

## **100 Million 941**

Chapter 941 - 941 Isn't This Guy Too Buddhist?

941 Isn't This Guy Too Buddhist?

Lee Young-Ki looked at Ye Feng in confusion. He had been staring at him and did not notice anything.

In other words, Park Sangwoo had lost this round because he had guessed wrongly, and not because the other party had cheated.

This person was really a little strange. It was better to observe him for a while.

Park Sangwoo glared at Ye Feng hatefully. "It's my turn to throw."

As he spoke, he was about to take the coin.

"Wait a minute." Ye Feng pressed the coin down first.

"What now?" Park Sangwoo asked angrily.

"For the third round, let's change the way we play." Ye Feng had a faint smile on his face.

“How?” Park Sangwoo asked.

“For this round, why don’t we guess first and then find a live audience member to toss.” Ye Feng immediately told him his thoughts.

When Park Sangwoo heard his suggestion, he couldn’t help but laugh. “Alright, then I’ll guess ‘flower’ this round.”

Ye Feng nodded indifferently. “Then I will guess ‘word’.”

After saying that, he turned to look at the crowd. “Who’s willing to flip a coin for us?”

A few people in the crowd immediately raised their hands.

Ye Feng was not in a hurry to choose. Instead, he threw this question to Park Sangwoo. “You should choose, otherwise, you will find an excuse to say that I was the one who hired him.”

“We Koreans aren’t as sore losers as you Chinese.” Although Park Sangwoo said so, he still chose carefully.

He didn't choose from these people who raised their hands. These people volunteered, and it was a little unreliable.

In the end, he chose a man who looked honest.

At first, the man refused, but in the end, he promised to give the other party 100 yuan as a reward, and the other party reluctantly agreed.

The man walked over shyly, put the coin into the dice cup, and then shook it clumsily.

A moment later, "Bang!" He smashed the dice cup on the table and was about to open it.

"Wait a minute." Park Sangwoo suddenly stopped him.

"What's wrong?" Ye Feng raised his head and glanced at him.

"I want to change it. I guess it's 'word' this time." Park Sangwoo suddenly changed his mind.

"Are you sure you want to change?" Ye Feng had a strange smile on his face.

"I..." Park Sangwoo immediately hesitated. After all, this match was related to the final outcome.

If he lost, he would have to carve words on his face. He could not help but be nervous.

He was already a little regretful that he had agreed to this bet on impulse.

However, it was useless to say so much now. He could only continue the bet to the end.

"I'm sure it's word." He hesitated for a long time and chose to change the answer.

"Alright then, I'll choose 'flower'." Ye Feng pursed his lips indifferently.

When everyone heard that he actually agreed, they shook their heads and sighed. Wasn't this guy too Buddhist? He was actually being led by the nose?

Did he forget that if he lost, his woman would have to leave with him?

When Park Sangwoo saw that he agreed so readily, he began to hesitate again. "Wait... Wait, I... I'm not changing. I'll choose the flower."

Ye Feng was unhappy. "What do you want to choose? Can you give me an accurate answer?"

Park Sangwoo's forehead was already covered in sweat. In the end, he gritted his teeth and said, "I choose 'flower'. I won't change it."

Ye Feng shook his head speechlessly and nodded at the man. "Open it."

The man was obviously a little nervous. He took two deep breaths, grabbed the dice cup tightly with both hands, and slowly opened it.

Everyone's eyes widened as they stared at the dice cup.

"Word, it looks like word!"

Some people with good eyesight had already cried out in surprise.

The crowd immediately rushed forward, wanting to see more clearly.

At this moment, the dice cup had been completely opened. The coin inside showed the character for 'word'!

“Hahaha, he won. This little brother won!”

“It’s actually ‘word’. Hahaha, that Korean chose it again and again, but in the end, he still chose the wrong one.”

“This is fate. Perhaps even the heavens can’t stand him being so arrogant.”

“There will be a day to stop a madman. Let’s see if he can still smile now.”

“After losing the entire morning, this little brother has finally helped us Chinese gain some pride.”

“We should teach these Koreans a lesson. They are too arrogant...”

Everyone started to discuss excitedly, Ye Feng was like a national hero in their hearts. He made them feel proud.

Cheng Fei’er finally heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Park Sangwoo with a sneer.

As for Park Sangwoo, he sat there in a daze as if he had been struck by lightning. He even forgot to react.

He lost, he actually lost!

He had a chance to win just now. He had clearly changed it to 'word', but because of a mistake, he had brushed past victory.

He shuddered at the thought of the punishment he would receive if he lost.

If the word 'pig' was really carved on his face, then his future would be ruined. This would be a humiliation that would accompany him for the rest of his life.

Thinking of this, he stood up and glared at Ye Feng.

"You f\*cking cheated. This round doesn't count!"

Chapter 942 - 942 Even If the Emperor Comes, It Won't Work. I Said It! - BoxNovelFull

942 Even If the Emperor Comes, It Won't Work. I Said It!

Facing Park Sangwoo's sudden attack, Ye Feng was not surprised. He only smiled coldly.

"Since you said that I cheated, then tell me, how did I cheat? As long as you can say it, I'll admit it."

"This..."

Park Sangwoo was instantly speechless. He was just a cornered dog, so what could he say? He could only continue to say forcefully, "Anyway, you cheated. That game just now doesn't count. Let's start again."

This time, without waiting for Ye Feng to speak, the fatty who was watching from the side immediately disagreed: "Why should we start again? If we lose, we'll admit our losses, but you're going back on your word? The Koreans were indeed the Koreans. They didn't keep their promises."

The other onlookers also responded.

"That's right. There are so many of us watching. He didn't cheat at all."

"That's right, especially when he let you choose the third round. You made the wrong choice."

"Do you really think we Chinese are all cowards? You have to honor the bet you made today, or you won't be able to walk out of the antique street."

"That's right. If you want to renege on your debt, you have to ask if we agree first."

"We don't agree. We have to honor the bet!"

"We do not agree..."

The group of people immediately shouted at the Koreans. They were all furious and looked like they were about to attack.

The Koreans were so scared that their faces turned pale. It seemed that if they didn't honor the bet today, it wouldn't be easy for them to leave.

However, they were indeed in the wrong in this matter. They had won here for the entire morning, and when they lost, they had honored their promises.

Now that it was their turn to lose, how could it be so easy to renege on the debt?

Lee Young-Ki looked at him with a dark expression. "Sangwoo, please honor your bet."



Park Sangwoo looked at him in disbelief. "Teacher, I can't..."

If he knelt on the ground and shouted "I'm a pig" a hundred times, he could barely fulfill his promise. But if he had to carve the word 'pig' on his face, it would be worse than death for him.

Lee Young-Ki glared at him coldly. "I've already stopped you before. You were the one who insisted on agreeing to him."

"Now that you've lost, please honor your bet and don't bring shame to us Koreans."

Park Sangwoo looked at Lee Young-Ki and then at the excited crowd. He knew that if he insisted on denying it today, he would probably die.

He had no choice but to kneel on the ground and shout in humiliation, "I'm a pig, I'm a pig..."

"Louder, I can't hear you."

