trying to take her and flee.

Ahead, Situ Ruoshui seemed to be shocked by the sudden appearance, standing rigidly in place, her eyes blankly staring at the corpses beside her, motionless.

Not just her, but the other five men were also stunned by the formidable strength of Qu Feng's trio, which affected their speed, and by the time they reached for their guns, One-eyed Wu Ren and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu had already swooped in like hungry wolves into a flock of sheep, executing another massacre.

"Overestimating yourselves!"

Meanwhile, sensing Xiao Jiu's intentions, Qu Feng scoffed dismissively, bouncing off the ground to meet Xiao Jiu with a palm strike.

"Bang—"

Just in the nick of time, Situ Haotian pulled his gun and fired, the bullet whistling toward Qu Feng.

However—

To Situ Haotian's disbelief, Qu Feng, seemingly having anticipated the gunshot, twisted his body like a spirit snake while running, easily dodging the bullet.

"Ah——"

The sudden sound of a gunshot woke Situ Ruoshui from her terror, and she screamed in fear, collapsing weakly to the ground.

"Xiao Jiu, come with me!"

Seeing this, instead of going to rescue Situ Ruoshui, Situ Haotian shouted at Xiao Jiu who tried to rescue her.

Because... he knew that if Xiao Jiu insisted on rescuing Situ Ruoshui, there was only a dead end!

And if Xiao Jiu fled with him, Master Qu and the others might not chase them, and even if they did, having Xiao Jiu as a cannon fodder would give him a chance to escape!

Upon hearing Situ Haotian's roar, Xiao Jiu paused, hesitated for a moment, and then turned to chase after Situ Haotian.

Meanwhile, One-eyed Wu Ren and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu had finished the battle, and all eight men from the Great Han lay in a pool of blood, the bluestone ground dyed crimson with blood; the pungent smell of blood drifted with the wind, reaching Situ Ruoshui's nostrils.

Already terrified by the bloody scene before her eyes, Situ Ruoshui felt her stomach convulse when she suddenly smelled the pungent odor and began to vomit.

"Master Qu, let me kill them both!"

Zhang Tiezhu, apparently still not having had enough, watched as Situ Haotian and Xiao Jiu fled and was displeased, attempting to pursue them.

"No need to chase."

Before Master Qu could speak, One-eyed Wu Ren said, "Although Situ Haotian is Situ Chen's adoptive son, he's not as important to Situ Chen as this girl. Having him is just icing on the cake, and it's not worth the risk."

"Take this girl and leave immediately!"

Master Qu agreed with One-eyed Wu Ren's words—compared to kidnapping Situ Ruoshui, he was more eager to avenge his disciple Wu He; why would he waste time and effort pursuing someone like Situ Haotian who couldn't even catch his eye?

"Okay!"

Upon hearing this, Wu Ren strode towards Situ Ruoshui.

"No... no... please don't come any closer, I beg you... don't kill me... don't kill me!"

Seeing Wu Ren approaching with a bloody dagger in hand, Situ Ruoshui trembled even more violently, repeatedly begging for mercy, seemingly on the verge of collapse.

"Little girl, don't be afraid, I won't kill you, hehe..." One-eyed Wu Ren licked the blood off the dagger and gave a sinister smile.

"Ah—"

Seeing the blood-thirsty appearance of One-eyed Wu Ren, Situ Ruoshui screamed in horror, her eyes shut tightly, and she fainted on the spot.

Seeing this, One-eyed Wu Ren stepped forward, picked up Situ Ruoshui from the ground like she was a small chicken, and followed Master Qu and Zhang Zhu as they dashed into the woods.

Their actions were quick and decisive: striking, killing, and kidnapping.

However... the entire process went undiscovered!

At a pavilion below Lingyin Temple, including Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, and Su Jindi, several tourists stood by the railing, staring in horror at the bloody scene below.

They all had come to the railing after hearing the gunshot, wanting to see what was happening, only to witness eight men from the Dong Hai Gang lying in a pool of blood, Situ Ruoshui being frightened and then taken away.

Upon seeing this, the other tourists screamed and ran upwards, while Su Jindi was awakened by the tourists' screams. He swallowed and stammered, "It's... it's Situ Ruoshui!"

"It's... her, she's been kidnapped!"

Having seen such a bloody scene for the first time, Su Liuli was also scared, her face slightly pale; she dumbly nodded her head.

At the same time, Su Jindi thought of something, as if grasping at the last straw, and said, "Brother Ye is a martial arts expert, he should be able to save Situ Ruoshui!"

As the sound of his voice fell, Su Jindi turned to look for Ye Fan, only to find Ye Fan nowhere to be seen, unable to help asking, "Ye... Brother Ye, where is he?"

"If things are as usual, he went to save Situ Ruoshui."

Su Yuxin made the judgment. Although she did not see when Ye Fan left, she saw that he was the first to rush to the pavilion railing and was probably the first to notice the situation below; now with his disappearance, there was only one explanation that made sense.

"Is he really a martial arts expert?"

Hearing Su Yuxin say this, Su Liuli was full of surprise.

Although Su Jindi had always boasted about how great Ye Fan's martial arts skills were, Su Liuli had never seen it for herself and had always been skeptical.

"The Divine Doctor practices martial arts daily, so he should be counted as an expert," Su Yuxin nodded her head, knowing that Ye Fan practiced martial arts every morning.

"Those three men just now looked like characters from a martial arts movie. Ye Fan won't be in any danger, will he?" Although hearing Su Yuxin say that Ye Fan was a martial arts expert, Su Liuli still felt a wave of inexplicable nervousness, her tone filled with concern.

She didn't know why she was worried about Ye Fan, just as she didn't know why she always 'disliked' him, yet deep down, she didn't really dislike him.

"If he did so, he must have been confident," Su Yuxin's tone was slightly complex, filled with emotion and concern.

Emotion, because Ye Fan and Situ Ruoshui had only met once, yet he was risking his life to save her; concern, because she worried that Ye Fan might encounter danger during the rescue!

Ye Fan had gone after Master Qu and the others.

On one hand, as Su Yuxin had judged, to save Situ Ruoshui—Situ Ruoshui had not only refrained from getting angry after being rejected twice to join the team, but had also wanted to befriend him, leaving him with a very good impression of her and feeling somewhat guilty.

In such a situation, he naturally couldn't let someone kidnap Situ Ruoshui right under his nose!

Moreover, he saw someone else's figure in Master Qu.

Wu He!

Chapter 84: [Straight to the Heart]

For the average martial artist, they diligently study one type of martial arts throughout their career, aiming to perfect their skills rather than practicing a variety of martial arts like Ye Fan did.

This is what they call "Master one, conquer all".

Wu He had originally come from the world of underground fighting, relying solely on speed and strength. Later, under the tutelage of Qu Feng, he completely abandoned his old fighting style and practiced the "Hong Fist" from the Hongwu Sect.

That day, the punch Wu He delivered was the famed "Gongzi Fuhu Fist" from the "Hong Fist".

Just now, while Qu Feng was killing that henchman from the Dong Hai Gang using a simple palm strike, he used the movement technique from "Hong Fist", especially the "Snake Form" to dodge the bullets, which is notoriously known in the "Hong Fist".

Although Ye Fan was not familiar with the "Hong Fist" and had never faced a master of Hong Fist, he recognized that the movement techniques of Qu Feng and Wu He were the same and deduced that they were from the same sect.

While Su Yuxin and the others were talking, Ye Fan had already entered the woods below.

Under the sunlight, Ye Fan felt as though he had returned to familiar territory, moving through the woods like a nimble monkey, closely following Qu Feng, One-eyed Wu Ren, and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu ahead of him.

"Could they be from the Nanqinhong?"

Watching the agile figures of Qu Feng and his companions ahead, Ye Fan guessed quietly in his heart.

There was no answer.

In his view, the conflict between the Dong Hai Gang and the Nanqinhong had reached a point of irreconcilability. With Situ Ruoshui kidnapped, the Nanqinhong were the prime suspects.

However—

That said, as the underground king of the Yangtze River Delta, Situ Chen had offended many during his rise to power, so it was also possible that other enemies were seeking revenge.

Unable to confirm the origins of Qu Feng and his companions, and seeing that Situ Ruoshui was not in immediate danger, Ye Fan decided not to act rashly but to follow them to find out more.

He wanted to see who was behind the kidnapping of Situ Ruoshui and clarify the origins of Wu He and Qu Feng—he did not want to be manipulated and kept in the dark like a fool.

"Whoo... Whoo..."

Soon, the sound of police sirens rang out on the road leading to the Flying Peak Scenic Spot, with three police cars rushing towards there.

Seeing all this, Qu Feng and his companions showed no sign of tension; they continued their descent from the mountain at the same pace, unhurriedly heading towards the private club that Qiao Bazhi had just secretly acquired a few days ago.

Clearly... they were not afraid of the police at all!

Indeed, regular police posed no threat to them—with their abilities, only members of the Yanhuang Organization or perhaps the commandos from an elite tactical unit could stand a chance to hurt them!

...

Given that the kidnapping of Situ Ruoshui was a critical matter, even though the ruler of the Nanqinghong sent powerful aids like Qu Feng, One-eyed Wu Ren, and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu, Qiao Bazhi still dare not be careless. Instead, he had all his elite underlings stationed at the private club.

