

## Smart Home Automation Appliances & Solutions

Chapter 1835

"Let's go, Junie. We should head back. The Jiangbei auction will probably start tomorrow. I'll go to India with you after the auction is over and will settle some old scores for you."

Ye Fan changed the topic right away. Perhaps he didn't want to dwell on the previous topic, but he was quick to get Junie to prepare for their trip back.

Junie, however, was slightly taken aback. "My old score?"

"Huh? Have you forgotten about it? Years ago, I promised I'd help you exact your revenge," replied Ye Fan as he stared strangely at her.

Those words reminded Junie of that promise.

The stoic expression on her beautiful face finally turned into a smile.

"Ah, so you remember that promise. I thought you forgot about it ages ago," murmured Junie.

She spoke softly, and her tone was even, but there was no doubt that she was touched by that gesture.

It had been a long time, so she didn't expect Ye Fan to remember that promise.

Huh... I thought that guy only ever paid attention to the matters regarding the Chu family and the Chu Sect. **Products** 





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"I would never forget that. As far as I am concerned, your problems are my problems. I might forget about everything else, but I will never forget anything that bothered you. The truth is, I was going to go to India after my first trip back from the Chu Sect. Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned, and I went to Mount Chumen in a fit of anger. Speaking of that, I've been meaning to apologize to you for this. I'm sorry I kept you waiting for so many years. I should've killed that jerk ages ago."

So many years had passed, and Junie had done so much for the Dragon God Hall.

There were many times when Ye Fan's life hung in the balance, and Junie was almost always the one who brought him back to life.

Even right at that moment, Junie was going all out to help. She was in a foreign country at the time, but she dropped everything and came running as soon as she learned that her skills were needed. In fact, she took a flight back to Jiangdong the very night she received that phone call.

After all that, she stayed awake for an entire week just to plan for and administer Ye Fan's treatment, all to help Ye Fan recover and make sure he was in tiptop condition.

How could anyone ever repay a debt like that?

Junie had done so, so much for Ye Fan, and the only thing he could do in return was to help her

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exact her vengeance.

Hence, he decided to accompany Junie back to her country as soon as the auction in Jiangbei was over.

He planned to murder the King of India, Fen Tian!

"Oh, please don't. Given your current condition, you won't be able to fight as well as you used to. You might fail to exact my revenge and end up being slain instead. Seriously, I wouldn't know how to face your wife and son if you were to die because of me. For now, just be good and recover well. We will have the last ingredient for your medicine after this auction is over, and you should fully recover soon after. Come on. Let's not talk about this now. Let's head back."

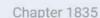
Junie didn't wait for a response. As soon as she finished speaking, she turned around and walked toward the place they lived.

What Ye Fan never noticed, however, was that her beautiful eyes were glimmering with tears when she turned around.

To Ye Fan, he was simply keeping the promise he made ages ago.

On the other hand, Junie saw that as the most touching gesture there was.

Ah, so I'm not alone. There are still people in this world that cares about me. It's a pleasant sensation



to have someone care about me.

"I'm surprised. Your son looks just like you. He doesn't take after his mother at all."

As they traveled back, Junie and Ye Fan chatted.

Ye Fan, however, smiled bitterly and sweated a little before replying, "Hey, don't make weird comments like that. He's not my biological son. The boy was abandoned, and my mom adopted him. I'm not sure why, but Mucheng is raising the kid now."

Junie was surprised to hear that. "Huh? That's not your son? You're kidding me, right? Do you realize how similar the two of you looked? Oh, wait. I think I know what's happening here. You're lying because you don't want to admit that you cheated."

Junie rolled her eyes after that. It was obvious she didn't believe a word Ye Fan said earlier.

"I'm not lying. You've been to my place before, so I'm sure you've met the tiny rascal my mom had with her," replied Ye Fan while grinning exasperatedly.

The truth, however, was that Ye Fan was rather confused as well.

Qiu Mufan looked way too similar to Ye Fan.

In fact, when they first met, Ye Fan thought that

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the kid was actually his biological son.

He didn't know what was going on until after he asked Han about it.

"Now that you mention it, I do recall that," replied Junie while nodding.

They reached their destination soon after and had to end their conversation.

At the time, they had limited funds and needed to keep a low profile, so they rented a small place in Livingsfill.

"Ye Fan, Junie, you guys are so slow. I waited for so, so long. Hurry over. My mom has dinner ready, and we're all waiting for the two of you. Ugh, I'm famished."

A girl, whose hair was tied into a cute ponytail and was about seven or eight years old, stood there.

She smiled when she saw Ye Fan and Junie finally showing up, and she ran over to them.

As she complained, she dragged them into the house.

The little girl was so hungry that her stomach had been grumbling.

"Tangtang, tell your mom not to wait for us next time. You can eat away and just leave some food for us."

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Ye Fan stroked the girl's tiny head lovingly while smiling.

The beautiful girl was the landlord's daughter, Tangtang.

Ye Fan was renting their place at the time.

The neighborhood was filled with houses, and almost every family had some empty rooms in their place. Those rooms were often rented to someone else.

The rent for a room was only a few hundred for a month, so it was incredibly cheap.

Ye Fan had stayed there for about two weeks, and in that time, he got to know the landlord and his family and vice versa.

"Wow, that smells so good. Are those dumplings?"

Ye Fan could smell the delicious food before he even entered the house.

He acted like a kid after that and ran to the dining table. He was even quicker than Tangtang.

"Hey, you little punk! Have you washed your hands? Go wash your hands right away, young man. Geez, you're setting such a bad example for Tangtang."

Ye Fan was about to grab some dumplings when someone smacked his hand with a pair of



chopsticks.

A middle-aged woman with washed-out clothes was glaring at Ye Fan in distaste at that moment.

She was the lady of the house, Yue Yingchun.

Sitting beside her was her husband, Hu Yipeng.

Hu Yipeng got into an accident a few years ago while working at a construction site. As a result, he became disabled and had to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

The silver lining was that he was, in a way, protected by his ancestors. He inherited a house in Livingsfill, where the cost of properties was ridiculously high.

The family lived a frugal life, and Yue Yingchun did part-time jobs, so they were able to make ends meet.

"Hahaha, aww, don't complain, Yingchun. I used to behave that way when I returned home after a long day at work," said Hu Yipeng after chuckling.

He was an extrovert who enjoyed the noise because it made the place seem lively.

"That still won't do. I don't care how hungry he is. He can wait a few seconds longer and wash his hands first. Junie is so much better. She is hygienic and lovely.

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"She is such an amazing girl. It's a pity she'll probably marry someone in the future," said Yue Yingchun. The more she interacted with Junie, the more she found Junie amazing. It's too bad she'll have to marry someone in the future and move out.

"Hahaha, that is an easy problem to fix. All you have to do is play a little more with your husband and get pregnant with a chubby boy. After that, I will arrange a marriage between your baby and my sister," said Ye Fan.

"Hey, that's a brilliant idea," replied Hu Yipeng. The two men chuckled away soon after.

"Oh, shut it. Geez, the two of you are such troublemakers," commented Yue Yingchun as she lightly smacked Hu Yipeng's head. She blushed a little, seemingly embarrassed.

"Oh no, what do we do. Ye Fan? It seems my dear wife is against the idea of playing with me."

Under the florescent lights, laughter filled the place.

The warmth and sweetness would make anyone feel happy.





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"You know, Ye Fan, I might be overstepping here, but listen to me.

"You're getting older and should get married soon.

"The matter is not urgent for your sister because she is stunning. I'm certain she will find a good man in the future.

"You see, we live in an age where women have an advantage over these things.

"Hence, you can't afford to keep wasting your time.

"I'm not trying to be mean to you, but look at how things are right now. You don't have a house or money in Livingsfill. To make matters worse, you have a dead-end job.

"Your only advantage is that you're still young and handsome.

"Once you reach thirty years old... Trust me, no woman would want to marry you then.

"So, listen to me and go on more blind dates.

"I'll help you look around as well.

"I know quite a few young ladies. They aren't the most beautiful women or the ones with the best personalities, but there is one thing I can guarantee you. They will surely lead a good life with you.



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"A wife is not like a girlfriend. The most important thing is to find someone you will live a peaceful life with."

With all the jokes out of the way, Yue Yingchun began nagging at Ye Fan and worrying about him.

She didn't know much about Ye Fan and Junie, but they had been living together for about two weeks. Hence, she had a general idea of what was going on.

She assumed that they were just like the youngsters that had traveled over for work.

That assumption was understandable. After all, it had been years, and almost everyone who had rented their place was a factory worker.

After Yue Yingchun finished speaking, Hu Yipeng said, "Ye Fan, don't be angry at my wife for being nosy. She has always been that straightforward and would say whatever is on her mind.

"Truth is, my wife and I see you as a righteous man who works hard. You seem like a dependable guy who can be trusted, and that is why she nags a little.

"A few hooligans used to live here, and my wife never bothered trying to introduce any ladies to them. In fact, she chased them away with a broom.

"Dishonest men are trouble, and we refused to



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rent our place to them despite the money they offered."

Hu Yipeng worried that Ye Fan would get angry, so the former spoke up for his wife.

Ye Fan, however, was surprisingly calm. After a chuckle, he shamelessly said, "I understand where you are coming from, so don't worry about that.

"The two of you are amazing people, and I thank you for your concerns.

"However, I have no intention of getting married soon.

"Look at me. I'm broke and have no assets. No one would want to marry a fool like me. In fact, I will just ruin a nice lady's life if I marry her."

Ye Fan came up with an excuse to get out of the situation.

Jeez, I actually have a wife, you know? I mean... I don't know if Qiu Mucheng will actually take me back, but there is no way I'd go look for another woman.

"Oh, don't say that, Ye Fan.

"You may be broke, but you are not useless. At the very least, you can get a woman pregnant, can't you?

"There are so many rich families out there who are



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looking for a man to marry into their families.

"What do you think about that?

"It might be a little embarrassing, but there really is nothing bad about it. At the very least, you'd be set for life," said Yue Yingchun.

Ye Fan's expression darkened right away.

What the heck? Why does everyone think that I should be a kept man? Do I have a face that makes me look useless?

Ye Fan looked aggrieved while Junie, who was sitting at the side, started giggling nonstop.

Her beautiful voice was as melodious as a chirping bird.

"Oh, you pesky woman. Stop laughing, or I will arrange a marriage for you and make you the bride of a youngster!"

Ye Fan glared evilly at Junie, then complained internally.

That stupid woman. It's bad enough she's not helping, but she's also celebrating my misery.

"So, what do you think? The worst thing that could happen is that your kids won't have your surname," said Yue Yingchun.

What do I think? There is no way I'll freaking accept



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that! I am the only heir in the family, and I will be too ashamed to face my ancestors if my son does not have my surname.

Naturally, it wasn't just about the surname. The point was that Ye Fan would never be a kept man.

That was why Ye Fan parted his lips to turn that offer down.

Unfortunately, before he could do so, Yue Yingchun shook her head and said, "Ah, wait. That won't do. A rich family would want a handsome lad to be their kept man. Your skin is too rough and tanned, so they probably won't accept you."

"[..."

Ye Fan was stunned in place.

He had the sudden urge to curse.

I haven't even turned the offer down, and she's already assuming that I will be rejected. What the f\*ck? I am the Hall Master of the Dragon God Hall and placed first in the Sky Ranking. D\*mn, how far I've fallen...

Ye Fan didn't even know if he should laugh or cry at that moment.

Junie, however, was snickering so much that she was trembling.

She had seen Ye Fan shining brilliantly many

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times, so she thought it was rather interesting to see him being dissed to that extent.

Years later, Junie would think back on her adventure with Ye Fan, and the moments she would remember most fondly were their time in Livingsfill.

It wasn't glamorous or plentiful, but their time there was warm and stable.

After going through all the adventure, it seemed that a person would inevitably realize that happiness came from stability.

The simple pleasures of life were way more precious than the highs that came from being at the top.

"Don't be sad, Ye Fan. If you really can't find anyone to marry you, then I will be your bride after I grow up."

As Tangtang spoke, she stroked Ye Fan's head like how he did to her before. She even had a straight face on when she made that promise.

Ye Fan truly... "appreciated" the kid comforting him like that. "T-Thank you," said Ye Fan in an annoyed tone.

That meal ended with Ye Fan feeling ever so defeated.

"Junie, do I just have a face that makes others



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think I should be a kept man?

"All those years ago, I married into my wife's family because I had no choice. I had to keep a low profile.

"But now... Now, I'm globally renowned, and still, I am asked to be a kept man.

"F\*cking hell. Is this just how my fate is?"

After retiring to the room, Ye Fan stomped around and complained about the previous conversation he had

Junie smiled in amusement. "You should stop fantasizing about that. No rich family would want you."

Ye Fan's face fell right away. "You annoying woman. You're just itching to be slapped, aren't you?"

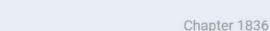
As Ye Fan spoke, he pushed Junie to the bed and smacked her lightly.

"Ye Fan, I just boiled some water. Do you need it?"

## Creak!

The door to the room opened at that moment, and Yue Yingchun entered with a kettle of boiling water.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Junie on



the bed while Ye Fan hovered over her.

Dumbstruck, Yue Yingchun stared at them and screamed, "You crazy punk, don't even think about it. She's your sister!"

Yue Yingchun hurried over to rescue Junie from Ye Fan.

Sigh...

"I think we'll have to hurry and find a wife for Ye Fan. That punk is so sexually frustrated that he has gone crazy," said Yue Yingchun as she turned to her husband.

Yue Yingchun glared at Ye Fan a little before she sighed again and led Hu Yipeng back to their room.

Naturally, Yue Yingchun brought Junie along with her.

"Uh, wait, that is a misunderstanding. Listen to me. It's not what you think. It's just a freaking misunderstanding. Junie, tell them the truth."

Ye Fan had a troubled expression on. He hurried over to explain the situation and save his reputation.

Unfortunately, Yue Yingchun didn't believe a word he said. She ignored him and gave Junie some advice. "Junie, stay away from your brother when the night falls. Men go crazy after they have been



single for too long. They can't control themselves."

"Okay, I understand," replied Junie as she nodded.

Those words almost knocked Ye Fan to his knees.

What the hell? What does she mean when she says she understands? D\*mn it, that woman is deliberately messing with me and making everyone misunderstand the situation!

"And just like that, my reputation as the Hall Master is ruined..."

Ye Fan was drowning in sorrow and annoyance.

Junie, however, was secretly smiling. A beautiful smile decorated her stunning face, and it was breathtaking.



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As Ye Fan and Junie were enjoying their peaceful moment, a few luxurious cars suddenly drove into an old community in the south district of Livingsfill.

The next moment, a group of people, dressed in bright clothes and carrying a lot of expensive gifts, knocked on the door of one of the houses.

It was a middle-aged woman who opened the door. Her body had gone out of shape, and her black leggings accentuated that.

The woman was delighted to see those people, especially with the gifts in their hands. "Did Mr. Meng send you guys? Please come in then. Honey, please bring the cigarettes."

Overwhelmed with excitement, the woman invited them in and served them tea.

Just then, the man of the house came out anxiously from the bathroom after pulling up his pants.

The couple did not dare to take the important guests lightly.

"There's no need for the trouble. Mr. Meng is still waiting for us to report the news to him. You should know why we are here tonight, right?" A man with a crew cut, supposedly the leader among them, spoke.

"Yes, we do. Mr. Meng has told us on the phone,"

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the woman immediately responded.

"All right. Good then." The leader nodded and threw a card on the table. "There's ten million. If you manage to pull it off tonight, this ten million is yours."

The woman's eyes lit up right away. "Honey, did you hear that? It's ten million. We wouldn't even be able to earn so much even if we worked till death."

The couple could not suppress their excitement.

"Okay. Calm down for now. It still depends on your ability whether you can get the money or not. Where is Ms. Qiu? Take us to see her first," the man uttered coldly.

"She's inside the house. We will take you to her now." The woman was overwhelmed with joy after knowing about the money.

Without hesitation, she led those people toward a bedroom.

Qiu Mucheng, who was inside her bedroom, heard noises coming from the living room. "Are there guests here?" When she was about to come out and check, she saw her aunt and uncle leading a few men toward her room.

"Huh? Luo Feng, why are you here?" Qiu Mucheng furrowed her brows upon seeing who had come.

Her gaze filled with caution.



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"Ms. Qiu, we meet again." Luo Feng displayed a faint smile.

"I have already resigned, so I am no longer an employee at your company. Hence, I don't think we need to see each other again." Qiu Mucheng was not pleased to see them. Upon saying that, she wanted to close the door to stop them from coming in.

"Huh? Mucheng, what's wrong with you? Mr. Luo is the guest here. You should be happy that a distinguished man like him came to see you. How could you chase him away?" her aunt scolded.

"Aunt, please stay out of this. You don't know the whole story. No matter what, I don't want to see them." Qiu Mucheng sounded utterly reluctant.

"Ms. Qiu, do you have to go this far? After all, we used to be colleagues, and we are not enemies. Plus, I came here tonight on behalf of Mr. Meng. It has been about three months since you left Meng Group. You should have thought things through by now. So, do you want to be Mr. Meng's girlfriend?" Luo Feng displayed a smile.

"I am sorry, but I have already given you my answer. I have no intention of being in a relationship or getting married. Please tell Mr. Meng that I appreciate his offer, but I don't deserve it. He should find another woman!" Qiu Mucheng was persistent, and she did not give Luo Feng any chance.

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Without a doubt, the couple panicked upon hearing Qiu Mucheng's words.

"Mucheng, you brat! What nonsense are you spouting? It's a great honor that Mr. Meng is interested in you! If I were you, I would even wake up smiling in my dreams! Mr. Meng's family is the wealthiest in Jiangbei. If you marry him, you will have a luxurious life ahead of you without any worry! Mucheng, listen to me and take their offer. Go to Mr. Meng tonight and become his girlfriend," the couple urged her earnestly.

Nonetheless, Qiu Mucheng had made up her mind, and no one could persuade her on the matter.

In the end, Luo Feng's tone turned cold as he saw Qiu Mucheng unwilling to comply. "Ms. Qiu, you have stayed for quite a long time in Meng Group, so you should know well about Mr. Meng's temper. He has always gotten whatever he wants. This will be the last time we ask you nicely. If you don't come to your senses and reject our goodwill, don't blame us for the consequences. Soon, you will find out the outcome of going against Mr. Meng in Jiangbei. Believe me. You will be crying and begging Mr. Meng to accept you as his woman by then."

Luo Feng smiled coldly.

"No way! I can't allow you guys to bully Mom!" As Luo Feng was speaking, a boy who was doing homework at the table suddenly ran over and stood in front of Qiu Mucheng.

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"Huh? Mom? What is going on here? Since when did you have a son?" Luo Feng's expression darkened instantly upon seeing the little boy.

He did not know much about Qiu Mucheng's past.

He knew she came from outside the province, but he was unaware that she had a child.

"Didn't you say that you were single? Did you lie to Mr. Meng?" Luo Feng shot a glare at Qiu Mucheng.

"Mr. Luo, please don't misunderstand. Qiu Mucheng is indeed single now. She gave birth to this child before she was married. The kid's father is already dead," the couple immediately explained as they were worried the Meng family might not want Qiu Mucheng.

Upon hearing that, Luo Feng heaved a sigh of relief. "However, this child should not exist either. She should belong to him entirely. How could she have a child of another man?"

Luo Feng's gaze turned cold as he spoke.

Qiu Mucheng was frightened, and she immediately hugged Fan Junior in her embrace. "What do you want to do?"

Luo Feng did not utter anything else as he merely smiled. "Ms. Qiu, you better take care of yourself."

Then, Luo Feng waved his hand toward his subordinates. "Let's go!"



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"Mr. Luo, please don't leave. Let's discuss it." The couple was beyond anxious as they saw Luo Feng leaving. They chased after him and tried to stop him.

Nevertheless, Luo Feng showed utter arrogance as he did not turn his head around.

The couple was enraged.

They were so close to getting the ten million and were disappointed in the end.

They went back into the house and scolded Qiu Mucheng wrathfully, "What a foolish woman you are! That offer could have changed your life forever. Why do you want to raise this bastard son alone? And what makes you think you can afford to raise him? If my husband and I didn't help you out, you would be sleeping on the streets right now. Since Mr. Meng has a thing for you, you should grab this golden opportunity. How can you be so ungrateful! Great. Now you've offended Mr. Meng; let's see how you can survive in Livingsfill in the future!"

Qiu Mucheng fell silent and did not respond to them. It made them even more pissed.

"Get out of our sight now! Our house is not big enough for your arrogance. If you can't be useful to us, stop burdening us! Get out of here tonight! It's not up for discussion!" The couple had never been so infuriated before.

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They had fallen out with Qiu Mucheng and insisted she leave their house.

They figured they had done enough after allowing her to stay with them for such a long time. After all, they were merely distant relatives to her.

Now that Qiu Mucheng had offended someone important, naturally, they would not want to get caught in the middle of it.



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Qiu Mucheng had not had many opinions regarding her aunt and uncle's decision to chase her out.

She had been thinking about moving out for quite some time anyway.

Initially, she did not intend to stay at her relative's house. However, she had no choice as she did not have enough time to find a place to rent.

Her aunt and uncle said they had an extra room that had not been occupied for a long time. Hence, they suggested that Qiu Mucheng should stay with them.

Of course, Qiu Mucheng had not taken advantage of them during this period.

She paid them a monthly rental fee based on the market price, and she was the one who paid the electric bill and the water bill.

To put it precisely, it cost her even more compared to renting a room elsewhere.

Plus, the house was located further from Fan Junior's school. Thus, Qiu Mucheng had been considering moving out of there.

She did not have the chance to voice it out before, and now she did.

After hearing what her aunt and uncle said, she did not say anything. Without delay, she packed









her stuff and left with Fan Junior.

The couple stomped their feet in rage as they watched Qiu Mucheng leaving without hesitation.

"What a heartless person you are! Are you going to leave just like that? What an ungrateful wretch! If we didn't take you in back then, you and your son would have frozen to death on the streets. We shouldn't have let you live with us in the first place! Even an animal knows how to appreciate those who help it. You are worse than an animal!" Their chests heaved as they could not suppress their fury.

Initially, Qiu Mucheng intended to ignore them. However, their words were too harsh for her to stay silent.

"Aunt, I am truly thankful that you had let me stay with you. But I disagree if you say I am not grateful. During my stay here, did I ever not pay my rental fee? If I rent another place, it will only take me less than three thousand for a unit with two rooms and a living room. I only rent a room here, yet I pay you two thousand and five hundred monthly, three thousand if I include the water and electricity bills. Aunt, do you think that's fair? We both know who is the heartless one here!" Qiu Mucheng turned around and left abruptly without looking back after spitting out those words.

"D\*mn it! This brat has a quick mouth! She's driving me crazy!"









"But Honey, I think maybe we shouldn't chase her out. We will be earning two thousand less every month. That's almost equal to thirty thousand per year. I don't think we would ever find such a good deal again."

After Qiu Mucheng left, the couple vented to each other.

However, they soon realized they were the ones who suffered the biggest loss.

They regretted it instantly and immediately called Qiu Mucheng and asked her to move back in.

Regardless, there was no way Qiu Mucheng would go back after moving out.

I am not a fool. Why would I spend more money to be treated disrespectfully? It's better for me to rent a new place!

Nonetheless, it needed time to find a place to rent.