The fat man immediately cheered. The depression of losing 10 million just now was swept away.

"I'm a pig, I'm a pig, I'm a pig..."

Park Sangwoo's humiliated voice echoed throughout the antique street. He had never been humiliated like this before, and it was in front of so many Chinese people. This made him feel even more tormented.

Especially when these Chinese people kept pointing at him and talking and laughing, it made him even more resentful.

A bunch of lowly Chinese people, he would definitely make you pay the price.

He gritted his teeth and repeated 'I'm a pig' a hundred times, then he slowly stood up and glared at Ye Feng.

All the humiliation today was because of this person. He wished he could eat his flesh and sleep with his skin.

Ye Feng met his venomous gaze. A faint smile appeared on his face. "There is one last punishment. Do you want to do it yourself, or do you want me to help you?"

The hatred on Park Sangwoo's face immediately dissipated and was replaced by deep fear.

He had spent a lot of effort on this face. Just the minor adjustments were no less than dozens of times. If he wanted to destroy this face now, he might as well kill him with a knife.

"I... Can I compensate you with a sum of money? The last punishment... Forget it?"

When Ye Feng heard his suggestion, he smiled even more happily. "Alright, then pay me all the money you won this morning and I will let you go."

Park Sangwoo was initially happy when he heard that he had agreed, but when he heard his request, his face turned gloomy again.

They had won nearly 200 million in cash this morning, as well as a lot of antique jade. In total, they had won more than 300 million.

Moreover, these were basically won by his teacher, Lee Young-Ki. He had no right to make decisions.

"Hurry up and do it. Stop dawdling. Why don't I help you?" The fat man jeered again, looking eager to give it a try.

Park Sangwoo had no choice but to grab a golden hairpin next to him with trembling hands and prepare to make a move.

“Enough!”

At this moment, Lee Young-Ki suddenly spoke up, “Killing someone is just a head-to-head matter. Sangwoo was already humiliated just now. Do we really have to disfigure him?”

He was asking Ye Feng this question, his eyes were filled with threat.

“He agreed to the bet himself. I didn’t force him. Since he agreed, he should honor it. Is there a problem?” Ye Feng ignored his threat and immediately retorted.

Seeing that his threat was ineffective, Lee Young-Ki’s tone softened a little. “But this punishment is too severe. He’s still so young. If he gets a scar on his face, his life will be ruined. Can you change it?”

Ye Feng smiled. “Alright, he is too young to carve words, you are already so old, why don’t you just accept the punishment for him?”

Lee Young-Ki’s face darkened again. “Is there really no room for negotiation?”

Ye Feng’s expression also turned cold. “If his mouth was not that cheap, perhaps there would be room for negotiation.”

“But since he dared to insult my friend, what’s the point of discussing?”

“He must be punished today. Even if the emperor comes, it won’t work.”

Cheng Fei’er, who was standing beside him, immediately felt excited.

This fellow was usually not serious in front of her, but when he was serious... He was quite handsome!

Park Sangwoo held the golden hairpin in one hand and looked at his teacher. That was his last hope.

The scene immediately fell into a short silence, and the atmosphere was extremely oppressive.

An even more intense conflict seemed to be brewing.

Chapter 943 - 943 Could it Be That He Has Fiery Golden Eyes? - BoxNovelFull

Lee Young-Ki's face was gloomy and he was silent for a long time before he spoke again.

"How about this? You two compete three more rounds. If you can win all three matches, Park Sangwoo will not only honor the bet, but we will also give you all the money we won this morning, including the Nine Dragon Cup."

The moment he said this, everyone present was shocked. Wasn't this bet too big?

In other words, as long as Ye Feng could win three rounds in a row, he would be able to win at least 300 million. This was a huge gamble.

But Ye Feng did not show any joy. He just looked at Lee Young-Ki quietly. "What else?"

Lee Young-Ki's lips slowly curled into a cold smile. "If you lose any of the matches, not only will Park Sangwoo's previous punishment be exempted, but you will also have to carve the words 'I'm a stupid pig' on your face. How is it? Isn't that fair?"

Before Ye Feng could agree, the surrounding people had already stopped.

"You call this f\*cking fair? Why does he have to win three matches in a row to get the reward and lose one match to be punished?"

"This Korean is really cunning. Little brother, don't fall for his tricks."

"Yeah, don't bet with him. Let's make them honor their previous bet."

“It’s too difficult to win three rounds in a row. It’s unfair.”

“I’m not playing, I definitely won’t play...”

Lee Young-Ki’s words obviously angered the public. Everyone could hear that his bet was biased toward Park Sangwoo.

It was too difficult for Ye Feng to win three matches in a row. As long as he was careless, all his efforts would be wasted.

Only a fool would agree to such a harsh bet.

Cheng Fei’er hurriedly tugged at his sleeve. “Ye Feng, don’t agree to him. He’s digging a hole for you to jump into.”

Ye Feng only smiled at her, then turned to look at Lee Young-Ki. “Alright, I agree.”

This time, it was Lee Young-Ki’s turn to be dumbfounded. He had thought that the other party would most likely refuse, and then he would have an excuse to exempt Park Sangwoo from punishment.

However, he had never expected that the other party would actually agree.

“Do you understand? What I said was that if you lose any match, you will be punished.” He was afraid that the other party did not hear him clearly, so he repeated his words again.

“I understand. Let’s begin,” Ye Feng said nonchalantly.

This time, everyone present was stunned.

“Is this guy crazy? How could he agree to such a harsh bet?”

“Yeah, isn’t this too risky? If he loses one out of three matches, he will be punished.”

“I really don’t know what he’s thinking. He already won, so why did he agree?”

“Ugh, young people are really too impulsive...”

Everyone could not understand Ye Feng’s actions. They could not help but shake their heads and sigh.

Only Cheng Fei’er could roughly understand what he was thinking.

He wanted to completely trample on the dignity of these Koreans and let them know that the Chinese were not so easy to bully.

Park Sangwoo was overjoyed and hurriedly threw the golden hairpin down. “Alright, since you’ve agreed, you can’t go back on your word.”

Ye Feng slowly leaned back on the chair. “Tell me, what do you want to bet?”

Park Sangwoo looked around and suddenly saw a woman in the crowd with a bouquet of roses in her arms.

He immediately walked over and gave the woman a smile that he thought was very handsome. “Beautiful lady, can I borrow a flower from you?”

The woman was instantly mesmerized by him and quickly nodded. “Sure.”

Park Sangwoo took out a rose from inside and turned around to walk back. “Let’s guess the odd and even number of this petal in the first round.”

Ye Feng pursed his lips. "Is this a gamble?"

Park Sangwoo nodded matter-of-factly. "You can bet on coins, but not on flower petals?"

Ye Feng did not say anything else. "Alright, let's start then, I'll bet on even numbers."

Park Sangwoo looked at him suspiciously. "I also wanted to bet on even numbers."

Ye Feng shrugged indifferently. "Then I'll bet on the odd number."

Everyone was a little speechless. Wasn't this guy too casual? Didn't he know that he would be punished if he lost?

Park Sangwoo immediately handed the rose to Cheng Fei'er. "Beauty, can you help us verify it?"