In the club's lobby, Qiao Bazhi and Liu Qin sat on the sofa, with Qiao Bazhi smoking a cigar, while Liu Qin, feeling a bit thirsty after just arriving, sipped on a glass of strawberry juice.

"Master Eight, why haven't they returned yet? Nothing has gone wrong, has it?" Liu Qin asked softly after finishing her strawberry juice and handing the glass to a subordinate next to her.

She had been busy managing the affairs of various nightclubs for the past three days and hadn't had a chance to meet Qu Feng and the others.

Blowing out a thick cloud of smoke, Qiao Bazhi confidently said, "One-eyed Wu Ren and Iron Fist Zhang Zhu are men from Mr. Lin's side, reputed to have the strength at the Peak of the Postnatal Realm, and Qu Feng has already reached the Great Perfection. With their strength, not to mention the fools around Situ Haotian, even if Fei Si, the personal bodyguard of Situ Chen, came in person, it would be to no avail!"

"Be respectful when you see them, especially towards Qu Feng," he added. "He's quite upset with me over the issue with Wu He, and I don't want to bear his wrath."

"Don't worry, Master Eight, I understand," Liu Qin replied with a seductive smile. "Let that fool surnamed Ye bear his rage."

"Now that the blame has been put on that little bastard, whether he likes it or not, he's marked," Qiao Bazhi sneered. "It's his own fault for being so careless, for crossing me and for spoiling my plans!"

"Master Eight, Master Qu and the others have returned!"

As Liu Qin was about to say something in response to Qiao Bazhi's remark, a henchman stepped forward and reported deferentially.

"They've returned. Come with me to welcome them," said Qiao Bazhi, quickly snuffing out his cigar and leading Liu Qin out of the lobby.

"Master Qu, Master Wu, Master Zhang!"

At the entrance of the private club, four guards, seeing the arrival of Qu Feng and his companions, promptly bowed and greeted them.

Ignoring the guards, Qu Feng and his companions treated them as if they were air and strode into the club, walking along the pebbled path flanked by bamboo, towards the main building of the club.

About half a minute later, Qu Feng and his companions reached the main building's entrance, where they met Qiao Bazhi and Liu Qin.

"Master Qu, Master Wu, Master Zhang, welcome back from your successful mission!" Seeing the extended travel bag in Wu Ren's hand, Qiao Bazhi greeted them with a beaming smile.

One-eyed Wu Ren spoke disdainfully, "It was just a matter of tying up a powerless girl, hardly a triumphant return."

"Did you guys finish off that brat Situ Haotian and his minions?" Qiao Bazhi asked, barely containing his excitement.

"That brat and his bodyguard Xiao Jiu escaped..." Zhang Zhu said, his face full of frustration, as if he was upset about an unsatisfactory brief encounter with a woman.

But—

Before he could finish his sentence, Qu Feng gave him a stern look, frightening him into swallowing the rest of his words.

"Master Qu, Master Wu, Master Zhang, hello!" Liu Qin followed behind Qiao Bazhi, without a chance to speak. Seeing the four men stop chatting, she quickly jumped into the conversation.

"Qiao Bazhi, this lady isn't bad, huh?" Wu Ren chuckled.

Qiao Bazhi was startled and hesitated, "Master Wu, I heard that Situ Chen's daughter is a beauty and also a spokesperson for a video game..."

"She's just a worn shoe, look how nervous you are."

One-eyed Wu Ren, detecting the implication in Qiao Bazhi's words, interrupted him unhappily and snorted coldly, "I would actually like to enjoy this beauty, but... she has already been reserved by Young Master Lin."

"Once Young Master Lin has had his fun, we'll still have a chance."

The towering Zhang Zhu chuckled, his smile giving Liu Qin a chill—given Zhang Zhu's size, doing that would be a nightmare for any woman!

"Enough talk, let's go in and report this to Mr. Lin first."

Qu Feng said expressionlessly, "Then wait here for me to take the life of the little bastard who killed my disciple, and then we can leave this place to avoid prolonged trouble."

As soon as Qu Feng finished speaking, he didn't wait for Qiao Bazhi and his three companions to respond; he walked into the main building first.

Seeing this, Qiao Bazhi and the others, not daring to delay, quickly followed.

"No... don't kill me!"

When Qu Feng led the four into the hall, Situ Ruoshui slowly opened her eyes inside the elongated travel bag and screamed in terror.

It seemed her mind was still stuck at that moment in the Flying Peak Scenic Spot.

After screaming, Situ Ruoshui began to struggle frantically, but since the mouth of the elongated travel bag was sealed, all her struggling was in vain.

"Open the travel bag, seal her mouth, and lock her in a room first," Qu Feng frowned.

"Okay."

One-eyed Wu Ren, not daring to slack, immediately placed the elongated travel bag on the sofa and untied the ropes.

"Ah—"

As the elongated travel bag was opened, Situ Ruoshui trembled all over as she crawled out. Seeing One-eyed Wu Ren so close, she screamed again and completely curled up, pleading in a trembling voice, "Please... please, don't... don't kill me!"

"You're so pretty, how could I bear to kill you?"

One-eyed Wu Ren greedily eyed Situ Ruoshui's 36D "big white rabbits," licked his lips, and said, "If anyone's going to kill you, it should be after you've enjoyed being a woman."

As he spoke, One-eyed Wu Ren lecherously stared at Situ Ruoshui's snowy white legs, almost itching to rip off her long dress and have a peek underneath.

Not just One-eyed Wu Ren, but also Zhang Zhu and Qiao Bazhi, upon seeing the youthful Situ Ruoshui, could not help but feel a strong desire to possess her.

Their naked desires evident in their eyes, Situ Ruoshui realized something and, terrified, kept moving backwards until she curled up in a corner of the sofa, shaking as she said, "If... if you kill me, my father won't let you get away with this!"

"Heh, competing over whose dad is more powerful, huh?"

Upon hearing this, One-eyed Wu Ren cracked a smile, showing his ghastly white teeth, and in a hoarse voice said, "Little girl, if you knew we kidnapped you just to threaten your father, would you still say that?"

"Uh..."

As One-eyed Wu Ren's alarming words echoed in her ears, Situ Ruoshui attempted to say something else, but her mind went blank with fear, and not a word came out; only the sound of her teeth clattering could be heard.

Under the light.

Her tender face turned deathly pale, completely soaked with tears, her expression one of terror and helplessness.

"Beep beep..."

Just then, the walkie-talkie of a man behind Qiao Bazhi lit up, and a panicked and fearful voice faintly transmitted from it, "Brother Hu... quickly tell Master Eight, someone has broken in! Four of our brothers at the door have been killed, they didn't even have a chance to fight back, all killed with a single strike..."

"What's going on?"

Seeing his subordinate's face turn pale, Qiao Bazhi frowned and asked.

"Ei... Eight Master, someone killed our four brothers and broke into the club!" The big man swallowed, his face full of panic.

Hmm?

In an instant, the hall went silent, only the sound of Situ Ruoshui's crying could be heard.

Chapter 85: [Kill One Person in Ten Steps]

"What's the panic about?"

After a brief moment of astonishment, Qiao Bazhi seemed to think his men appeared too flustered in front of Qu Feng and his group, which was embarrassing for him, so he scolded them with a cold face.

"Could it be that the Dong Hai Gang has followed us here?" One-eyed Wu Ren speculated thoughtfully, "Impossible. If Situ Haotian had the guts, he wouldn't have run away earlier."

"Maybe it's someone from the Dong Hai Gang's Hanghu branch." Iron Fist Zhang Zhu was full of excitement, "I wasn't satisfied earlier, let me go out and have some more fun."

"Master Zhang, let my men handle it."

Qiao Bazhi agreed with Zhang Zhu's guess but rejected his proposal — although Zhang Zhu's intervention could solve the problem, if Lin Tianyi heard about it, Qiao Bazhi would lose face terribly.

Besides, among the members of the Dong Hai Gang who came to Hanghu, aside from Xiao Jiu, who had superior strength, Qiao Bazhi didn't take anyone else seriously.

"Brother Hu... Brother Hu, that guy is almost at the main building..."

Just as Qiao Bazhi was refusing Zhang Zhu, the voice of a Great Han in the surveillance room came again through the radio, his gaze glued to the screen showing Ye Fan, shivering all over.

Because he hadn't been able to see Ye Fan's movements clearly just now. By the time he regained his senses, he only saw his four colleagues laid out on the ground, motionless!

"Did you say there's only one person?"

Qiao Bazhi was right next to Brother Hu, clearly heard the voice coming through the radio, and, infuriated, snatched the radio and shouted loudly.

"Yes, Master Eight, just one man, but he's very strong, and he just took down four of our brothers..."

"Everyone outside, listen up, cut that bastard's head off!"

Qiao Bazhi's face turned green with anger, furiously cut off the Great Han's words, then regained a bit of his composure, knowing it was daytime and they were at West Lake, and guns couldn't be used, he added, "Try not to use guns!"

"Yes!"

An immediate response came through the radio, at the main building entrance, eight Great Hans converged from all directions, each drawing a steel knife, their faces fierce as they stared down the stone path ahead.

Soon, Ye Fan came into view of the eight Great Hans.

In the sunlight, Ye Fan walked towards the main building unconcerned and composed, his expression as calm as ever, as if the people he had just killed were no more significant than four chickens.

