

BEST YOUNG MASTER

Chapter 1 - 1 001 【Sister Flowers】

1: Chapter 001 【Sister Flowers】 1: Chapter 001 【Sister Flowers】 Noon had arrived, with the sky a deep azure and the sun suspended high, its rays pouring down, searing the earth, the temperature having crept past forty degrees without anyone noticing.

For cities known as furnaces, forty-degree heat was not uncommon, but for the Spirit Mountain region in the middle of the Sichuan-Tibet Line, this was as rare as a maiden's first journey in a bridal sedan.

Under the blazing sun, Ye Fan, with an old black canvas bag on his back, walked alongside the highway.

Standing at about one meter eighty, Ye Fan had a well-proportioned body, short black hair, and distinct facial features.

His skin, exposed to the harsh sun, glowed with a bronze sheen, contrasting with his white clothing.

At first glance, Ye Fan appeared to be in a hurry, but upon closer inspection, it was more of a leisurely stroll.

That's right...

Even in the kind of midday heat that would have Africans reaching for umbrellas, Ye Fan sauntered on, seemingly immune to the scorching sun and the forty-degree temperatures.

What was even more surprising was that upon closer examination, one would discover not a single bead of sweat on his face.

“Ah, my good life is coming to an end.”

Moments later, Ye Fan turned onto a dirt road leading to Spirit Mountain, sighing with discontent.

He knew that once he delivered the contents of the black canvas bag at the mountain, his mission would be successfully concluded, and he would resume his previous isolated life, practicing martial arts atop Spirit Mountain.

This kind of secluded life was not to his liking.

He dreamed of being like other people his age, going to school, surfing the internet, chasing after girls—not practicing martial arts, still martial arts, and always martial arts.

“Beep beep...”

As Ye Fan wallowed in his frustration, the sound of a car horn hooting from behind reached him.

Two SUVs approached from the rear, kicking up clouds of dust in their wake.

Ye Fan, hearing the noise, moved to the side of the road.

Upon realizing the vehicles were Hummer and Range Rover models, he wasn't surprised.

Because...

in his memory, over the past few years, many affluent and distinguished individuals had attempted to visit Elder Chu on Spirit Mountain.

They either arrived in luxury cars or in official or military vehicles with impressive plates and permits.

However—

Apart from a mysterious figure sent on a mission five years ago during the greatest calamity humanity had ever faced, no one else had laid eyes on even a single hair of Elder Chu.

“Hey, is that Spirit Mountain up ahead?”

Soon, the Hummer pulled up beside Ye Fan and the window slowly rolled down, a pleasant female voice emanating from within.

Feeling somewhat gloomy about his impending return to isolation, and seeing the lack of any manners from the other party, Ye Fan didn't respond and simply continued on his way.

“Hey, I'm talking to you?”

The voice sounded again, as melodious as before, but this time it was tinged with an imperious tone, and no hint of politeness.

“Am I familiar with you?”

Ye Fan raised an eyebrow, stopping his stride, and looked up at the owner of the voice.

Before his eyes was a classic melon-seed face with crescent-shaped brows, a slightly prominent nose, and lips lightly pursed like cherries.

Her sparkling eyes and a ponytail gave her the appearance of a youthful beauty from a TV drama.

However, the haughty expression typical of a young lady made her seem less endearing and more petulant instead.

“Who’s familiar with you?”

I just asked if that’s Spirit Mountain up ahead,” she retorted.

Stunned by Ye Fan’s curt reply and feeling his slightly disgruntled gaze on her, the girl flushed with anger, her chest trembling with indignation, and her eyes widening as she firmly pressed down on the brake.

“Since we’re not acquainted, and you’re this impolite, why should I tell you anything?” Ye Fan smirked, “Do beautiful women have special privileges or something?”

“You...

how can you be like this?”

The girl was so angered that her pretty face turned red.

She had been adored like a goddess by boys around her all her life; who had ever treated her like Ye Fan just did?

Seeing the girl being unreasonable, Ye Fan was at a loss for words and decided to simply ignore her, turning around to leave.

“Clang!”

The girl, driven to frustration and feeling the sting of offense, stepped out of the car, slamming the door loudly, and shouted after Ye Fan’s retreating figure, “You stop right there!”

Ye Fan did not halt; he did not even vary the length of his steps, treating the girl’s words as if they were nothing but air.

“You stop!”

“You...”

“Second Miss, let me handle this.”

A moment later, as the girl was about to chase after Ye Fan, a middle-aged man emerged from the following Range Rover and stopped her.

“It’s just asking for directions.

Why are you showing off?”

Hearing this, the girl seemed to realize her irrationality.

She did not continue yelling at Ye Fan’s back; however, due to her stubbornness, she refused to admit she was wrong.

Uncle Fu smiled wryly to himself.

He knew all too well that his Second Miss, born into a wealthy family, had always been surrounded by flowers and applause.

Except for some hardship during the greatest crisis humanity faced five years earlier, her life had been smooth sailing.

Her willful nature had been indulged, gradually cultivating a young lady’s temperament.

In contrast, the other young lady sitting in the Range Rover was the opposite extreme.

Not only did she possess a maturity beyond her years, but her composure and calmness evoked admiration even from him, who had once served as a point man in a top-notch reconnaissance unit.