With that, Qiu Mucheng had no choice but to stay at a hotel for a few days.

The night passed quickly and soon it was morning.

The following day, Ye Fan and Junie woke up early. After freshening up, they walked toward the door.

"Aren't you guys going to have breakfast?" Yue Yingchun's voice sounded from behind.









"No, thanks, Mdm. Yue. We are in a hurry. We don't have time for breakfast." Ye Fan waved his hand at them and disappeared into the horizon with Junie.

"Young people nowadays lead a stressful life.
They don't even have time to eat breakfast. It's hard for them to earn a living, especially for someone who doesn't have much educational background. It's still better for a female as she can marry a wealthy man. But what about Ye Fan? He is almost thirty, but he still doesn't have a stable job. I wonder if any woman will be willing to marry a man like him." Yue Yingchun and Hu Yipeng heaved a sigh.

"Mom, I can marry Ye Fan." Just then, Tangtang raised her hand and offered.

Yue Yingchun cast a glare at Tangtang. The three of them continued eating their breakfast.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan and Junie boarded the bus and headed toward Livingsfill Association to participate in the auction.

"Junie, Han has given us two hundred million, hasn't he? It doesn't cost much to hail a cab. So why do we need to take the bus?"

It was peak hour so the bus was fully packed.

Some disheveled-looking men tried to get close to Junie.

Naturally, Ye Fan would not allow them to have









their way.

He used his body to protect Junie and tried to let no one come near her.

"Do you think two hundred million is a lot of money? Do you know how precious the thing we are going to bid on is? I am even worried that two hundred million might not be enough." Junie furrowed her brows, utterly troubled.

Previously, Ye Fan possessed wealth beyond any dream of avarice.

However, during these two years without Ye Fan, Dragon God Hall had more or less dispersed.

Even Mufan Group that Ye Fan founded was facing bankruptcy.

Han had exhausted all his resources to collect the two hundred million.

They used to think money was insignificant in life while they were rich.

Since they lacked money at the moment, only then did they realize one could hardly survive without money.

Just then, the bus went past a bus stop.

Junie inadvertently caught sight of a portrait poster on the billboard at the bus stop. "Huh? Ye Fan, look over there. Isn't that your wife?"









That woman in the poster looked exactly like Qiu Mucheng.

Ye Fan was startled too as he stared at it. "Indeed."

Just then, a stranger standing beside Ye Fan patted the latter's shoulder. "Hey, you can't simply spout nonsense like that. Watch your mouth. You might even lose your life for what you said."

"What do you mean?" Ye Fan could not wrap his head around it.

"Don't you know? The woman in the poster is the one that Mr. Meng Chuan from the Meng family likes. Mr. Meng is pursuing her crazily right now. If you don't believe me, look at the advertisement at the back of this bus."

Ye Fan turned around and glanced at the back.

Indeed, there was another poster of Qiu Mucheng inside the bus, and there was a line written on it: *Mucheng, you will eventually become my bride.* 

"That's not entirely it too. Wait and see. The whole city will be filled with Mr. Meng's love messages in a short time. It will be full of this kind of poster. Every citizen in Livingsfill will know that this woman belongs to Mr. Meng. So, sir, I advise you to watch your mouth. If you address this woman as your wife, you might lose your life," the stranger reminded with concern.









"That sounds ridiculous. This Mr. Meng is still pursuing this woman, and she has not even agreed to be with him yet. How could she already belong to him?" Ye Fan furrowed his brows.

"Sir, you are not from around here, right? The Meng family is the wealthiest in Jiangbei. Anyway, Mr. Meng has toyed with countless women over the years. Some women refused to accept his love. But, in the end, all of them submitted to him."

"The pressure from the Meng family isn't something we, as ordinary citizens, could bear. Especially now that many people have known about it. Believe me. Mr. Meng might not even need to make a move himself; many people will try to get this woman to him."

"Everyone in Jiangbei wishes to flatter the Meng family!"

Inside the bus, the passengers started gossiping about the Meng family.

Some among them felt pity for the woman in the poster.

"What a pity. She looks like a fine woman..."









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As those gossips surrounded Ye Fan, he fell into deep silence.

"Why? Are you feeling upset?" Junie asked teasingly upon seeing Ye Fan's look.

Ye Fan shook his head. "There is nothing to be upset about. I am already a dead person. I have no right to demand Mucheng stay single for me. It will be a good thing if she can find a good man. That silly girl always kicks her blanket off while sleeping. She will need someone to cover the blanket for her."

Ye Fan tried hard to keep his tone steady. However, Junie could still sense a trace of sorrow within his words.

"So, do you plan to ignore it and let another man pursue your wife?" Junie pressed on the topic.

Her words pierced through Ye Fan's heart like a blade.

Junie deliberately provoked him as she wanted to find out how much pride was left in him after the tragedy that year.

"Junie, as I said, Ye Fan is already dead. All his past relationships are dead too. Mucheng is a free woman now. She has the right to pursue her happiness. I should not interfere with her life." Ye Fan's expression darkened. No one knew how much emotion he was harboring within his heart.









Yet, after Junie heard what he said, she felt angry without any reason.

She did not bother to talk to Ye Fan anymore. Then, as the bus stopped halfway, she got off the bus.

There were still a few stops before they reached Livingsfill Association.

Yet, Junie got down earlier and walked on the street alone, utterly pissed.

"Hey, pretty lady. May I be your friend? I have three properties."

"Get lost!"

As soon as she got down from the bus, many men tried to flirt with her.

Junie was not interested in those sociable youths who were overconfident with themselves.

"Hahaha... She is not an easy one. I like it."

Some of them were persistent, just like Ye Fan. The more Junie rejected them, the more motivated they got.

Some even laid their hands on her.

"Miss! Come. Get in my car! Let me take you for a ride!" A youth with dyed yellow hair took Junie's hand and tried to drag her to his car.









## Whoosh!

Just then, a strong wind blew.

A yellowish leaf appeared and passed through the young man's hand like a blade.

"Argh!"

Letting out a shout, the man realized blood was flowing from his hand.

"You still have enough time to get to the hospital," Ye Fan uttered faintly as he walked over slowly.

"You son of a b\*tch. Wait and see!" The youth held his hand tightly and went right to the hospital.

"Why did you follow me? I don't know you! I only know Ye Fan!" Junie was pissed to see Ye Fan.

"Junie, don't be like this. You know what I mean."

"No, I don't!" Junie's eyes were reddened as she shouted furiously at Ye Fan. "Why do you keep saying that you are dead? You are still alive, aren't you? Ye Fan is alive, and so is Chu Tianfan. And also Hall Master of Dragon God Hall and the head of Jiangdong. Many people in this world are waiting for you to come back—your wife, your mother, those from Dragon God Hall, and all your subordinates in Jiangdong. So many of them are waiting for your return. Why do you keep saying such pessimistic things? Chu Tianfan, where has your pride gone? Where has your spirit gone?"









Junie took a deep breath and continued to speak. "Are you still the Chu Tianfan that I know? Without your courage and pride, how else will you reach the god realm? What do you have to challenge Chu Yuan? I'm afraid you can't even beat Fen Tian!"

Tears welled up in Junie's eyes as she shouted emotionally.

She did not understand how such a prideful man became so gloomy.

She preferred the previous Ye Fan than the current one.

Where is the Hall Master of Dragon God Hall that looked down on everyone else? He might be harsh and extreme at times or even irrational. But he had such an attractive charisma.

Ye Fan fell silent upon hearing Junie's words. He did not know how to react to that.

She has a point. I am no longer the person I used to be. All my power has disappeared.

After expressing all her rage, Junie realized her behavior had been inappropriate. She immediately apologized to Ye Fan, "I'm sorry, Ye Fan. I wasn't thinking straight. But I will definitely find a cure for you. I promise! Be it the injury in the body or the heart, I will cure you!"

Junie's gaze was filled with determination.









Actually, Junie understood why Ye Fan was behaving like this.

He had lost too much in the battle at Mount Chumen.

Dragon Slayers had lost their lives while Dragon Gods remained missing.

Everything that Ye Fan had built was destroyed overnight.

In the end, Ye Fan had no choice but to vanish.

Junie could not imagine how Ye Fan managed to survive for the past two years.

However, there was one thing she knew. Ye Fan had been bearing a burden that no one could possibly take.

The only thing she could do at the moment was help Ye Fan recover from his condition and regain his power.

That was the only way he could carry the burden and eventually fulfill his destiny.

Junie still believed that Chu Tianfan was alive.

One day, he will return, and it will be the death of all his enemies!

At Livingsfill Association in Livingsfill, the auction there was the biggest auction in the province of









Jiangbei, and it was held annually.

Even though it could not be compared to the auctions in Yanjing and Mapleton, it was one of the top five auctions in the country.

Hence, during the auction period every year, besides the local tycoons, there would be some foreigners coming to the place as well.

By the time Ye Fan and Junie arrived, the hall was almost full

Ye Fan and Junie received their masks and found their seats.

"I wonder if two hundred million would be enough. If it is not enough, I don't know if we will ever have the chance to obtain that kind of herb again." After they sat down, Junie began to worry.

"It's just a herb. Ten million should be enough. Two hundred million is more than enough." Ye Fan looked utterly calm, even though the herb was needed to help his injury.

Junie rolled her eyes at Ye Fan and explained sternly, "You have no idea how valuable herbs are. A herb can decide the life and death of a person. So basically, people are willing to pay any price to get the herbs they want. One might even be willing to pay up to two billion if it can save a life. So let's pray that no one else needs this herb besides us. Or else, your two hundred million definitely won't be enough!"







Ye Fan still did not feel that it was a big deal after listening to her.



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The hall was packed with attendees wearing masks that covered their faces.

It was a necessary measure to ensure their safety.

Previously, there had been a few incidents where someone attacked the bidders and robbed them of their auction items.

Therefore, the organizers decided to conduct the auction anonymously to protect the bidders' safety.

With that, those with malicious intentions would not know who won the bid.

"This mask is hideous! Who got me this mask? Why is it the face of a rat?" A young man among the crowd pulled off his mask, refusing to wear it because he found it ugly.

Hearing the complaints in the distance, Junie glanced at Ye Fan and said, "Your mask suits you quite well."

Ye Fan was wearing a dragon mask.

Since he was the Hall Master of Dragon God Hall, the mask indeed suited him.

"I simply took what was available," Ye Fan said plainly.

"By the way, I heard that a man in a dragon mask appeared on the martial arts scene in the past few









years and attacked fighters from Chu Sect.

Members of the Chu Sect are out of their wits about him and do not dare to go out at night.

Furthermore, Chu Sect even offered a bounty. It was a shocking sum," Junie recounted the recent happenings to Ye Fan in a low voice.

She paused before continuing, "When I first heard about it, I thought you could be the man. But after thinking it through, I changed my mind. Judging from your character, I know you would have headed straight to Mount Chumen and killed Chu Yuan. You wouldn't do something so pointless. Han told me about this matter, but I could never guess who the man in the dragon mask was."

"No matter who he is, he's probably not my enemy," Ye Fan replied.

"Do you think it could be Gaius and the others?" Junie asked.

In recent years, Owen, Gaius, and other Dragon Slayers had disappeared without a trace.

Junie kept trying to find their whereabouts but to no avail.

"Probably not. The man in the dragon mask is more powerful than them," Ye Fan answered.

"I wonder where Gaius and the others have gone. Could they have died on Mount Chumen?" Junie looked worried.









Upon hearing that, Ye Fan became silent.

He could almost see the scenes from the day when his men had fallen on Mount Chumen. Back then, Gaius and the others fought with all their might to give Ye Fan time to escape.

Even at that moment, Ye Fan could still remember the last moment he saw Gaius.

Gaius was spurting blood from his mouth, but he clung to the elder of the Chu Sect, refusing to let him move.

Although Gaius' body was full of wounds, he gritted his teeth and used his remaining strength to shout at Ye Fan to live on.

As the scenes played before his eyes, the air around Ye Fan suddenly turned cold, and his aura grew intense.

If Junie had been to the North Pole, she would have noticed that the air around Ye Fan was even colder than the air at the North Pole.

"I will bring them back even if they are dead," Ye Fan stated, sounding solemn and determined.

Stunned, Junie stared at Ye Fan, who was expressionless.

Then, she quietly reached out and held Ye Fan's icy hand.









Her hand was as warm as the sun in summer, melting his icy aura.

Soon, Ye Fan began to regain his composure.

At that moment, a female host dressed in a red cheongsam walked alluringly into the hall and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to today's auction. The auction shall be held for two days, and we have one hundred and eight items on auction. My name is Xiaoya, and I wish you all the best in obtaining the items you desire. Now, without further ado, let's begin the auction."

After a simple opening ceremony, the longawaited auction finally began.

The first item on auction was an exquisite antique porcelain vase.

Even though the vase was centuries old, it had clear and beautiful patterns that gleamed under the light.

It was truly a rare treasure.

The starting bid was eighty million.

"Ninety million!"

"Ninety-five million!"

"I bid one hundred million!"

Soon, bid after bid sounded throughout the hall.









"What do you think, Junie? Do you like it?" Ye Fan asked Junie with a smile as the people around them continued bidding.

However, before Junie could answer, Ye Fan continued, "Even if you like it, we can't afford the vase. Thus, you can only look at it from afar!"

"You!" Junie scrunched her nose and gritted her teeth angrily.

How dare he tease me?

Meanwhile, the auction went on.

The staff brought out one rare treasure after another for bidding.

However, Ye Fan and Junie did not bid for any of them. They merely watched quietly, waiting for the item they needed to appear.

"To thank all of you for your support, we shall bring out a customer appreciation item for bidding. All gentlemen should grab hold of this opportunity. Needless to say, ladies can get this for your loved ones too," Xiaoya said in a bewitching voice.

Her words managed to stir up the crowd.

"Xiaoya, stop keeping us guessing," someone shouted.

"Tell us what it is now," another person added.









"Could it be an aphrodisiac?" someone guessed.

"Hahaha..." The crowd burst into laughter.

Xiaoya shook her head and smiled shyly, "Sir, you are almost right."

As she bantered with the crowd, the staff brought the auction item onto the stage.

As Ye Fan studied the item, he noticed that it seemed like a jar of wine, except something was floating in it.

Oh, what a scum. There are so many things on auction, but Ye Fan is interested in this thing!

Junie rolled her eyes disdainfully when she saw Ye Fan, whose eyes were fixated on the auction item.

Xiaoya explained, "This is called bear testicle wine. For all your information, that thing floating in the wine is a bear testicle."

She paused before continuing, "It is a wine that not only nourishes a man's body but also acts as an aphrodisiac and is good for kidneys.

Furthermore, it won't cause any side effects. I believe any man who drinks this wine would become more confident and energetic. With that, you can make your woman happy. The starting bid for this item is ten thousand! Each follow-up bid must increase by at least a thousand."

Xiaoya's coquettish and sultry voice charmed the









audience.

As it was a customer appreciation item, the starting bid was low.

Although many men seemed interested in it, none dared to start bidding due to their pride.

As such, the hall fell into an awkward silence for a while.

"Eleven thousand!" Ye Fan's voice rang out in the silent hall.

Whoosh!

Instantly, everyone turned around to look at Ye Fan.

While the men sneered at him, the women shook their heads and sighed.

What Ye Fan found most annoying was Junie looking at him strangely. "No wonder you and your wife didn't have any children even after years of marriage. It turns out that you are impotent."

Having said that, Junie kept nodding as if she had discovered a shocking secret.

"Y-You... What nonsense are you spouting? I... I'm only buying it for a friend!" Ye Fan's expression darkened instantly upon hearing her remarks.

At that moment, he suddenly noticed why









everyone was looking at him.

It seemed that they all thought he was impotent.

That is preposterous! What is this nonsense? I am the Hall Master of Dragon God Hall and number one in Sky Ranking. How can I be impotent?

"Oh, it is for your friend. Right..." Junie nodded, but the smirk remained on her mouth, and she was staring at Ye Fan with a weird expression.

D\*mn it! She must still be thinking that I am impotent!



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Whatever. It will only worsen the misunderstanding if I keep defending myself. It doesn't matter what she thinks, anyway.

After a moment of silence, many people began to bid for the item.

Soon, after a few rounds of bidding, the price of the bear testicle wine had exceeded a million.

"One million one hundred thousand!" Ye Fan made another bid

Junie looked at him anxiously. "Why are you still bidding? Are you crazy?"

Glaring at Ye Fan, she pinched his waist forcefully.

It was as though she was determined to pinch Ye Fan to death if he dared to bid again.

Therefore, Ye Fan did not dare to oppose. He had no choice but to stop bidding.

In the end, a wealthy young man successfully won the bid for the bear testicle wine.

"What a pity." Ye Fan sighed.

Junie looked at him disdainfully as she said, "If you are impotent, I can cure you. You don't have to waste your money on that."

Ye Fan glared at her. "I've told you. I wanted to buy it for a friend."









"Fine, it's for your friend. Goodness, how could you use such a lame excuse? It's not like I would tell anyone," Junie muttered softly. She could not bother to argue with him.

Ye Fan was rendered speechless.

Time continued to tick away.

Soon, it was evening, and the first day of the auction was coming to an end.

"I think we have to wait for tomorrow's auction to bid for medicinal herbs," Junie said disappointedly.

The faster I get them, the sooner I can heal Ye Fan.

The powerful Ye Fan she knew had been gone for too long, and Junie hoped to see the return of the renowned Chu Tianfan who astounded the world with his powers.

"Hmm, I think so too. Perhaps we should leave first." Ye Fan glanced at the time and realized that Fan Junior would finish school soon.

If he headed there now, he might be able to catch a glimpse of his wife and son.

Naturally, Junie could guess what Ye Fan was thinking.

"Sure, let's go then." Junie nodded in agreement. However, when they had just gotten up from their









seats, the staff brought in the final auction item of the day.

"Everyone, the next item shall be the final one for today. I believe many here have seen talismans in novels or tv shows." Xiaoya's clear voice reverberated throughout the hall.

The crowd was stunned by her words.

"A talisman? Do you mean magical artifacts used by immortals? The kind that could shake the earth and part the seas? Is there such a thing in the real world?" someone asked out of curiosity.

Instantly, the crowd went abuzz.

Many wealthy traders among the crowd started to develop an interest in the item.

After all, there had been numerous legends of immortals since time immemorial.

Thousands of years ago, an emperor sent three thousand golden boys and jade maidens to Penglai Immortal Island to find the secrets to eternal life.

A few hundred years ago, the great physicist Newton devoted himself to the divine arts after making his name in physics.

Were immortal beings for real?

Since thousands of years ago, notable figures of









each generation had been searching for answers to this question.

Thus, the appearance of a talisman at that day's auction prompted many to speculate whether immortals existed.

Even Ye Fan and Junie, who were planning to leave, became interested and stayed to find out more.

"We can't confirm whether it's something that an immortal used. However, we know that this talisman contains strange energy. Although it can't move mountains or part the seas, it is still immensely powerful! Let's invite a master from the Elysian Faction to demonstrate its power," Xiaoya said softly, creating a suspenseful atmosphere.

Consequently, a man dressed in a robe stepped onto the stage.

They watched him holding a black disc and chanting something inaudible with furrowed brows.

Suddenly, he shouted, "Appear!"

Swoosh!

Immediately, the round disc floated into the air and flashed with lightning before the crowd.

The lightning moved like a snake and struck the floor with force.









The impact sent tiles flying and formed a pit on the floor that was more than one foot deep.

"W-What..." Everyone was at a loss for words.

If they had not witnessed it themselves, they would never have believed that the round disc had enough power to shatter the floor.

The group of wealthy men was shocked and excited at the same time. They asked urgently, "Xiaoya, what... What the heck is this?"

Xiaoya smiled with satisfaction upon seeing the crowd's excitement. "Everyone, this talisman is called Black Jade Disc. It belonged to the previous Elysian Master. Those who know about martial arts should understand that Elysian Faction is adept with Divine Thunderbolt. The previous Elysian Master used a secret technique to craft this Black Jade Disc, allowing it to form the lightning snake everyone saw just now. It's known as Power of Lightning."

Then, she continued to explain, "The Black Jade Disc is an heirloom of the Elysian Faction. It can not only ward off evil but also save lives at critical moments! Feel free to bid for it if you are interested."

As Xiaoya continued to talk about the Black Jade Disc, Ye Fan noticed that Junie had a strange expression the moment it appeared.

All these years, Junie had always appeared calm









and collected.

She would not flinch even in the face of a disaster.

No matter how dire the situation was, Junie always behaved as if nothing could bother her.

Therefore, Ye Fan hardly ever saw her displaying so much emotion on her face.

"Is that your master's relic?" Ye Fan whispered although he could already guess what it was after hearing Xiaoya's explanation.

Junie did not reply but clasped her hands tightly.

After a while, she finally suppressed her emotions and suggested, "Ye Fan, let's leave."

Having said that, Junie stood up and headed to the door.

She had searched high and low for the Black Jade Disc for many years.

It was something that her master had always carried with him, and he had treasured it very much during his lifetime.

However, Junie did not expect it to turn up here.

As her master's disciple, she desperately wanted to bid for it.

However, their funds were limited.









Since they had not obtained the medicinal herbs to cure Ye Fan, they could not afford to bid for this.

Therefore, it would be better for her to leave than to watch her master's relic fall into another person's hand.

Out of sight, out of mind.

However, Junie suddenly heard a deep voice behind her when she reached the door. "Fifty million!"

Junie turned around abruptly upon hearing that.

She was surprised to see a thin figure standing among the crowd, trying to outbid the wealthy men from Jiangbei.

"Fifty-one million!" someone countered.

"I offer fifty-two million!" another person shouted.

"Fifty-three million!" said another bidder.

The Black Jade Disc was magical, so naturally, many people tried to bid for it.

Soon, more voices filled the hall.

Since others kept increasing a million to the bid, Ye Fan added ten million to his. "Sixty million!"

His stern and authoritative voice silenced the crowd instantly.









Stunned, Junie stood there and stared at Ye Fan's back profile in a daze.

No one could understand what Junie felt at that moment.

Perhaps she felt touched that there was someone in the world who was willing to disregard his well-being to make her happy.

However, Junie only stood rooted to the ground for a moment.

In no time, she ran to Ye Fan and pinched his waist.

"What are you doing? Do you wish to die? Are you crazy? We only have two hundred million. How can you spend so much money to buy an old disc," Junie scolded Ye Fan.

However, Ye Fan answered calmly, "Junie, don't worry. Just leave everything to me. I am familiar with Livingsfill, so I have my ways."

As he was speaking, the bidding for the Black Jade Disc had reached an astronomical sum.

It was now ninety-five million.

"One hundred million!" Ye Fan raised his auction paddle and declared firmly.

"You..." Junie scrunched her nose when Ye Fan refused to listen to her. "Hmph, you can do







whatever you want then. Let's see how you are going to get the medicinal herbs tomorrow."

Junie was bursting with fury.



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Junie had known Ye Fan for long enough to know that there was nothing she could do to change his mind once he had made his decision.

It was the same with the Black Jade Disc. Ye Fan was determined to have it.

After spending half a day talking him out of it and doing everything she could, she was still unable to stop him.

In the end, Junie had no choice but to go along with Ye Fan.

All she could do at the moment was to pray that Ye Fan could really obtain the money that he needed.

Otherwise, their trip to Jiangbei would have been wasted.

"A hundred and ten million!"