Cheng Fei'er hated this person to the core. However, after hesitating for a moment, she finally took the rose and slowly walked to the table. She began to pluck the petals one by one.

Park Sangwoo sat at the side and looked at her side profile obsessively. The more he looked at her, the more mesmerizing she felt.

Cheng Fei'er could sense his gaze and wished she could gouge his eyes out.

However, they were in a competition after all, so she could only suppress her anger for the time being.

Soon, half of the rose petals were plucked off.

"Twenty-six."

“Twenty-seven.”

“Twenty-eight...”

The crowd started counting in a low voice, and their voices grew louder and louder.

Park Sangwoo no longer had any other thoughts. He started to stare at the petals, and the more he went, the more nervous he became.

Meanwhile, Lee Young-Ki was sizing up Ye Feng, but he found that his expression did not change at all. This made him suspicious.

Wasn't this guy's mentality too good? Where did he get such confidence from?

Cheating? What kind of joke was this?

These roses were randomly chosen and could only be based on luck. How could there be a chance to cheat?

He was puzzled and could only wait for the final result.

At this moment, only a few petals were left.

“Forty-three.”

“Forty-four.”

“Forty...Five.”



When Cheng Fei'er plucked the last petal, she could not suppress the joy in her heart and immediately waved her small fist.

It was really an odd number. How did this guy guess it?

Park Sangwoo looked at the scattered petals on the table and then at the bare stem. He was dumbfounded.

How was this possible? This guy actually guessed correctly again? Could it be that he had the Fiery Golden Eyes?

Thinking of this conjecture, even he himself felt that it was laughable.

How could a person have the Fiery Golden Eyes? It could only be said that this guy's luck was really good.

The people who were watching the show also cheered.

"D\*mn, I actually guessed correctly? This little brother's luck was really good."

"With this luck, you can buy the lottery, right?"

"How many cents can you win from the lottery? If he wins two more rounds, he can earn 300 million yuan."

"I'm convinced. I'm really convinced..."

The scene was filled with joy because of Ye Feng's victory. It was like the New Year.

Lee Young-Ki could not help but look at Ye Feng a few more times. He could not see through this young man. How did he guess correctly? Could it be that there was some sort of technique?

There was no chance of cheating in this kind of petal-guessing competition.

However, he felt that something was wrong.

Ye Feng noticed his gaze. He could not help but laugh in his heart. If his deep scanning ability could be seen through by him, then what was the point of him staying here?

He could even guess if it was a bouquet of roses, let alone a single rose.

Park Sangwoo glared at him fiercely. "Don't be too proud. You only won one round. According to the agreement, you have to win all three rounds to get the reward."

Ye Feng shrugged nonchalantly. "You decide what to bet for the second round."

Chapter 944 - 944 How the F\*ck Can This Be Reversed? - BoxNovelFull

Park Sangwoo looked around again. Suddenly, he saw cars passing by the intersection. His eyes lit up. "Let's bet on the number of cars passing by that intersection in one minute."

Everyone rolled their eyes when they heard this strange competition. What was this?

Park Sangwoo had a proud smile on his face. He knew that Ye Feng's Thousand Arts were powerful. He would not bet on poker or dice with him.

Gambles like flower petals and cars were all based on luck. This made the other party's Thousand Arts useless.

Of course, such a profound strategy was naturally not something these stupid Chinese people could understand.

Ye Feng looked at his smug expression and could not help but sneer in his heart. "Alright, then I'll bet this time... Even numbers."

Park Sangwoo had suffered a few losses before, so he didn't hesitate this time. "Then I'll bet on the odd number."

In any case, this kind of competition could only rely on luck. There was nothing to be conflicted about.

Ye Feng sneered in his heart. Could he really only rely on luck?

His depth scan could now cover a range of more than ten meters. Coupled with his extraordinary hearing, playing this kind of competition was simply like using a cheat.

"Time starts!"

Park Sangwoo took out his phone and set a one-minute countdown. Then, he began to stare nervously at the street.

Everyone, including the onlookers, looked toward the street entrance.

"One."

"Two."

"Three..."

Every time they passed by a car, everyone shouted in unison.

As time passed, everyone became more and more nervous.

Ten seconds left on the countdown.

“Twenty-seven.”

Cheng Fei'er's heart was already in her throat. She stared nervously at the street entrance, her palms covered in sweat.

There were five seconds left on the countdown.

“Thirty-two.”

The Koreans couldn't sit still anymore. They stood up and stared at the cars passing by the street.

There was still one second left on the countdown.

“Thirty-eight...”

“One more, one more...”

Park Sangwoo kept muttering. He would win if there was another car.

Just a second before the one-minute countdown ended, the front of a car suddenly appeared at the intersection.

Cheng Fei'er and the other Chinese felt their hearts sink.

Was he going to lose?

“Haha, I won!” Park Sangwoo was overjoyed and immediately waved his fists in celebration.

However, the next scene left him completely dumbfounded.

Almost at the same time that the car appeared, a red sports car sped past at an even faster speed.

Forty cars, even!

For a moment, everyone present was dumbfounded. This was f\*cking possible?

Although they all hoped that Ye Feng would win, they did not expect him to win so... It was a coincidence.

If the red sports car hadn't suddenly rushed out, Park Sangwoo would have won this round.

Everyone felt a lingering fear.

"This little brother's luck... It's really too good to be true. How could this f\*cking turn around?"

"My heart was in my throat just now. I thought he was going to lose this time. I didn't expect a sports car to suddenly appear, haha..."

"In the past, I never believed in fate, but at this moment, I believe it. This is all fate."

"I can only say that the heavens will bless the good. This little brother deserves to win."

"Hahaha, the Buddha has appeared..."

Cheng Fei'er was even more excited as she grabbed Ye Feng and jumped around. "Haha, we won again, you're too handsome."

Park Sangwoo was so angry that his facial features were contorted. If it wasn't for the fact that the sportscar had already disappeared, he really wanted to drag that b\*stard out and beat him up. Why did he come out at this time to cause trouble?

However, no matter how unwilling he was, he had indeed lost this round.

He looked at Ye Feng with a complicated gaze. He felt that this b\*stard was a little strange.

If he could guess correctly once, it would be good luck. However, he had already guessed correctly so many times in a row. No matter how good his luck was, it should have been used up, right?

Was this guy possessed by a ghost?

The Koreans were even more superstitious about ghosts and gods than the Chinese.

He couldn't help but be suspicious after losing so mysteriously a few times in a row.

Out of the three matches, he had already lost two in a row. He was no longer as relaxed as before.

If he lost again, not only would he have to honor the previous bet, but he would also have to spit out the 300 million they had won previously. He immediately felt a huge pressure.

At this moment, he suddenly heard Lee Young-Ki say, "Sangwoo, stand down. I'll deal with him."

Park Sangwoo heaved a sigh of relief when he heard his teacher's words.

If he really lost the third round, then he really wouldn't be able to face his teacher and his fellow disciples.

The teacher suddenly took over at this time, which could be considered as sharing the pressure for him.