Previously, when Qiao Bazhi and He Fenghua made a cooperation agreement to ensure surefire success, he had sent Wu He, the strongest by his side, who then mysteriously vanished from the face of the earth, after which he no longer dared to retaliate.

In such a situation, besides Liu Qin, no one around Qiao Bazhi knew of Ye Fan.

"Get him!"

At that moment, seeing Ye Fan appear, the leading Great Han, with a fierce face, coldly shouted the order to attack.

The eight Great Hans, knowing Ye Fan was highly skilled, didn't rush forward blindly but intentionally spread out, attempting to surround Ye Fan, to make him fight more than one at a time.

Aspirations are full, reality is lean!

"Whoosh!"

Along with a whooshing sound, Ye Fan moved, like a phantom flashing in front of the eight Great Hans, he instantly reached right in front of one, his right hand swiftly swiped out, claw-shaped, ferociously aiming at the Great Han's throat!

Swish!

Before that Great Han could react, Ye Fan, like reaching into a bag, grabbed the Great Han's neck, his thumb and index finger like vice grips, securing the opponent's throat, his power suddenly bursting!

Crack—

A crisp bone-breaking sound rang out, the Great Han rolled his eyes, looking at Ye Fan in a completely stupefied manner, a look of unresigned death on his face.

"Huff! Huff! Huff!"

Meanwhile, three blade-wielding Great Hans with fierce blows from different directions swung their steel knives towards Ye Fan, their momentum formidable.

In the sunlight, the three blade-wielding Great Hans had bloodthirsty expressions, as if they would not rest until Ye Fan was killed!

As some of Qiao Bazhi's most elite men, they were used to living on the edge, their hands stained with not a few bloodstains.

In such a scenario, although they saw Ye Fan's terrifying skills, they did not retreat but were determined to kill Ye Fan!

Facing the sneak attack from the three Great Hans, Ye Fan didn't panic or dodge but, on the contrary, his face revealed a hint of mockery!

Yes...

It was mockery!

The speed of the three Great Hans' blades seemed like slow motion to him!

The next moment.

Just as the three steel knives were about to hit Ye Fan, he sidestepped swiftly, easily dodging them.

"Clang!"

The three steel knives collided harshly, and due to the excessive force, sparks flew, causing the three Great Hans' hands to go numb.

Where is he?

As Ye Fan seemed to vanish like magic, the three Great Hans widened their eyes, looking at each other, the same question emerging in their minds.

"Be careful!"

As if to respond to the three Great Hans, the other four saw Ye Fan flash like a specter to one side of their three colleagues, easily dodging their combined strike, and immediately called out a warning.

Click!

Hearing their colleagues' warning, the three Great Hans felt a shock go through them, engulfed by a sense of danger, instinctively reached to withdraw their knives!

—Too late!

Just as they retracted their steel knives, Ye Fan stepped forward abruptly, turned his hand into a palm, and struck fiercely!

"Slap!"

With a slap, right on the back of one Great Han's head, like smashing a watermelon, the terrifying force directly shattered the opponent's skull, blood instantly flowing from his seven apertures.

Withdrawing his palm, swinging his palm!

With one palm killing a Great Han, Ye Fan didn't pause, as he struck out with another palm!

Slap—

The crisp sound rang out again, and the second Great Han only had time to twist his neck before Ye Fan's palm struck his Taiyang point, instantly killing him!

"Die!!"

Seeing two Great Han killed instantly, the third Great Han pulled back his steel knife and, instead of retreating, roared loudly and swung his knife toward Ye Fan's neck.

At the same time, the remaining four Great Han also charged toward Ye Fan.

Swish!

Facing the fierce slash, Ye Fan neither dodged nor flinched, but turned his palm into a grab, catching the wrist of the third Great Han and gently twisting it!

Crack—

A crisp sound was heard, the third Great Han's wrist broke, and the steel knife fell from his hand.

Ye Fan released the third Great Han's wrist, grabbed the hilt of the steel knife, and swung it backhand!

Whoosh!

With a swing of the knife, the air seemed to have been slashed open, creating a gap, as the white blade turned into a streak of white light, chopping towards the neck of the third Great Han.

Splat—

The blade cut through, and a head fell to the ground, with steaming hot blood spurting high into the air like a fountain!

This scene, possessing a kind of magic, directly caused the remaining four Great Han to stop in their tracks.

It was as if there were a mountain of blades and a sea of fire ahead, stopping them from daring to step forward even half a step!

For them, who licked blood off the edges of their knives, whether it was killing others or seeing their companions killed, they had never been afraid before.

But—

Seeing Ye Fan behead a companion with one slash, basking in the bloody rain, this visual stimulation truly made them feel an unprecedented fear.

They widened their eyes, staring blankly as their companion's blood-drenched head rolled on the ground, as the headless body slowly fell, feeling as if they were plunged into an ice cellar, chilled from head to toe.

Even... the hands holding the steel knives began to tremble slightly!

"Did you kill that bastard?"

Just as the remaining four Great Han were stunned by the bloody scene before them, Qiao Bazhi's voice once again came through the radio.

"Gulp!"

At the sound, the four Great Han woke as if from a dream, each reluctantly swallowing their saliva and, while staring in horror at Ye Fan, answered incoherently, "Master Eight... Master Eight... "

"Fuck, just one of you answer, what is this mess?" Qiao Bazhi cursed as they all spoke at once, causing chaos over the radio.

The four shut their mouths instinctively, exchanging glances as if deciding who should report.

However—

Before they could speak again, Ye Fan, drenched in donated blood, stepped forward holding the knife, walking towards them.

"Run..."

Sensing this, the closest Great Han, shivering all over, hoarsely cried out.

The other three Great Han, already terrified by Ye Fan, needed no further prompting and took off running.

"Ran?"

Inside the club, Qiao Bazhi, hearing the reply on the radio, first paused, then darkly asked, "Are you saying that that damn guy ran away?"

"No... no... it's... is..."

The Great Han who ordered the escape was running while nervously responding, but due to his overwhelming fear, he was somewhat incoherent.

"Did he fucking run away or not?"

Qiao Bazhi screamed, his refusal to lose face earlier by not sending Zhang Zhu and instead sending his men to handle the intruder at the club, now seeing the performance of his subordinates, left him feeling utterly humiliated and furiously enraged.

Ran or not?

Yes!

Three of the Great Han ran away, but as for Ye Fan...

Just as the three Great Han started running, Ye Fan suddenly kicked out, striking a steel knife on the ground with his foot. The steel knife soared into the air, turning into a streak of white light, swiftly shooting towards the Great Han who gave the order.

Splat—

The Great Han, who was about to respond to Qiao Bazhi again, had not even started speaking when the steel knife pierced through his heart from the back, and he fell to the ground, dead.

Seeing this, the remaining three Great Han, hearts seizing up, slowed down their pace.

After landing a hit, Ye Fan did not pause, but sprung off and, holding the knife, pursued the three Great Han, like the Grim Reaper descending, once again swinging the deathly steel knife in his hand.

One swipe,

Two swipes,

Three swipes!

After three swipes, three heads fell to the ground, and steaming hot blood stained the marble floor at the entrance of the club's main building.

As this scene unfolded before his eyes, Ye Fan's expression remained unfluctuated, but he, holding the blood-drenched steel knife, walked towards the main building.

"Fuck, what the hell are you losers doing? Answer me!" A radio beside a fallen Great Han lit up, transmitting Qiao Bazhi's furious roar.

Ye Fan grabbed the radio: "They're all dead."

"You... who are you?"

"The one who's after your life!"

As those words fell, Ye Fan crushed the radio in hand and strode into the club.

Chapter 86: [All of You, Attack Together!]

"The one who's here for your life!"

Ye Fan's emotionless words, transmitted clearly through the radio, reached Qiao Bazhi's ears, causing his face to suddenly contort with panic!

"What's going on?" Sensing the change in Qiao Bazhi's expression, One-eyed Wu Ren couldn't help but ask.

"All my men outside have been wiped out!" Qiao Bazhi's expression grew grave, "The person coming doesn't seem simple!"

"Besides Fei Si and Xiao Jiu, who are merely decent, the rest of the Dong Hai Gang are a bunch of trash. Could it be someone not from the Dong Hai Gang?" Zhang Zhu voiced his doubts.

"Since all your men are dead, we can rule out the possibility of the intruder being from the Yanhuang Organization," Qu Feng said indifferently, "As long as it isn't someone from Yanhuang, what's there to fear?"

"Qiao Bazhi, have someone lock this girl in a room. I want to see who this so-called deity is to be so arrogant!"

One-eyed Wu Ren wasn't scared, on the contrary, he felt immensely angered by the intruder's actions. In his view, this was a challenge to the whole Nanqinghong!

After hearing Qu Feng and One-eyed Wu Ren speak, Qiao Bazhi realized he was surrounded by three martial arts masters and there was no need to be afraid.

"Huff~"

At that thought, Qiao Bazhi breathed a sigh of relief, cursing himself for being foolish, and then turned to Liu Qin, "You take her to the room inside."

"Yes, Master Eight!" Liu Qin nodded her head and looked at Situ Ruoshui with cold eyes, "Follow me!"

No answer.

Situ Ruoshui, like a frightened little kitten, curled up in a corner of the sofa, trembling and crying.

"If you don't move, then I'll have to help you!"

Seeing this, Liu Qin's face showed no mercy but quickly stepped forward, grabbed Situ Ruoshui's hair, and tried to pull her up.