"One hundred and twenty million!"

Once the price had surpassed one hundred million, the entire venue had gone considerably quiet.

Then again, only those with immense financial capabilities remained.

Basically, the increment of the bid was in the range of tens of millions.

"One hundred and fifty million!"









Once again, Ye Fan offered a higher bid and raised it to one hundred and fifty million.

"Who's that man?"

"Is he also a martial artist?"

Ye Fan's aggressive bidding had garnered the attention of several people among the crowd.

One of them was an elderly man wearing a tiger mask, and he frowned.

"Sir, it looks like this person wants the Black Jade Disc very badly. I think we should stop bidding for it."

"Under these circumstances, the price will be way higher than what we are prepared to pay for even if we end up winning it."

"It's not worth the effort. Moreover, we may end up offending a powerful martial artist."

Ye Fan's aggressive manner did end up stopping many bidders.

In that instant, those who had been bidding decided to withdraw.

In the end, only one other person was bidding against Ye Fan.

After a short moment of silence, a calm voice called out, "A hundred and sixty million!"









The crowd gasped when they heard the bid.

The bidder, who was in his early thirties, was not wearing any mask. It seemed that he was not afraid to reveal his identity.

After offering his bid, the man even stood up and looked at Ye Fan. "Sir, please let me have this Black Jade Disc. Just take it as I owe you a favor. If you need a favor, you're always welcome to look for me at the Meng family at Livingsfill. Remember, my name is Meng Chuan!"

What? Meng Chuan?

"He's Meng Chuan?"

"He's the son of Meng Wanjun, the richest man?"

"The prince of Jiangbei?"

The moment Meng Chuan revealed his identity, the crowd went wild.

Everyone started discussing, and they turned to look at him.

There were even people who went up and greeted him.

Even the host of the auction, Xiaoya, looked at Meng Chuan flirtatiously the moment she found out who he was.

"Meng Chuan?"









While everyone was being respectful toward Meng Chuan, Ye Fan raised his brows and smiled with disdain

Even Junie could not help but look at Meng Chuan longer than she would at most men.

"This love rival of yours is not bad-looking. He's handsome, dignified, and comes from a prominent and wealthy family. It looks like you are in trouble."

Junie shook her head and smiled. She looked as if she was enjoying a good show.

Ye Fan did not give a d\*mn or even feel the least threatened by him at all.

No matter how handsome and powerful Meng Chuan is, he will never be comparable to Ye Qingtian. Everyone knows that Ye Qingtian is the most handsome-looking man in the martial arts world. Still, it was me who had won the heart of the beauty.

Furthermore, Ye Fan had always felt that he was just as good-looking and charming as anyone else.

If not, Ye Qingtian would not have been defeated by him.

Hence, Ye Fan did not take Junie's comments to heart. With a contemptuous smile, he said, "Meng Chuan is indeed extraordinary. But in terms of looks, he's nothing compared to me."









Junie eyed him with disdain. Even after this fellow has died once, he is still as shameless as ever.

Once again, Ye Fan raised his paddle.

"Two hundred million!"

What?

"D\*mn it! Are you crazy? We only have two hundred million, and you just spent all of it?" Ye Fan's action upset Junie so much that she protested.

Everyone else at the auction was also taken aback.

"Who is this person?"

"He won't even give in to Mr. Meng?"

"That's so unbelievable!"

"Since when did we have someone as arrogant as him in Livingsfill?"

The crowd began murmuring among themselves, and some eyed Ye Fan with curiosity while others looked at him in fear and pity.

True enough, after beseeching Ye Fan to back off, Ye Fan's latest bid was a slap on Meng Chuan's face. In that instant, Meng Chuan's face darkened.

He looked at Ye Fan icily.









"Well, well! It looks to me like you want to declare war against me. But, even so, I think you have picked the wrong opponent since we are dealing with money."

The challenge from Ye Fan had invoked the fighting spirit and fury in Meng Chuan.

The Meng family was a legendary and prominent family in Jiangbei.

Over the years, no one had dared to be disrespectful to Meng Chuan.

That was the first time someone had publicly defied him.

While both parties were hyped up and ready to fight, the auctioneer was thrilled. *Hahaha! Fight!* Fight!

She had been in charge of several auctions over the years, and the scene in front of her was what she yearned for the most.

Under a circumstance like that, the bid was no longer about the value of the item. Rather, it was a matter of will.

As such, the auction house would be the one that benefitted the most.

As the auctioneer, Xiaoya stood to gain a substantial sum of commission.









Just as Xiaoya was becoming delighted, Ye Fan's gaze landed on her.

"If I didn't see wrongly, the item that you are auctioning is defective. This Black Jade Disc has a significant crack. I think after another four or five uses, it will be shattered completely. When you were introducing the item earlier on, you didn't seem to have mentioned that aspect."

"This..." Xiaoya's face turned pale immediately.

She could not understand how Ye Fan had insider knowledge of that item.

Ye Fan was right. During the inspection, they did find a crack on the Black Jade Disc.

However, magical artifacts were rare. Moreover, that item had been left behind by a great Elysian Master who had disappeared a long time ago.

The auction house felt that amateurs would not be able to spot a minor flaw like that.

That was why they decided to conceal the truth so that the item could fetch a high price at the auction.

They did not expect anybody to be able to see the flaw.

"What?"

"Defective item?"









"Is it true or not?"

"They're trying to auction off a defective item by passing it off as a high-quality one?"

"What is this auction house doing?"

"Are they trying to cheat us?"

Ye Fan's words shocked everyone and caused an uproar among the bidders.

When the auctioneer realized that the situation was not in their favor, she hastily said that she was not sure and took the Black Jade Disc for another round of inspection.

Half an hour later, Xiaoya appeared again. She bowed and apologized, "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for waiting. After another round of inspection by our appraiser with the directors of the Jiangbei Martial Arts Association as attestors, we are now certain that the Black Jade Disc is indeed defective. I hereby apologize to each and every one of you for this grave oversight by our auction house. We thank that gentleman over there for pointing this out. Otherwise, our auction house would have committed a serious mistake. Please allow me to apologize to everyone for this unpleasant experience. At the same time, all of you will receive a small token as a sign of our sincere apology. As for the gentleman over there, we have decided to give the Black Jade Disc to him as a sign of our appreciation. The Black Jade Disc may be defective, but it can still be used







another five times. Therefore, it still possesses certain value. We hope that the gentleman won't mind."



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Once the auction was over, Junie whispered to Ye Fan, "You knew that the auction house would give the Black Jade Disc to you for free, right?"

Nobody would have expected the magical artifact of the great master to fall into Ye Fan's possession in such a dramatic manner.

Although Junie did not show it, she had total respect for Ye Fan.

That was why Ye Fan went all out to bid for the item. He had already known that the auction house would give it to him for free in order to salvage their reputation.

Sometimes, when she thought about it, she found this man extremely frightening.

More than a decade ago, when he was still a young man, he had already started to plot his revenge against the Chu family.

In the end, he was defeated by the Chu Sect. However, over the thousands of years, Ye Fan was, without doubt, the first person who drove the Chu Sect to a corner.

If Chu Yuan had not appeared at the final moment to disrupt Ye Fan's formation, Dragon God Hall would have been the world's most powerful clan.

As for Chu Sect, they would have been annihilated by this man!









His battle strategies and craftiness were enough to make one shudder.

At that moment, Junie was glad that she was not Ye Fan's enemy.

With such a terrifying enemy around, one would never be able to sleep in peace.

It was only then Junie understood why the god realm fighter, Chu Yuan, did everything he could to kill Ye Fan

If it was her, she would have done the same thing too.

The consequences would be dire if someone like Ye Fan was around!

Junie wondered how Ye Fan would react if he knew how she thought about him.

However, he answered her query with a smile, "I also didn't expect the auction house to give it to me for free. I said what I said so that Mr. Meng wouldn't fight with me over it. Who would have thought that the auction house would give me the item?"

When Junie heard his answer, she was shocked. "So, you are telling me that you had really intended to buy that defective item for two hundred million?"

Ye Fan nodded and joked, "That's right. Whatever









Junie wants, Junie gets. No amount of money is too much and certainly not two hundred million."

Junie blushed immediately upon hearing that.

Although she knew that Ye Fan was only teasing her as a friend, a strange sensation would arise every time he did that, and she had no idea why.

"Shut up! You only know how to flatter me! Is this how you won over your wife back then?"

Outwardly, Junie rolled her eyes and stared at Ye Fan.

Deep in her heart, she was elated, but no one could know about it.

Honestly, Junie envied Mucheng very much.

There were so many outstanding women around Ye Fan.

In terms of looks, talents, capabilities, and figures, Mucheng was not the best when compared to Tang Yun, Xu Lei, and Chen Nan.

In fact, it would not be wrong to say that Mucheng was just an average woman.

Then again, the more outstanding women had all lost to that "average" woman.

The mere fact that she was the wife of Ye Fan and had his undying devotion and love was enough to









make her an object of envy.

While chatting, both Ye Fan and Junie had already gone quite a distance.

However, they did not realize that they had been followed the moment they left the auction house.

Meng Chuan was already seated in his sports car. An elderly man next to the car asked him, "Mr. Meng, they're the ones who defied you publicly at the auction. Do you want your subordinates to teach them a lesson?"

Meng Chuan glanced at them from afar and waved his hand instead. "Wait for the auction to be over. Just send someone to keep an eye on them. Oh, is there any news about Mucheng?"

The old man answered respectfully, "Today, several people have called and offered to help you to win her over. In fact, one of them is Ms. Qiu's superior. He said he will send Ms. Qiu to your mansion later tonight."

When Meng Chuan heard that, a smug smile appeared on his face.

The outcome was something he had expected.

As the prince of Jiangbei, he always had people fawning over him.

He never needed to do anything for whatever he wanted. In this world, people would bestow him









with whatever he desired.

"Tell him that as long as the task is accomplished to my satisfaction, the Meng family will definitely reward him. I heard from Feng that Mucheng has a son? You should know what to do," said Meng Chuan coldly.

That old man understood immediately and indicated that someone was already seeing to it.

Meanwhile, at the HR department of Ivy Logistics, Mucheng had just received a dismissal notice from her superior at the end of the workday.

She stormed into the office of the HR department director and questioned him, "Mr. Li, why? Why am I being dismissed? I need one good reason!"

"Relax, Mucheng. Take a seat first and have some tea," said the middle-aged, slightly bald man who was seated at his desk and smiling at Mucheng.

"Hmm... You're indeed very beautiful. No wonder Mr. Meng takes a liking to you." Li He studied Mucheng carefully before sighing to himself.

"I don't want to drink it! I only want to know why?" questioned Mucheng again as she pushed the tea away.

Li He seemed impervious to her fury and said calmly, "Mucheng, Mr. Meng is interested in you. Are you aware of that? Your posters are all over the streets of Livingsfill."









Mucheng had no wish to talk about Meng Chuan. All she wanted to know was why she had been terminated. "That's my personal life. I just want to discuss work-related matters."

Mucheng had been working in that company for quite a while now, and she had always been hardworking. Her efforts had finally paid off, and she was promoted to the management level a few days ago. She was also happy with the salary increment.

Little did she realize that she would be asked to leave after a few days.

There was no way Mucheng could accept it.

She felt that her prior hard work had all gone down the drain.

"You're right. Your love life is indeed your private matter. But, the moment your private matter has something to do with the Meng family, then it's no longer private anymore. It concerns the survival of the company! Mucheng, do you know who Mr. Meng is? His dad is Meng Wanjun, the richest man in Jiangbei. The Meng family is also a prominent family in Jiangbei. It will be appropriate to say that he's the king of this city. His son, who is interested in you, is naturally the prince of Jiangbei! You are from Jiangdong. Even though Jiangdong is different now, you should be aware of how powerful Mr. Chu is in Jiangdong. He's a man of his words and well respected by all. As for the Meng family in Jiangbei, they are the equivalent of









Mr. Chu in Jiangdong! You will certainly rise to glory if you are with Mr. Meng, and Ivy Logistics will benefit from our association with you. But now, I heard that you are planning to reject Mr. Meng. You don't have to care about your own future, but I can't allow the company to get dragged down because of you. As such, we are very sorry, Mucheng. There are hundreds of employees in our company. We can't very well offend Mr. Meng because of you, can we?" stated Li He.

When Mucheng heard that, she kept quiet.

All of a sudden, an immense feeling of helplessness came over her.

Perhaps, that was the presence of the rich and powerful.

In the past, when they were in Jiangdong, Mucheng was in the same position as Meng Chuan.

However, back then, Mucheng did not think too much about her high status.

Now that she was of lower status, Mucheng realized that the commoners were nothing when they were faced with the rich and powerful.

Meng Chuan had not done anything yet, but the pressure coming from him was apparent in all aspects of her life.







## She felt she could barely breathe.



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The memories of when she was Ye Fan's wife suddenly flashed across Qiu Mucheng's mind.

At that time, Ye Fan was always running around the world. Every day was a busy day as though affairs from the whole world needed Ye Fan's help.

He needed to protect his subordinates, help Xu Lei, and even seek revenge.

All in all, Qiu Mucheng felt Ye Fan was not a good husband

He had so many people in his heart instead of just her alone.

Every festive holiday, she could only watch in envy as other husbands accompanied their wives to meals and movies, spending their romantic moments together.

She, on the other hand, was always alone in the empty house.

During the start of their marriage, she did anticipate that Ye Fan would walk through the door at the last minute

However, as the door continued to stay shut every single time, the door to her heart also fell shut in disappointment. Finally, the countless disappointments turned into despair.

When she left Jiangdong in dismay, Qiu Mucheng was determined to cut off all ties with Ye Fan.









She knew that was not the life she wanted.

Instead, she wanted a heartwarming family and a man that cared about her and her family, not an emotionless robot that would shove his family aside and focus only on his aspirations.

Other than the years when he was married into the Qiu family and lived with her, Ye Fan did not do anything for her or their family after.

Even so, at that moment, Qiu Mucheng finally realized Ye Fan had been protecting her all the while, unknowingly indebting to him.

If Ye Fan did not risk his life, Jiangdong would not be as stable and flourishing now, not to mention how Mufan Group was at its peak was also thanks to him.

She could enjoy her blessed life in Jiangdong all because of Ye Fan.

Now that she had left Jiangdong—the safe ground he had built for her—she finally realized how helpless she was in Jiangbei.

She found out that she was nothing once she left Ye Fan. Even trying to change her fate was hopeless.

Qiu Mucheng suddenly understood the reason Ye Fan had to make those runs, and her hatred for him diminished.









Even so, that did not mean she would forgive him.

She would never forgive him for hurting her and crushing her heart repeatedly, even though he was not with her anymore.

Qiu Mucheng soon snapped out of her train of memories.

After learning the reason, the anger burning inside her had been extinguished.

Li He was right—she had no right to threaten the lives of everyone in the company, so she agreed to resign.

"Mr. Li, I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused the company. I won't be coming here after tomorrow. Don't worry. I'm a reasonable person, so I won't implicate the company any further. I won't make unreasonable requests, but I should receive this month's pay."

Qiu Mucheng had nothing at all when she first came to Jiangbei. Now that she had rent to pay and a new job to search for, she was in desperate need of money.

Li He did not expect Qiu Mucheng to come to a decision so quickly. "Mucheng, you don't have to do this. You have a better choice—get together with Mr. Meng. I mean, it's better this way, right? Not only do you not have to worry about putting food on the table, but you'll be Jiangbei's queen when Mr. Meng takes over the Meng family. Think









about it. If you decide to accept his courtship, I will gift you ten percent of our company's share," Li He coaxed.

In truth, he did not want Qiu Mucheng to resign for real; he was merely exhibiting his power and using the gratitude Qiu Mucheng had for him to force her to follow his directive.

If he could persuade Qiu Mucheng, Meng Chuan would owe him a huge favor.

"I won't accept his courtship, so you don't have to waste your breath, Mr. Li. Instead, please settle my pay."

Qiu Mucheng did not want to talk about Meng Chuan, so she immediately stopped Li He's persuasion while reminding him of her pay at the same time.

Li He's face turned hard at her firm rejection.

She's very stubborn.

Despite that thought racing through his mind, he still wore a smile as he poured a cup of tea for Qiu Mucheng. "I won't try to persuade you any longer since you've already made up your mind. Let's have one last time toast as a goodbye. I wish you all the best in your future endeavors, Mucheng!"

Li He dumped the whole cup's content into his mouth immediately after, and this time, Qiu Mucheng did not reject.









Thanking him, she reached for the cup of tea Li He had poured for her. However, just as she was about to drink it, a voice stopped her.

"Don't drink it!"

Who said that?

Stunned, Qiu Mucheng held the cup midway to her mouth.

She swept her gaze around the room, but there was no one except for her and Li He.

"Mr. Li, did you hear someone yell?" Mucheng asked Li He curiously.

The latter was surprised by her question. "No, we're the only ones here. Maybe you heard it wrong. Bottoms up," Li He urged.

Qiu Mucheng nodded, thinking she had imagined it herself.

Yet, when she tried to drink it again, the same voice echoed once again.

"Who are you?" she asked with fright.

However, she received no response.

"Mucheng, are you okay? Weren't you lethargic recently? This tea has a calming and revitalizing effect, so best to drink it while it's still hot," Li He urged again.









This time, a kernel of doubt rose within Qiu Mucheng.

Staring at the tea, she set it down on the table in the end, trusting her gut feeling.

"Thank you, Mr. Li, but I won't be drinking this. I'll head over to the finance department to get my pay now, so I hope you can inform them prior. I'll be leaving once I receive it."

With that, Qiu Mucheng got up and crossed the room toward the door.

Suddenly, two burly men appeared at the door, blocking Qiu Mucheng's way out.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Li?" Qiu Mucheng questioned.

Li He sneered, "Qiu Mucheng, you're a stubborn one. I wouldn't have to do this if you accepted Mr. Meng's courtship. I'll be straightforward with you. I have already promised Mr. Meng that I'll deliver you to his bed tonight, so you have to drink this whether you want to or not."

Li He had finally lost his patience.

He thought everything would go smoothly, but he did not anticipate Qiu Mucheng's sudden vigilance and her refusal to drink the tea.

Leaving him with no choice, he had to force it down her throat.









At his cue, the two burly men came up to Qiu Mucheng and held onto her with a steely grip.

When she struggled, Li He reached for the cup of tea and forced its contents down her throat.

Cough!

Qiu Mucheng began to cough violently.

"Y-You... What did you force me to drink?" Qiu Mucheng asked with dread. Tears filled her eyes.

Li He smiled cruelly. "Don't worry. I won't hurt you, as you're Mr. Meng's woman. I've only put some sedative in it to help you sleep, so sleep tight, Mucheng. When you open your eyes again, you'll probably be in Mr. Meng's arms." He laughed boisterously.

Qiu Mucheng struggled to free herself, but soon she felt her body weaken, and a wave of sleepiness hit her.

Finally, the beautiful woman dropped to the ground.

"Send her to Grandview Villa," Li He ordered.

At that moment, his office phone rang.

"It's Mr. Wei's number!"

Startled by the sight, he immediately picked up the handset.













"Yes, Mr. Wei. I did everything as you asked. She had fallen asleep. I'm now preparing to send her over to Mr. Meng's place. We just have to wait for the money to flow into Ivy Logistics' accounts," Li He stated with a laugh.

He thought Mr. Wei would praise him for his efforts, but instead, all he heard through the phone was the latter's sobbing voice.

"I'm about to lose my life! Who cares about the money! Hurry up and send Qiu Mucheng to my office! Be quick, or else we'll both be dead!"



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#### Chapter 1845

In the headquarters of Ivy Logistics, a young man sat calmly in the chairman's office with a cup of fragrant tea sat on the table in front of him.

A man in his fifties was kneeling in front of him with a frightened look. He did not dare to look into the latter's eyes, so he kept his head bowed. His body shivered when he sensed the young man's displeasure spiked.

Moments ago, the young man in front of him appeared outside his office window out of the blue.

His office was on the thirty-third floor. Thirty-third!

Despite the towering height, the young man was levitating outside his window and staring at him intensely like a ghost.

In the end, the young man pushed the window open and walked into his office casually, as though it was his home.

He did not need to say or do anything. Just one gesture from him had the chairman of Ivy Logistics dropping to his knees in fear.

Since then, the chairman did everything Ye Fan asked of him without any objection.

Soon, Li He arrived at Mr. Wei's office with Qiu Mucheng in tow.





#### Chapter 1845

"Mr. Wei, what happened? Why are you kneeling? Are your knees hurt again? Why did you ask me to bring her up here? I already have someone in a car waiting outside the building. We'll accomplish the task once we send her over to Mr. Meng's. With the Meng family supporting us, we won't have to worry about the company's business in the future," Li He uttered excitedly, walking through the door.

"Shut your mouth, you blathering idiot!"

Wei Qing almost peed his pants at Li He's blabber.

He internally cussed Li He for his lack of sense. Couldn't he see the young man sitting in front of me?

Simply ignoring the two men, Ye Fan got up. He crossed the room to carry the sleeping Qiu Mucheng into his arms.

It had been over two years since Ye Fan got to feel her so close to him. An unknown feeling stirred within him.

He looked down at the woman in his arms and compared her with the previous lovely CEO of Mufan Group—she looked plainer now.

She was not dressed in branded clothing or adorned with luxurious jewelry. She did not even wear her make-up. Even so, her bare face was as beautiful as ever.





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Such a natural beauty she is.

Looking at her sleeping face, Ye Fan reached out his hand, wanting to caress her cheek, but just when he was about to touch her, he halted his movement.

"D-Don't you worry, mister. Ms. Qiu is merely asleep. She'll wake up tomorrow morning. We didn't harm even a single hair on her head. She's still pure, as we didn't touch her yet, so you could take her back and enjoy her if you wish," Wei Qing quickly explained when he caught Ye Fan's hand stopping in midair.

### Slap!

The minute those disgusting words came out of Wei Qing's mouth, Ye Fan instantly waved his sleeve, sending him flying backward. Wei Qing let out a pained yelp. Blood dripped down the corner of his mouth as his back hit the wall, sliding to the floor in a heap.

"T-This ... "

Li He, who witnessed the entire scene from the side, was so stunned that he could not get a proper word out.

The whole scene was like a movie to him.

With just a wave of his sleeve, Ye Fan had





#### Chapter 1845

managed to throw the hundred over pounds of Wei Qing against the wall without even touching him.

I-Is he even human?

Wei Qing pushed himself up to a kneeling position.

It finally clicked in his mind what he was dealing with at that moment—the young man in front of him was not an average person.

"How could you defile my Mucheng with your disgusting words?" Ye Fan said coldly. His chilling tone scared Wei Qing into a fit of apologies.

"Do you have more of the sedative you gave Mucheng?" Ye Fan asked. "Pour it into a cup for me and get me a sack."

Without making a sound, Wei Qing immediately obeyed Ye Fan's instructions.

Soon, he brought both items to Ye Fan.

"Is the dose sufficient?" Ye Fan questioned after glimpsing at the cup in front of him.

"I-It's enough for Ms. Qiu to sleep for another two days." Li He replied, thinking Ye Fan had requested it for Qiu Mucheng.

After all, it would make things a lot easier with her

#### Chapter 1845

asleep.

However, Li He had not expected Ye Fan to order him to get into the sack.

With a cup in his outstretched hand, Ye Fan ordered, "Drink it."