Lee Young-Ki slowly walked toward Ye Feng. "Sir, I will bet with you this round. Do you have any objections?"

He had been observing Ye Feng. The more he looked at him, the more he felt that this young man was unfathomable. If he let Park Sangwoo gamble again, he would probably lose.

He had no choice but to personally take action.

Before Ye Feng could agree, the onlookers were already unhappy.

"How can this be? You clearly agreed to let your disciple play. How can you change people midway?"

"That's right, how can there be such a thing? If the small one can't beat him, the old one will come out to protect him?"

"The Koreans are the Koreans. They always go back on their words."

"Little brother, don't agree to him. Let's play with him as a gambler..."

They all knew very well that Lee Young-Ki's strength was far above Park Sangwoo's. He had won 300 million yuan with 10,000 yuan this morning.

If he went out personally, then Ye Feng would be in danger.

But Ye Feng's expression did not change. He only said one word. "Alright."

Chapter 945 - 945 Can You Still Laugh Later? - BoxNovelFull

Hearing Ye Feng agree to it, everyone was stunned.

Some of them were impatient and almost cursed.

They really didn't know what this guy was thinking. His strength could easily crush Park Sangwoo. As long as he won one more round, he could win 300 million.

However, this guy actually agreed to Lee Young-Ki's challenge at this time. Wasn't this courting death?

"Did a donkey kick his head? He actually agreed to such a request?"

"Yeah, he had a chance to win three consecutive victories, but he insisted on courting death and agreed to Lee Young-Ki's challenge. Isn't he asking for a beating?"

"This Lee Young-Ki is so strong. He won 300 million with just 10,000 yuan. How can he be a match for him?"

"If you don't court death, you won't die. I'm so angry."

"Anyway, if he loses, he will be the one to accept the punishment. He can't blame others."

"I really want to go up and give this brat a slap to wake him up..."

Obviously, no one present thought that Ye Feng could defeat Lee Young-Ki.

This person only used one morning to win more than 300 million. He was even better than Hong Jiajun, who had won the title of Gambling King twice in a row.

How could he win?

Park Sangwoo even revealed a gloating expression. "Kid, you dare to accept my teacher's challenge? You're really courting death. I'll personally carve those four words on your face later."



As for Cheng Fei'er, she was already prepared to go back on her word. Once Ye Feng lost, she could just go back on her word. Who could stop them?

Lee Young-Ki was also overjoyed. "Since you have accepted the challenge, let me explain the rules first. We will gamble on dice this round. Each person will have six dice. The person with the least number of points wins. One round will decide the winner!"

Ye Feng leaned back on the chair and nodded as if nothing had happened. "Then let's start, you go first."

Lee Young-Ki didn't waste any time. He gently rubbed his palm on the table, and six dice appeared on the table as if by magic.

The distance between each die was almost the same, and the numbers displayed were the same, neatly arranged in a straight line.

Once an expert made a move, one would know if there was one.

He had only revealed a small trick, but it had already caused everyone present to exclaim endlessly.

From this simple action, it could be seen that this person had put a lot of effort into the die. It could even be said that he had already reached the acme of perfection.

The stronger Lee Young-Ki showed, the more they hated Ye Feng.

He didn't want to pinch Park Sangwoo, that soft persimmon, but had to pinch this stinking durian with thorns all over its body. Wasn't this courting death?

Ye Feng naturally knew that he was trying to show off his might. The corners of his mouth curled up.

"I'll let you be smug for a while. If you can still smile later, I'll consider it my loss."

Lee Young-Ki was not disturbed by his words. He slowly picked up the dice cup and gently wiped it on the table, immediately putting all six dice into it.

Hualala...

His hand kept shaking in the air, and the dice inside also made an extremely rhythmic sound, weaving into a beautiful melody.

Moreover, his movements were very graceful, as if he was demonstrating a set of finger dances. Watching him shake the dice was simply a form of enjoyment.

Everyone sighed.

“This is probably the most beautiful dice-shaking I’ve ever seen. I didn’t expect that shaking the dice could be so beautiful.”

“Just from this point alone, you can see that he has already played the dice to the acme of perfection.”

“Sigh, I really don’t know what that kid is thinking. He actually dared to accept the challenge of such a person.”

“Let’s not talk about him. I get angry when I talk about him...”

The more outstanding Lee Young-Ki’s performance was, the angrier everyone was toward Ye Feng. He could have helped all the Chinese people present. Why did he have to go and seek death?

Even Ye Feng himself had to admit that Lee Young-Ki’s movements were very graceful. He could not do it, anyway.

He dared to set up a public challenge in the antique street. He really had some skills.

Bang!

Lee Young-Ki smashed the dice cup on the table. The corners of his mouth curled up into a smile as he slowly opened the dice cup.

“Hiss...”

Everyone gasped.

The six dice on the table all had 1 point, which added up to a total of 6 points.

According to their agreement, the one with the least points would win this round.

The lowest number of points on six dice was six.

In other words, Lee Young-Ki was already in an invincible position.

Even if Ye Feng could roll 6 points, it would at most be a draw.

Everyone shook their heads and sighed. The other party was too powerful. There was no hope of victory at all.

Park Sangwoo and the group of Koreans cheered excitedly, they looked at Ye Feng with ill intentions.

Lee Young-Ki slowly pushed the dice cup over. “It’s your turn.”

Ye Feng took the dice cup and looked at him helplessly. “You are too ruthless, you rolled 6 points right away. I can’t win no matter how hard I roll.”

Lee Young-Ki had a smug smile on his face. "Don't be afraid. You still have a chance to draw. As long as you can roll 6 points, we can just play another round."

"Sigh, this is the only way."

Ye Feng shook his head and sighed. He then picked up the dice cup and threw six dice into it. They started to shake along the table.

Putting everything else aside, just the way he shook the dice was far worse than Lee Young-Ki's.

Not only was it not beautiful at all, but it was also a little clumsy. The dice cup and the table would occasionally make an ear-piercing squeaking sound.

Everyone's hearts turned cold. This was really embarrassing.

He dared to accept the challenge with such skills?

Ye Feng did not care about what the others thought. He just swayed according to his own rhythm.

After about half a minute, his hands suddenly stopped moving, and then he confidently opened the dice cup.

Everyone looked over nervously and saw that the six dice were: 1 point, 1 point... 6 points!

When they saw the first few dice, a glimmer of hope rose in everyone's hearts.

But when they saw the last one, it was like a bolt of lightning from the clear sky.

Lost?

Chapter 946 - 946 Bet on Whether You Can Leave This Place Alive - BoxNovelFull

Among Ye Feng's six dice, five of them were 1 points and one was 6 points, a total of 11 points.

He had lost completely!

According to the previous agreement, if he lost, not only would Park Sangwoo be exempted from all his previous punishments, but he would also have to carve the words 'I'm a stupid pig' on his face.

It could be said that it was not harmful, but extremely insulting.

"He lost, he actually lost just like that? He's just missing one."

"Hmph, I've long expected this outcome. Who can you blame for this? If you want to blame someone, blame this kid for being stubborn."

"That's right. He could have won, but he insisted on pretending to be big and PK with his master. He's simply courting death."