"Let... let go of me!"

Situ Ruoshui twisted her body, pounded on Liu Qin with clenched fists, trying to break free.

"Slap—"

What greeted Situ Ruoshui was a slap.

Liu Qin slapped her across Situ Ruoshui's fair cheek, leaving it red and swollen, and threatened coldly, "You better behave yourself!"

Ever since childhood, Situ Ruoshui had been pampered by Situ Chen, never having experienced a scolding let alone a beating. When Liu Qin slapped her, she stopped struggling immediately and simply froze in shock.

"If you dare to touch her again, I guarantee you'll regret ever being born!"

A moment later, just as Liu Qin was about to pull up Situ Ruoshui again, a cold voice suddenly echoed from the corridor's turn, booming through the hall like muffled thunder!

Click!

Liu Qin's heart tightened, feeling as if someone had gripped her heart, making her shiver all over with fear and hastily releasing Situ Ruoshui.

Swish!

At the same time, Qiao Bazhi and the others turned their gazes toward the corner of the corridor, as if to see which blind fool dared to provoke Nanqinghong.

No sooner had the voice faded than the figure appeared!

Under everyone's gaze, Ye Fan, covered in bloodstains, holding the blood-dripping steel knife, appeared at the turn, coming into view.

"Uh..."

Seeing Ye Fan's face, which was not entirely familiar but certainly not strange, Qiao Bazhi and Liu Qin gaped in shock, eyes bulging as if they had seen a ghost in broad daylight.

Clearly... they had never dreamed that the person coming would be Ye Fan!

"Master Qu, Wu Ren, let me handle that blind fool. I didn't get enough of a fight earlier."

As Ye Fan obviously came to rescue Situ Ruoshui, Zhang Zhu became even more certain that Ye Fan was from the Dong Hai Gang, showing an eager look as he cracked his neck, causing a series of snapping sounds.

One-eyed Wu Ren drew his black dagger, licked the cold blade with his tongue, and sneered, "I can let you take care of him, but don't kill him—damn, he dares to challenge Nanqinghong, I want to flay his skin, pull out his tendons, pick his bones, and kick his head around like a ball!"

"It's... it's him!"

After a brief moment of stupor, Qiao Bazhi became as excited as if he had been injected with chicken blood, his joy beyond compare. It felt even better than the times he entered Liu Qin. "Master Qu, he's the one who killed Wu He, the little bastard!"

As his words fell, Qiao Bazhi grinned excitedly, as if he were already witnessing the moment Ye Fan's head was twisted off.

"Oh?"

Upon hearing this, Qu Feng's pupils constricted slightly, his gaze sharp as a knife as he focused on Ye Fan, seemingly trying to discern the features of the man who had killed his disciple.

"Master Qu, how about I try my hand first and then turn him over to you for disposal?" Seeing the situation, Zhang Zhu asked Master Qu for permission.

Originally, he intended to strike first, but now that Qiao Bazhi declared the intruder to be Wu He's killer, he sought Master Qu's approval—Master Qu had previously stated his intention to avenge Wu He personally.

"I've said it before, I want his life myself!" Master Qu's expression grew cold, as the intent to kill began emanating from him as if summoned.

Hearing Master Qu's words and feeling the chilling murderous intent radiating from him, Zhang Zhu reluctantly gave up the idea of making a move.

"Young Master Gui!"

Meanwhile, Situ Ruoshui recovered from her extreme fear and, upon seeing the blood-soaked Ye Fan, first gasped in shock and then shouted loudly, "They are all heartless demons! Run away! Go find my father, my father is Situ Chen, he will save me!!"

Situ Ruoshui's fearful and anxious voice rang in his ears, and looking at her swollen, tear-stained face, Ye Fan's heart filled instantly with a feeling known as compassion.

"I'm here to save you."

Moved by this, Ye Fan quickened his steps, each step he took sending drops of blood from the steel knife to the floor, where his foot would press them into a crimson footprint, "Since I'm here, I guarantee that no one will be able to lay a finger on you!"

"Hmph!"

Master Qu, upon hearing that, stepped forward and humphed coldly, "I was going to find you to avenge my disciple, but I hadn't expected you to deliver yourself to my doorstep—It seems like when it's time for rain, a mother to marry off her child, or a man to die, nothing can stop it!"

"If it weren't for my desire to know who's really behind this, you'd already be dead," Ye Fan said expressionlessly, looking at Qu Feng as if he were looking at a clown.

Huh?

Startled by Ye Fan's words, Qu Feng's complexion involuntarily shifted!

Because... a voice in his heart told him that Ye Fan had discovered them a long time ago and had been following them here.

"You've been tracking us?"

Not just Qu Feng, One-eyed Wu Ren also realized something, his face losing all traces of mockery and instead turned serious.

He knew that if Ye Fan had really tracked them to this place, then the situation was serious.

Although this couldn't prove that Ye Fan was stronger than Qu Feng, Ye Fan's ability to stay hidden and track them was far superior—he couldn't track them without Qu Feng noticing!

"Whoosh!"

Without replying, Ye Fan flicked his wrist, and the steel knife in his hand shot out, turning into a streak of white light, speeding towards Qu Feng.

Swish!

Feeling the attack with his qi and blood, Qu Feng's face changed, he dared not dally, and swiftly moved to the side to dodge.

Seizing the opportunity, Ye Fan exerted power with his feet, sprung up from the spot, and rapidly moved toward Situ Ruoshui.

He wanted to ensure Situ Ruoshui's safety first, and then... slowly reap the lives of people like Qiao Bazhi!

"Whoosh!"

Perhaps because the knife traveled so fast, despite Qu Feng's immediate evasion, he could only barely dodge, the knife whistling past his ear and causing him to break into a cold sweat.

Meanwhile, in the midst of Qiao Bazhi and the others' horrified expressions, Ye Fan pushed his speed to the extreme, like a ghost, arriving in front of Situ Ruoshui in the blink of an eye.

"Ah—"

Seeing Ye Fan suddenly appear, Liu Qin screamed in fright, scrambling and retreating backwards.

"I'm sorry, I'm late."

Pondering the utterly startled Situ Ruoshui, Ye Fan let out a light sigh. If he had acted earlier back on the mountain, Situ Ruoshui would not have been hit.

"Be careful!"

Situ Ruoshui, staring at Ye Fan's resolute face, felt all her fear evaporate, leaving nothing behind. She wanted to say something but then saw Zhang Zhu stomp with his right foot, using the rebounding force to charge at Ye Fan like a tank, and she quickly warned him.

"Take this punch from your dear Zhang!"

With a roar, Zhang Zhu reached behind Ye Fan and smashed a fist towards Ye Fan's back.

"Scram!"

Ye Fan shouted coldly, his left foot braced on the ground, his body turning like a top, his right leg tensed and then striking out sharply!

— Roundhouse kick!

"Bang—"

The clash of fist and foot was like two mountains colliding, emitting a dull sound. Zhang Zhu only felt that his fist had hit an iron wall, all the force dissipated into nothing, without any effect.

"Crack—"

A moment later, just as Zhang Zhu was about to retract his fist, a terrifying force burst out like a volcanic eruption, instantly shattering his fist.

"Clang—"

Under the light, Zhang Zhu's burly body flew backward like a batted baseball, crashing heavily into a vase and shattering it.

On the ground, Zhang Zhu's right hand was a bloody blur, his arm bent, and his body was cut with several gashes from the vase shards, blood continuously pouring out, a pitiful sight.

In one move.

Just one move, and Ye Fan had rendered Zhang Zhu unable to fight!

"Ugh..."

This sudden turn of events weighed on Qiao Bazhi and the others like a massive boulder, creating an unprecedented pressure, their faces filled with shock.

Ignoring Qiao Bazhi and the others, who were in complete astonishment, Ye Fan ripped off his clothes, slowly turned around, and said, "I'll carry you on my back."

"Okay."

Hearing Ye Fan's soft words, looking at his back shaped like an inverted triangle, Situ Ruoshui softly replied, climbed onto Ye Fan's back, hooked her arms around his neck, her 36D peaks pressing against him.

Feeling the softness against his back, Ye Fan had not a single indecent thought and calmly used his clothes as a rope to tie Situ Ruoshui to himself.

"Hold tight and close your eyes,"

"Okay."

Situ Ruoshui replied softly, obediently closing her eyes but leaving a small gap.

It seemed... she wanted to see what Ye Fan was going to do next!

What to do next?

Ye Fan slowly turned his head, casting his gaze on Qiao Bazhi and the others who looked very serious:
"All of you, come at me together!"

Chapter 87: [Bleeding!] Please favorite and recommend!

"You, all of you, attack together!"

Ye Fan's words, crazed to the extreme, rang in their ears. As they stared at Ye Fan's still calm face, everyone's expressions became especially solemn.

Solemn, because they felt the terrifying killing intent emanating from Ye Fan!

Solemn, also because of what Ye Fan had just done!

As the saying goes, a true expert is recognized as soon as they make a move.

With just one blade, Ye Fan had made Qu Feng break into a cold sweat, and with one move, he had crippled Zhang Zhu. All of this was enough to prove how terrifying Ye Fan's strength was!

"If I'm not guessing wrong, you should be a martial artist at the Postnatal Perfection Realm," Qu Feng said with a weighty complexion as he stared intently at Ye Fan.