"M-Mister, I-I..."

Li He had already folded his entire body into the sack, leaving only his head outside.

Tears were flowing down his cheeks at Ye Fan's words.

He begged cautiously, "C-Can I not drink it?"

Ye Fan shot a death glare at him, and the latter felt the room temperature fall to freezing.

"Stop talking! Do as he asks! Drink it! It's not even poison."

Wei Qing was good at reading the room. Noticing Ye Fan's dark expression, he rushed to Ye Fan and grabbed the cup, forcing the content down Li He's throat.

After a few minutes, Li He began to lose consciousness, and then he blacked out.

"Is the car still waiting downstairs? Tie the sack



#### Chapter 1845

well and put him in. I'll be watching you from here, so don't say unnecessary things," Ye Fan threatened coldly.

Wei Qing understood what Ye Fan was trying to do, yet he did not have a choice but to obey.

At the entrance, two burly men were smoking and chatting as they leaned against the car.

"Huh?"

"Mr. Wei, why did you come down here personally? Didn't you say Mr. Li would be the one coming down?" one of the burly men asked.

With a darkened look, Wei Qing snapped, "Don't ask. Just do as I tell you. Hurry up and help me get this in," he replied in a low voice.

With that, he set the sack on the ground with a huff and wiped the sweat that dotted his forehead.

"Sure thing!"

"Mr. Wei, is this the woman Mr. Meng requested for?"

"Damn! She's a heavy one."

"She must be a curvy girl."

The two burly men chuckled obscenely as they



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carried the sack off the ground.

"Stop talking and send it over quickly!" Wei Qing urged with a dark look.

He glanced upward repeatedly as he gave the order, trying to see if Ye Fan was watching him.

"Don't worry, Mr. Wei. We'll get our task done."

"We'll send the girl to Mr. Meng's bed without touching anything."

The men pounded their chests before entering the car and pulling out of the building.

Seeing the car disappear, Wei Qing felt a cloud of gloom hover over him.

"I'm afraid you'll have to suffer tonight, my friend."

Meanwhile, Fan Junior waited at the gates of the kindergarten as usual.

However, this time, his teacher was much more courteous toward him.

"Fan Junior, you'll be rich soon. Mr. Meng has his sight set on your mom! This is Mr. Meng we're talking about. He's the prince of Jiangbei. He will take over his father's empire and ascend to be the king of Jiangbei. You'll, in turn, be the prince of Jiangbei then. I'm envious that your mom gets to

#### Chapter 1845

marry a wealthy man. It's every girl's dream. Don't you forget about me when you're rich."

The teacher had met Qiu Mucheng before, so when she saw the poster on her way to work, she recognized the woman on the poster as Fan Junior's mother.

"My mom doesn't like him, so she's not marrying him!" Fan Junior replied somberly at his teacher's remark.

"No way! Your mom isn't willing to marry him?" The teacher was surprised.

"Fan Junior!" called a young woman dressed like an average white-collar from across the street. She walked toward Fan Junior in her four-inch heels with her purse in hand.

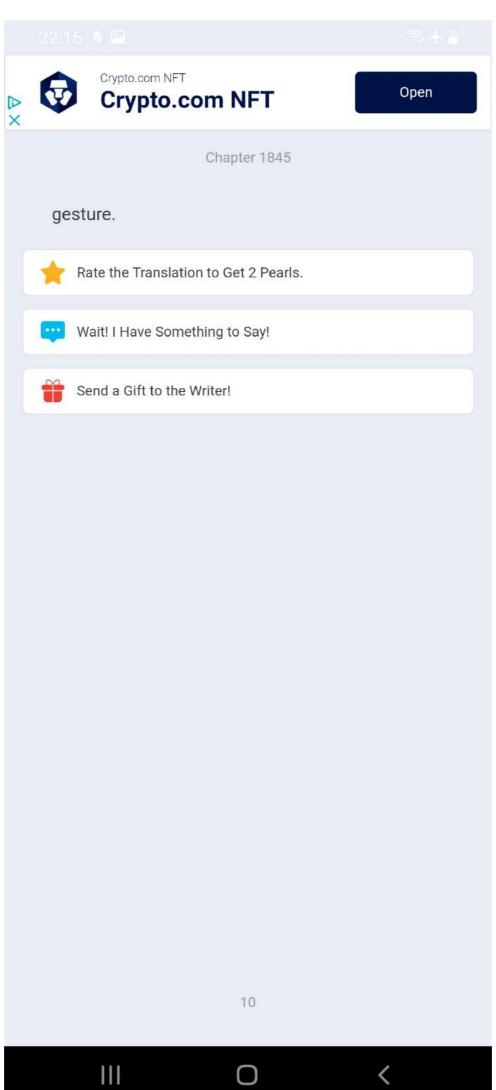
"Who are you?" Fan Junior's teacher was puzzled since she had never met the woman before.

"Hi, I'm Fan Junior's mother's best friend and excolleague. Mucheng went to search for a house today, so she asked me to fetch Fan Junior on her behalf."

"Fan Junior, did you miss me?" Liu Yubing ruffled Fan Junior's head with a wide smile. Then she bent down and attached her lips to his cheek.

Fan Junior's cheeks heated at the intimate









Chapter 1846

"Have you met your dad, Fan Junior? I'm really curious about the kind of person he is! I mean, he must be pretty amazing if he managed to win the heart of your mom!" Liu Yubing asked the little boy sitting next to her as she drove them back.

I've known Qiu Mucheng for almost two years now, and I've never heard her talk about this kid's father! Even so, I can feel that he must have a really important place in her heart! I mean, Meng Chuan has been courting her for so long! Any other girl would've fallen head over heels for that rich young man, but Qiu Mucheng wasn't tempted in the slightest! She would just say she didn't like him whenever I asked her about it, but I can tell it's because she still has feelings for someone else! That makes me really curious... What kind of man could possibly make her give up on the opportunity of marrying into a wealthy family?

The boy shook his head. "I don't remember..."

He could not remember much about what happened when he was little.

All he remembered was his grandmother.

As he only saw Ye Fan a few times since he was born, he could not remember anything about the man.

Liu Yubing shook her head and mumbled with a smile, "How strange. A son who doesn't remember

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#### Chapter 1846

what his father looks like, and a wife who absolutely refuses to talk about him? Your father sure is quite the failure..."

Liu Yubing's house was located in a village on the outskirts of the city.

The streets were full of potholes, and signs with the words "To be demolished" could be seen everywhere.

As the village was going to be demolished soon, the villagers did not bother repairing the roads. Everyone was just waiting to receive the monetary compensation for the demolition so they could split it among their families.

After stopping the car, Liu Yubing tried calling Qiu Mucheng to inform her they had arrived, but there was no answer.

"That's weird. I can't seem to get through to your mother. Never mind, we'll try calling her later. Come on, Fan Junior. Let's go wait for her inside," she said, leading him into the house.

However, Liu Yubing froze in shock the moment she entered the courtyard.

What the... I remember the door being locked when I left! Why would it be open now? Could it be that...

Her train of thoughts was interrupted when a few

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figures showed up behind her and shut the door, blocking off her only way out.

In the middle of the courtyard, an old man could be seen sitting in a wooden armchair while casually sipping on a cup of tea.

"This little boy is the son of Ms. Qiu, right? He sure has grown!" the old man exclaimed with a sneer, eyeing the kid from head to toe.

"W-Who are you people? What do you want from us? You guys better leave now, or I'm calling the police!" Liu Yubing yelled nervously, keeping the little boy behind her back.

"That's none of your business. We're only here for the little boy. You see, our boss likes his mother, but he will not allow a child she had with another man to exist in this world!" the old man replied coldly.

When she heard that, Liu Yubing's face went pale instantly.

She then grabbed Qiu Mufan by the arm and attempted to escape with him, but to no avail.

One of the men standing by the door struck Liu Yubing on the neck before she could even turn around, causing her to fall unconscious and collapse to the ground.

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The little boy was so terrified that he was white as a sheet.

"Ms. Liu..." He sobbed with tears all over his face as he grabbed onto Liu Yubing's arm.

"Don't cry for her, little boy. She is just unconscious. You, on the other hand, are the one who will truly leave this world behind. Go on, take one final look at the starry sky above you," the old man said gently as if he was singing a lullaby.

However, the look in his eyes turned icy-cold a second later.

"Do it!"

Swoosh!

A shiny glint flashed past the darkness of the night, and blood started pouring all over the ground.

The little boy had closed his eyes, thinking he was about to experience immense pain, but the first thing he felt was a warm and huge palm holding him safely.

He opened his eyes in shock, only to see a man with a slender figure standing in front of him.

The man was dressed entirely in black clothing, and his hair was gently blowing in the wind.









#### Chapter 1846

Qiu Mufan could not see his face as he was wearing a dragon mask which only revealed his eyes.

For reasons unknown, Qiu Mufan felt no fear being around the man even though it was his first time seeing the latter. Instead, he simply stood there, staring blankly at the man as he called, "Daddy?"

That one word alone was more than enough to break through all of Ye Fan's defenses in an instant

What the... For a split second there, I actually believed that this little boy really is my son!

Instead of killing those men on the spot, Ye Fan simply hurt them a little to teach them a lesson.

However, they did not seem to appreciate his act of mercy. "Oh, just you wait, a\*shole! Just you f\*cking wait!" they shouted while running away.

Instead of leaving, Ye Fan carried Qiu Mucheng, who was still unconscious, into her room before sitting down in the courtyard to watch after them.

"What's your name, little boy?"

"My name is Qiu Mufan, but Grandma likes to call me Fan Junior!" Qiu Mufan replied in a squeaky voice.





Chapter 1846

Upon hearing that, Ye Fan let out a wry chuckle.

Mucheng even changed his surname? Just how badly does she want to get away from me?

"Come here, Fan Junior. Listen very carefully, okay? If you truly are my son, then you should have the blood of the Chu family running through your veins. Now, I'm not referring to the ones from the Chu Sect. I'm talking about the Chu family from Fenghai."

Ye Fan's deep and powerful voice echoed throughout the silence of the night.

As midnight came, it began snowing all of a sudden.

Ye Fan was sitting out in the cold with Qiu Mufan, who had fallen asleep in his arms.

He had thought about carrying Qiu Mufan into the room, but the boy clutched at his shirt and refused to let go.

Having no other choice, Ye Fan could only activate his elemental force to disperse the cold air around them as he remained in his spot.

Meanwhile, Meng Chuan had just gotten out of his car in front of a fancy villa when he saw his injured subordinates return.









"You useless fools! Why should I keep you guys around if you can't even handle a f\*cking kid? This is your last chance! Go back there with more men and get the job done! If you boys fail me again, I'll feed you all to the sharks!" he shouted angrily.

The subordinates nodded in fear and quickly ran off to carry out their orders.

"What a bunch of useless fools!"

Meng Chuan was already in a bad mood after being humiliated at the auction earlier that day, so seeing his subordinates fail him angered him even further.

His rage was only relieved when someone delivered his "prey" to him moments later.

"Where is she now?" Meng Chuan asked.

"Mr. Meng, the men from Ivy Logistics have placed her in your bed. Rest assured that no one has laid a hand on her," replied his subordinate with a perverted grin.

"Very good. Tell the men from Ivy Logistics that I'll be sure to reward them greatly!" Meng Chuan responded with a devilish smile before entering the villa.

Man, I've been waiting so long for this moment! Finally, I get to sink my teeth into my prey!









He was so excited that he did not even switch on the lights after entering the room. Tossing his coat aside, Meng Chuan opened up the sack containing his "prey."

"Whoa... She's even wearing a suit?"

Meng Chuan could vaguely see the outline of a suit in the dim moonlight shining through the window.

Being the pervert that he was, Meng Chuan found his flames of lust ignited by the idea of using costumes during sex.

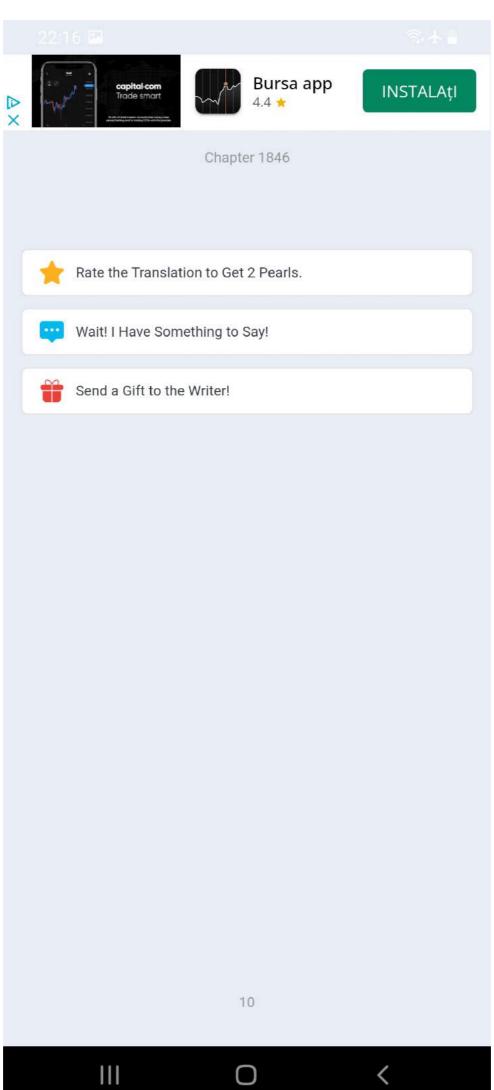
Unable to hold himself back any longer, he closed his eyes and began kissing his prey passionately while running his hands all over that suit.

Hmm? Why do I feel a pricking sensation? Does this woman have stubble on her face?

Meng Chuan frowned as he realized something was amiss.

Wait a minute, this doesn't feel right... It's even larger than mine!

With that in mind, he got up and switched on the lights in the room.















"F\*ck! What the hell did I just do? D\*mn you, Ivy Logistics! D\*mn you all to hell!"

Meng Chuan's furious and anguished screams could be heard throughout the entire villa.

He then ran toward the bathroom and started puking uncontrollably.

D\*mn it! I can't believe I nearly had sex with a guy and a f\*cking ugly one at that! How will I ever get this traumatizing memory out of my head?

In the meantime, the second batch of men had just arrived outside the courtyard in the countryside.

"Be careful not to make a sound, men! This time, we must kill that little sh\*t without anyone realizing! Mr. Meng is already upset as is, so we mustn't disappoint him again!" the one leading the group whispered as he vaulted over the wall.

To his surprise, he saw his subordinates all frozen in shock when they were climbing over the wall.

"What the hell are you guys waiting for? Hurry up and get in here! Make sure you boys be quiet when you land and stay out of sight too!" the leader called out to them with a fierce glare.

"Y-You might want to look behind you, boss..." the subordinate said in a trembling voice, pointing









straight ahead.

The leader turned around, only to fall to the ground as his legs gave out beneath him.

"Y-You..."

It was still snowing at the time.

Through the dim lighting from the street lamps, Ye Fan could be seen sitting in the courtyard while Qiu Mufan slept soundly in his arms.

Although Ye Fan had a friendly smile on his face, the men were utterly terrified when they saw him like that.

A few minutes later, peace and quiet were restored to the courtyard.

With the exception of a few bodies lying around in the snow, everything was back to the way it was.

"Is the sun up already, Daddy?" Qiu Mufan mumbled sleepily, rubbing his eyes.

Staring at the kid, Ye Fan whispered, "The sun will always be up with me around."

That was probably the best sleep Qiu Mufan had ever gotten his entire life.

It was the first time he had felt such warmth in









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someone's embrace.

It filled his heart with such a great sense of security that he would not be afraid even if the end of the world was near.

"Fan Junior. Fan Junior..."

Qiu Mufan was woken up by someone calling out to him.

When he opened his eyes, Qiu Mucheng's face was the first thing he saw.

"Are you okay, Fan Junior? You scared me to death!" Qiu Mucheng started sobbing.

Her head was hurting really badly when she woke up a while ago.

She was surprised to find herself lying in Liu Yubing's house.

All Qiu Mucheng remembered was drinking a cup of tea before passing out, and Liu Yubing rushing home from the police station was the first thing she saw seconds after waking up.

As it turned out, Liu Yubing had woken up long ago and called the police after seeing the men lying in her courtyard.

The police soon came over to take the bodies









away, and Liu Yubing then told Qiu Mucheng about the people who came after her son last night.

Naturally, Qiu Mucheng freaked out when she heard that. It was not until her son woke up that she could finally rest easy. Even then, her tears of worry would not stop flowing down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, Mom. I'm okay!"

Qiu Mufan wiped the tears off her face as he continued, "I think I dreamt of Daddy, Mom."

What?

Qiu Mucheng tensed up instantly upon hearing that; her eyes widened as she stared at him in shock.

The sun had just started to rise in the distant horizon.

In a certain villa located in Westlake, a middleaged man had not slept the entire night.

His Qi was surging within his elixir field and coursing through the veins of his entire body.

Moments later, he delivered a powerful punch into a boulder in front of him.

Boom!









The boulder instantly broke into a few pieces.

Had anyone else witnessed that, they would have been shocked beyond belief.

However, this middle-aged man simply shook his head and slammed his fist against the wall in frustration.

"D\*mn it! It still won't work! Without Mortal Spark's guidance, I can't practice my Lightning Maneuver at all! How am I going to destroy Jiangdong and avenge my son if I can't even pull off Lightning Maneuver?"

The feelings of anger and helplessness were driving Lu Ziming crazy.

Consumed by his intense emotions, Lu Ziming felt his eyes redden as he delivered yet another punch to the ground. His force was so great that his fist was bleeding from the impact.

Mortal Spark hasn't come online in so long... As much as I hate to admit it, Mortal Spark has most likely left China's martial arts world for good, and Lightning Maneuver is bound to disappear along with him! I've worked at it for so many years, and this is how it all ends? I refuse to accept this!

"D\*mn it! Why? Why did Mortal Spark have to go so soon? If only he could guide me on using Lightning Maneuver just one more time... I'd be









happy if he could just help me get out of this bottleneck!"

D\*mn it! D\*mn it! D\*mn it all to hell!

Lu Ziming was clenching his fists so tightly in frustration that his nails dug into his flesh.

The Lu Clan was exterminated during the battle in Westlake, and Lu Ziming's only son had been killed by Ye Fan.

Lu Ziming was so devastated by the incident that he had, on a few occasions, thought of joining his deceased family members in death.

However, his desire for revenge kept him going and drove him to persevere despite the pain.

That was why he continued pushing forward and even returned to Jiangbei to gather his old allies.

"I don't care if it takes me ten, twenty, fifty, or even a hundred years! As long as I can keep the Lu Clan alive, we will kill you eventually, Chu Tianfan!"

Getting revenge had become Lu Ziming's sole purpose of existing in this world.

Because of that, he became extremely sad when he heard the news about Ye Fan's death.

After all, he would have no one to seek revenge









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against if Ye Fan died.

Lu Ziming felt as though his life had lost all meaning at the time.

However, he then recalled Ye Fan's friends, family members, as well as Jiangdong.

A person needed a purpose to keep on living, and Lu Ziming made it his purpose to destroy Jiangdong to get his revenge on Ye Fan.

That was the reason why he had been training endlessly every single day, only to be hit by another fatal blow when Mortal Spark suddenly disappeared.

Right as Lu Ziming was drowning in despair at losing his means of getting revenge, a voice was heard in the distance all of a sudden.

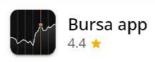
"The key to Lightning Maneuver lies in the speed at which you channel your Qi. You need to activate your Internal Energy and quickly deliver it in a powerful burst. The whole concept behind it is to rage like thunder and be as fast as lightning. By contracting your muscles, you will be able to reduce the space used to channel the Qi!"

Lu Ziming had no idea where the voice was coming from, but he could not be bothered to worry about it as his questions had all been answered in that very instant.











"That's right! By contracting my muscles and compressing the Internal Energy, I'll be able to speed up its channeling process and develop that immense explosive power! It's similar to how water flows faster through smaller cracks! Haha! Why didn't I think of that?"

Lu Ziming was overjoyed at finally overcoming the bottleneck that stumped him for so long.

"Haha! Thank you so much for the pointers! I am Lu Ziming, the head of the Lu Clan. My father, Lu Songliang, is a Supreme. May I have the honor of meeting you face to face, sir?" Lu Ziming shouted humbly and did a salute while glancing about.

Although Lu Songliang had died, his title as a supreme grandmaster still carried some weight.



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Lu Ziming requested to see that mysterious man with the most humble tone possible.

"All right, as you wish."

The man's voice was heard again in the darkness of the night.

Looking up, Lu Ziming saw a man with a slender figure slowly emerging in front of him. He was dressed in long robes and had a dragon mask on his face.

At first glance, the mysterious figure seemed like an ordinary man.

I can't seem to detect any Internal Energy from his body whatsoever. Even so, I can tell that the person standing before me is anything but ordinary! After all, he did help me break through my bottleneck with amazing ease! That isn't something any average Joe could've done! They say the journey of martial arts training is like a circle. You achieve a high enough level in it, and you end up at this stage where you return to the starting point of it all. Maybe his level of martial arts training is so high that he appears like an average Joe!

The more Lu Ziming thought about it, the more confident he was in his theory.

He eventually got so excited that he kneeled before the mysterious man and said, "Please take









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me in as your disciple, Mortal Spark!"

Lu Ziming felt so much admiration for Mortal Spark that he was basically worshipping the latter like a devotee.

"Oh? How did you know?" the man in the dragon mask asked in surprise and amusement.

"Mortal Spark was the one who invented Lightning Maneuver, so no one knows it better than he does! Besides, you've attained such a high level of training in martial arts that you've returned to the simple basics! All of these signs suggest you are Mortal Spark, who went missing for a very long time! I've been training in martial arts for many years now, and yet your advice has never failed to enlighten me each time! You may not acknowledge me as your disciple, but I have always seen you as my mentor!" Lu Ziming rambled on excitedly.

The scorching gaze in his eyes was similar to that of a fanboy when faced with his idol.

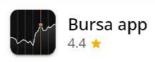
The man in the dragon mask chuckled. "Haha, I didn't expect you to have such a discerning eye!"

"You're like a mentor, a source of spiritual support, and a beacon that guides me toward the right path in my martial arts training! I have always wanted to meet you in person so I can express my gratitude to you! Today, my prayers have been











answered! Honestly, I don't have many desires in life. All I want is for you to teach me the rest of Lightning Maneuver, Mortal Spark! If you will grant me this wish, I'm willing to do anything in return! Anything at all!" Lu Ziming replied, continuously banging his head on the ground.

What could possibly motivate a man in his fifties to pursue martial arts with such passion? Why would he go as far as abandoning his old ways and starting over? You don't see this kind of determination in ordinary people!

The man in the dragon mask grew curious at the thought of that.

Naturally, Lu Ziming would not hide anything from someone he idolized so much.

"The only reason I keep living on is to get my revenge. That scumbag of the martial arts world, Chu Tianfan, has wiped out my family and even killed my only son. Since he destroyed the future of the Lu Clan, getting my revenge on him was all that I could think about. Unfortunately, Chu Tianfan died before I could kill him myself! I really hate it, Mortal Spark! I hate myself for being unable to kill that b\*stard and avenge my fallen family members! As much as I wish he was still alive, that's obviously not going to happen. The dead cannot come back to life, after all. Even so, his family and friends are still around! Same goes for his legacy in Jiangdong! I will not rest until I









have destroyed Jiangdong completely! Will you please aid me in accomplishing my mission?"