"He can only blame himself. He can't blame anyone else..."

Everyone had a deep grudge against Ye Feng. Some of them felt it was a pity, some of them even felt great.

Who asked you to not listen to advice? Serves him right!

Lee Young-Ki immediately smiled. "Sir, you lost."

To be honest, he was still a little nervous before this, because Ye Feng's performance was too unfathomable. He could not tell what he was capable of.

This time, taking the risk to challenge him was also a gamble.

It was only when this result came out that his heart finally settled.

It seemed that his previous worries were unnecessary. This kid might have some ability, but it was obvious that his skills were not good enough to pose a threat to him.

Park Sangwoo was even more excited. He immediately jumped out and taunted, "Brat, you lost. Shouldn't you honor the bet now? How should I engrave these words? Should it be carved in Chinese? Or should I defeat Korean?"

The scene of him being forced by Ye Feng to carve words on his face was still vivid in his mind. He gritted his teeth in hatred when he thought about it.

Now that he saw the other party lose, he was so excited that he couldn't help but rush up and carve a few big words on the other party's face.

Cheng Fei'er sighed, then slowly reached for her bag. It seemed that she could only turn hostile and not admit it.

Although doing so would embarrass the Chinese, there was no other way.

Just as everyone was clamoring, Ye Feng remained calm. He had a faint smile on his face. "Who said I lost? Take a closer look."

When everyone heard his words, their minds were filled with doubts.

A loss was a loss, and he could win just by looking at it carefully?

Although they were all confused, everyone still looked at the dice again.

Then, a strange scene appeared.

At this moment, a breeze blew past, and the die that had rolled a 6 suddenly shattered. At the same time, a stream of mercury flowed out from it.

This die was obviously filled with mercury, making it easy to cheat.

Everyone present was dumbfounded. No one had expected such a sudden turn of events.

The die had suddenly shattered, and mercury was flowing out of it.

“No wonder this Lee Young-Ki won the whole morning. So the dice were filled with mercury?”

“Although he cheated, it was written in his previous contracts that he could cheat. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“Even if cheating is allowed, this is a battle between experts after all. Even if we win, it’s still a little unfair.”

“Isn’t this little brother too powerful? He was actually able to shatter one of the dice. How did he do it?”

“This is a little unbelievable. I’ve never heard of it before!”

“Now that one of the dice is broken, how should we count this round?”

“Is there a need to ask? Of course it’s 5 points.”

“Doesn’t that mean that this little brother won?”

“Oh my god! He won 300 million yuan directly?”

“I have finally broadened my horizons today...”

Everyone present was stunned by this scene. This could be said to be the most bizarre thing they had ever seen in their lives.

Someone could actually shatter the die. This was truly a little inconceivable.

Before Lee Young-Ki could say anything, Park Sangwoo jumped out. “This round doesn’t count. You shattered the die. This is cheating. It doesn’t count...”

Before he could finish speaking, everyone present did not agree.

“Why not? There was no agreement before the competition that the dice could not be shattered.”

“That’s right. If you want to talk about cheating, you guys poured mercury into the dice. Isn’t that cheating?”

“The Koreans are really shameless. This double standard is too obvious.”

“Do you really think we Chinese are easy to bully? If you dare to go back on your word, don’t even think about walking out of the antique street today.”

“A loss is a loss. Where do you get so many excuses?”

Park Sangwoo was so frightened that he did not dare to retort. He hurriedly looked at Lee Young-Ki. “Teacher, this...”

Lee Young-Ki stared at Ye Feng for a long time. He suddenly smiled. “This round, you win.”

“Teacher...” Park Sangwoo panicked and wanted to say more.



Lee Young-Ki raised his hand to interrupt him. "There's no need to say anything more. There was indeed no agreement before the game that the dice could not be shattered. This gentleman was able to shatter the dice. It was simply shocking. I was convinced of my loss."

Ye Feng did not have much emotion on his face, he only nodded lightly. "Then, I won."

Everyone immediately cheered.

"Hahaha, we won, we won. I knew we Chinese were good."

"These Koreans have been winning all morning, and now they have finally lost, hahaha."

"They lost all the money they won in the morning in one go. It's simply awesome."

"I swear, this little brother will be my idol in the future."

"Who said that he was overestimating himself and seeking death?"

"Cough, cough, it's all our fault for looking down on others. It turns out that he really has the confidence."

"I'm convinced. I'm really convinced..."

The Chinese people present were all proud of Ye Feng's victory, they cheered and celebrated, the scene was extremely lively.

Cheng Fei'er also clenched her small fists excitedly. This way, it would save her a lot of trouble.

As for Park Sangwoo and the others, they stood there dejectedly, feeling extremely embarrassed.

Lee Young-Ki didn't care about what they thought. He directly pushed a bank card and the Nine Dragon Cup over.

"The spoils of war that we won this morning are all here. Why don't we gamble again?"

Ye Feng looked at him calmly. "What are you betting on?"

Li Yingji's lips curled into a strange smile. "I'm betting on whether you can leave this place alive."

..

Everyone's expression changed drastically when they heard Lee Young-Ki's words.

What did he mean by that? Was this a disguised threat?

Before Ye Feng could speak, everyone started cursing.

"What does this stick mean? Why can't he take the money away?"

"Is there a need to ask? It's obvious that he doesn't want to honor the bet and started to threaten him."

"The Koreans are indeed shameless. Little brother, don't be afraid."

"That's right. In our Chinese territory, can we let the Koreans do whatever they want?"

"Hmph, you want to turn your back on me? Ask us if we agree to it first."

"We do not agree..."

Chapter 947 - 947 Since the Atmosphere Has Reached This Point - BoxNovelFull

Lee Young-Ki's words immediately aroused the anger of the crowd. Everyone shouted loudly, wanting these Koreans to pay the price.

Park Sangwoo and the others were so frightened by this anger that they retreated, their faces pale.

At this moment, a loud shout came from the street. "I want to see who dares to stand up for this kid. If you have the guts, come out and try."

Hearing this, everyone turned around.

At the end of the street, a group of people walked over aggressively. There were about 30 of them.

This group of people were all carrying machetes and other weapons in their hands, and they all looked fierce.

The one walking in front was a man with long hair.

The man looked to be in his thirties. He was quite handsome and had a devilish smile on his face.

Those who were still complaining about Ye Feng's injustice turned pale after seeing this person. They all retreated.

The young man walked over and lit a cigarette with his head lowered. Then, he looked up at the crowd. "Who said that we were going to help this kid? If you're a man, step forward."

Everyone avoided his gaze, not daring to look at him.

The man could not help but snicker. He turned to look at Ye Feng. "Brat, you have had enough of the limelight. If you don't want to die, then scram."

Ye Feng did not turn back to look at him, he only looked at Lee Young-Ki quietly. "It seems that you have no intention of fulfilling the bet."

Lee Young-Ki had a smug smile on his face. "Let me introduce you. This is the Second Young Master of the Han family in the gambling city, Han Antong. You should have heard of the Han family's strength, right?"

Ye Feng laughed lightly. He had asked Zhao Fulin about the major forces in the gambling city. He had naturally heard of this Han family.