In the quiet hall, Qu Feng stared at Ye Fan and spoke with a grave face, "A martial artist at the Postnatal Perfection Realm is no nameless person. Which sect do you belong to?"

"Come over and die!" Ye Fan interrupted Qu Feng coldly.

"Young man, you are too arrogant!"

Facing Ye Fan, who was so arrogant as to be insufferable, Qu Feng finally lost his cool, "Today, I will let you know that being overly arrogant is not a good thing. In this world, there is always someone better, and there are always higher heavens."

As his voice fell, Qu Feng mobilized his inner strength, elevating his war intent. His long hair moved on its own without wind and the black robe he wore rustled with the sudden surge of airflow around him, all indicating the demeanor of a master.

"Swoosh!"

With his war intent boiling, Qu Feng, like an enraged tiger, suddenly lunged towards Ye Fan with extreme speed.

However—

Just as Qu Feng was about to reach Ye Fan, his arms suddenly opened wide, resembling an Immortal Crane scooping up fish, no longer displaying the fierce vigor of a tiger, but instead giving an impression of agility.

—Tiger Crane Dual Form!

This was the leading jewel of the three treasures of the Hong Fist technique, as well as the treasure of the Hongwu Sect. It is said to have been created by Hong Xiguan and Fang Yongchun through their martial arts exchange, mainly incorporating the ferocity of the tiger and the nimbleness of the crane. Once mastered, it is said that "with Tiger Crane Unification, one is invincible in the world!"

"You can only see its form, not its intent, and yet you dare to come out and make a fool of yourself?"

Although Ye Fan knew very little about Hong Fist, he could tell at a glance that Qu Feng's body was like a tiger and a crane, knowing that his fist technique combined the meaning of Xingyi Fist. However, Qu Feng had merely learned a smattering and Ye Fan did not regard him seriously at all.

"You're courting death!"

As a Postnatal Perfection expert, Qu Feng was considered a significant figure in the entire Hongwu Sect. Although he had not perfected the 'Tiger Crane Dual Form' of Hong Fist to the extreme, he had also

cultivated it to a certain level of proficiency. Being so belittled by Ye Fan, he shouted angrily and shifted from 'Crane Form' to 'Tiger Form,' pouncing towards Ye Fan like a hungry tiger, his Iron Fist fiercely smashing down!

"Rice grain pearls also shine brightly!"

Facing Qu Feng's aggressive attack, Ye Fan did not retreat but counterattacked with the 'Tiger Form' from Xingyi Fist.

Intention moves with the body, leading the energy with intent, manifesting the form with intent!

In an instant, Ye Fan transformed into a fierce tiger, with full intent and formidable vigor.

In comparison, Qu Feng's Tiger Form looked more like a cat.

Launching like the wind, descending like an arrow!

With the emergence of the Tiger Form, Ye Fan turned the tables, his powerful hammer strike preemptively blasting towards Qu Feng.

With this punch, Ye Fan achieved unity of heart and intent, intent and energy, energy and power; shoulder and hip in unison, elbow and knee aligned, hand and foot coordinated, striking simultaneously, immediately seizing the initiative. Whether it was speed or momentum, Ye Fan instantly suppressed Qu Feng!

"Bang—"

In a flash, as their fists collided, it was as if two mountains violently crashed into each other, the impact thunderous.

Crackling!

The internal strengths exploded, like firecrackers going off. At the point where Ye Fan and Qu Feng's fists met, the air seemed to be swept aside, creating currents that made their sleeves rustle.

"Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!"

Moments later, as their fists parted, Qu Feng uncontrollably stumbled backward, taking five consecutive steps. The floor tiles where he passed couldn't withstand the force of the impact, all cracking and breaking.

Under the light, his face was faintly pale, his internal energy rolling, and his right hand trembled slightly as if he had been shocked.

In contrast, Ye Fan's feet were as if nailed to the ground, not moving an inch.

In a single move, victory and defeat were clearly distinguished!

Whoosh!

Seeing this scene, Qiao Bazhi, Liu Qin, Zhang Zhu, and four elite members of the Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch all turned pale with shock, while One-eyed Wu Ren, who was originally taking the opportunity to launch a surprise attack on Ye Fan, stopped less than three meters away from him.

It was like a high-speed car suddenly slamming on the brakes and coming to an abrupt halt!

How... how is he so strong?

One-eyed Wu Ren looked at Ye Fan in horror, just like Qiao Bazhi and the others, his mind completely overrun by this question.

"Why aren't you ambushing anymore?"

Shortly after, before One-eyed Wu Ren could figure out why, Ye Fan spoke again, his voice sounding ethereal, as if it were from a faraway place, yet also seeming to be right in front of him.

As the words ended, there he was!

Ye Fan appeared in front of One-eyed Wu Ren like a ghost, soundlessly and breathlessly, as if questioning him.

Whoosh!

Gazing at Ye Fan's face, which was close at hand, One-eyed Wu Ren was scared witless just like seeing a ghost, his face turning pale as he instinctively swung out the dagger in his hand, taking the initiative to strike.

Only—

When Wu Ren's dagger was swung halfway, Ye Fan's right hand suddenly shot out, clasp around Wu Ren's neck like a steel clamp and lifting him up as if he was a little chicken!

The sudden change of events filled Wu Ren's heart with a feeling called fear, and he wisely gave up on attacking.

Because... he had a thousand reasons to believe that if Ye Fan wished, he could definitely crush his throat before the dagger could plunge into Ye Fan's body, sending him to discuss life with the King of Hell!

"I remember you just said you wanted to skin me, extract my tendons, pick my bones, and kick my head around like a ball, right?" Ye Fan asked calmly as he looked closely at Wu Ren's face, which was twisted by fear.

"Ugh ugh..."

Without an answer, and unable to answer, Wu Ren could only make a sound similar to a duck's quack because Ye Fan was choking his throat. However... the frantic twitching of the muscles at the corner of his eyes indicated just how terrified he was at that moment!

That feeling, as if Ye Fan in his eyes was a demon from the Nine Nether Abyss!

"Don't worry, I don't have that much time to torture you, at most I'll let some of your blood." Ye Fan spoke calmly, his free left hand slowly grabbed Wu Ren's knife-holding right hand and gently twisted it.

"Crack—"

Under the twist, a brittle sound echoed, and Wu Ren's wrist was broken instantly, and the pitch-black dagger fell into Ye Fan's hand.

Whoosh!

With dagger in hand, Ye Fan did not linger, and violently drew the knife!

Splash—

With one slash, Wu Ren's carotid artery was severed, and hot blood, due to the pressure, sprayed out like a high-pressure water gun.

At the same time, Ye Fan didn't linger, he flung his right hand and tossed Wu Ren out like he was throwing away trash.

"Sss—"

Watching this scene, whether it was Qiao Bazhi, Liu Qin, and the four members of the Nanqinghong Hanghu Branch, or Zhang Zhu and Qu Feng, they couldn't help but inhale sharply.

And Wu Ren, like a madman, tremblingly tried to cover the wound with his hands, attempting to stop the blood from spraying. But it was futile... he could only watch helplessly as the blood drained away and life slipped from him...

"Next!"

Ye Fan spoke again, his tone was still casual, but it scared Qiao Bazhi and the others so much that their faces turned even paler!

No answer.

Everyone took a step back.

The scene froze at this moment.

Chapter 88: [Elimination] Merry Christmas!

"Gulp! Gulp!"

In the quiet hall, the sound of throats swallowing filled the air. The four members of the Nanqinghong Hanghu Branch looked at Ye Fan with terror, as if they had lost control over their bodies. Aside from trembling, they had no other reaction.

At the same time, Liu Qin, frightened to the point her face turned pale, huddled in a corner, shaking. Instead of looking at Ye Fan, she gazed at Qu Feng with eyes pleading for survival.

Clearly... she realized that with the situation as it was, they could only hope for Qu Feng to turn the tide.

If even Liu Qin had seen this, Qiao Bazhi's mind was naturally clear as a mirror—he not only turned his gaze toward Qu Feng, but he also subtly moved in that direction.

It felt as though only by hiding behind Qu Feng could he find some safety!

"Friend, you certainly have the capital to be arrogant,"

With Qiao Bazhi and Liu Qin watching, Qu Feng spoke again, his tone heavy to the extreme, and a hint of fear spilled from the depths of his eyes—yet he masked it well, revealing nothing on his face, "Let's put this matter behind us. We won't pursue each other in the future. How about that?"

"Heh heh,"

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan couldn't help but laugh, "When I first came here, you were so unassailable, saying you were going to find me to avenge your disciple, only for me to deliver myself to your doorstep. You also said something like 'rain will fall, and a girl will marry, no one can stop a man bent on his course,' right?"

Qu Feng pursed his lips, remaining silent.

"Aren't you going to avenge your disciple anymore?"

Ye Fan was still smiling, but his smile was filled with chill. He knew that if he hadn't followed them all the way here, he would have been the target of an assassination by Qu Feng and his men; if he wasn't superior in skill, Qu Feng wouldn't be talking about 'letting bygones be bygones' but would instead be severing his head!

"You... you really intend to be utterly merciless?"

Seeing Ye Fan pressing further, continuously trampling on his pride, Qu Feng also grew annoyed, "I advise you to think it through. If you kill us, neither Nanqinghong nor Hongwu Sect will let you off. On the contrary, no matter where you flee to, they will hunt you to the ends of the Earth!"

