

100 Million 1163

Chapter 1163: How Dare You Be Rude To Mr. Ye?

“Young Master Lu, please hold your sword properly. I’m going to slash.” Ye Feng immediately woke Lu Xianzong up from his beautiful dream.

Lu Xianzong held the hilt of the Zhan Lu Sword with both hands and let the sword face up. “Chop.”

Cheng Fei’er and the others also watched curiously.

Ye Feng slowly pulled out the decorative knife from its sheath and slashed at the ‘Zhan Lu Sword’.

Clang!

There was a crisp sound as metal fell to the ground.

Everyone hurriedly looked down. It was the half blade of the decorative knife in Ye Fengs hand.

This Zhan Lu Sword was actually real?

Cheng Fei’er was shocked. Did Ye Feng make a mistake? This was really embarrassing.

Lu Daoquan originally thought highly of Ye Feng, but now, he started to look down on him.

This kid's flowery words almost scared him. He didn't expect him to be an embroidered pillow.

Su Qiyun's face was also filled with embarrassment. He had praised Ye Feng in front of the president. He did not expect that he would be slapped in the face like this.

The three of them secretly looked at Ye Feng, wanting to see how embarrassed he was. However, to their disappointment, the other party's expression remained the same, as if he was not surprised by this outcome at all.

Hmm? What did this mean?

Lu Xianzong was originally a little nervous. He had closed his eyes just now and did not dare to look. At this moment, he slowly opened his eyes. When he saw this scene in front of him, he immediately laughed out loud.

"Hahaha, I told you my sword was real! You were bluffing for a long time just now, but I didn't expect you to be spouting nonsense. Haha, take out the money!"

"Don't be anxious!"

Ye Feng only smiled slightly. He stood up and walked over, blowing on the Zhan Lu Sword.

Then, a shocking scene appeared.

The Zhan Lu Sword's blade suddenly snapped, and the top part fell to the ground with a clang.

The few people present opened their mouths wide and were so shocked that they could not speak.

"This... What's going on? You can break it with a single breath?" Su Qiyun could not help but exclaim.

However, he quickly reacted. Of course, he couldn't break the sword with one breath, not even if it was made of plastic. Unless he was a god.

Fortunately, he had used a knife to cut people before, so he quickly understood the principle behind it.

After Ye Feng swung his sword, the Zhan Lu Sword was already broken.

Because Lu Xianzong had held the sword with the blade facing up and the hilt facing down, the sword did not immediately fall to the ground.

However, there was still one thing that puzzled him.

To be able to cut through the sword without causing it to fall off, one needed a very sharp knife.

And Ye Feng was only holding a decorative knife. How could it be so sharp?

In comparison, Lu Daoquan was more knowledgeable.

He immediately saw that Ye Feng did not use brute force to split it apart. He used inner strength.

Transferring inner strength into the decorative knife could increase the toughness of the decorative knife in a short period of time. With a certain technique, such a situation could only occur.

Understanding the crux of this matter, the shock in his heart was more than a hundred times stronger than Su Qiyun's.

This was because he knew very well that in order to release inner strength, one's martial arts strength had to reach an extremely profound realm.

Moreover, he was able to infuse inner strength into the metal blade. This kind of strength was even more shocking.

Just based on Ye Feng's strength, it was enough to establish a sect.

Facing such a terrifying expert, even if the Zhan Lu Sword was real, it had to be fake.

"Ye... Mr. Ye, be it your eyesight or strength, you have impressed me greatly. Please accept my respect."
As he spoke, he bowed to Ye Feng.

Previously, he still had the attitude of a junior, but now, he no longer dared to be arrogant. There was even a faint hint of fawning.

Cheng Fei'er might not have felt much, but Su Qiyun and Lu Xianzong were already extremely shocked.

As the boss of the largest Chinese gang in Japan, Lu Daoquan could still talk and laugh with the leaders of the Yamaguchi-gumi, Inagawa-kai, and Sumiyoshi-kai.

At this moment, he was giving such a big bow to a junior who was about the same age as his son. If this were to spread, it would probably shatter his glasses.

Lu Xianzong did not like Ye Feng and was immediately displeased. "Dad, why are you treating this kid..."

“B*stard! How dare you be rude to Mr. Ye? Hurry up and kneel down!” Lu Daoquan’s heart tightened. He was afraid that Ye Feng would get angry, so he immediately scolded his son.

Lu Xianzong was very afraid of his father. After being reprimanded like this, his knees immediately went soft and he knelt on the ground.

Lu Daoquan looked at Ye Feng with a fawning expression. “Mr. Ye, my son has been spoiled by me, he has no manners. Please don’t lower yourself to his level.’

Ye Feng smiled politely. “President Lu, don’t say that. I think your son is innocent and carefree, free and easy. He is quite good.”

When Lu Xianzong heard Ye Feng praise him, he immediately smiled.

Lu Daoquan glared at him. This guy really didn’t understand human language.

Innocent and carefree, which translated to lack of intelligence.

Free and easy meant that he had no upbringing.

Wasn’t he just a silly kid?