The Han family could be said to be the second largest force in the gambling city, second only to the Xiao family.

Moreover, the development momentum in the past few years was very fierce, and there was a great trend of replacing them. Now, the two families had reached a state of being incompatible with each other.

However, he didn't expect that these Koreans would be related to the Han family.

Lee Young-Ki looked at Ye Feng proudly. "You have two choices now. The first is to break one of your arms and leave. The second option is to bet with me again. As long as you can walk out of this street safely with these spoils of war, you win. However, there's also a possibility that you will die here. You choose."

When everyone heard his two choices, they couldn't help but curse him for being shameless. This b\*stard had clearly lost, yet he still had the face to suggest such a choice.

No matter which of these two choices he chose, he would have to pay a heavy price.

Was this the treatment of a winner?

However, the current situation was stronger than the person. The other party had the Han family backing him up. Who would dare to say "no"?

Ye Feng stared at Lee Young-Ki for a moment and suddenly laughed. "I choose to continue the competition?"

Lee Young-Ki looked at him as if he was a fool. "Have you thought it through? If you lose, you will die."

Ye Feng rubbed his nose. "What if you lose?"

Lee Young-Ki couldn't help but laugh. "I lose? If I lose, I'll be at your mercy."

Ye Feng snapped his fingers. "It's a deal. Then what are we waiting for? Let's begin."

After saying that, he immediately picked up the bank card and the Nine Dragon Cup on the table and slowly stood up.

Everyone's hearts were in their throats as they looked at him in disbelief.

Was this guy really going to accept the challenge? Was he crazy?

Han Antong had brought at least twenty to thirty people with him, each of them holding a sharp weapon.

If he wanted to rush out of the encirclement of these people, it was simply a fool's dream. He would most likely be chopped into meat paste, right?

Han Antong tilted his head and took a puff of his cigarette before slowly exhaling a column of smoke.

"Kid, I advise you to obediently chop off one of your hands and scam. Don't force us to make a move. Once we make a move, it won't be as simple as breaking a hand. Have you ever seen meat paste? Hiss... It hurts just thinking about it."

He had a mocking expression on his face, he was obviously treating Ye Feng as a clown.

Kacha...

At this moment, a clap of thunder happened to ring out in the sky. Immediately after, a torrential rain poured down without warning.

Ye Feng smiled. "Look, even the heavens are helping to raise the atmosphere. Since the atmosphere has reached this point, if we don't kill a few people, wouldn't we be letting down their good intentions?"

Han Antong slowly raised the machete in his hand. "Since you want to die, then go ahead and try."

The rain was getting heavier and heavier, covering everything in the surroundings.

"Those who block me will die!" Ye Feng shouted loudly. He charged toward the crowd in front of him. He had a heroic attitude that said he would go ahead even if there were millions of people.

Cheng Fei'er did not fall behind and immediately rushed forward.

A man and a woman, facing an enemy ten times their number, chose to resist without hesitation.

The onlookers felt a fire burning in their chests. It was better to kill to their heart's content than to live a submissive life.

However, they did not have the courage to resist. They could only choose to endure humiliation and live.

Many people could no longer bear to watch. Without even thinking, they knew that these two people would definitely die under the chaotic blades.

As for Lee Young-Ki and the rest of the Koreans, they were all gloating as they waited for the two to be beheaded.

If they dared to become enemies with them, only death awaited them.

Just when everyone thought that Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er would definitely die...

The next scene completely overturned their understanding.

Chapter 948 - 948 You Owe Me This!

948 You Owe Me This!

In the heavy rain, Ye Feng was the first to charge into the enemy formation.

The thug of the Han family who was charging at them was obviously a veteran. The machete in his hand slashed down diagonally, and his aura was very fierce.

Ye Feng's right hand reached out like lightning, grabbing his right hand that was holding the blade, he turned around and smashed his left elbow on his forehead.

The man grunted and was about to fall back.

At the same time, another thug had already slashed at him from the front with a knife.

Ye Feng did not have time to release his right hand. He grabbed that person's wrist and held it above his head.

Clang...

The two machetes clashed together, creating a series of sparks.

Ye Feng grabbed that person's wrist and swung it, directly cutting off the thug's wrist. Blood spurted out as the machete fell to the ground.

Before the machete landed on the ground, Ye Feng suddenly kicked out, changing the direction of the machete.

It pierced into the abdomen of a thug who was coming from the left.

With a flip of his right hand, the first thug he captured did not resist at all. The machete in his hand directly stabbed into his thigh.

It sounded complicated, but all of this happened in a flash. He had already crippled three of the thugs.

Cheng Fei'er was not inferior at all. The combat techniques of the Security Team were completely prepared for killing. There were no fancy moves at all. One move after another, they went straight for the vital points.



In an instant, she crippled two people.

The two of them smiled at each other and continued to rush into the crowd.

The rain was getting heavier and heavier. The raindrops hit the ground like a death charm. The entire antique street was covered in blood.

The blood and rainwater mixed together and flowed into the sewers.

The people who witnessed this scene were completely scared silly.

They had only seen such a scene in movies. Who would have thought that it would happen in reality?

The impact of reality was clearly ten times, or even a hundred times stronger than the movie.

In their eyes, Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er were like a pair of martial artists. They were attacking from left to right while being surrounded by dozens of saber-wielding thugs. They were extremely carefree.

As for Lee Young-Ki and the rest of the Koreans, they were even more shocked.

Never in their dreams would they have thought that these two people's combat strength would be so abnormal. They were actually still safe and sound in the siege of dozens of people, advancing and retreating freely.

If these people from the Han family really could not stop them, then the consequences... It was simply unimaginable.

They had obviously thought of this possibility, and their faces turned abnormally pale.

Not to mention them, even Han Antong was scared silly.

Looking at his subordinates being taken care of one by one, he only wanted to turn around and run, but he realized that his legs were not listening to him at all. He could only watch the two of them get closer and closer.

Two minutes later, the 30 or so subordinates he brought with him were all lying on the ground, wailing and screaming.

Meanwhile, Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er walked in front of him in a carefree manner.

"You're the only one left now."

Ye Feng had a mocking smile on his face. It was exactly the same as the smile on his face earlier.

Han Antong trembled as he held the machete, but he did not even have the courage to raise it. "I... I'm the Second Young Master of the Han family. If you dare to lay a finger on me, my father won't let you off."

When Ye Feng heard his threat, he could not help but laugh. "What an idiot. You still dare to be stubborn when you are about to die?"

Seeing that his threats were useless, Han Antong knelt on the ground with a thud. "Please let me go. I can give you money, a lot of money. I just hope you can let me live..."

Ye Feng revealed a look of disdain. "Weren't you very arrogant just now? Cowering so quickly? What a soft bone. If I kill you, my hands will be dirty."

Han Antong immediately heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that this kid was still afraid of the Han family.

"Then... Can I go now?"

As he spoke, he tried to get up from the ground.

“I haven’t finished speaking.” Ye Feng then continued: “You can avoid death, but you can’t escape punishment. I will cut off one of your arms as a warning.”

