

## **100 Million 1167**

### Chapter 1167: I Guess You Must Be Scolding Me In Your Heart

Cheng Fei'er was disgusted by his gaze and asked coldly, "What condition?"

Fukuyama Shigeru scanned her body with a lecherous look. "It's very simple. Take off all your clothes and tie a chain around your neck. Let me pull you around the room three times, and I'll sign this contract."

As soon as he said this, the gazes of the other men in the room also became fiery.

Cheng Fei'er had a valiant and heroic temperament. This kind of temperament was rare in China, let alone among Japanese women. She was definitely a crane among chickens.

Her temperament could arouse a man's desire to conquer.

Cheng Fei'er was so angry by his shameless words that her face turned pale, and she was about to fly into a rage.

At this time, Ye Feng suddenly stretched out his hand and pressed on her shoulder. "Calm down."

Cheng Fei'er could only suppress her anger, but she was very disappointed in Ye Feng. She had already been humiliated by the other party, yet he was still so calm.

Could it be that in his heart, her dignity was not as good as his business?

At this time, Ye Feng slowly walked toward Fukuyama Shigeru with a smile on his face. "Can I ask you something first?"

Fukuyama Shigeru looked at him arrogantly. "What is it?"

The smile on Ye Feng's face became brighter. He was like an innocent child. "Is there a crematorium nearby?"

Fukuyama Shigeru didn't know why he was asking this question, but he still sneered. "This is the city center. Why would there be a crematorium?"

"Why? Did your family die? Do you want me to contact one for you?"

Ye Feng took a bottle of red wine from the table. "I think you should contact one of them in advance, because I'm afraid that you won't be able to queue up!"

When he said the last word, the bottle in his hand suddenly smashed down.

Bang!

With a loud explosion, the bottle of red wine exploded, and glass fragments splattered everywhere along with the red wine.

The entire private room instantly fell into a dead silence. Only the music accompaniment came from the sound system.

This included Cheng Fei'er, everyone did not expect that Ye Feng, who was smiling just now, would suddenly attack.

Wine and blood flowed down Fukuyama Shigeru's forehead.

"Baka!" Fukuyama Shigeru's handsome face immediately twisted. He immediately stood up and pounced toward Ye Feng.

Ye Feng sneered. He picked up another bottle from the coffee table and smashed it on his head again: "F\*ck, where I am, only I can act cool. Are you even worthy?"

Fukuyama Shigeru was already seeing stars after being smashed by the two bottles. He staggered and almost fell.

The other people in the room also reacted. They shouted and charged toward Ye Feng.

Ye Feng dodged one of the men's punches. He quickly stretched out his right hand and grabbed his arm behind his back, then pressed his head against the coffee table.

Before the man could scream, he picked up another bottle and smashed it on the man's head.

Perhaps it was because he used too much force this time, the man's eyes rolled back and he fainted.

At this moment, a woman grabbed a bottle and threw it at him.

And Ye Feng did not have any thoughts of showing mercy to the fairer sex. He easily snatched the wine bottle from her hand and smashed it on her head.

The woman probably didn't expect this man to be so ruthless to a woman. Even before she fell to the ground and fainted, her face was still filled with disbelief.

The entire private room immediately turned into a mess. Both men and women were running for their lives.

Fukuyama Shigeru also wanted to run out, but he was pulled back by Ye Feng. "Why are you running? We haven't finished discussing our conditions. What is the third condition?"

Fukuyama Shigeru's face was already covered in blood. He looked at him in shock and anger. "Stupid Chinese pig, how dare you hit me? I think you don't want to leave Japan alive..."

Before he could finish his threat, Ye Feng picked up a wine bottle from the coffee table and smashed it on his head.

Bang!

Shigeru Fukuyama collapsed to the ground and fainted.

Ye Feng took out a silver needle and pierced it into his philtrum point, waking him up immediately. "Since you want to scold me, then I will let you scold me as much as you want, continue."

Fukuyama Shigeru gritted his teeth and glared at him. "B\*stard, I will kill you.

I will...

Before he could finish speaking, another bottle of wine was thrown at his head.

After so many bottles were smashed, Fukuyama Shigeru's head was already a bloody mess, looking very terrifying.

“Continue scolding.” Ye Feng looked at him with a smile. His smile was actually very bright, and he looked like the boy next door.

However, in Fukuyama Shigeru’s eyes, this smile was even more terrifying than the devil. He gritted his teeth tightly. Although he did not admit defeat, he did not dare to curse anymore.

Ye Feng saw this and smashed another bottle.

Fukuyama Shigeru felt a splitting headache and glared at him with an

aggrieved expression. “I didn’t scold you just now.”

Ye Feng scratched his head. “You didn’t scold me? Then I might have heard wrongly.”

Fukuyama Shigeru almost spat out a mouthful of blood. How could he hear wrongly?

“I guess you must be cursing me in your heart,” Ye Feng said as he took another bottle of wine from the coffee table.

“Don’t... Stop fighting, I... I won’t scold any more.” Fukuyama Shigeru was so frightened that he waved his hands repeatedly. He no longer cared about his dignity and began to beg for mercy.

Ye Feng sat on the sofa and looked at him with a smile. “I think, first, you should learn how to beg others.”

“Now that you have something to ask of me, you have to learn to bend over, understand?”

This was what Fukuyama Shigeru had said to him just now. Now that he repeated it, it was especially ironic.

Fukuyama Shigeru gritted his teeth in humiliation, he forced himself up and knelt in front of Ye Feng. “I... Please, let me go. I’ll sign the contract immediately. I’ll sign it immediately.”

Ye Feng looked at him with interest. “What about those conditions?”

Fukuyama Shigeru hurriedly shook his head. “There are no conditions, we’ll sign it according to your plan.”

Ye Feng could not help but sigh. “Since you don’t have the capital to act cool, don’t force yourself to act cool in the future. You will only hurt yourself. Do you remember?”

Fukuyama Shigeru nodded repeatedly. “Yes, yes. Thank you for your teachings, Mr. Ye.”

He was very pious now, just like an obedient dog.

At this moment, a group of people rushed into the private room.

When they saw Fukuyama Shigeru kneeling in front of Ye Feng and wagging his tail, they were stunned.

Young Master Fukuyama actually knelt down to someone?