"Are you saying if I let you go now, Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect wouldn't bother me anymore?"

Ye Fan replied with a playful smile, then suddenly his tone turned cold, "There are no such good things in this world where you ask for peace after failing to win, are there?"

"You... really want to make enemies of the entire Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect?" Qiao Bazhi was stunned. In his view, very few people in the vast Huaxia dared to do such a thing.

"Nanqinghong? Hongwu Sect?" Ye Fan was filled with disdain, "If these two major powers are relentless, I wouldn't mind making them evaporate from the Earth!"

"Uh..."

Although Qiao Bazhi, Qu Feng, and the others had already deeply experienced Ye Fan's unparalleled arrogance, hearing these words from him still shocked them deeply.

Nanqinghong was the underground flag of the entire Southern Hua Xia, while Hongwu Sect was a well-known sect in Jianghu. These two powerful forces, in the eyes of Ye Fan, seemed no different from cats and dogs on the street, dismissable with a wave of his hand...

They truly couldn't imagine how arrogant a person had to be to make such a statement!

"Are you from the Xingyi Sect?"

After the shock, Qu Feng thought of the Xingyi Fist Ye Fan had used during their fight and, upon connecting it with Ye Fan's outrageous statements, realized something.

Without answering, Ye Fan discarded the dagger dripping with blood and strode toward Qu Feng, intending to capture the leader to easily take care of the rest.

"I admit Xingyi Sect is powerful, but... to say that Xingyi Sect could easily annihilate Nanqinghong and Hongwu Sect is utterly absurd!"

Seeing Ye Fan's silence, Qu Feng became even more convinced of his guess, and a trace of confidence returned to his voice, "Besides, although you are strong, Xingyi Sect will not wage a bloody war with Hongwu Sect and Nanqinghong over your personal vendetta..."

"You talk too much!"

Ye Fan cut off Qu Feng coldly, the Yongquan acupoint in his foot activated with power, and with a push of his foot, he shot towards Qu Feng like an arrow leaving a bow.

Seeing that Ye Fan ignored his warnings and threats, Qu Feng knew that today he had to fight for his life. He stopped wasting words and braced himself to face the challenge.

This time, he didn't use the Tiger Crane Dual Form of the Hong Fist but instead the Gongzi Fuhu Fist!

On one hand, compared to the Tiger Crane Dual Form, the Gongzi Fuhu Fist was more majestic and fierce. More importantly... although he hadn't mastered the Tiger Crane Dual Form to its peak, he had brought the Gongzi Fuhu Fist to its ultimate accomplishment.

This was the reason he had been able to teach Wu He to bring some fire control to the Gongzi Fuhu Fist in just a few short years.

There's a saying that when a person is pushed into a corner, they can unleash incredible potential.

Qu Feng was in such a state right now!

With reconciliation out of the question and escape hopeless, he threw the strongest punch he had ever made since he started practicing martial arts!

"Whoosh!"

As the punch was thrown, the air in front of Qu Feng was blasted open by the fist wind, and the intense airflow swept toward Ye Fan, like shards of ice hitting his body, but all were blocked by Ye Fan's power and couldn't touch him.

Facing Qu Feng's strongest punch, Ye Fan's expression remained calm, and he didn't dodge but casually threw out a Beng Fist!

Beng Fist.

That was the most basic boxing technique in Xingyi Fist.

However—

Ye Fan had combined it with the 'eagle' form, swinging his fist as sharp as a hawk's beak, striking at Qu Feng!

"Bang—"

Their fists collided violently once again, inner strength bursting forth. Ye Fan remained unmoved, while Qu Feng, recoiled uncontrollably by the backlash of the power, took two steps back — a significant improvement over before.

"Qiao Bazhi, what are you standing around for? I'll hold him off; you escape first. No matter what, you must tell Boss Lin about today's events, and at the same time, have him relay the message to the Hongwu Sect!"

Seeing his strongest punch effortlessly neutralized by Ye Fan, Qu Feng knew his life was going to end today. He roared at Qiao Bazhi in anger.

"Thinking of leaving?"

Before Qiao Bazhi could make a move to flee, Ye Fan let out a cold chuckle. His aura suddenly changed, transforming into a demon god from hell, as a boundless evil aura spread from his body to the surroundings.

"This... what is this..."

Sensing the change in Ye Fan's aura, Qu Feng's heart shook violently, trying to say something.

"Today, none of you will escape!"

The evil aura emanating from Ye Fan boiled over. As he spoke, his figure flashed, instantly appearing in front of Qu Feng, his right fist tensed, launching like a cannonball!

Swish!

Qu Feng's complexion changed wildly!

He felt as if he had been cut off from the world, enveloped by Ye Fan's fist intent, punches appeared everywhere, giving him the sensation that no matter how far he fled, he couldn't escape this punch!

With nowhere to hide, Qu Feng clenched his teeth, swung out his hands, turned them into palms, and placed them in front of his chest like a large gate.

"Snap—"

Their fist and palm met, producing a crisp sound.

In an instant.

An overwhelming power, more than three times the raging force of before, burst from Ye Fan's fist, crushing down like an avalanche. It instantly broke Qu Feng's arms, and without decreasing momentum, slammed into Qu Feng's chest!

"Crack—"

The sound of breaking bones rang out instantly, and Qu Feng was sent flying by Ye Fan's punch.

Midair, his face was deathly pale, hot blood gushing from his orifices, his body flung like a batted ball, experiencing the sensation of flight.

"Thud!"

Soon, Qu Feng's body crashed against the wall, and he collapsed to the ground with a thunderous noise.

"Xuan... Xuanyin Fist..."

Upon hitting the ground, his internal organs shattered, blood spewing from his mouth. He looked at Ye Fan with horror and stammered, "How... how could you know Xuanyin Fist?"

Xuanyin Fist?

Upon hearing these three words from Qu Feng, Qiao Bazhi almost fell to the ground in fright.

He had heard these words by chance.

They referred to a martial art, a very potent and domineering martial art!

As far as Qiao Bazhi knew, the boss of Nanqinghong, Lin Tianyi, practiced this martial art, and his strength was unfathomable!

Compared with Qiao Bazhi, Zhang Zhu and Wu Ren, who had been crippled by Ye Fan in one move and were gasping for their last breaths, were even more shocked!

They knew far better than Qiao Bazhi just how terrifying this martial art was!

Besides, they also knew that the reason Lin Tianyi knew this martial art was that Lin Tianyi had done well in expanding Nanqinghong and received a reward from a mysterious benefactor behind the scenes!

Not only them, but even Ye Fan was somewhat startled.

To ensure a swift victory and prevent Qiao Bazhi and the others from escaping, he no longer took a playful attitude against Qu Feng but directly used the "Xuansha Fist" taught to him by the old man.

And Qu Feng said it was Xuanyin Fist?!

Taken aback, Ye Fan pondered for a moment but didn't ask Qu Feng why he called "Xuansha Fist" "Xuanyin Fist."

"Who... who exactly are you? How could you possibly know 'Xuanyin Fist'?" Seeing Ye Fan remain silent, a flush appeared on Qu Feng's pallid face, and he spoke much more smoothly.

It was a sign of regaining a momentary clarity before death!

As the words fell, Qu Feng stared at Ye Fan with eyes that demanded an answer as if he couldn't rest in peace without it even in death.

Not just him, but Qiao Bazhi, Zhang Zhu, and Wu Ren were all looking at Ye Fan in shock, waiting for his response!

"My surname is Ye, and my name is Fan," Ye Fan's expression returned to calm.

"Uh..."

Upon hearing Ye Fan's words, Qu Feng was unsure whether it was from anger or the end of his fleeting moment of clarity, but his Adam's apple moved for a while before his head tilted, and he passed away on the spot.

"Today, none of you will escape!"

Ye Fan shifted his gaze, looking at Qiao Bazhi and the others, sentencing them to death.

Chapter 89: [Leave No One Behind!]

"Huff... Huff..."

In the quiet hall, Qiao Bazhi, Liu Qin, and four members of the Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch all turned pale with terror at Ye Fan's ruthless words. They breathed rapidly, their eyes filled with fear.

In comparison, Zhang Zhu, as a martial artist, had more determination and wasn't overly scared, just full of confusion, wondering how Ye Fan knew the Xuanyin Fist, a powerful and domineering martial art.

At the same time, One-eyed Wu Ren, with his major artery severed by Ye Fan's blade, lay there bleeding profusely like a dying dog, gasping for breath as he awaited the end of his life.

"Use the guns! Shoot him!!"

Overcome with fear, Qiao Bazhi suddenly had an idea and shouted loudly at his four subordinates.

Previously, for fear that firing guns would draw the attention of people around the club and bring the police or members of the Yanhuang Organization, Qiao Bazhi had instructed his men to avoid using guns as much as possible.

Now, with Qu Feng killed, One-eyed Wu Ren just a matter of time before stepping through the Ghost Sect, and Zhang Zhu completely incapacitated, Qiao Bazhi had lost all support and no longer cared about attracting the police.

For him, if he could just kill Ye Fan at this moment, no matter the cost, it would be worth it!

Upon hearing Qiao Bazhi's roar, the four elite members of the Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch, as if waking from a dream, each reached into their chests, trying to draw their guns.

But—

Ye Fan was faster!