Han Antong’s expression changed drastically. Before he could say anything, Ye Feng had already picked up a machete from the ground with the tip of his toes and slashed down.

Pfft...

Han Antong’s right arm was cut off at the root. With a scream, he fell to the ground and wailed.

Everyone present widened their eyes in horror. He even dared to cut the Second Young Master of the Han family?

He had gone crazy, he had really gone crazy!

Ye Feng did not look at him again. He turned around and walked toward Lee Young-Ki.

Lee Young-Ki and the others were already scared silly. They never dreamed that this young man would be so cruel.

Seeing Ye Feng walking out of the rain like a god of death, those who were timid had already wet their pants.

“Sir, please listen to my explanation...”

Lee Young-Ki opened his mouth with difficulty, wanting to discuss with the other party.

But Ye Feng did not give him a chance at all. “I just wanted to win some money and leave, why did you force me? As adults, everyone has to bear the consequences of their own choices. You are no exception.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the machete in his hand flashed.

Many people didn’t even see his movements clearly. Lee Young-Ki had already fallen to the ground. The tendons in his hands and feet had been broken, and he was completely crippled.

“Ah...”

Lee Young-Ki wailed in pain on the ground, but the pain in his heart was far greater than the pain in his body.

Everything he had came from his Thousand Arts. With his hands and feet crippled, he was completely reduced to a cripple.

Everything turned into nothingness.

Ye Feng did not look at him again. He turned to look at Park Sangwoo.

Park Sangwoo met his gaze and immediately shivered. He knelt on the ground. "I... I..."

He really wanted to beg for mercy, but he was so scared that he couldn't even organize his words.

Ye Feng looked at him with disdain. "Don't worry, every debt has its owner, he is the one who wanted to kill me, I will not implicate the innocent."

Park Sangwoo immediately shed tears of gratitude. "Thank you... Thank..."

Before he could finish his words, the machete in Ye Feng's hand flashed again.

By the time he retracted it, the words 'I'm a pig' had already appeared on Park Sangwoo's face. His face was covered in blood, and it was extremely terrifying.

"This is what you owe me. I'll personally fulfill it. Isn't that reasonable?"

..

Park Sangwoo covered his face and knelt on the ground as he wailed. He cried so hard that his heart was torn apart.

The crowd of onlookers watched all of this in silence. No one dared to make a sound.

In their eyes, Ye Feng was no different from a god of death.

Almost in an instant, more than 30 members of the Han family were all crippled. Even the Second Young Master of the Han family had one of his arms cut off.

As for Lee Young-Ki, his hand and leg tendons were cut off, and Park Sangwoo was disfigured...

This young man's thunderbolt methods were simply terrifying.

After doing all this, Ye Feng threw away the machete in his hand and smiled at everyone. "How is it? I didn't embarrass us Chinese, did you?"

His current smile was like a sunny boy-next-door. There was no trace of the murderous aura from before.

Chapter 949 - 949 Other Than Silently Enduring It, What Else Can You Do? - BoxNovelFull

Everyone present wondered if it was an illusion. How could such a sunny and handsome boy be a demon who killed people like flies?

Ye Feng did not say anything else and left the scene with Cheng Fei'er.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief and stared blankly in the direction where the two of them had left.

"I... My legs are still trembling. They almost scared me to death just now."

"Me too. To be honest, I've already peed once."

"These two people are simply too ferocious. Two people fighting more than thirty people, and they're actually unscathed."

"It's just like a movie. I'm so excited that I can't wait to kill them."

"Especially that little brother. His methods are too cruel."

"If you're not ruthless, you won't be able to stand steadily. If it weren't for the fact that little brother's strength was strong enough, he might have died here today."

"That's true. If you want to blame someone, you can only blame this bunch of Koreans for not being human. They lost money and still want people's lives."

"The Han family is even more despicable. They actually helped the Koreans bully us Chinese."

"Shh, lower your voice. Han Antong hasn't left yet. Do you want to die?"

"If they can do it, why can't they let others say it?"



“...”

Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er returned to the car and could not help but smile at each other.

“Is this the call of fate you mentioned? If it summoned you a few more times, would you still be alive?” Cheng Fei'er couldn't help but cover her mouth and laugh.

However, when she thought of the scene where the two of them fought side by side just now, she could not help but feel a surge of emotion.

“Haha, I didn't expect my fate to be so unreliable.” Ye Feng was also very helpless. He did not expect things to develop to this stage.

“Go out for a while,” Cheng Fei'er suddenly said, her expression somewhat embarrassed.

“What are you doing?” Ye Feng was puzzled.

“I... My clothes are wet.” Cheng Fei'er pointed at her dress.

Her dress was originally made of silk, but it was completely soaked by the rain. It stuck tightly to her body, revealing her perfect figure.

Ye Feng could not help but laugh: “You are wet, I am wet too, can I dry it after I go out?”

Cheng Fei'er felt that there was something wrong with his words, but she couldn't pinpoint what was wrong. “I want to change my clothes. Do you want to see it too?”

“If you do not mind, I can reluctantly take a look...”

Before he could finish, he was already pushed out by Miss Cheng.

Fortunately, they rented a Toyota SUV. There was enough space inside, so they didn't have to worry about not being able to move their hands and feet.

However, when he thought of such a beautiful woman changing clothes inside, his beast blood boiled.

Fortunately, the system notification sounded in time. [Congratulations to the host for completing the treasure-hunting mission. The system has rewarded you with a set of Taixuan Divine Needles that can increase the healing effect by 50%. It has been stored in the back seat of the host's car...]

Ye Feng was stunned when he heard the system notification.

Wasn't this set of needles too awesome? It could actually improve the healing effect? And it increased by 50% directly?

What kind of concept was this?

In other words, there was originally only a 50% chance of healing, but with the support of this set of needles, the effect could reach 100%.

It was already extremely difficult to increase the probability of treating a disease by 1%.

Not to mention a direct increase of 50%? This was simply a divine artifact.

Wouldn't it be heaven-defying if he added another 50% of the healing effect, especially since his medical skills were already very strong?

He was immediately excited and wanted to take out the set of needles to take a look.

Wait a minute... He suddenly realized a problem. That set of needles was... back seat?

At this moment, Cheng Fei'er suddenly screamed from inside the car. "Ah... Ye Feng, I will kill you..."

Five minutes later.

Ye Feng lowered his head and did not dare to speak. Miss Cheng glared at him angrily. "Tell me, why did you put the needles in the back seat? Are you deliberately trying to harm me?"

She was holding a small black cloth bag in her hand. Inside the cloth bag was a set of golden needles as thin as cow hair.

She had been changing in the backseat just now, and she sat on it... Even now, her buttocks were still in pain. One could imagine how angry she was now.

Ye Feng smiled awkwardly. "If I say... I don't know why the needle went to the backseat. Do you believe me?"

When Cheng Fei'er heard that he still dared to quibble, she was so angry that her pretty face turned pale. "You mean, this needle grew legs on its own and ran to the back seat by itself?"

Ye Feng coughed dryly. "It's not impossible."

"You..." Cheng Fei'er was so angry that she was about to explode. "Tell me, you used a hidden weapon to harm me. How are you going to compensate me?"

