

Shortly after hanging up on Han, Ye Fan's phone rang again. This time, the caller was Li Er.

"Mr. Chu, there are only seven days left till the duel at Mount Tai. Is there anything else we need to prepare? For example, restorative medicine, custom-made weapons or some extra manpower?"

"After all, the outcome of this duel will decide the survival of Jiangdong. So we are hoping that Mr. Chu..."

Three days had already passed since Ye Fan's return from Jianghai. Li Er had two reasons to give Ye Fan a call at this time. Firstly, it was to remind Ye Fan of his upcoming duel and Li Er also wanted to find out if Ye Fan had made any preparations for the fight.

Li Er was naturally concerned about this matter, since its outcome would decide whether he lived or died.

But Ye Fan only gave a nonchalant reply. "There is no need to prepare anything. I

only need one hand to defeat Wu He-Rong.”

Ye Fan’s tone was flat and uninterested. But, even though they were separated by a phone line, Li Er was still overwhelmed by Ye Fan’s prideful and formidable presence.

“That’s... that’s great then,” Li Er smiled resentfully. Ye Fan’s words had failed to assuage Li Er’s worry. Perhaps because the tragic death of Huo Dun had left a too deep impression on the Jiangdong leaders.

But Li Er did not dare to enquire further. He merely informed Ye Fan that he would be hosting a banquet at his residence on the day of departure. Its purpose was not only to give Ye Fan a send-off, but was also meant to celebrate his victory in advance. Li Er was adamant that Ye Fan should attend the feast.

“Mm,” Ye Fan nodded. “I will contact you again when the time comes.”

And then he hung up.

But Li Er was still besieged with worry. And this state of mind continued long after Ye Fan had ended the call.

“Master Er, since Mr. Chu sounded so confident, then he must be very sure of success. Why are you still worried?” Jin Bao and Yin Bao said consolatorily.

But Li Er shook his head and sighed. “The Boxing King was also very confident of victory. But look, the weeds are already growing tall over his grave.”

“Pride comes before a fall. If Mr. Chu had adopted a cautious attitude, I would not be so worried. But look at the way he is acting now. You can say that he is being confident, if you want to be polite. But to put it bluntly, this sort of behavior can also be called arrogance.”

When he recalled Ye Fan’s indifferent attitude, Li Er heaved another sigh.

He was getting more and more worried. Was it really alright to entrust the

survival of Jiangdong to the hands of one single person?

As Li Er mulled things over, he said worriedly: "It looks like I have to discuss this matter with Chen Ao and the others. We have to make some backup plans."

Jiangdong was going to be thrown into turmoil tonight.

Leaders throughout the province were holding a video conference to discuss the upcoming duel at Mount Tai. And without exception, all of them had troubled looks on their faces.

Of course, Ye Fan did not know what they were doing behind his back.

After he put down his phone, he turned to look at the calender. Today was the eighth of August.

That meant the Mount Tai duel would take place on the fifteenth.

Ye Fan smiled lightly. There was no sign

of anxiety on his face. He simply leaned against the window and continued to play his harmonica.

His mother had given him the instrument before he left for Yunzhou.

Ever since he was a kid, his mother had always been playing the harmonica for him.

In Ye Fan's memory, his mother's harmonica music was filled with a lot of feelings.

There was the feeling she held for a missed loved one, her yearning for days gone by and her expectation for her son's future. But, mostly, it was filled with the heartbreaking pain she kept inside herself.

Ye Fan's mother had suffered a lot throughout her life, but he did not remember hearing her complain. Perhaps because she had poured all her emotions into her beautiful music.

Mother, the day will come soon when

both of us will walk openly through the main doors of the Chu's family house. On that day, those people who have humiliated us, treated us with contempt, will kneel before you and beg for forgiveness!

Ye Fan's eyes were filled with firm resolve.

The night sky was clear and the moonlight flowed down like water.

The chilly night breeze blended with the melodious tune of the harmonica and carried it far, far away.

Not far away, Su Qian, who had been listening from inside her bedroom, was completely mesmerized by the music.

"I am done for. Cheng-Cheng, I think I have completely fallen in love with him."

"This tune is so... intoxicating~"

Su Qian sighed involuntarily. Qiu Mu-Cheng, on the other hand, was almost rendered speechless by her friend's

antics.

“You useless woman~”

But that said, the harmonica music was truly a delight to the ears.

For several days afterward, the harmonica recital would begin on time every night. And no matter how busy Su Qian was, she would wait punctually before her window every night and look at her beloved harmonica musician from afar.

Sometimes, after her work was done, Qiu Mu-Cheng would accompany her friend home. Whenever she listened to the melodious tune, she could feel the tiredness of the day washing away from her body.

Of course, Qiu Mu-Cheng was only there for the music. But Su Qian had completely lost herself in the throes of romance. Every day, she would think of various ways to get to know the harmonica musician. She had even written several love letters, for the day

when she would finally work up enough drunken courage to hand them over.

“A woman in love is a silly woman~” Qiu Mu-Cheng smiled helplessly. But, inwardly, she was feeling curious. She too wanted to know more about the person who could play such heavenly music.

The fifteenth of August was fast approaching. And Ye Fan had been keeping himself busy. As he waited for news from Han, he was also keeping an eye on Qiu Mu-Cheng’s situation in Qiushui Logistics.

After all, the Qius had never liked Qiu Mu-Cheng. And now that she was solely responsible for such a huge project, it was certain that her relatives would put obstacles in her way.

For things like that, Qiu Mu-Cheng could only talk to Xu Lei. But ever since that day when Ye Fan had turned down Xu Lei’s invitation for a walk by the lake, the latter had been ignoring his calls.



So Ye Fan had no choice but to look for her personally at Hongqi Bank.

“Miss Xu, let’s have a chat. I will buy you coffee,” said Ye Fan, his face brimming with sincerity. Xu Lei glared at him but, in the end, her anger dissipated and she accepted his invitation.

“Belle’s Cafe. You go over first. I will be there shortly,” said Xu Lei.

“Mm.” Ye Fan did not ask her what she was going to do. He simply turned around and went to wait at the cafe.

Belle’s Cafe was a high-class restaurant in Yunzhou City. One could easily infer that from its name. The cafe was geared toward well-to-do members of upper-crust society, especially modern urban beauties like Xu Lei.

The cafe’s décor was unique and pleasing to the eyes. Ye Fan found himself a seat by the window and sat down to wait.

After a while, he looked at the time and

estimated that Xu Lei was going to arrive soon.

But, just then, a server at the front ushered two new arrivals toward his table.

Ye Fan frowned when he saw them.

Why am I so unlucky? Why do I have to run into them here?

“Sir. Ma’am. This is your table. Please have a seat,” the server said politely.

Chu Wen-Fei and Qiu Mu-Ying nodded and took their seats.

“Mm?”

“Ying-Ying, isn’t that your family’s live-in son-in-law?” The moment he sat down, Chu Wen-Fei spotted Ye Fan, who was seated at the neighboring table.

Qiu Mu-Ying turned to look and was instantly surprised. And then she was overwhelmed with a feeling of disgust.

“Damn!”

“Why are we so unlucky?”

“Why is that bumpkin here?”

“You are just a good-for-nothing! Do you think you belong here?”

“Where is the server? What is your shop doing? How could you let in riff-raffs like him?”



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