Lu Ziming's eyes were bloodshot, and his body was trembling all over as he brought up the past.

Man, I still remember the day I received word of Chu Tianfan's death as if it was yesterday! I was both laughing and crying at the same time back then. I laughed because I was happy that the devil who wiped out my clan was finally dead, but I cried because I wasn't the one who ended his life to avenge the fallen clan members. However, the survivors of the Lu Clan will still rejoice in knowing that Chu Tianfan is dead! That b\*stard deserved to die!

Lu Ziming was so caught up in having a flashback that he did not notice the look of surprise in the eyes of the man in front of him.

"You want to kill me?" the man asked as he slowly removed the dragon mask.

Hearing that, Lu Ziming quickly looked up as he tried to explain himself, "No, the person I want to kill is Chu Tianfan! Why would I want to kill you, Mortal—"

His voice trailed off halfway through his sentence as a familiar face slowly came into view in front of him.











Lu Ziming was so overwhelmed with shock and fear that his mind went blank instantly.

"C-C-Chu..." Lu Ziming stuttered in a shaky voice, but the words were stuck in his throat.

The man with the slender figure simply stood there as the icy-cold wind blew past them in the background.

The faint, yellowish light from the street lamp shone on his body and cast a sinister shadow on the ground.

"Long time no see, Mr. Lu of the Lu Clan," Ye Fan stated with a condescending chuckle as he stood there with his hands behind his back.

Lu Ziming's eyes went wide with terror as he stared blankly at the man in front of him.

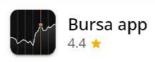
His response was perfectly understandable, though. After all, he had just sworn revenge on Ye Fan for wiping out his clan, only to have Ye Fan present himself before him like that.

Any sane person would have lost their mind from such a stunning revelation.

"W-What do you want? I-I didn't kill you, so don't you hurt me!" Lu Ziming stammered with tears flowing down his cheeks.









Despite him always talking about killing Ye Fan, Lu Ziming was reduced to a cowering mess when the former was standing right in front of him.

That was mainly due to Ye Fan's reputation as the head of the Dragon God Hall and his number one position on the Sky Ranking.

He was known to have single-handedly killed hundreds of martial artists in Jiangbei and Westlake.

On top of that, he also took on Chu Yuan and the rest of the Chu Sect all by himself.

Had anyone else found themselves in Lu Ziming's position, they would most probably have sh\*t their pants on the spot.

"I'll go after the people responsible, but before that, I need you to lend me some money."

"S-Sure thing! I'll burn some incense for you tomorrow, so please leave me alone!" Lu Ziming agreed to his request without any hesitation.

That's it? He came to me because he ran out of money in hell? Even if that is the case, shouldn't he be going to his family members instead? Why would he come all the way here to me?

Although confused, Lu Ziming could not be bothered to worry about such details as all he











wanted was for this nightmare to end.

The look on Ye Fan's face turned gloomy when he heard that.

So, this old man is all bark and no bite, huh? He was just threatening to kill me a minute ago, but then he ends up cowering in fear when I actually show up in front of him?

"I'm talking about actual money."

"B-But... Why would a dead man like you want actual money? Shouldn't you guys be using hell bank notes or something down there?" Lu Ziming was on the verge of crying at that point.



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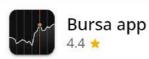
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"Have you decided? If you lend me the money, in return, I will help you rebuild the Lu Clan. By then, you can continue with your revenge plan. If you are really capable of hurting my loved ones, feel free to do that. However, if you reject me, you would have to be ready to bear the consequences. But just to remind you, you should know that I am someone who can clearly differentiate between my enemies and friends. Back then, your son, Lu Hua, wanted to harm my entire family. As such, it was natural for me to return the favor and eliminate your Lu Clan. However, it seems you have managed to slip away. Perhaps tonight is the time for me to rectify my mistake."

Ye Fan had a faint smile on his face as he looked down at the man.

It seemed that to Ye Fan, murder, which was a brutal act, was just as normal as eating.

That was the majesty of the man who was ranked first on the Sky Ranking.

He could utter the most chilling words in the calmest tone as if human lives were worth nothing to him.

Indeed, when a man reached the top, everything would seem as insignificant as ants to him.

It took Lu Ziming a long while to accept the fact that Ye Fan was still alive.











Faced with Ye Fan's threats, Lu Ziming was not surprised at all.

If he were in Ye Fan's position, he might be crueler than the man.

After all, the Lu Clan and Ye Fan had a deep-rooted vengeance against each other.

The fact that Ye Fan did not kill him straight away was already the man's greatest act of mercy toward Lu Ziming.

However, Lu Ziming did not give Ye Fan a direct answer.

Instead, he looked at the man with searing eyes and asked, "There's one thing I would like to know. Why are you so familiar with the techniques created by Mortal Spark? How are you related to him? Or rather, is Mortal Spark your master?"

That was the biggest question in Lu Ziming's mind after knowing that the man in front of him was Chu Tianfan.

He was dying to know the relationship between Chu Tianfan and the elder whom he regarded with the greatest admiration and reverence.

After hearing Lu Ziming's question, Ye Fan shook his head and smiled. "Would you believe me if I told you I'm actually Mortal Spark himself?"









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Lu Ziming was thunderstruck, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"You're lying! Mortal Spark was already active in the martial arts world more than a decade ago. He paved the way for the martial arts world of China and was an important force in the development of China's martial arts. Given that you're merely in your twenties now, ten years ago, you would just be an inexperienced kid. How is it possible for a kid to have the capabilities to guide the martial arts world of China and create so many powerful martial arts techniques? You claiming to be Mortal Spark himself is probably the biggest joke of the century!"

Lu Ziming was so angry that he started laughing.

He could bear with Ye Fan humiliating him, but he would never tolerate the man insulting Mortal Spark, whom he had great respect for.

For the past few years, Mortal Spark was like God to Lu Ziming and was his only guiding light.

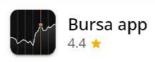
The only reason Lu Ziming was able to survive until this date after the Lu Clan met with its downfall was because of the martial arts nuggets of gold left behind by Mortal Spark.

As such, he was shocked that Ye Fan had the audacity to claim to be Mortal Spark himself. To Lu Ziming, that was, no doubt, a huge insult to his











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God.

The man could feel rage pulsing through his veins.

However, Ye Fan simply replied with a smile, "No wonder there's a saying that goes, 'Never attempt to teach a pig to sing; it wastes your time and annoys the pig.' Lu Ziming, after so many years, you're still so narrow-minded. Why isn't it possible for Mortal Spark to be a teenager? Let me ask you, before knowing me, would you have believed that someone in his twenties would be able to attain the title of Supreme, stomp the Chu Sect, and become number one in the Sky Ranking?"

Ye Fan suddenly raised his voice. At the same time, a domineering aura surrounded the man.

Lu Ziming was shocked to the core when that happened.

Suddenly, he had an illusion that it was not a person standing in front of him, but rather, a majestic mountain that was overlooking everything.

"Actually, it's not only you, but the entire martial arts world of China, or the whole world even, that sees me as someone who would only cause trouble for them. Just like War God Castle back then, everyone was convinced that the Chu Sect would try to seek revenge, and as a result, implicate the whole of China. However, what they









don't know is that I'm able to lead China's martial arts world to greater heights and ensure the continued prosperity of our country. I can bring China's martial arts to the center stage of the world, regaining our previous glory. Are you aware of any of that? Only fools will believe in what they want to believe in, not being able to see the truth."

A surge of complicated emotions gushed through Ye Fan as he spoke.

With a cold sneer, he continued, "Even though I understand this world, no one understands me."

Ye Fan stood with his hands behind his back as morning dawned.

He spoke in such a domineering manner that it felt as if thunder were rumbling in the sky.

The surrounding rocks, and even the windows of the villa behind him, had also shattered from the force of his aura.

After he finished speaking, Ye Fan looked at Lu Ziming, and with a cold gaze in his eyes, he uttered pridefully, "Your username is 'Westlake Orphan,' and I was the one who told you that you have to, first, go back to square one before practicing Lightning Maneuver. I also told you that if you manage to master Lightning Maneuver, the power of your punches and kicks would parallel that of the force of thunder and lightning striking!











Do you believe me now?"

Upon hearing that, Lu Ziming was thunderstruck.

What followed was a series of changes in the man's expression, from fury to fear and, finally, respect.

At that point, Lu Ziming was utterly defeated as he fell to his knees before Ye Fan.

At last, he no longer doubted the man's words. Convinced that Ye Fan was indeed Mortal Spark, Lu Ziming gave up resisting and bowed in submission.

Though he still found it unbelievable, what Ye Fan said did make sense. It was a fact that he had managed to attain the title of Supreme and become number one in the Sky Ranking in his twenties.

Actually, Lu Ziming should have thought of that long ago.

Even the most unimaginable accomplishments seemed ordinary to Ye Fan.

To Lu Ziming, the truth was definitely an ironic twist to the situation.

With the exception of Jiangdong, to the rest of China's martial arts world, Ye Fan was a ruthless









devil and a heinous villain. Back then, with the entire world—including War God Castle—against him, Ye Fan was forced to commit suicide.

However, it was the same person who had been making great contributions to China's martial arts world quietly behind the scenes.

He had made refinements to various martial arts techniques, benefiting generations of martial artists. Also, because of his contributions, the martial arts world of China had been developing at a rapid pace.

In fact, the man was worshipped by every martial artist in China, who had greatly benefited from his teachings.

Even so, in the real world and in everyone's eyes, Ye Fan was still a callous man who would not hesitate to kill another person.

He was a perfect embodiment of two strikingly contrasting identities.

Besides, what was more ironic was that Lu Ziming had practiced martial arts just to kill Ye Fan.

In the end, though, it turned out that Ye Fan was the one who taught him all the skills he currently had that made him a powerful martial artist.

It was not difficult to imagine the devastation that











had hit Lu Ziming when he learned the truth.

After a long silence, Lu Ziming let out anguished laughter, feeling utterly dejected.

"Chu Tianfan, you've won... I can never win you. I had thought that with Mortal Spark's guidance, I will be able to surpass you one day. However, it turned out that I've made a joke out of myself, dancing in the palm of your hand. Just tell me what you want, and I'll do as you say. I don't need anything from you in return, as this is what I owe you. Treat it as my repayment for your teachings..."



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Though Lu Ziming's heart was filled with hatred, he was still an understanding man.

He hated Ye Fan in the past because he could not get over the hurdle in his life.

Of course, even to this day, he had yet to overcome it.

However, Lu Ziming finally realized he was no match for Ye Fan and would never succeed in taking revenge against him.

Not even a slight chance!

Besides, after Lu Ziming learned Ye Fan was Mortal Spark, his opinion of the latter had changed. Ye Fan is not a ruthless monster. He's a human, after all.

To a certain extent, he even sympathized with Ye Fan.

Ye Fan had sacrificed so much for China, yet now his own people viewed him as a monster and treated him as their enemy.

Ye Fan has once said he doesn't belong here. I guess I can understand why he said that.

Ye Fan, on the flip side, was surprised to see how cooperative Lu Ziming was.









He thought he needed to put in extra efforts to subdue Lu Ziming.

Well, I guess things worked out better than I thought.

"The Lu Clan wouldn't have ended in such a miserable state if your son was as capable as you." Ye Fan grinned.

Ye Fan then gave Lu Ziming a card and instructed him to transfer all of Lu Clan's money over.

"I'll need the money tomorrow," stated Ye Fan. "Do it as soon as possible, and don't give me unnecessary trouble. Don't worry. I'll take it as a loan from you."

"One more thing—do you know which family is the most powerful in Jiangbei?" Ye Fan asked all of a sudden. "I don't mean those influential families we see in newspapers every day. I'm talking about the family that has absolute control over Jiangbei."

When Lu Ziming heard that, his eyes twitched as he stuttered, "W-What do you want to know? What do you want to do to them? Even after destroying the Lu Clan, you're still not satisfied? You killed my father on the day he received the Supreme title, and you even ravaged the entire Westlake. Yet, you still want to target Jiangbei?" Lu Ziming panicked.

As the saying goes—once bitten, twice shy. The Lu









Clan used to be Jiangbei's most prominent family, but Ye Fan exterminated it. And now, he still wants to destroy another family?

Lu Ziming could not help but think that Ye Fan was about to go on another killing spree.

"Don't worry. The martial arts world in Jiangbei doesn't bother me anymore. I'll not waste my time and energy dealing with them. I'm looking for them because I need a favor," Ye Fan explained.

"You sure?" Lu Ziming looked at him in disbelief.

With a wry smile, Ye Fan responded, "I may have killed a lot of people, but I wouldn't kill people without any reason. I'm sure you're aware of that too, right? Likewise, I'd only destroyed the Lu Clan because your son stepped on my toes in the first place."

After a little hesitation, Lu Ziming decided to give Ye Fan the information he needed. "It's the Zhang family. Its head of the family is Zhang Jiuling, who's also the director of Jiangbei Martial Arts Association."

He continued, "The man is as capable as my father. It's just that my father managed to bring the Lu Clan to the next level because he became a Grandmaster and obtained the Supreme title first. Now that the Lu Clan is gone, the Zhang family has returned as the most powerful family in













Jiangbei."

"How about the Mengs? Aren't they the wealthiest?" Ye Fan shot another question.

Lu Ziming snorted. "You mean Meng Wanjun? He's just an opportunistic businessman. In the martial arts world, he's nothing but a small fry. The Zhangs are the ones in control of the entire Jiangbei."

Lu Ziming explained further, "A person can easily become rich or poor at the Zhang's mercy, as they're in control of all the resources. But of course, they have no power to decide who's qualified to become a Grandmaster."

As someone who had once controlled Jiangbei, Lu Ziming was aware of the development in the region.

Ye Fan nodded. "All right. Make an appointment with Zhang Jiuling for me. Tell him I'll pay him a visit."

"What if he doesn't welcome you?" Lu Ziming asked.

"I'll have to force my way through, then. Tell him no one dares to turn me down." Ye Fan's voice echoed in the air as he vanished into the darkness.

It took Lu Ziming a long time to regain his









composure. Letting out a sigh, he mumbled, "Why do we have to deal with an unreasonable man like Ye Fan? What had the Lu Clan done to deserve this?"

Meanwhile, Junie had been patiently waiting for Ye Fan.

When she finally saw Ye Fan from a distance, she said with a smile, "So you still resorted to stealing people's money after all, huh?"

Ye Fan was not pleased to hear that. "Steal? It's a loan. Lu Ziming gave it to me voluntarily. Besides, I taught him martial arts. Let's assume the money he gave me is for the lessons," he uttered as he strode forward with his head raised, protruding his chest proudly.

"Come on. Let's go to the auction. Feel free to bid on anything you desire since we have the money now. It's not mine anyway, so spend it."

Upon seeing the smug look on Ye Fan's face, Junie could not help but chuckle. This man speaks so differently now that he's rich.

The auction took place at Livingsfill Association.

Ye Fan wore a dragon mask and Junie an adorable rabbit mask to the event.

Both of them caught some people's attention









when they entered the hall.

"Look, Mr. Meng!"

Meng Chuan from the Meng family turned around and saw Ye Fan and Junie. "They still have the audacity to come?"

His expression turned grim as their presence irritated him. He could not but recall how they had turned him into a laughing stock during their last encounter.

It was hard to tell what was on their mind based on the expressions on their faces.

Soon, the auction began with an ancient ceramic. The bid for this item started at eight hundred thousand, and Ye Fan won the bid by five million.

"Why did you buy it?" asked Junie.

Ye Fan answered, "To use it as a portable urinal!"

The next item was a bra with diamonds.

Ye Fan bid it at three million, successfully securing the item.

Junie looked puzzled. "Why would a man like you buy a woman's bra?"

Ye Fan replied, "It's for you."











Hearing that, Junie knitted her brows in disgust. "No, thanks."

Ye Fan continued bidding for the next two items and won.

No one in the hall could challenge Ye Fan in the auction.

"The price starts at six million!" the host announced.

Ye Fan raised his placard. "Seven million!"

Someone hollered, "Seven million and five hundred thousand!"

"Ten million!" Ye Fan was not ready to back off.

The crowd eventually gave in.

The host continued announcing the starting price of another item, "Five million!"

"Ten million!" Ye Fan uttered, raising his placard.

Once again, his action rendered everyone speechless.

"The next item is our national painter Qi Baishi's landscape painting. It's a collectible item—"

Before the host could complete the sentence, Ye









Fan interrupted, "Twenty million!"

What?

The f\*ck?

The host hasn't even announced the starting price!

Why is he treating an auction like a marketplace?

I cannot believe this!

Ye Fan continued bidding in the next few rounds of auction. All the guests looked at him and Junie in disbelief.

"Who is this man?"

"I don't think the richest man in Jiangbei would be as generous as him!"

"He's literally dumping money everywhere!"

"Is he married? I wonder if he's keen to get to know my daughter."

"Oh my God! He's so young. I must add him on WeChat after the auction!"

Ye Fan had instantly become the center of attention, stealing Meng Chuan's thunder.

Meng Chuan could not take it anymore. "What an













arrogant b\*stard! How dare he do this on my turf! I'll have to teach him a lesson after this!"

Infuriated, Meng Chuan said to his subordinates, "Listen. We'll bid for all the items he laid his eyes on next. Let's see who'll have the last laugh!"

I'll not allow anyone to challenge my position in Jiangbei!

Meanwhile, Junie frowned and started expressing her dismay, "Ye Fan, you have to stop doing this!"

At this rate, he's gonna spend all the money that Lu Ziming gave him!

"Don't worry, Junie. I know what I'm doing. Just sit back and enjoy the show," Ye Fan responded with a smirk.

No one knew what he had on his mind.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!









"The next item is Dalbergia Rosewood Antique Chair. Starting at six million!"

After the host's introduction, Ye Fan made another bid.

However, Meng Chuan, who had been watching from the sideline, finally made a daring move this time and challenged Ye Fan in a fierce bidding war.

"Ten million!"

"Fifteen million!"

"Twenty million!" Ye Fan shouted again.

Meng Chuan clenched his fist tightly and raised another ten million. "Thirty million!"

The old man who sat beside Meng Chuan immediately became anxious.

"Mr. Meng, don't forget the purpose of our trip.

"Patriarch Chu's life depends on you."

"Be careful not to win the battle and lose the war."

The old man kept persuading Meng Chuan to bid carefully to reserve some funds for the final bidding.

In the end, Meng Chuan didn't follow up after his









thirty million bid, and Ye Fan won at a cosmic price of thirty-one million.

"Ye Fan, you are good for nothing!"

Ye Fan spent more than thirty million to win an item that cost six million. Junie, who had always been diligent and frugal, couldn't help but glare at him.

He's splurging as if it wasn't his money.

Then, another item was presented on the stage.

The starting bid was also around five million.

A few bidders raced and competed for the item at the beginning. However, it turned into another bidding war between Ye Fan and Meng Chuan in the end.

"Forty-five million!" Meng Chuan shouted.

Ye Fan calmly raised his paddle. "Fifty million!"

Ye Fan looked calm whenever he bid. He would even look in Meng Chuan's direction with a provocative look.

"Five..."

"Calm down, Mr. Meng!" Before Meng Chuan could increase the bid again, the old man next to him







grabbed his hand and persuaded him.

A few minutes later, a similar scene played out again.

"Mr. Meng, focus on our priority!" The old man threw himself onto Meng Chuan to stop him from clearing the funds.

After clashing several times, all the items were won by Ye Fan. Meng Chuan was utterly defeated.

"Who the hell is this guy?"

"Even the wealth of the Meng family couldn't stop him."

"Could he be the wealthy man from Zhonghai?"

The venue was filled with discussion and chatter. Ye Fan's name in the auction house undoubtedly peaked.

"You are really good for nothing!"

"What are we going to live on after this?"

Junie got so angry that she couldn't stop scolding Ye Fan.

However, Ye Fan wasn't bothered. Everything was still under his control.









Although he won a series of items, the items auctioned at the beginning were not very valuable. The highest starting bid was only a few million.

When tens of millions he bid against Meng Chuan only amounted to about one hundred million.

It was still within the scope of Ye Fan's spending power.

"Everyone, the next item is a pair of jade bangles, made with the most precious imperial jade by a famous jade craftsman in Western Epea."

"The starting bid is fifty million!"

As the host announced the starting bid, several people in the venue who were hopeful at first suddenly shook their heads.

The price was simply too high!

However, Ye Fan suddenly stood up. "Darling, I will buy the jade bangles for you today, and I will put them on you at our wedding!"

Ye Fan looked at Junie passionately and said with a loud voice. His valiant words touched the hearts of countless people in the venue.

"My god!"

"This must be the romance of the tycoons!"









"He's so cool!"

"I want to marry him too!"

The crowd went crazy, and many women looked at Ye Fan with eyes of admiration.

However, Junie was stunned.

What is he talking about?

I am not your wife!

"Don't say a word. Just play along." Ye Fan winked at Junie.

Although Junie was puzzled, she played along with Ye Fan and continued with the charade. "Thank you, hubby. I'm so touched!"

That was the first time she addressed someone as her husband. Although it was just an act, Junie's pretty face was flushed red.

Fortunately, she had her mask on, so no one could recognize her.

"What an idiot!"

"He must be a gullible nouveau riche!"

When Meng Chuan witnessed the scene from the other corner, he didn't get angry. Instead, he









laughed at Ye Fan.

In an auction, disclosure of one's intention was taboo.

One would often be taken advantage of and lose a significant amount of money in the process.

"Let's just wait and see."

"Isn't he rich? Let's see him buy these bangles for two hundred million." Meng Chuan gave out a cunning grin.

"Mr. Meng, you must be cautious. What if he's deliberately pretending?" the old man reminded.

"Don't worry. I will know if they're pretending."

"Based on his previous bids, it's obvious that he's a nouveau riche. This must be his first auction and he's ignorant about the rules."

"I will teach him a lesson today!"

Meng Chuan smirked.

Then, Meng Chuan immediately shouted, "One hundred million!"

What?

"A hundred million?"









"Mr. Meng is so generous!"

"One hundred million right off the bat?"

"It seems like the mysterious gentleman has met his match. It's not just him who wanted to win this pair of jade bangles. Even Mr. Meng wants them.

"I heard that Mr. Meng has been pursuing a beautiful lady recently. He must be planning to give this pair of imperial jade bangles to her.

"A fight between kings. I wonder who will have the last laugh?" The host livened up the crowd once again.

Da\*n!

Ye Fan retaliated by bidding one hundred and fifty million.

"One hundred and fifty million!"

"One hundred and eighty million!"

The two sides clashed, and the price rose rapidly. The host was simply overjoyed.

Finally, Meng Chuan shouted, "Two hundred million!"

"What now, my friend? Do you still want to challenge me?









"It's nothing personal but I really wanted these imperial jade bangles."

Meng Chuan looked at Ye Fan and said in a proud manner.

"I'm not afraid. I am bloody loaded!" Ye Fan pretended to be angry. "What is two hundred million? Even if it's three hundred million, I will still outbid you!"

Then, Ye Fan immediately raised his bid by fifty million.

"My god! Two hundred and fifty million! Is anyone going higher?"

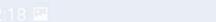
"It seems that the winner tonight will be the mysterious man in the dragon mask."