Ye Feng glanced at her butt. "I'll help you massage it?"

Cheng Fei'er was so angry that she almost vomited blood. "You... You're too despicable!"

Ye Feng chuckled and took the set of golden needles from her hands. "Alright, calm down. You can't beat me in scolding or beating me. What else can you do other than endure it silently?"

Cheng Fei'er was instantly angered by this guy's twisted logic and laughed. "You think you're right just because you're strong?"

Ye Feng nodded as if it was a matter of course. "A wise man once said, the truth is only within the range of the cannon, you cannot defeat me, of course you have to listen to me."

Cheng Fei'er didn't dare to agree and still wanted to argue.

Ye Feng could not be bothered to listen to her nagging. He opened the car door. "Alright, let's go, I still have to buy Golden Soup Security Group."

Cheng Fei'er was so angry that she waved it in the air a few times before rubbing her butt and sitting in the front passenger seat.

The Toyota SUV roared and drove away.

Chapter 950 - 950 It's All Because of Being Young! - BoxNovelFull

950 It's All Because of Being Young!

Ming Jing Hospital in Gambling City.

Han Antong, Lee Young-Ki, and Park Sangwoo were sent to the hospital for emergency treatment.

Comparatively speaking, Park Sangwoo's injuries were relatively light. He was only disfigured. His face was already covered with medicine and bandages.

Although Lee Young-Ki's injuries were not too serious, the tendons in his hands and feet were all broken. According to the doctor, the chances of recovery were very small.

Even if he could recover, it would be impossible for him to reach his peak flexibility. For a person who had practiced Thousand Arts for decades, this was tantamount to a disaster.

Han Antong's injuries were the most severe. His right arm was severed at the root, and he was already on the verge of death when he was sent here due to excessive bleeding.

Fortunately, after some emergency treatment, he was temporarily out of danger, but he was still unconscious.

Han Xiuyuan, the head of the Han family, looked at the three of them coldly. Behind him was a group of core members of the Han family.

"Have you investigated the background of that kid?"

He slowly retracted his gaze and turned to look at the person beside him.

The man wore a pair of round-rimmed glasses and had a moustache on his lips. His eyes were always darting around.

Although this person looked ordinary, he was the number one military advisor of the Han family, Duan Shijing.

This person was resourceful, decisive, and ruthless. He was the person Han Xiuyuan relied on the most. Many times, his words were even more effective than the family head.

"I've already checked. This kid seems to be from the mainland. I heard that he saved the life of Xiao Xuan, the old master of the Xiao family yesterday..."

Duan Shijing immediately gave a brief account of what he had heard.

After Han Xiuyuan heard this, he was immediately furious. "As expected, it was sent by the Xiao family. The Xiao family is really going too far!"

The reason why he was so angry was not because of his son, Han Antong.

He had five sons and three daughters, and Han Antong was the most useless of them all. He never liked him, so he didn't really care.

However, this Lee Young-Ki was related to his grand plan. Now that his hands and feet had been crippled, his grand plan had failed. This made him gnash his teeth in hatred.

Duan Shijing saw that he was looking for an opportunity to take revenge, so he quickly reminded him in a low voice, "Master, our overall strength is not as good as the Xiao family's. We can't act rashly. If we can't bear it, it will ruin our plan."

Han Xiuyuan immediately sneered. "Don't worry, I'm not mad yet. I'll definitely get rid of the Xiao family, but not now. However, you can't beat the master, but beating the dog isn't a problem."

Duan Shijing frowned. "You mean..."

Han Xiuyuan's cheeks twitched. "How dare you touch my Han family in the gambling city? If he doesn't pay the price, where will I put my face? Find that kid and kill him."

Duan Shijing's frown deepened. "Master, this kid could defeat Lee Young-Ki in gambling and cripple more than thirty of us with his own strength. It's obvious that he's not someone to be trifled with. We still have big things to do now. We can't lose big things for small things."

Han Xiuyuan, who was usually obedient to him, did not listen to him this time. He waved his hand immediately. "There's no need to say anything else. I've made up my mind."

As he spoke, he turned to look at a young man beside him. "Ah Sheng, go and gather your men now. We have to find this kid even if we have to dig three feet underground. Then, bring his head to me."

That Ah Sheng's real name was Jiang Chusheng. He was the Han family's Double Red Stick and was also the person he relied on the most. He and Duan Shijing were both his left and right arms.

Jiang Chusheng naturally obeyed his boss's orders and immediately left.

When Duan Shijing saw this scene, he suddenly had a bad feeling.

If it wasn't for the fact that a ferocious dragon couldn't cross the river, that young man had dared to run all the way from South Guangdong to the gambling city and even dared to slash and injure more than 30 members of the Han family on the street. He was probably not someone to be trifled with.

If he couldn't kill him in one strike, he would probably suffer a backlash.

However, Han Xiuyuan was still in a fit of anger and did not listen to his advice at all.

He hoped that his worries were unnecessary.

..

On the other side, Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er arrived at the Golden Soup Security Group's headquarters.

On the way here, he had already contacted the higher-ups of Golden Soup Security.

So when the two of them got out of the car, they saw that there were 40 to 50 people lined up neatly in front of the company building.

These people were all dressed in black suits and sunglasses. Their waists were bulging, and they should be armed with pistols.

Ye Feng only needed to look at them from afar. He could smell the stench of blood from these people. From this, he could tell that these people were fierce people who had experienced life and death.

In front of these people stood a man in his forties.

This man was probably of mixed blood. His facial features were very well-defined. He was about 1.8 meters tall and very muscular. He stood there like an iron tower.

When he saw Ye Feng and Cheng Fei'er, his face revealed a confused expression.

Ye Feng obviously knew what he was confused about, but he still walked over without batting an eyelid. "You must be the chairman of Golden Soup Security, Liu Fanghai?"

The man shook hands with him and then glanced in the direction of the car. "You're Mr. Ye's subordinate, right? Where's Mr. Ye? Didn't he come personally?"

He saw that Ye Feng was so young, he thought that he was a driver, that was why he asked.

Cheng Fei'er immediately covered her mouth and laughed. They had all suffered because of their youth.

Ye Feng pursed his lips helplessly. "Hello, I am Ye Feng."

Liu Fanghai was stunned for a moment. "You're the one who bought Golden Soup Security? Aren't you too young?"

Ye Feng immediately rolled his eyes. "Does Golden Soup Security have a rule that if they want to acquire your company, there is an age limit?"

Liu Fanghai hurriedly waved his hand. "That's not it. I just think... I'm a little surprised."

Ye Feng did not mind. He turned around and looked at the people behind him. "Chairman Liu, are these the people from Golden Soup Security?"

Liu Fanghai hurriedly introduced them to him. "No, there are still some civilian staff in the building. There are also more than 150 people who have been hired. These are all new recruits who have just been recruited..."



Ye Feng could not help but feel surprised. When he first saw these people giving off a valiant aura, he thought that they were the core strength of Golden Soup Security.

However, according to Liu Fanghai's introduction, these were all newbies? Then what was the strength of those people who were hired?

It seemed that he had to reevaluate the strength of his new company.