Before they could draw their pistols, Ye Fan moved like a gust of wind to the nearest big man and struck at his throat with a hand blade!

Although Ye Fan's hand blade was a casual strike, with his strength at the Postnatal Great Perfection Realm, it was more than enough to cleave through stone bricks, let alone flesh and blood.

"Whoosh!"

As the hand blade sliced through the air, it seemed to slash the wind itself, causing such an intense gale that it made the big man's eyes sting and left his mind briefly blank.

Crack—

When the hand blade connected, the big man's throat was instantly shattered, and he collapsed to the ground with a thud.

After striking down one man, Ye Fan didn't pause. He moved like a ghost, swiftly executing three more hand blades with the speed of lightning.

The sounds of throats being severed followed one after another. The three big men felt only a phantom flash before their eyes before they lost consciousness and died.

"Do you still want to draw your guns?"

After consecutively killing four men, Ye Fan turned his gaze to Qiao Bazhi, who was white with terror, and asked with a smile.

Seeing Ye Fan's indifferent smile in his eyes, Qiao Bazhi felt it was the most terrifying thing in the world. His whole body shivered as his legs quaked uncontrollably.

"Tell me, why did you send people to kill me? Just because I beat someone up at the entrance of your place and hurt your pride?" Seeing that Qiao Bazhi was silent, Ye Fan strode towards him.

Watching Ye Fan approach him, Qiao Bazhi's heart pounded violently with each step Ye Fan took, feeling a cramp in his heart with each step closer.

That feeling was as if the Death God had descended upon Earth, coming to claim his life!

One step, two steps, three steps...

After three steps, seeing that Qiao Bazhi was still not speaking, Ye Fan suddenly kicked out, striking a black dagger lying at his feet, which soared up as if it had eyes, shooting rapidly towards the completely incapacitated Zhang Zhu!

Thud!

The sharp dagger, like a streak of white light, pierced directly through Zhang Zhu's throat and, with too much force behind it, embedded itself into the wall.

"Ah—"

At this sight, Liu Qin, who was crouched in the corner, couldn't help but scream, while Qiao Bazhi, stricken with terror, simply collapsed to the ground, staring fearfully at Ye Fan.

"If you tell the truth, I can let you die quickly like him."

Ye Fan walked up to Qiao Bazhi, looked down at him from above, and said, "If you remain silent, then, I assure you, you'll suffer ten times, a hundred times more pain than him!"

As he spoke, Ye Fan pointed to the barely alive One-eyed Wu Ren.

Qiao Bazhi instinctively followed Ye Fan's gesture, only to see Wu Ren with heavy and rapid breathing due to massive blood loss, his facial skin wrinkled and sallow, looking exceptionally ghastly.

"I'll say..."

Soon after, Liu Qin, still crouched in the corner and looking fearfully at Ye Fan, spoke in a trembling voice: "The reason he targeted you was not only because you caused trouble at the entrance of the CC Bar that day, but also because he had reached an understanding with the He Family to help them eliminate you."

"I'm sorry, I was blind to your prowess, I shouldn't have messed with you! I beg you, please don't trouble yourself with a lowlife like me, spare my life..." Seeing Liu Qin spill the secrets, Qiao Bazhi knelt on the ground, begging like a terrified dog for Ye Fan's mercy.

Ye Fan's face showed not a trace of compassion as he stepped on Qiao Bazhi's once arrogant face, leaned down, and said, "What's the use of apologies if they could solve everything, what would we need laws for?"

"Uh..."

Qiao Bazhi was at a loss for words.

Seeing this, Ye Fan didn't waste any more words. His foot suddenly exerted force, crushing Qiao Bazhi's throat like popping a balloon!

"Ah—"

Witnessing the bloody scene, Liu Qin screamed again, while she propped herself up with her hands trying to retreat, but found the wall was behind her, leaving her no place to go.

"It... it was all done by them, nothing to do with me..."

Realizing this, Liu Qin swallowed a mouthful of saliva, desperately trying to dispel the fear in her heart, and pleaded, "Please, don't kill me!"

There was no answer; Ye Fan walked straight toward Liu Qin.

"Please, don't kill me!"

Seeing Ye Fan approaching, Liu Qin was so frightened that her body started convulsing, "As long as you don't kill me, I'll do anything you want!"

As soon as the words fell, a thought crossed Liu Qin's mind, and she did not hesitate to start undoing the buttons on her blouse.

One.

Two.

Three.

When Liu Qin unfastened the third button, the twin peaks on her chest were fully exposed to the air under the cover of a hollow black bra.

Perhaps Ye Fan didn't expect Liu Qin to resort to seducing him with her body at a life-and-death moment, and he was somewhat taken aback. Besides his surprise, he couldn't help but sigh at how good this woman was at changing her sails with the wind.

Sensing the astonishment on Ye Fan's face, some of the fear in Liu Qin's heart dissipated. Without hesitation, she swiftly unhooked her bra, exposing her towering peaks entirely to Ye Fan's view.

As Hanghu's number one socialite, Liu Qin had impressive assets. Not only were her breasts perky and white without any signs of sagging, but it was even more rare that, unlike many mature women, her belly was flat, not flabby. Coupled with her slender waist, she held a great allure for men.

However—

To Liu Qin's disappointment, her pride and joy seemed worthless in Ye Fan's eyes.

She distinctly saw that there was no trace of lust in Ye Fan's eyes.

Not a bit!

This realization made Liu Qin's heart sink, and the sense of fear that had dissipated surged back, even more intensely than before.

However, she did not give up and quickly unzipped her black skirt.

As the skirt slid down, Liu Qin was left in nothing but a T-back, her private allure barely concealed.

"As long as you don't kill me, I can satisfy you in any way..."

After displaying all her cards, Liu Qin looked pleadingly at Ye Fan, as if she were ready to spread her legs for him the moment he agreed to spare her.

Still no answer.

Amidst Liu Qin's anxious turmoil, Ye Fan walked up to her and stopped.

"Do you think I would believe that you had nothing to do with the whole affair?" said Ye Fan, lifting his foot and stepping on Liu Qin's right hand.

"No... don't..."

Liu Qin shook her head frantically, her body shivering violently.

"Didn't Ruoshui just beg you as well, but what did you do to her?" Ye Fan said emotionlessly, his right foot slowly pressing down, the sole gradually crushing Liu Qin's fingers.

"Ah—"

As Ye Fan increased the pressure, Liu Qin's fingers broke one by one, and the intense pain caused her to howl once more.

"You... you devil! You will not die a good death! Even as a ghost, I won't let you off!!"

The intense pain suddenly drove Liu Qin to madness. She howled wildly while struggling fiercely, to no avail; it was like the last desperate flailings of a doomed insect.

At this moment.

She completely forgot the day when Gou Wei was crippled by Ye Fan at the entrance of the CC bar, and the malicious plan she devised to use the Gou Family to eradicate Ye Fan.

She also forgot the ruthlessness she displayed when she deliberately provoked Qiao Bazhi, trying to incite him to kill Ye Fan and nip the danger in the bud.

And she completely forgot how she had torn at Situ Ruoshui's hair and slapped her face just before, asserting her superiority as though she controlled Ruoshui's life and death.

"I said before, you all have got to die!"

As he spoke, Ye Fan leaned down, pressed down on Liu Qin's head, and twisted it lightly.

Crack—

The sharp snap sounded, and Liu Qin's wailing stopped abruptly.

Ye Fan's words became reality.

Not a single one spared!

Chapter 90: [Stunned]

Just as Ye Fan single-handedly annihilated Qiao Bazhi, Qu Feng, and others, the two who escaped from the Flying Peak Scenic Spot, Young Master Haotian and Xiao Jiu, arrived at the shore of West Lake, waiting for Liu Tianjun from Dong hai Gang to send someone to pick them up.

"Damn it, Nanqinghong really has no shame, actually sending One-eyed Wu Ren, Iron Fist Zhang Zhu, and Qu Feng to kidnap Miss Ruoshui!"

Xiao Jiu surveyed the surroundings and, confirming they were not being followed, couldn't help but curse, "Two at the peak of Postnatal realm and one at Postnatal Perfection—are they not afraid of being ridiculed by others in the underworld?"

"Utilizing any means necessary to achieve their goals is Lin Tianyi's usual way of doing things; otherwise, he wouldn't be known as a treacherous hero!"

Situ Haotian's brows were tightly furrowed, not appearing angry at Nanqinghong's actions but worried about how to explain the situation to Situ Chen.

Although he had immediately reported the incident to Situ Chen after escaping and Situ Chen hadn't blamed him over the phone but had rushed to Hanghu with men at once.

However—

He knew well what Situ Ruoshui meant to Situ Chen!

If anything were to happen to Situ Ruoshui, even though he was Situ Chen's adopted son and being groomed as his successor, he would probably be in big trouble!

"Young Master Haotian, are you thinking about how to explain this to Mr. Situ?"

As Situ Haotian's top confidant, Xiao Jiu might not know the complete extent of Situ Haotian's mind but understood him well enough to guess his thoughts, especially seeing that Situ Haotian was not worried about Situ Ruoshui's safety.

"Yes."

Situ Haotian didn't conceal it, "My adoptive father didn't blame me over the phone because he is too worried about Ruoshui's safety. If anything happens to her, he definitely won't let us off easily!"