"Quickly! Lighting crew! Shine the spotlight on the gentleman and get a close-up!"

The host's excited screams echoed throughout the audience.

Meng Chuan smiled proudly. "As expected. He's an idiot. He has been fooled so easily."

"That's enough, Mr. Meng. Two hundred and fifty million should be enough for him to learn his lesson. Let's focus and wait for our target auction item to appear."













The old man next to him smiled, secretly admiring his ingenuity.

"Don't worry. He seems to have a lot of money left. Let me provoke him again!"

Before this, Meng Chuan planned to raise the price to two hundred million. However, he's not satisfied yet.

Hence, he raised his paddle again and made a bid of three hundred million!

"You're indeed wealthy, my friend. However, compared to the jade bangles, love is priceless. I'm willing to splurge three hundred million to pursue the woman I love. I hope you can do me a favor and let me have these imperial jade bangles that symbolize love!"

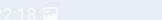
Meng Chuan was very cunning.

He deliberately said that love is priceless just to provoke Ye Fan to bid against him to win the jade bangles for his wife.

Haha!

Bid as much as you like, idiot.

Although the bangles are precious, they are worth about one hundred million at best.













This time, I will make you lose more than two hundred million!

Meng Chuan sneered in his mind.

He was complacent, but it didn't last long. Ye Fan, who was extravagantly generous before, suddenly grinned at him. "Well said, Mr. Meng. I'll do you a favor and let you have the jade bangles for three hundred million!"

## Boom!

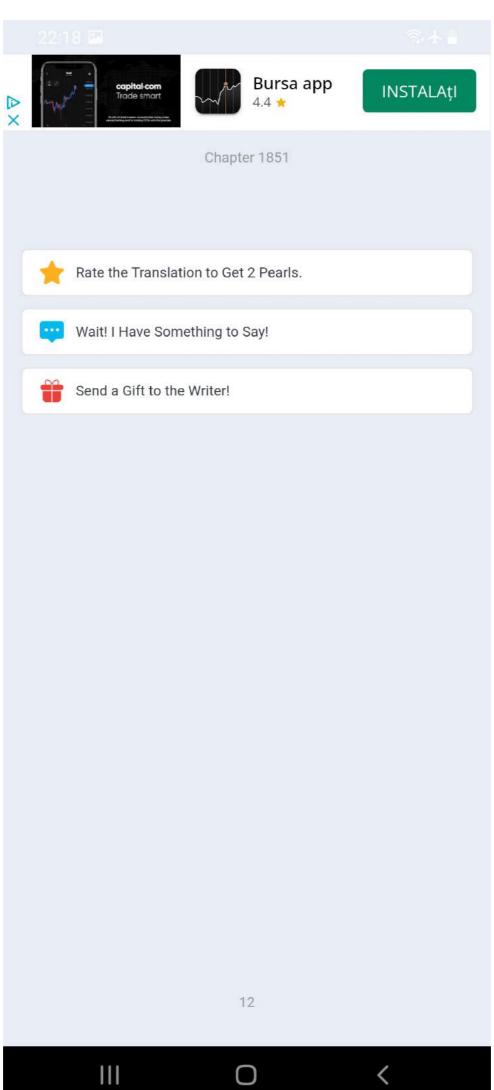
Ye Fan's response hit Meng Chuan like a thunder bolt.

Meng Chuan was dumbfounded.

His proud demeanor that he had disappeared in an instant.

He was stunned with his eyes wide open, with veins all over his eyeballs.

"What that hell did you say?"

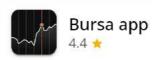














"You'll let me have it?"

"Are you for real?"

"Those are imperial jade. If you pass this up, you won't have another chance."

"I suggest you think carefully. This jade symbolizes love. If you give them to me, will your wife be happy?"

Meng Chun tried his best to suppress his anger and pretended to explain the consequences to Ye Fan calmly.

At the same time, he secretly cursed at himself for having said those words just now.

To him, Ye Fan must be stupid enough to take his words into consideration and actually keep the imperial jade for himself.

"I've thought about it."

"I'm a helpful person.

"My wife is also a very kind person. Therefore, I am willing to let you have these bangles, Mr. Meng.

"I hope you get what you wished for and bring home that woman you loved."













Ye Fan gently smiled.

Junie, next to him, was also amused by his words and said, "Yes, Mr. Meng. My husband and I are both kind-hearted people. We won't stop you from going after the woman you love."

Upon hearing those words, Meng Chuan was undoubtedly furious that his face turned red.

After all, three hundred million was a huge amount of money.

This time, they only brought a total of five hundred million altogether, and more than half was gone instantly.

Later on, they wouldn't have enough left to bid for the miracle drug.

"Da\*n it!"

Meng Chuan was blazing with anger. He almost went crazy.

However, the host hadn't closed the bidding yet. If he could convince Ye Fan to increase the bid, it might not be too late.

Then, Meng Chuan stopped being hostile and suddenly became friendly to Ye Fan.

"My friend, you're right. A gentleman shouldn't get









in the way of one's interest and liking. Both of you are a friendly and kind-hearted couple. Since we are friends, I should be more generous. I already have an imperial jade at home. If you could bid a little higher, I promise not to outbid you and let you have it. Don't thank me for I really take you as a friend."

Meng Chuan waved his hand and pretended to sound generous.

At that time, he was well aware that the more anxious he behaved, the less likely Ye Fan would be fooled.

"Please don't. As you said, we're friends. As a friend, I shouldn't take something you love. I don't turn my back against a friend too."

Ye Fan chuckled and waved his hand to the host, signaling that he would stop bidding.

The host immediately knocked on his hammer. "The exciting battle has ended! Mr. Meng will go home with these bangles. Let's congratulate Mr. Meng with a big round of applause!"

Thunderous applause rumbled in the auction hall.

But Meng Chuan's face was pale. He staggered and almost fell onto the ground.

"Haha! You got what you wanted, Mr. Meng. Why











are you upset?" Ye Fan looked at Meng Chuan.

"Bast\*rd! You tricked me! You've been tricking me since the beginning! I'm so going to kill you!"

Meng Chuan was beyond livid.

He wanted to trick Ye Fan but he fell into his own trap unexpectedly.

At the moment, Meng Chuan was all regretful.

He hated himself for the words he shouted proudly at the end.

He could have let Ye Fan buy it for two hundred million!

Unfortunately, he had already spent half of his money, and the auction item that he truly wanted hadn't appeared yet.

Meng Chuan was about to kick Ye Fan to the ground out of anger. But he was quickly stopped by the security guards at the auction hall.

"Sir, please remain quiet. Otherwise, I'm afraid I will have to ask you to leave!"

A few security guards next to him warned.

Meng Chuan clenched his fist tightly and gritted his teeth. Then, he reluctantly sat back in his seat.











"Mr. Meng, we've all been fooled."

"His bidding spree before was just a setup to make us take advantage of him so he could play his tricks on us. Both of them seem to be targeting us."

At this point, everything became clear to Meng Chuan and the others. They finally knew that Ye Fan had harbored ill intentions all along.

He was sinister and vicious!

"Bast\*rd. This is the first time I have been tricked so badly in so many years.

"However, I won't let him off."

"I don't care who he is, where he comes from, or what is his background. Now that he's here, I will never let him walk out of Livingsfill in one piece!"

Meng Chuan was utterly frustrated. He clenched his fists tightly, and his eyes were red, filled with killing intent.

Meng Chuan had decided to pay it back to him two-fold when the auction ended for the humiliation he suffered.

"Look at Mr. Meng. He must be dying inside." Looking at Meng Chuan's pale face, Junie laughed in amusement.











She realized she had misunderstood Ye Fan. He only did that just so he could trick Meng Chuan.

"Now that you've avenged your wife, are you feeling better now?"

She assumed that Ye Fan was doing this to avenge Mucheng and began to have a slight feeling of envy toward her.

Ye Fan chuckled, "Silly, did you really think that I tricked Mr. Meng so that I could settle a score?

"Before I came, I heard that Patriarch Meng was on his deathbed. So I predicted that the purpose for Mr. Meng to participate in the auction this time is for the miracle drug.

"Now that he has spent three hundred million, we will be able to save three hundred million when we bid for the auction later."

Ye Fan explained smugly.

Junie finally realized his true motive and was utterly impressed. "But Ye Fan, your plans are so elaborate! I think I have to be careful with you in the future. I might be tricked by you one day."

Ye Fan glanced at Junie and shook his head with a hint of revolt. "But you don't have any money."

Junie said indignantly, "What if you're after my











body?"

Ye Fan turned his head and examined Junie's body from top to bottom and finally stopped his gaze on Junie's chest for a few seconds. Then, he shook his head and sighed. "No. They're too flat."

"Hey!" At first, Junie didn't know what Ye Fan meant. But after she noticed where Ye Fan was looking, she instantly got mad.

She straightened her posture, puffed her chest, and snorted, "Nonsense. How are they flat?"

Ye Fan turned his head away and sighed, "I'll buy you more papayas in the future."

"Ye Fan! You're a bloody cow! I'll bite you!"

Time flew by as they chattered happily.

Finally, when an auction item was brought up on the stage, Ye Fan suddenly sensed something and became serious. "Junie, it's here. The item we've been waiting for."

At that moment, the eyes of many people in the audience sparkled with passion.

Evidently, many people also got the news beforehand.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Sorry for the wait.









"The item we will be auctioning next is a magical herb of mysterious origin.

"Some say that it was grown by immortals. Some say that it naturally developed by absorbing the essence of heaven and earth.

"Of course, let's not dwell on its origin. Let's talk about its potency.

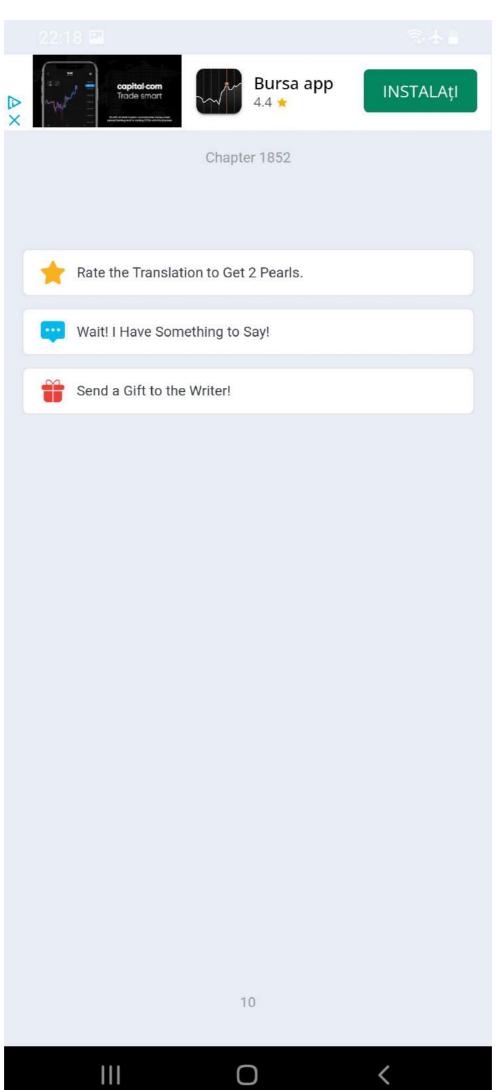
"This herb used to have three leaves. It was known as the clover herb.

"In the past, when a person was dying, he would pluck a leaf off it and eat it. Then, he would miraculously recover.

"Not only can this clover herb save lives, it also has the miraculous effect of treating severe illnesses and prolonging life.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if there's anyone in your family who's dying or suffering a severe disease, you must seize this opportunity.

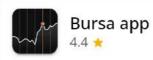
"You can always make your money back, but you cannot get a life back once it's gone."













"That's it!"

"Ye Fan, you must buy it no matter what!

"Whether you can return to your former glory depends on this clover herb."

Junie suddenly became nervous.

They came to Jiangbei and had been a low-key life in Livingsfill for more than half a month for this miracle herb.

Hence, they vowed to get the miracle drug no matter what.

"Can this miracle herb really cure the old diseases in my body?"

Ye Fan's injury had not fully recovered even after two years of treatment in Great North.

Therefore, when he heard that the miracle herb could completely heal him, Ye Fan couldn't help but feel skeptical.

"Just listen to me!"

"I may not be as good as you in fighting and arguing, but everyone in the entire Dragon God Hall combined will not be as good as me in terms of medical skills.









"Although my master practiced the Divine Thunderbolt, he is a close friend of the lord of Panacea Valley in Miaojiang.

"In the last few years before my master died, I hid with him in Panacea Valley.

"I have read all the medical books in the Panacea Pavilion during that time just to save my master.

"Back then, my master's injury was similar to yours.

"And I happened to stumble upon the record of the clover herb. So I went to search for this miracle drug.

"However, he wasn't as fortunate as you to have a benefactor to extend your lifespan by two more years.

"He died in anguish before I could find it.

"Ye Fan, I have to admit that you are a lucky guy.
You managed to find the herb that my master had
been waiting for."

Junie couldn't help but sound a little remorseful when looking back on the past. Even her smile had a hint of bitterness in it.

However, Ye Fan realized something was off about her story. "Junie, that's not right. I remember Fen











Tian said that your master died by his sword.

"Why are you now saying that your master died in Panacea Valley?"

Ye Fan suddenly realized that there was confusion in the timeline.

Moreover, Junie addressed the Elysian Master as her master. Therefore, she would have been her master's apprentice thirty years ago.

Does that mean that Junie is older than me?

Junie shook her head. "Fifty years ago, my master went out for a battle. When he returned home, he found his family members killed and his hidden techniques stolen.

"Then, my master had been investigating the matter to find the culprit."

"At that time, Fen Tian was still an insignificant disciple of my master.

"It wasn't until thirty years ago that Fen Tian's evil deeds were discovered, and he finally clashed swords with my master.

"My master was defeated in that battle with several cuts on his body and he was on the verge of dying.









"But at his final moments, a mysterious person appeared and took my master's body away.

"That mysterious person was the lord of Panacea Valley.

"Later, my master has been struggling to stay alive. It was all thanks to the lord for extending his life for many years.

"It was during that time that I met my master."

Junie said in a low voice.

Ye Fan finally nodded. "Now it all makes sense. I told you, you should be younger than me."

Junie glared at Ye Fan, "Is this the time to care about that?"

"Quit babbling! If you don't want to end up like my master, get your hands on the clover herb!"

Junie stared at Ye Fan.

She was adamant about him getting the clover herb.

Even if the worst happened, and the miracle herb was won by someone else, Junie would get her hands on it for Ye Fan even if it meant for her to rob.









It was the last thing she could do for Ye Fan before leaving.

Ye Fan always thanked Junie for secretly helping him for many years.

In return, Junie also thanked Ye Fan for his many years of protection and company.

Junie was an orphan since she was a child, and she was taken in by her master in her very desperate moments.

However, her master died within just a few years.

She was left alone in this world.

During that time, Junie was lonely and quiet. All she wanted to do was to avenge her master.

So she taught herself how to use poison and wanted to kill Fen Tian with poison.

However, she underestimated the power of a supreme grandmaster.

She failed to kill Fen Tian and was labeled as a dark alchemist.

As a result, martial artists from all over the world tried to hunt her down and kill her.

Junie was very unfortunate for the people close to









her left her one by one.

However, she felt that she was the lucky one. Whenever her life was in jeopardy, a ray of hope would appear before her impeccably.

Back then, it was her master.

Now, it was Ye Fan.

Ye Fan rescued her, and promised to avenge her.

Naturally, what moved Junie the most was Ye Fan's care and concern for her over the years.

Although the amount of time she spent with Ye Fan was rather short, Ye Fan would visit her in Xijiang every year.

He would also call Junie occasionally. However, Ye Fan would bicker on the phone most of the time, and Junie would feel revolted and wished she could hang up the call.

During the festive seasons, Ye Fan would also deliver some food to Junie, and he would never forget to call Junie to remind her whenever there was a storm.

Junie was constantly annoyed by Ye Fan in those few years.

She thought Ye Fan was chatty and couldn't stop









blabbering and wondered if she could ever avenge her master.

However, Junie gradually found herself looking forward to Ye Fan's call, and she would be delighted every time she received a gift from Ye Fan.

In the few years when she lived alone in Xijiang, Ye Fan's phone calls and gifts were the only things she had in her mind.

It felt warm to have someone in this world who still cared about her.

Then, when she heard about Ye Fan's death, the people of the Dragon God Hall were only worried about Ye Fan's family and relatives. None of them knew that Junie cried so much that her eyes were swollen that night.

She didn't even attend Ye Fan's funeral and left Jiangdong the next day.

She didn't believe that Ye Fan was dead.

She also couldn't accept the fact that Ye Fan had died just like that.

Junie desperately searched for Ye Fan in those years.

She didn't want to experience the pain of losing















the most important person to her again. She didn't want to be left all alone in the world anymore.

She had already lost her parents and master, so she couldn't lose Ye Fan.

Fortunately, the heavens seemed to have heard her wishes.

Indeed, Ye Fan was still alive.

"What a lucky guy."

Junie secretly glanced at Ye Fan and whispered.

When Ye Fan and the others focused on the clover herb, Meng Chuan and the others suddenly became solemn.

"Mr. Meng, it's here!"

"Our patriarch's survival depends on this!

"As long as you get it today and extend patriarch's life, it would be an outstanding achievement!

"Patriarch will definitely be impressed. When that happens, he will make you the head of the Meng family, and no one else would dare to object to his decision!"

"As for the illegitimate child of your father, he will no longer be able to challenge you!"









After looking at the clover herb, the old man's eyes sparkled with passion.

As Ye Fan expected, they came to this auction for the clover herb.

Although Meng Chuan was the eldest son of the Meng family, many family members were against Meng Chuan taking over as the head of the Meng family due to his reputation over the years.

Especially Meng Chuan's illegitimate brother who was born from a humble background.

Nonetheless, his ability and ethical conduct far exceeded Meng Chuan's, and he had gathered a lot of support in the family over the past few years.

He undoubtedly posed a huge threat to Meng Chuan's status in the family.

Even his father's faith had begun to falter between the two.

In this situation, Meng Chuan could only seek the support of the patriarch.

However, the patriarch was severely ill. If he died, Meng Chuan would only have a few significant supporters in the family.

As it was a matter of his future, he would definitely be more enthusiastic and did his best.



Chapter 1853

"Have you contacted Yubing?

"Tell her that I don't care even if she had to borrow money from others, but I need her to gather a few hundred million for me immediately!" Meng Chuan exclaimed discreetly.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.













At that moment, Xiaoya had declared the minimum bid which was already a hundred million.

"I bid a hundred and ten million!"

"A hundred and twenty million!"

Inside the auction house, the crowd began to cry out their bids.

Obviously, most of them were trying their luck by submitting a bid that was within the range they were prepared to pay for.

After all, it was just a herb. Despite its legendary reputation, no one could truly be sure of its effects.

Given how risky the transaction was, it made little sense for anyone to buy something they didn't need.

Therefore, once the price exceeded two hundred million, there were barely any bids.

Only a middle-aged man and a young lady were still competing for it.

Having noticed them early on, Meng Chuan ordered his men to find out who they were.

With the Meng family's influence, it was









considered a simple task.

"So, it's them." Meng Chuan chuckled upon hearing who they were.

"It seems I can get my hands on the clover herb without having to replenish my coffers," he murmured to himself.

This time, he had prepared over five hundred million for the herb. After spending three hundred million earlier, he still had more than two hundred million left.

In other words, as long as the clover herb didn't exceed three hundred million, he stood a chance of winning the bid.

"Two hundred and ten million!"

At that moment, a young lady raised her paddle to increase her bid.

Meng Chuan looked in her direction. "Ms. Zhang, if my guess is correct, you must be buying this for your collection. I heard that you're a collector who is particularly interested in strange treasures. After today, I can see that it's true. You really are willing to splurge millions for your hobby.

"However, Ms. Zhang, aren't you usually interested in antiques? Since when has your interest switched to precious herbs? You can barely keep











this stuff for a few years. In fact, it might wither off soon after you bring it home. Wouldn't it be a waste of your money?"

Meng Chuan smiled at the young lady in front of him.

"Mr. Meng, don't you think you're sticking your nose where it doesn't belong? What has my purchase have anything to do with you?"

It did not surprise the young lady that he recognized her.

After all, the Meng family was a prominent family in Jiangbei that wielded significant resources and influence.

Therefore, finding out someone's identity wasn't something difficult for them.

The lady didn't seem to show Meng Chuan any respect at all when she rebuked him over what he said.

"Ms. Zhang, I'm just trying to do you a favor. Just recently, I procured a crown from my friend. After getting it authenticated, it was confirmed to be connected to the mysterious kingdom of Rodunst that disappeared long ago. If you have some time, you're welcome to examine it. If it really is the crown of the queen of Rodunst, I'll transfer it to you at cost. How about that?" Meng Chuan asked











with a smile

The young lady was surprised. "Is what you say true? Is it truly an antique from Rodunst?"

"I have never lied before."

"All right then, I go over tomorrow."

Meng Chuan nodded with a smile. "Deal. As for the clover herb..."

"You can have it if you want." The lady gave it up readily since she was never truly interested in it.

Her biggest interest still lay in ancient civilizations that disappeared mysteriously.

As for the middle-aged man, he was obviously not giving up. "Mr. Meng, I'm sorry. I can let you have anything else except this. Let's just compete for it to the best of our abilities."

Furrowing his brows, it surprised the man that Meng Chuan was interested in the herb. To him, the news wasn't welcomed at all.

"Mr. Zhou, let's take a step back first because I know why you are after the herb. I have heard about Mr. Qiao being on his deathbed. You must be worried that once he passes away, it would have a devastating impact on the company receiving investments. Am I right?" Meng Chuan











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asked haughtily as he crossed his legs.

The middle-aged man's face drastically changed. "H-How did you know?"

"It's not important." Meng Chuan smiled slightly. "What matters is that I can help your company survive the crisis. My only condition is for you to let me have the clover herb."

"This..." The middle-aged man fell silent.

"Consider your company's long-term future. Your boss, Mr. Qiao, is already advanced in age. So what if you saved him this time? What will you do next time? Instead of firefighting, why don't you solve the problem at its root? As long as you do me this favor, the Meng family will provide your company with all the support it needs. How about that?"

No one could deny that Meng Chuan was a capable negotiator.

By working on the cause of the problem, he swiftly convinced two competitors to back down.

The middle-aged man finally agreed to withdraw.

With that, Meng Chuan had no competitors anymore.

He assumed he would win the bid for the clover

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herb at two hundred and fifteen million.

"Haha! Mr. Meng, you're amazing!"

At that moment, Meng Chuan had cracked a triumphant smile.

However, just when he thought victory was close at hand, Ye Fan who had been silent throughout raised his paddle suddenly.

"Two hundred and twenty million!"

What?

Meng Chuan was jolted. When he turned around, he saw Ye Fan in his dragon mask.

"You b\*stard! You had better watch it!" Meng Chuan threatened through his gritted teeth while clenching his fists.

Ignoring his words, Ye Fan continued bidding, "Two hundred and thirty million!"

"You!" Meng Chuan trembled in fury.

"Two hundred and fifty million!"

"I..." By then, Meng Chuan's eyes were so bloodshot that they looked like they could spit fire.

"Fine. If you want to play, I'm game for it. Two

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hundred and sixty-"

Just when the angry Meng Chuan raised his paddle, Ye Fan cut him off with another bid.