Of course, he also knew that the Second Miss's petulance today was entirely due to her concern for her older sister's health.

"Young man, please wait a moment."

With a wry smile, Uncle Fu nevertheless proceeded to follow the young miss's orders and catch up, calling out to Ye Fan's receding figure.

"Liu Li."

At the same time, the woman referred to by Uncle Fu as the young miss stepped out of the car.

Known as the Cold-Faced President of Jiangnan, her appearance was anything but girlish.

Her complexion was pale, and her gaze lackluster.

She looked nothing like the dazzling, noble figure she usually portrayed.

Instead, she resembled an eggplant beaten by frost, utterly wilted.

“Yuxin, why did you come down?”

Su Liuli turned around at the sound, and upon seeing the woman exiting the car, she couldn't help but exclaim in shock.

She knew her cousin's condition was very severe this time.

Not only had all the famous hospitals failed to find a cure, but many so-called medical experts had pronounced a death sentence on her.

“I came down to enjoy the sun, it feels better.”

Dressed in a black coat that enveloped her like a zongzi, Su Yuxin was different from Su Liuli's camisole and shorts.

Nevertheless...her body still shook ever so slightly, as if the temperature wasn't forty degrees Celsius but minus twenty.

Seeing this, Su Liuli's eyes reddened, and she approached to support the woman's arm, her voice breaking, "Sister, it's going to be okay.

Miracle Doctor Chu will surely cure your illness."

Su Yuxin sighed softly, turning her gaze forward.

Ahead, Ye Fan heard Uncle Fu's shout, noticed that he was being followed, and thus, stopped and turned around.

As he turned, he was startled to see a woman in a thick coat standing quivering in the blazing sun.

This sight slightly widened his pupils.

Reflecting back on the conversation between the two women, he vaguely guessed something, but he wasn't sure, just looking at the woman with confusion.

"I'm sorry, my family's second young miss was rude just now."

Seeing not a single bead of sweat on Ye Fan's forehead, Uncle Fu was slightly shocked, keenly aware that Ye Fan was no ordinary person, hence his tone being more courteous than before.

“It’s fine, I understand.”

Having lived an isolated life in the Spirit Mountain for many years, Ye Fan actually longed to integrate into the secular world.

He had even tried to learn how to interact with others.

Seeing Uncle Fu being so polite, he withdrew his gaze and smiled, shaking his head.

“Young brother, is Spirit Mountain just ahead?”

Relieved that Ye Fan didn’t take Su Liuli’s rudeness to heart, Uncle Fu quickly asked.

Spirit Mountain was not among Huaxia’s famous mountains and was known to few.

Uncle Fu had to make sure they hadn’t gone to the wrong place, or else any delay would worsen Su Yuxin’s condition.

Ye Fan nodded.

“Young brother, you don’t seem like an ordinary person.

You must have come here for Divine Doctor Chu, am I right?” Uncle Fu hesitated for a moment, then decided to ask tentatively.

The Su Family had gone to great lengths to find out the whereabouts of Divine Doctor Chu Xuanji’s retreat.

They had also learned from the esteemed person who provided this information that Chu Xuanji was reclusive and arrogant, never meeting strangers.

Those who sought medical help from him had all returned disappointed.

Uncle Fu had already noticed that Ye Fan was not an ordinary person and seemed to be heading to Spirit Mountain.

If Ye Fan knew Chu Xuanji, it would greatly increase the chances of meeting with Chu Xuanji on this trip.

However, Ye Fan did not rush to answer Uncle Fu’s question and instead looked ahead once more, noticing the two women approaching.

“Uncle, with all due respect, Old Man Chu can’t cure her illness,” Ye Fan said straightforwardly as the distance between them closed.

“Uh...”

Perhaps not expecting such a reply from Ye Fan, even with Uncle Fu’s good composure, he was left agape in surprise.

Meanwhile, Su Yuxin and Su Liuli both heard Ye Fan’s words.

The flicker of hope hidden deep in Su Yuxin’s eyes dimmed considerably, yet she did not let that disappointment show on her face, as only a slight twitch of the muscles near her eyes betrayed her emotion.

“What nonsense are you talking about?”

Su Liuli was already at odds with Ye Fan, and hearing him say that even Divine Doctor Chu Xuanji couldn’t save her cousin, she glared at him in anger.

“Old Man Chu can’t cure her, but I can,” Ye Fan declared, disregarding Su Liuli.

Although he wasn’t fond of Su Liuli’s pampered attitude, he couldn’t ignore someone in need of help, especially when Su Yuxin’s composure in the face of death had earned his respect.

A disease that even Miracle Doctor Chu couldn't treat, he could?

If Ye Fan's previous statement had been astonishing to the three listeners, the one he made now was like a thunderclap in spring!

Under the scorching sun, Uncle Fu, Su Liuli, and even Su Yuxin felt their minds short-circuit.

They stood there like statues, forgetting to speak, just staring wide-eyed at Ye Fan.

And they kept staring dully...

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PS: Releasing the chapter a day in advance, consider it a little surprise for all the brothers and sisters.

This is the sixth urban fiction I've written, and with the foundation set by my previous five works, brothers and sisters, rest assured in the madness.

As we begin this new journey, let's witness it together!

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