"Young Master Haotian, I think Mr. Situ won't do anything to us. After all, the strength of Qu Feng and the others is too strong; our men simply can't match them," Xiao Jiu suggested.

"If we had fought hard and still failed to protect Ruoshui, that could have been acceptable."

Situ Haotian straightforwardly rejected, "If the adoptive father knows we fled without fighting and returned unscathed, he would definitely be furious with us!"

"Young Master Haotian, what do you mean?" Xiao Jiu felt a surge in his heart, but he dared not be sure.

"No matter what, we can't let the adoptive father know we fled without fighting. Also, when we meet the adoptive father later, we must have injuries, and they can't be minor ones!"

Situ Haotian's eyes flashed with ruthlessness, and he spoke in a low tone, "Only then will the adoptive father not pursue our responsibility!"

Hearing Situ Haotian's words and catching the ruthlessness in his gaze, Xiao Jiu couldn't help but feel terrified.

Because...he understood what Situ Haotian meant—Situ Haotian was considering self-harm to avoid punishment from Situ Chen!

Meanwhile.

A Rolls Royce Phantom, under the escort of three off-road vehicles, was speeding along on the Shanghai-Hangzhou Highway.

Inside the car, Situ Chen, dressed in a Tang suit, held a tobacco pipe in his right hand, continuously smoking dry tobacco, filling the entire cabin with smoke, as if it were on fire.

Despite the smoky haze, one could see that Situ Chen's brows were deeply furrowed, his resolute square face filled with worry.

"Little Four, tell them to drive faster!"

After exhaling another thick puff of smoke, Situ Chen spoke gravely to his bodyguard and driver, Fei Si.

"Brother Chen, they're already driving at the limit," Fei Si responded.

Hearing this, Situ Chen stopped talking and just smoked his pipe fiercely, as if he was trying to dispel his worries this way.

But—

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't manage it; on the contrary, the more he tried to dispel his worries, the more intense they became, to the point of making him wish he could immediately fly to Hanghu.

"Brother Chen, I have something to say but I'm not sure if it's appropriate to say it," Fei Si said, seeing the worry and anxiety on Situ Chen's face and hesitating a bit.

Situ Chen sighed wearily, "I know what you're going to say. Lin Tianyi had someone kidnap Ruoshui just to use her as a bargaining chip to make me give up the Yangtze River Delta territory, or even force me to submit to him."

"Yes, Brother Chen," Fei Si nodded.

"I had thought of that."

Situ Chen, with a furrowed brow, said, "But no one can guarantee they won't do anything to Ruoshui! Especially that scum Lin Ao Feng, who has harmed so many innocent girls. If that scum comes to Hanghu, then Ruoshui is in danger!"

Hearing Situ Chen say this, Fei Si fell silent.

He knew that Lin Ao Feng, the son of the Ruler of the Nanqinghong, Lin Tianyi, practiced a very evil Martial Arts that involved enhancing strength by harvesting yin to supplement yang.

Over the past few years, countless women have been harmed by Lin Ao Feng, most of whom were young girls—engaging in relations with virgins was most beneficial to Lin Ao Feng's enhancement of strength!

"If anything really happens to Ruoshui, I will declare war on Nanqinghong at all costs!"

Situ Chen's voice resounded again in the quiet cabin, his expression turning slightly ferocious, his tone utterly resolute, "Even if I can't severely damage Nanqinhong, I must make Lin Tianyi, father and son, pay with their lives!"

Fei Si fell silent again.

He was not only Situ Chen's bodyguard and driver but also his junior martial brother.

To be precise, Situ Chen had once been a disciple to his father, and he had turned to Situ Chen after his father's death.

His special status let him understand Situ Chen much more than others could.

He was acutely aware of the deep shadow left by the death of Situ Ruoshui's mother on Situ Chen, leading him to be extremely protective of Situ Ruoshui over the past few years and to place significant emphasis on her safety.

In such circumstances, if Situ Ruoshui really met with calamity or was harmed by Lin Ao Feng, Situ Chen would definitely take drastic action!

After all, if Situ Chen were to spend a huge sum of money for a bounty on the heads of Lin Tianyi and Lin Ao Feng, there would still be underground organizations from abroad that might risk being annihilated by the Yanhuang Organization to sneak into Huaxia and kill Lin Tianyi and Lin Ao Feng father and son.

However, if the Yanhuang Organization learned that Situ Chen had been in contact with foreign underground organizations, the authorities would punish him severely, rendering Situ Chen's decades of effort futile!

This is what Situ Chen meant by 'at all costs'!

...

Situ Ruoshui didn't know that her father, Situ Chen, was ready to go down fighting for her sake.

At this moment, she was lying on Ye Fan's back, her eyes closed, with only the images of Ye Fan killing Qu Feng and letting One-eyed Wu Ren bleed to death filling her mind—due to her curiosity about what Ye Fan was going to do, and her concern for his safety, she hadn't closed her eyes as Ye Fan had told her to—she only did so in fright after seeing Ye Fan sever Wu Ren's carotid artery.

Realizing that Situ Ruoshui's body was trembling, Ye Fan guessed that she might have peeked and couldn't help but sigh as he took big strides toward the interior of the club.

He wanted to find a quiet room to stabilize Situ Ruoshui's emotions first, wash off the blood stains, and then take her away from this place.

"Ye... Brother Ye Fan, are they all dead?"

Shortly after, as Ye Fan opened the door to a room at the club, Situ Ruoshui carefully opened her eyes and asked in a soft voice.

"Hmm."

Ye Fan responded softly, then undid the clothes around his waist and set Situ Ruoshui down.

Having done all this, he wiped the blood off his face.

Seeing Ye Fan's face stained red with blood, Situ Ruoshui instinctively stepped back.

"You saw everything?"

Seeing this, Ye Fan became even more convinced of his assumption, and after giving it some thought, decided to console Situ Ruoshui; otherwise, today's events could leave an indelible shadow on her.

Upon hearing this, Situ Ruoshui hesitated for a moment, nodded, and then shook her head.

"Uh..." Ye Fan paused, smiled wryly, and said, "Did you see it or not?"

"I saw you punch that long-haired person and send him flying, and I also saw you slit that One-eyed guy's blood vessel."

After stepping back, Situ Ruoshui wasn't that scared anymore; rather, she blinked her bright, big eyes at Ye Fan and said, "I didn't dare to watch what happened after that."

"Didn't I tell you to close your eyes?" Ye Fan sighed.

Like a child who'd done something wrong, Situ Ruoshui lowered her head and spoke softly, "I'm sorry, Brother Ye Fan, I... I was worried about you, so I peeked a few times."

"Do you think I am a ruthless killer?" Hearing Situ Ruoshui say this and looking at her adorable expression, Ye Fan couldn't help but laugh.

"No. They are the villains; they wanted to kill you, so you had to kill them," Situ Ruoshui shook her head and replied.

Perhaps not expecting such an answer from Situ Ruoshui, Ye Fan was somewhat startled.

After Situ Ruoshui spoke those words, for some reason, she no longer felt afraid; instead, she was filled with curiosity, looking at him with big, bright eyes, she asked, "Brother Ye Fan, have you learned Martial Arts?"

"Hmm." Ye Fan smiled wryly—he hadn't expected Situ Ruoshui's tolerance to be so strong.

"You can punch someone into the air, that's so impressive, even more than my dad!" As Situ Ruoshui recalled the scene of Ye Fan punching Qu Feng into the air, she couldn't help but express her admiration.

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The quick shifts in Situ Ruoshui's emotions left Ye Fan speechless; after some thought, he said, "If all goes well, your dad should already know you were abducted. He must be very worried, so you should call him first to let him know you're safe. I'll take a shower, and then I'll take you to meet him."

"Hmm."

Situ Ruoshui nodded obediently, then gazed sincerely at Ye Fan with wide eyes and said, "Thank you for saving me, Brother Ye Fan."

"Make the phone call," Ye Fan smiled, pulling out a cellphone from his pocket and handing it over to Situ Ruoshui.

Situ Ruoshui took the phone and directly called Situ Chen.

"Hello."

As the call connected, Situ Chen's deep voice came through the receiver... clearly, he thought the call was from the Nanqinhong people.

"Dad, it's me!"

"Ruoshui?"

Startled to hear Situ Ruoshui's voice, Situ Chen sat up abruptly and asked anxiously, "Where are you now?"

Situ Ruoshui glanced around the room, somewhat puzzled; previously, she had been brought here in an extended travel bag, so she had no idea where they were.

"West Lake Club."

Ye Fan spoke up to remind her; he had specifically observed the terrain upon entering, so he naturally knew the name of the club.

"Ruoshui, is there someone next to you? Did they do anything to you?" Barely hearing a man's voice, Situ Chen's heart immediately raced.

"Dad, I'm with Brother Ye Fan; we're at the West Lake Club," Situ Ruoshui replied.

"Brother Ye Fan?"

"He's a friend I met in the game, his name is Ye Fan."

As she spoke, Situ Ruoshui couldn't help but glance at Ye Fan heading toward the bathroom, adding, "He's the one who rescued me from those villains!"

A friend from the game?

Rescued Ruoshui from three masters, two of them at Peak-stage Postnatal and one at Postnatal Perfection?

This... How is that possible??

As Situ Ruoshui's words echoed in his ears, even though Situ Chen was the godfather of the Yangtze River Delta Underground World and possessed excellent psychological quality, he was left utterly dumbfounded!