"Three hundred million!"

Gasp!

The auction house fell into a deathly silence where the only audible sound was everyone's gasps.

Even Xiaoya was stunned.

"My goodness! What is he doing? Is he bidding against himself? He is just flaunting his wealth!"

"Three hundred million. Are there any other bids?"

Xiaoya was so excited that her face flushed red.

Refusing to accept defeat, Meng Chuan continued to bid.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Meng, but the balance in your account isn't sufficient for further bids," the staff at the auction house reminded him.

In the end, Ye Fan won the bid for the clover herb.

"Mr. Meng, thank you." After procuring it for three hundred million, he gloated at Meng Chuan with a smile.



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Evidently, he was thanking the latter for convincing the other two bidders to back out.

In fact, he didn't expect how smoothly things would go at the auction.

Meng Chuan was undoubtedly outraged.

Despite having painstakingly secured the herb, he ended up being outsmarted by Ye Fan, causing him to feel the urge to kill the latter.

"Damn it, you b\*stard. I'll remember this. Do you know what the consequences are for offending me in Jiangbei?" Meng Chuan lost his temper.

With that, he got up from his seat and stormed off.

"Mister, you're really something to have run circles around Mr. Meng!"

"I admire your guts for that! Nonetheless, you had better leave while you still can, for he isn't someone to be trifled with."

After Meng Chuan was gone, many in the surrounding crowd came over to give him the thumbs up. In spite of that, everyone couldn't help but look at him pitifully.

"Thank you everyone. We will take our leave now."

After replying with a smile, Ye Fan headed







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backstage with Junie to collect their items.

Now that they had achieved their objective, there was no point in staying anymore.

"Ye Fan, are you excited? With the clover herb in hand, your injuries can be fully treated. In just a few more days, you'll be back to being the Hall Master of the Dragon God Hall of old. Tell me, how will those who tried to kill you back then react when they see you come back from the dead? I'm sure they will definitely be filled with remorse and panic."



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Junie was filled with anticipation to see Ye Fan return to his past glory. She wanted to see the regret and horror on his enemies' faces.

However, he shook his head with a grin. "You silly gal, you're just as violent as always. To be honest, if not for my unfinished business and the fact that I have someone waiting for me, I prefer not to own such power."

Life in the martial arts world was extremely unpredictable.

After having journeyed through it, Ye Fan experienced the full spectrum of what it entailed. He had gained a lot but lost even more.

Thinking back at times, it felt as if everything was nothing but a dream.

Even at that moment, he could not shake the image of Gaius' resolute gaze and the tears of his significant other on Mount Chumen out of his mind.

In fact, he wished he could give up everything for the happiness and safety of the ones he cared about.

After all, no one enjoyed living a cruel life filled with death and devastation.

Unfortunately, such was the life of one living in the

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martial arts world regardless of how tiring it was.

The worst part was that all his good intentions and efforts were met with scorn and ridicule by China's martial arts world.

No one could understand how disillusioned he was.

The hatred he felt for the martial arts world and all the killing and politics that came with it suddenly overwhelmed him.

If only it were possible, his dream was to live in seclusion inside a deep forest together with Qiu Mucheng and those who were close to him.

There, he wouldn't need to kill nor spill any blood.

He could spend his days watching the flowers bloom in the garden and the clouds pass leisurely by.

By doing so, he would be able to live the peaceful life his mother and wife had so wished for him.

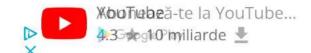
Unfortunately, such thoughts were nothing but a luxury now.

Until he destroyed Chu Sect and exacted revenge on behalf of Angie, the four Dragon Slayers, and the five Dragon King, he still had to carry the massive burden placed upon him.









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There was no way he could retire from the martial arts world until all those matters were resolved.

"Ye Fan, what are you talking about?"

Stunned to hear such words from him, Junie's excitement turned into concern.

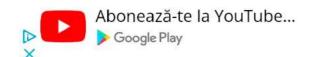
"Ye Fan, do you not intend to make a comeback?" she asked earnestly as she stared at him.

After a momentary silence, he tousled her hair with a grin. "Junie, to be honest, I have considered that during the last two years. It isn't a bad idea to let the legend of Chu Tianfan end on that fateful winter's day. However, it's as you have said. If I leave, what will happen to those from Dragon God Hall who are waiting for my return? What will they do? Consequently, I have decided to make a comeback and resolve matters once and for all. Once that is done, I'll build a home in some farflung place where no one can find me. There, I'll plant some fruit trees and raise some dogs. Together, we will clear some land for a vegetable farm.

"I'll wake up every day amidst the chirping of the birds. Then, I'll toil the land and watch the seeds germinate. At the end of the day, I'll get together with some newly made friends to share a meal and drink the night away. It would be an amazingly quiet and blissful life. Haha, that's provided I can survive till then. After all, my next few battles are

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not a walk in the park. Any loss of concentration might cause me to be defeated by my foes. By then, I might not be as lucky as the last time. Anyway, enough of such talk. Junie, I'll send you home first."

Even though Ye Fan had said a lot in a joking manner, those words came from the depths of his heart.

"Mm-hmm." Nodding, Junie didn't say much as she headed back together with Ye Fan.

On the journey home, she remarked, "Don't you have something to do? You should go on ahead. I can go home myself to formulate your medication."

"It's all right. It won't take long." Just as he spoke, Ye Fan stopped abruptly and held Junie back.

"Ye Fan, what's wrong?" she asked curiously.

Instead of answering her, he smiled at the corner of the street in front of them. "Mr. Meng, since you're here, you might as well show yourself."

Ye Fan's voice rang out amidst the silent surroundings.

Soon, the faint sound of footsteps could be heard.

Just as expected, Meng Chuan, who had left in a





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huff earlier, emerged with over ten burly men armed with clubs.

"You b\*stard, are you a dog? How did you notice us from so far away? It seems you are smart enough to realize that there's no escape. In that case, I'll just get to the point. If you cooperate with me and hand over the goods, I'll spare your life."

Meng Chuan stood among his men with a cold and threatening glare.

The reason he left earlier was to gather men to spring an ambush on Ye Fan, for he had to get his hands on the clover herb by hook or by crook.

While Meng Chuan was issuing his threats, an argument broke out between Ye Fan and Junie.

"Ye Fan, why did you hold me back? If I had sprinkled my powder on them just now, they wouldn't even be yapping away right now."

Junie was upset.

Ye Fan smiled wryly. "Forget it, let's not make it difficult for them. I feel bad for taking advantage of Mr. Meng just now. Hence, I think we should let him go this time."

"Shut up, you b\*stards! Aren't you aware of the situation you're in right now? Shouldn't I be the one speaking in that tone?" Meng Chuan exploded in a

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rage at how arrogant they were.

However, just as he finished, he felt a cold breeze blow past.

When he looked up again, he realized Ye Fan and Junie had disappeared into thin air.

"Wh-Where are they?"

Meng Chuan was utterly stunned, while his subordinates looked around in panic.

No one had expected two live humans to disappear without a trace.

"Find them! Even if you must turn the city upside down, those two b\*stards must be found!" Meng Chuan's furious voice echoed through the street.

More than ten miles away, there was an old mansion.

Any family who lived in Livingsfill for generations knew the mansion was built a few hundred years ago.

Back then, it was where the emperor had stayed when he visited Livingsfill.

A few hundred years later, the mansion was still standing but its ownership had changed hands.

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Outside the main door, Lu Ziming had been waiting for a long time.

"Mr. Lu, Mr. Zhang is grievously ill; he no longer sees any guests. Please stop waiting here and go home instead. After all, you still won't be able to see him even if you stay another night," a servant informed respectfully.

In spite of that, Lu Ziming ignored him and continued to wait.

As the sky grew dark, he finally lost his patience.

Raising his head, he used his Qi to amplify his voice throughout the mansion and shouted, "Mr. Zhang, I know you're in there. Please grant me an audience because the Zhang family is facing an impending disaster. I'm sure you don't want your family to share the same fate as the Lu family, do you?"

Even though Lu Ziming's voice reverberated throughout the mansion, no one responded to him.

"Zhang Jiuling, if you don't answer me, I'll have to barge into the mansion. I'm sure you know the guards outside your home won't be able to stop me. Regardless of what happens, I must see you today!"

As a result of his impatience, Lu Ziming's tone







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grew cold.

His gaze had also sharpened at the same time.

Just when he was about to charge in, the heavy door finally creaked open.

The sight of a young girl dressed in white martial arts garb greeted him. With her black hair tied into a ponytail, she walked out with a wooden sword in her hand.

"Mr. Lu, Grandpa has asked you to come in."



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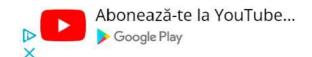


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"Grandpa? Are you..."

Despite her flawless skin and exquisite features, the girl emitted a vibe that differed greatly from the flamboyant ladies in the city.

Lu Ziming could feel an inexplicable aura from her, which could only be found in a martial artist.

Obviously, it wasn't just any ordinary martial artist that exuded such a vibe, for it only belonged to those that were highly skilled.

"I'm Zhang Zixi. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lu," the girl greeted Lu Ziming with a bow.

He was taken by surprise. "Oh, it's you, Zixi. I didn't expect you to be all grown up now. Your skills seemed to have caught up with your grandpa's. Looks like the rumors are true. Jiangbei's martial arts world finally has an heir," Lu Ziming remarked in relief.

Twenty years ago, he had heard that a martial arts genius was born into the Zhang family. Evidently, the girl standing in front of him was that genius.

Nonetheless, Lu Ziming wasn't bothered by it, for his son, Lu Hua, was equally exceptional. The latter had joined the program for gifted martial artists within China's martial arts world.

Subsequently, his son became one of the martial

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artists that the War God Castle was focused on grooming.

As for Zhang Jiuling's niece, she simply faded away without any news.

Lu Ziming figured she had been training by Zhang Jiuling's side all this while.

He let out a sigh.

If I had kept my son by my side just like her, he wouldn't have found fame at such an early age. More importantly, he wouldn't have been killed by that b\*stard, while the Lu Clan wouldn't have fallen into such dire circumstances.

Looking at Zhang Zixi, Lu Ziming couldn't help but feel a sting in his heart.

If my son were still alive, he would probably be her age.

Prior to that, he hated Ye Fan and could think of nothing else but to kill him.

But after reflecting on the incident, he felt he bore significant responsibility for what happened.

If only he hadn't allowed Lu Hua to become famous at an early age, his son wouldn't have behaved with such impunity. Ascultă peste 80 de milioane de melodii cu Music Premium cu abonamentul YouTube Premium

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Therefore, it was more of an inevitable end for Lu Hua than a tragedy caused by Ye Fan.

Even if Ye Fan weren't the one who killed him, someone else would have done the same because of Lu Hua's behavior.

Lost in his sentimental thoughts, Lu Ziming followed Zhang Zixi into one of the mansion's halls.

Inside, he caught the smell of incense and saw a row of plaques that commemorated the different heads of the Zhang family.

In front of the plaques sat an old man in a grey robe. With his eyes closed, he was meditating cross-legged on a bamboo mat.

"Mr. Zhang, it really is difficult to see you. I have been waiting outside for an entire day and night," Lu Ziming complained the moment he saw the old man.

After all, the Lu Clan was the most prominent family in Jiangbei, while his father, Lu Songliang, was given the title of Supreme Grandmaster.

Even though his father had been crippled by Ye Fan, their family used to be famous before. Moreover, his father enjoyed a close relationship with Zhang Jiuling.

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He had assumed that he could easily see the latter during the visit instead of jumping through so many hoops.

"Mr. Lu, you should know I retired from the martial arts world two years ago. The Zhang family of Jiangbei no longer has anything to do with it. Why are you here to see me? Despite your presence, there's nothing I can do to help you," Zhang Jiuling replied calmly with his back facing Lu Ziming.

Throughout his speech, his eyes remained closed.

"It's not about the martial arts world," Lu Ziming explained.

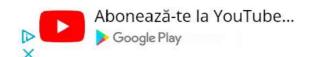
"If it's about the mundane world, there's even less reason to see me. I handed everything to Zijiang decades ago. It truly has been a long time since I got myself involved in family matters. Whatever it is, you should talk to him instead."

Zhang Zijiang was the current head of the Zhang family. Therefore, he had the authority to decide on all matters related to it.

Lu Ziming shook his head. "Mr. Zhang, I'm afraid no one else in the Zhang family other than you can decide on the matter I'm here to see you about. It's not a question of authority but one of courage."

His words caused Zhang Zixi's eyes to narrow as she grew curious.





### Chapter 1856

What is it that only Grandpa can decide upon while everyone else isn't worthy of doing so?

"Mr. Lu, you have overestimated me. I'm no longer the head of the Zhang family nor the president of the Martial Arts Association. I have no authority and no resources. The only thing I have left is this small piece of land right here. Given that my days are numbered, there is little else I can do. Therefore, please go."

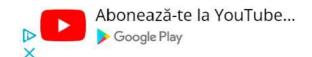
Zhang Jiuling had no intention of finding out the purpose of Lu Ziming's visit, as it wasn't necessary for him to do so.

After deciding to retire, he had withdrawn from the worrisome mundane world and the martial arts world.

Since he had decided to stay away, there was no need for him to get involved in matters of the outside world.

However, Lu Ziming had no intention of leaving. Instead, he questioned in a grave tone, "Mr. Zhang, do you really think you can truly wash your hands of the martial arts world just because you say so? Even though you do not possess any resources or authority, you shouldn't forget about the power contained in your body. Now that the Lu Clan has fallen, the Zhang family will be the first target of any enemies who try to claw their way into Jiangbei. Do you think you can really stay out of





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this just because you want to?"

Lu Ziming's scathing words suddenly caused the tension in the room to build up.

As a deathly silence ensued, all one could hear was the rustling of the grass in the surroundings.

Zhang Jiuling let out a sigh after a long silence.

"Mr. Lu, you're right. Sometimes, not everything is under our control. Even the most powerful warrior on the Sky Ranking fell due to the conflicts in the martial arts world, let alone an old man without a title such as me. Go on, tell me who is trying to claw their way into Jiangbei? You can tell him that the Zhang family has no intention of getting into a power struggle with him.

"If he wants to control Jiangbei's martial arts world, I will definitely not interfere. If he is still concerned that I'm a potential threat and wants to dispose of me, tell him to wait for me at Westlake where Songliang was killed. If I were unlucky enough to fall there and have my body buried inside the lake, I would at least be reunited with my old friend," he answered calmly as if his death barely mattered at all.

As someone who was about a hundred years old, Zhang Jiuling had seen his fair share of conflicts and how despicable men could be. Ascultă peste 80 de milioane de melodii cu Music Premium cu abonamentul YouTube Premium

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Having been enlightened to the true nature of the world, life or death was nothing but a common occurrence to him.

In fact, he didn't even open his eyes nor experience any change of emotions when he spoke about the matter.

After hearing her grandpa's pessimistic words, Zhang Zixi approached him anxiously. "Grandpa, you can't die. I will accept this challenge on your behalf! My Nine Swords of Westlake has reached a level so powerful that I can even take on a Grandmaster."

Lu Ziming couldn't help but snort, "Nine Swords of Westlake? Zixi, not that I want to run you down, but this enemy isn't someone you can beat even if you have ninety-nine swords. In fact, the combined strength of your grandpa and the rest of the Zhang family isn't even close to being enough. He is someone so strong that no one in Jiangbei can stand against him."

"That's impossible!" Zhang Zixi exclaimed in defiance. "Grandpa has told me before that other than the Pillars of China within the War God Castle, I can fight against anyone else."

In the face of Zhang Zixi's pride, Lu Ziming responded with just a smile.

"Zixi, leave us. This is a matter for the elders, and







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you're still too young to get involved. Your time will come after all of us old fogies are gone," Zhang Jiuling persuaded his granddaughter to stand down.

"Mr. Lu, can you now tell me who is coming?" Zhang Jiuling eyes remained closed.

Lu Ziming fell silent as if he were hesitant to mention the name.

Finally, he replied with an icy glint in his eye. "He's someone that you know who has wreaked devastation across Jiangbei and Mount Yan. Not only did he force the Chu family into submission, but he also shook the world while doing so. He also survived attacking the Chu Sect alone and being struck down by a God Realm warrior. He is none other than the Unrivalled, most powerful warrior on the Sky Ranking."



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Initially, when Lu Ziming introduced the person, Zhang Jiuling did not pay much attention.

After all, Lu Songliang had died, and that devil from Jiangdong had met his downfall as well.

Considering how powerful the Zhang family of Jiangbei was, no one in China could oppose them except for the pillars of China living at the peak of Mount Yan.

Hence, when Lu Ziming said that someone wanted to conquer the martial arts world of Jiangbei, Zhang Jiuling was not bothered at all.

He thought that another cocky and ambitious man had come to Jiangbei, claiming to be the ruler.

However, the more information Lu Ziming revealed, the less calm Zhang Jiuling became.

When he heard the words "ranked first in the Sky Ranking" and "the Unrivalled Supreme," Zhang Jiuling could not help but panic.

At that moment, he felt as though lightning had just struck him, causing his mind to turn completely blank.

He immediately opened his eyes.

"Shut up! Lu Ziming, shut up right now!" yelled Zhang Jiuling, who was initially very calm in the

### Chapter 1857

hall.

Everyone was shocked.

He revealed a look of agitation as endless panic filled his eyes.

"Do you know what you're talking about? How dare you mention that person? You must be crazy! Have you forgotten how the Lu Clan met its downfall? How can you crack jokes about the dead so casually?"

Zhang Jiuling suddenly became even angrier.

Perhaps he had remembered too many terrifying incidents from the past.

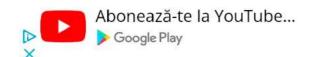
Either that, or the name that had been suppressed in his memory for two years had finally resurfaced —Chu Tianfan!

That name was undoubtedly like a nightmare come true for the martial arts world in Jiangbei.

Back then, Lu Songliang had been granted Westlake. To everyone's surprise, at the climax of the ceremony, that legendary figure entered Jiangbei.

He first killed Lu Songliang before massacring the hundreds of people in Jiangbei's martial arts world.





### Chapter 1857

The entire Westlake had been ravaged by him—even the lake had been dyed red by blood.

The Lu Clan, which was the most powerful in Jiangbei, was eliminated overnight.

Still, this was not the most ruthless act.

What terrified the people of Jiangbei the most was that man called Chu Tianfan. After unleashing a massacre at Jiangbei, he still did not cease.

He headed up north, entered the capital, and killed his way to the peak of Mount Yan.

Just with him alone, he challenged the three pillars of China.

The King of Fighters, Sword Saint, and the War God Castle were all forces respected by everyone in China. Yet, to Chu Tianfan, they were nothing.

When he set foot on Mount Yan and demanded people from the War God Castle, his domineering attitude and arrogance had already caused all the martial artists in China to break into a cold sweat.

Back then, Zhang Jiuling thought that Chu Tianfan was a ruthless man.

After all, he killed his way up to Mount Yan and forced the War God Castle to release the hostage.





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If they were in ancient times, his actions would be equivalent to someone killing his way through to the palace and usurping the emperor.

What happened afterward made Zhang Jiuling and the others realized that the martial artists of China had underestimated Chu Tianfan.

It was not just the War God Castle that he did not care about. In fact, he was not even bothered by the Chu Sect—the most powerful force in the martial arts world.

If he dared to kill the head of the Chu Sect, then it was true that he had nothing to fear about Mount Yan and the War God Castle.

Hence, when Ye Fan was ranked first in the Sky Ranking, the martial artists in Jiangbei, who kept calling for revenge, were extremely terrified.

Yet, Ye Fan committed suicide afterward.

Only then did the fear that gripped Jiangbei due to Ye Fan slowly disappear.

However, after two years, Lu Ziming dared to mention this nightmare again. Naturally, Zhang Jiuling would be nervous.

Lu Ziming seemed to have expected Zhang Jiuling's panic, as he was not surprised at all.







When faced with Zhang Jiuling's scolding, Lu Ziming paid him no heed. He continued, "Of course I know what I'm talking about. I also know that to the people of Jiangbei, that man's name is a nightmare that can never be forgotten. Even so, I must, unfortunately, tell you that he's not dead yet. He's still alive, and he's back. He's returned to Jiangbei and has explicitly requested to meet you."

"Get lost!" Before Lu Ziming could finish speaking, Zhang Jiuling grabbed a cushion and threw it at him frantically.

"Get lost right now! You must be crazy! Leave the Zhang residence right now!"

Zhang Jiuling's face was filled with fear as he bellowed at Lu Ziming furiously.

His previous composure and calmness had all disappeared in an instant.

There was no way around it—after all, some people were simply too notorious.

Just by hearing his name, people would lose their composure.

Furthermore, Lu Ziming was claiming that not only did Chu Tianfan not die, but he had returned and wanted to meet Zhang Jiuling.









Just get lost! Lu Ziming, that b\*stard, must have come today to scare me! If he scared me to death, he'll be the most powerful fighter in Jiangbei. In that case, the Lu family can rise to glory again. Of course I can see through his tricks!

"Chu Tianfan is back? He has been dead for two years! How can he possibly be back? The entire world witnessed it when he died with all those arrows piercing through his heart. How can he still be alive? Furthermore, even if he's not dead and is back, he should be looking for you, not me! Don't forget that your precious son wanted to sabotage his wife and kill his mother. If I were Chu Tianfan, I'd kill everyone in the Lu Clan!" hollered Zhang Jiuling through gritted teeth, his body still trembling.

Zhang Jiuling's voice was so loud that his voice turned hoarse.

"That's enough! Get lost now! I shouldn't have let you in. You've lost your mind. You're so obsessed with revenge that you went crazy, and you're even hallucinating now. If you miss him so much, go and visit him in hell."

Zhang Jiuling did not wish to continue talking to Lu Ziming. After screaming at him, Zhang Jiuling pointed at the door and told him to leave.

"What's going on, Grandpa? Are you okay? What's making you so agitated?"















The commotion attracted Zhang Zixi there.

When she saw how her grandfather had lost his composure and was reacting so agitatedly, Zhang Zixi was scared.

It was her first time in years seeing her grandfather like that, so she was naturally fearful.

However, everyone ignored her.

Even Lu Ziming did not spare her a single glance. Staring at Zhang Jiuling frostily, he asked, "Don't you believe me?"

"I'd be mad if I believed you! Leave right now! There's no need for our families to meet anymore!" Zhang Jiuling was still shrieking at him.

Even so, Lu Ziming was unaffected. His deep voice rang out loud again. "I don't care if you believe me or not. Anyway, I've already relayed my message. You'll still have to meet him one day."

"Shut up!" snapped Zhang Jiuling furiously. "Who will I meet? A ghost? How can someone who has died for two years meet me? Huh? Is he going to return as a ghost or a zombie? This is the most ridiculous joke I've heard!"

Zhang Jiuling was so angry that he burst out laughing.











## Boom!

However, right after he spoke, an explosion sounded outside the house.

The ground trembled while the trees swayed frantically.

A powerful gust of wind ravaged the place, whooshing in like a tempestuous tsunami.

At the same time, the martial artists at the entrance were sent flying in with blood sputtering out of their mouths.

"Who's that?"

Zhang Zixi immediately unsheathed her sword as a cold glint flashed across her eyes.

On the other hand, Zhang Jiuling's heart skipped a beat.



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"This sense of intimidation and power... Could it be..."

He did not expect this catastrophe to arise from what seemed like an innocuous event.

When the chilly gust of wind blew across the door, Lu Ziming and Zhang Jiuling were taken aback simultaneously.

A grim expression crossed Zhang Jiuling's face as a crazy thought emerged in his mind.

Almost subconsciously, he held his breath.

At the same time, a voice that he had not heard for ages suddenly rang across the Zhang residence.

"What's wrong? Are you that unwilling to see me, Mr. Zhang?"

A chuckle entered everyone's ears brashly.

When Zhang Jiuling and Zhang Zixi glanced outside, the entrance was still pitch black.

However, when they looked out again, a thin figure was standing in the middle of the doorway.

No one knew how he appeared—it was as if he just appeared out of thin air.

Zhang Zixi even thought she was hallucinating.









However, no matter how hard she rubbed her eyes, the figure remained standing there like an unmovable mountain.

An endless expanse of darkness lay behind him.

Meanwhile, the yellow hue of the mansion lit up the space in front of him.

Light and darkness intertwined with each other, making it look like the forked path leading to the mortal world and hell

A step backward would bring one back to hell, while a step forward would bring one to the mortal world.

"Who... Who are you?" questioned Zhang Zixi as she gripped her sword tightly, her face turning pale.

This scene was undoubtedly extremely terrifying for juniors like her.

However, the person gave no response as he continued standing there silently in the darkness.

The chilly winter wind caused his sleeves to flutter in the air.

Underneath the light, his dragon mask seemed even more menacing.













"A dragon mask? C-Could you be the man in the dragon mask who has created such a huge commotion in the martial arts world?" asked Zhang Zixi in surprise.

The fearful look in her eyes quickly transformed into a look of delight and admiration.

After Ye Fan's demise, the man in the dragon mask had risen. He had been attacking the members of the Chu Sect all over the world.

In fact, he had already slain multiple Grandmasters of the Chu Sect.

There was an extremely deep grudge between the Chu Sect and China.

Hence, a ruthless man deliberating targeting the Chu Sect would naturally have multiple fans in China's martial arts world.

Zhang Zixi was one of them.

Though she knew she was too weak to fight the Chu Sect, it did not stop her from admiring someone who was powerful and charismatic enough to kill the Chu Sect.

However, Zhang Jiuling shook his head quickly. "It's not him. I've seen videos of the man in the dragon mask. The mask he's wearing is different from this. You aren't the man in the dragon mask.











Who are you? Why are you pretending to be him?" interrogated Zhang Jiuling solemnly, his face grim.

The man chuckled. "Didn't the head of the Lu Clantell you who I am?"

When Zhang Jiuling heard his response, his heart skipped a beat, and his expression changed drastically.

With that, the man reached out his arm and took off the mask, revealing a handsome and calm face.

At that moment, Zhang Jiuling—the respected head of the Zhang family and the Grandmaster of Jiangbei—felt as though he had been struck by thunder.

He was dumbfounded.

"Y-You... T-This..."

As if he had lost his mind, Zhang Jiuling widened his eyes until they almost popped out.

Trembling vigorously, he pointed at the man in front of him with a look of utter disbelief.

"H-How is this possible? T-This is impossible! How can y-you still be alive?"

Zhang Jiuling stared at the man in front of him









before looking at Lu Ziming.

He had lived for years, but nothing in his past had ever been as shocking as that exact moment.

Never would he have expected Lu Ziming to be telling the truth.

He's not dead yet! He's still alive! That devil is alive and has come back!

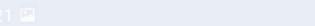
Back then, all the martial arts leaders, the Three Families of the Chu Sect, the fighters in the god realm, and numerous Supremes had joined forces to attack him. Still, they could not kill him.

After two years, that "dead" man had returned!

Oh, my God! Why isn't he dead yet? How is he still alive? Why did he come back? Is he back for revenge? Is he going to kill everyone who was involved in attacking him back then? I'm afraid that not even China's martial arts world will be spared! The King of Fighters, Sword Saint, and those from Jiangbei who participated in the attack on Ye Fan will probably have to die. It will be the end of China's martial arts world—no, the entire world!

Zhang Jiuling was almost paralyzed by fear.

His legs buckled; he was so scared that he almost crumpled to the ground.









Tears immediately streamed down his cheeks.

"You don't have to be so emotional upon seeing me, Mr. Zhang. Although we've never met, I've come to Jiangbei many years ago. Now that I remember it, that trip to Jiangbei had been very hasty. I didn't have time to visit you. That was rude of me."

Ye Fan smiled benevolently.

If someone who did not know Ye Fan saw his expression, he would assume that Ye Fan was just a friendly and harmless young man.

However, Zhang Jiuling knew he was a naturalborn killer.

Hundreds of martial artists from Jiangbei had been buried underneath Westlake by him.

In fact, the Lu Clan, which used to be the most powerful force in Jiangbei, had been eliminated by him overnight.

The three pillars of China on Mount Yan could not do anything about him.

He had even attacked and escaped from Chu Sect twice. Rumors had it that Chu Zhengliang, the head of the Chu family, was still shrieking in fury at the top of Mount Chumen.











Chapter 1858

He was undoubtedly a cruel man. When Zhang Jiuling saw Chu Tianfan's smile, he felt as though he was looking right at a grim reaper.

"You... W-What do you want to do? How has Jiangbei offended you? Why are you refusing to let the people of Jiangbei off the hook? It was Lu Hua and the Lu Clan who aggravated you. Why must you vent your anger on the people of Jiangbei?" asked Zhang Jiuling fearfully, his face ashen.

He felt extremely aggrieved.

There were so many people who had attacked him back then, but he's targeting Jiangbei the moment he appears instead of looking for other people.

However, after Zhang Jiuling asked that question, he thought it was meaningless, and his fear subsided a lot.

Filled with despair, he laughed self-mockingly. "Forget it. I won't ask you anything. For someone with a status like yours, who you wish to kill and when you kill them is nothing but a random thought. There's no need for any reason!
Furthermore, I really understand your plight, Mr. Chu. I understand why you hate China so much and why the first thing you do is to take revenge on China's martial arts world. After all, the actions of China's martial arts world were very ruthless. You treated your own nation as your last refuge, even going to all lengths and overcoming all











obstacles just to return to your hometown. At that moment, you probably believed that everything would be all right, that you would be safe once you came home. It was like a warrior yearning for home while fighting a battle overseas. However, it was not the protection of your compatriots that welcomed you, but the War God Castle's merciless indifference and the brutality of China's martial arts world. If I were in your shoes, I would have committed suicide out of despair, too. It's natural that you'll hate China."

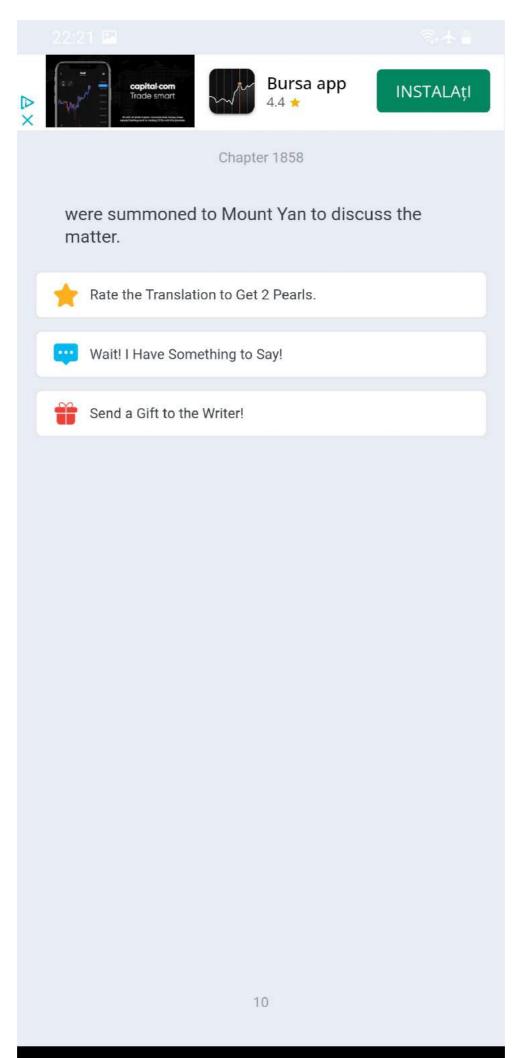
After a slight pause, he continued weakly, "As the martial arts leader of Jiangbei, I'm willing to die tonight to atone for the sins of the martial artists here. However, I hope that after I die, you will not kill the martial artists of Jiangbei. At the very least, leave some people on Jiangbei's lands. I'm begging you."

His voice was tinged with a pleading and pitiful tone.

Back then, multiple nations had teamed up to oppose Ye Fan.

In truth, the martial arts world in China had debated over whether to protect him.

Until now, Zhang Jiuling still remembered that fateful day. The pillars of China in the War God Castle had gathered all the martial arts leaders from all provinces except for Jiangdong. They





That night, there was only one discussion topic—whether China should protect Ye Fan or refuse him entry if he returned home.

Zhang Jiuling remembered that when the final votes were released, the majority chose to stop Ye Fan from returning to China.

Everyone had turned their backs against him.

Initially, Ye Fan had gone to Mount Chumen and forced the Chu family to submit.

When he returned to China, all the martial artists were so eager to welcome him.

On the birthday of Ye Fan's grandfather, the pillars of China from the War God Castle even visited him personally to apologize. They wanted to improve their relationships with Ye Fan.

However, when Ye Fan went to the Chu Sect for the second time, things changed.

He was defeated on Mount Chumen and was forced to escape to China pathetically.

The Chu Sect pursued him relentlessly.

Even the martial arts world from other nations was involved in the attack on Ye Fan.

It was an utter defeat.



Even the general of a defeated army would choose to protect himself. Likewise, the majority of the people in China's martial arts world chose to secure their safety first.

Still, that night, Zhang Jiuling insisted on choosing to protect Ye Fan.

Even when the voting results were released, he still argued his case and demanded that the War God Castle not defy its moral principles.

Although Jiangbei and Ye Fan had an extremely deep grudge, these were two separate matters.

No matter how immense the hatred between Ye Fan and Jiangbei was, it was only an internal conflict in China's martial arts world.

Things were different now—foreign forces were collaborating to attack Ye Fan.

If China's martial arts world withdrew, it would make all their martial artists overseas lose hope.

If a nation did not dare to protect its own citizens, no one would dare to fight on the front lines when up against foreign enemies.

For some policies, one must not only consider the immediate benefits and disadvantages. One had to think about the future and the impact on other people's morale.



Anyhow, if Zhang Jiuling was in Ye Fan's shoes, he would hope that his nation would protect him.

Unfortunately, Zhang Jiuling and the minority's voices ended up being drowned by the majority.

Eventually, China's martial arts world refused to let Ye Fan enter the country and bring trouble into its borders.

When Zhang Jiuling received news that Ye Fan had committed suicide, he fell seriously sick in Jiangbei.

Afterward, he handed in his resignation letter to the War God Castle and quit his role as director of the Jiangbei Martial Arts Association.

He was determined to leave this ruthless martial arts world.

Perhaps his faith in China's martial arts world had withered like what happened to the War God.

This was not the martial arts world he wanted to protect.

If this was how cold and merciless the martial arts world had become, he would rather not want it.

Zhang Jiuling thought he would spend the rest of his life in this house, but he did not expect that this man, who had been forced to his death, would



return.

Perhaps this was fate.

The heavens had sent Ye Fan back to reform the merciless martial arts world.

China's martial arts world, which had already died, would be reincarnated by him!

At that moment, a turmoil of emotions rushed over Zhang Jiuling.

It was unclear whether his expression revealed a look of joy or sorrow.

However, when Zhang Jiuling spoke, he closed his eyes slowly.

It was as if he was sleepwalking into the darkness and taking a step peacefully toward death.

"Grandpa, I won't let you die! I'll kill anyone who wants to kill you!"

When Zhang Zixi saw her grandfather willingly submit himself to death, her eyes reddened.

Gripping her wooden sword, she stood in front of him and glared at Ye Fan viciously.

Even so, everyone ignored her.



Chapter 1859

Ye Fan's gaze was only fixated on Zhang Jiuling.

As he was recalling the past, his expression became cold and distant.

"Why are you bringing up the past? There's no need to atone for any sins. You don't owe me anything, and neither does China's martial arts world. When all of you refused me entry into China, I don't blame you. There's no reason for that, anyway. If we have to blame someone, it'll be me for choosing to return home."

Ye Fan remained expressionless, his tone devoid of any emotions.

"No, China owes you. The martial arts world in China had committed a mistake that year."

Lu Ziming, who had been silent all along, suddenly interjected, his voice filled with regret and guilt.

In the past, Lu Ziming also thought that China did not owe Ye Fan anything.

They had no obligation to help Ye Fan or to oppose the Chu Sect and the rest of the world just to protect a bloodthirsty murderer.

However, when Lu Ziming found out that Ye Fan was Mortal Spark, he realized that he, the War God Castle, and everyone else in China's martial arts world were wrong.



Ye Fan had nothing but love for China. When he needed their help the most, though, China's martial arts world let him down.

"That's enough!"

Ye Fan suddenly became angry.

His deep bellow caused a gust of wind to blow frantically in the middle of the dark night.

His terrifying sense of intimidation caused Lu Ziming and Zhang Jiuling to turn pale. Fear overwhelmed both of them.

"I don't want to hear such nonsense anymore!
There is no longer any relationship between me
and China's martial arts world. Also, I'm not here
to kill you, Zhang Jiuling, nor am I planning to
massacre Jiangbei's martial arts world. I just want
you to help me protect someone. If she suffers
from any harm after I leave, the Zhang family will
face the same fate as the Lu Clan!"

Ye Fan no longer had any patience. He changed the topic of conversation and directly got to the main point.

Afterward, Ye Fan gave Qiu Mucheng's information to Zhang Jiuling.

"Of course, you can choose not to protect her, but in turn, I'll destroy the Zhang family right now," he



stated icily, leaving no room for negotiation.

His cold voice reverberated menacingly across the house.

His words sounded like a command. If Zhang Jiuling chose to defy the order, he would die.

"How insolent! How dare you threaten my grandfather and the Zhang family? You're the first one to do that in so many years!" roared Zhang Zixi with a frown. Ye Fan's tone infuriated her.

However, immediately after Zhang Zixi spoke, Zhang Jiuling bellowed, "Shut up, Zixi! Don't be rude to Mr. Chu!"

After scolding his granddaughter, Zhang Jiuling promised respectfully, "Don't worry, Mr. Chu. Even if it costs my life, I will ensure Ms. Qiu's safety. I will definitely not commit the same shameless and dumb mistake as the Lu Clan."

Upon hearing that, Lu Ziming felt his eyes twitch. "You..."

Zhang Jiuling must be bringing up my dark history on purpose.

Naturally, Lu Ziming knew what Zhang Jiuling was talking about.

Back then, his son, Lu Hua, had received







instructions to head to Jiangdong to protect Ye Fan's relatives. However, he had other malicious intentions. While he was supposed to protect Ye Fan's relatives, he ended up threatening their lives.

Infuriated, Ye Fan made Lu Hua's entire family pay with their lives.

To be honest, the Lu Clan was wrong first.

"Grandpa, why are you..."

When Zhang Zixi, who was initially overwhelmed with fury, saw her grandfather acting in such a servile manner, she was puzzled.

"Grandpa, he's so disrespectful to you and even threatened the Zhang family! Why are you still... I know you've already retired from the martial arts world for good and don't want to be involved in any bloodshed, but you still have me! I can do whatever you're unwilling to do and kill whoever you're unwilling to kill! Like this insolent and arrogant b\*stard here! I must teach him a tough lesson!" exclaimed Zhang Zixi sternly.

Her voice was filled with both fury and confusion.

Why is an arrogant and prideful person like grandpa's not furious at this man who had barged into the Zhang residence and spouted such disrespectful nonsense? Instead, he's treating that b\*stard with such respect!





"Shut up! What does a brat like you know? Leave now! You aren't worthy enough to oppose Mr. Chu's authority!" chided Zhang Jiuling, taken aback by her.



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After yelling at his granddaughter, Zhang Jiuling politely bowed to Ye Fan and walked him out of the house. Lu Ziming did the same.

Zhang Jiuling only sighed a breath of relief after Ye Fan had left.

The former didn't understand why, but the few minutes he interacted with Ye Fan felt as long as a century.

Even after Ye Fan had left, Zhang Jiuling suffered from the aftereffects. The latter felt as though he had just had a near-death experience.

Sigh...

"Sword Saint and the others truly made an unwise decision all those years ago."

Recalling the past made Zhang Jiuling sigh deeply.

Then, Ye Fan was gravely wounded, and it was a great opportunity for both the War God Castle to build a rapport with him. At that time, a simple display of pity would have greatly benefited the martial arts world in China.

If they had rescued Ye Fan, the martial arts world of China would surely have gained a powerful ally.

Unfortunately, they turned a blind eye to his











suffering. As a result, their actions earned them a powerful enemy.

Ye Fan had said that he no longer hold any grudges against the martial arts world in China and would call everything even.

However, Zhang Jiuling could hear the truth in Ye Fan's tone. The guy still harbored hatred and anger toward the War God Castle and the martial arts world of China.

"Given his talent, he will surely surpass Chu Yuan in the future. Our country has wronged him, and that was equivalent to making an enemy out of a fighting expert," murmured Zhang Jiuling. He felt bad about the situation.

Lu Ziming nodded as well. "The War God Castle isn't the only one who made a mistake. The entire martial arts world of China owed that young man too much.

"In the past, I assumed that Chu Tianfan was just a brat who didn't care about the greater good or the country. I even thought he was just a bloodthirsty demon.

"It wasn't until last night when I realized who he truly is, and I found out how heavy the weights on his shoulders are. He had quietly endured so much misunderstanding and hatred from so many people.









"If you or I were in his shoes, we'd both crumble from the pressure.

"Perhaps that is just how destiny worked. Only an incredibly talented person like him can face the malicious intent coming at him from all directions," replied Lu Ziming before he sighed.

Zhang Jiuling, however, was confused to hear that. "Wait, what did you say earlier? Did you say something about who he truly is? What are you talking about? Isn't he just the renowned Mr. Chu of Jiangdong? Does he have another identity?" asked Zhang Jiuling curiously.

Lu Ziming shook his head and replied, "That is just one of his less accomplished aliases. If you know who he truly is, I'm certain you will be even more impressed."

He grinned bitterly because he felt as though he was the only person in the country who knew Ye Fan's true identity.

Sword Saint, King of Fighters, and the others would probably never have guessed it, but the truth remained. Mortal Spark, the person they regarded as a leader of the martial arts world in China, was none other than Ye Fan, the person they left to die all those years ago.

"Tell me!"









Zhang Jiuling became even more curious.

He dragged Lu Ziming into a private room to discuss the matter in detail.

Zhang Zixi, who was outside the door, pouted angrily. "Mr. Chu of Jiangdong, huh? Isn't that just a local hooligan? Why are they so afraid of him? Ugh, I can't believe they call him an incredibly talented person. As far as I am concerned, he is just an arrogant punk. There's nothing incredible about that guy."

The Zhang family regarded Zhang Zixi as the most talented person of the century, so she was always at the center of attention. That day was the first time she was neglected.

Ye Fan and the others never paid attention to a single word she said.

Even her own grandfather had neglected her. The only time he had his attention on her was when he scolded her.

To Zhang Zixi, who had been worshipped by others her entire life, that was simply unacceptable.

"Hah! I'd like to see just how powerful the socalled Mr. Chu of Jiangdong really is."

Zhang Zixi left after her grandfather and Lu Ziming









went into another room.

Ye Fan, on the other hand, headed back to the place he rented.

His trip to Jiangbei was, in a way, a success because he got his hands on the clover herb.

It was time, so he would have to leave after Junie treated his illness.

With that, he would lose all excuses to stay with Qiu Mucheng and her son. He could no longer protect them from behind the scenes.

That was why he was planning ahead. I must find someone to keep them both safe. It'll be the last time I act as a husband, and this will be the last gift to the woman who used to sleep beside me.

"Ye Fan, why are you home so late? Even Junie got home ages ago. Be honest with me. Where have you been?"

It didn't take long before Ye Fan reached the place he was staying.

As usual, Tangtang stood at the side of the road and waited for him.

She was especially attached to Ye Fan.

He walked over and picked her up before stroking













her head and smiling lovingly at her. "You little rascal. How many times have I told you? You should wait at home. It's dangerous to stand out here on your own when it's late at night. Someone might kidnap you," said Ye Fan as he pinched her chubby cheeks.

"Ah, stop pinching my face. You'll make me look fat," complained the kid right away.

"Oh, I just remembered something. We have to hurry home or Junie will finish all the food," urged Tangtang after she recalled something.

Ye Fan, however, grinned and replied, "There's no need to hurry. I have to deal with a few men first because they have been following me around for too long."

As soon as he finished speaking, numerous men revealed themselves from the shadows.

Those men moved quickly and had both Ye Fan and Tangtang heavily surrounded soon after.

It didn't take long before a series of rustlings stopped. The men glared, and their eyes looked as dark as demons' eyes. By then, they had already locked in on their target—Ye Fan.

"Ye Fan..."

Tangtang was petrified. The eerie aura and hostile









environment had turned her face pale.

"Don't worry. I am here," cooed Ye Fan while smiling.

Surprisingly, his nonchalant style made Tangtang feel safe.

It was as though the man in front of her could keep her safe, even if the apocalypse were to happen.

As they spoke, the men surrounding them moved aside.

Then, a woman with a black windbreaker walked over.

She was beautiful, and her eyes glowed with power.

Her gaze locked in on Ye Fan as soon as she showed up.

"You're Mr. Chu of Jiangdong, right?"

Her voice and proud tone intrigued Ye Fan. "Ah, so you know who I am... but who are you?"

"You..." growled Zhang Zixi. Ye Fan's words had completely enraged her.

So he never saw me when he dropped by the Zhang









family's residence today, huh?

Sometimes, ignoring someone was the most insulting thing to a person.

"There is no need for you to know that.

"All you need to know is that this is Jiangbei, not Jiangdong. This is not a place where you can bully others.

"My grandfather wishes to retire, and that is why he compromised earlier. It's the only reason he let you do whatever you please.

"However, the same cannot be said for me!

"You have until tomorrow to leave this province.

"If you don't, I will bury the renowned Mr. Chu of Jiangdong under the Westlake."

Zhang Zixi exuded a hostile aura as she glared at Ye Fan, and her words showed that she was threatening him.

As she spoke, the armed men moved accordingly. They fished their guns out in a timely manner, and it looked as though countless bullets were about to shoot out.

Ye Fan chuckled immediately after. "You're going to chase me away with these guns?"









"You imbecile! How dare you speak to our employer in that tone? I will kill you for that!" scolded a thin man who was standing beside Zhang Zixi at the time. He was instantly enraged after hearing Ye Fan's disses.

Ye Fan's gaze turned evil as soon as the thin man finished scolding. After that, a strong gust of wind escaped from Ye Fan's palm.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan waved his hand nonchalantly.

There, under the night sky, the thin man exploded as though he were a firecracker.

Warm crimson blood tainted the ground.

"What a noisy prick," commented Ye Fan calmly after that.

Dead silence.

It was pin-drop silence, even though the spacious place was filled with people.

