

As soon as the curse ended, the entire venue fell silent.

The gangsters' eyes gleamed with menace as they turned to stare fixedly at the onlookers.

After a moment of silence, the pedestrians snapped out of it, instantly showing fear on their faces, screaming and scattering in all directions.

In less than a minute, only Ye Huan was left on the spot; everyone else had fled far away.

"Xiao... Xiao Ye!?" Zhang Huimin exclaimed, clapping a hand over her mouth. She hadn't expected Ye Huan to appear, much less expected him to insult Wang Biao.

Wang Biao turned his head, speaking flatly: "Kid, could you repeat what you just said?"

Ye Huan raised an eyebrow: "Are you deaf? Can't hear clearly?"

"Haha, you're really something!" Wang Biao laughed heartily, clapping his hands twice.

The pedestrians shivered; they all lived in this area and knew that Wang Biao seemed genuinely angry.

"What's with that young guy, daring to insult Wang Biao?"

"He must have a problem with his intelligence; otherwise, how could he do such a thing? He'll definitely get beaten to death if he provokes Wang Biao."

"I seriously suspect this young guy is trying to play the hero to save the beauty, but he really doesn't know how to pick his battles. Can he really afford to provoke Wang Biao?"

The old man who had been talking to Ye Huan earlier was full of regret, his lips trembling: "It's over. If Wang Biao finds out I've spoken with him, I'm done for!"

In an instant, the pedestrians avoided him like the plague, quickly stepping away from the old man.

"Kid, do you know who I am?" Wang Biao lit another cigarette, his eyes cold. "In this area, you're the first one who dared talk to me like that."

"That just shows how badass I am." Ye Huan responded with a grin.

"Badass now, huh? Let's see if you'll still be this badass in a minute." Wang Biao's face darkened as he waved his large hand.

The thugs' eyes were fierce, all clenching fists, producing a bone-cracking sound that struck fear directly into the heart.

"Xiao Ye, run now, don't worry about me!" Zhang Huimin shouted anxiously, face full of urgency.

She clearly understood Wang Biao's ruthless nature; Ye Huan falling into his hands would at least lose a layer of skin if not his life!

"Sister Zhang, what are you saying? Isn't it right to help when seeing injustice? Besides, they've taken over where I sleep. It's really annoying." Ye Huan looked displeased. "If they kneel to apologize now, I might just spare them once."

The gangsters were all stunned.

Wang Biao was also stunned.

The onlookers were even more flabbergasted, mouths agape larger than stones.

This... this young guy, actually dared to threaten Wang Biao and his men, all on his own?

He definitely has a problem with his intelligence!

Wang Biao and the gangsters burst into laughter.

Zhang Huimin, looking imploring, pleaded: "Wang... Brother Wang, please... please let him go. I'll go with you."

"Let him go?"

For so many years, Wang Biao had run amok without constraint. Anyone who saw him would respectfully address him as Brother Wang. Now someone had not only publicly insulted him but also dared to plead for this person?

Wang Biao was extremely displeased, his anger rising, and raised his hand...

"Pa!"

A crisp slap rang out, and Zhang Huimin fell to the ground.

"A widow like you has no qualification to tell me to let him go," Wang Biao sneered. "Let me tell you, the place I'm sending you to today is Zhao Yongle's villa. He gave me 200,000. So much money—can you say you won't go and just not go? That would mean I'd suffer a huge loss."

"You... you..." Zhang Huimin looked incredulous.

"What do you mean 'you'! Qiangzi died on your wedding night, leaving you to live as a widow for years; what a pity."

Wang Biao snorted coldly: "And you turned out to be so attractive. If I weren't afraid of being cursed, I'd have had you myself long ago; who would wait for Zhao Yongle?"

"Wang Biao, I'll give you five minutes," Ye Huan said coldly from the side: "Kneel down and apologize to Zhang Huimin for your previous words and actions!"

"You're asking for death!"

The thugs were indignant and lifted their fists, but their shoulders were stopped by Wang Biao.

"I'll wait just five more minutes to see what you can do."

Wang Biao's gaze was icy, and he chuckled coldly.

Ye Huan maintained a calm expression, took out his phone, and dialed a number.

Seeing this, Wang Biao's brow furrowed.

This person didn't fear him at all; did he actually have some background...

The next second, Wang Biao's face changed dramatically.

"Call two hundred brothers, meet under the bridge on XX Road, and bring the weapons. Also, pay special attention to investigating a gangster called Wang Biao to see what he is, daring to mess with Ye Huan from Silver Bay." Ye Huan chuckled coldly as he spoke and hung up the phone.

"Ye... Ye Huan? You... what street are you from..." Wang Biao's face changed slightly, his hand holding the cigarette trembling.

As a gang leader, he naturally understood what two hundred brothers implied; that was the kind of power that only top-tier figures truly had!

"Were your ears deaf when I said I was Ye Huan from Silver Bay?"

"Silver Bay? I've only ever heard of Causeway Bay."

"Silver Bay, and you don't know Ye Huan? Are you even in the game? Do you think you deserve it?" Ye Huan sneered, face showing disdain.

Wang Biao felt a sense of trepidation.

He indeed hadn't heard of any Silver Bay, let alone an Ye Huan.



But Ye Huan's calm demeanor convinced him deep down that the two hundred men were already on their way.

Two hundred men—just one mouthful of spit each could drown his gangsters; how could they afford to provoke them!

Wang Biao took a deep breath and cautiously asked: "Ye... Ye Huan, may I ask... is there any matter for you to come here with?"

"What matter? Do you mean I, Ye Huan, need to report to you whatever I do?"

Ye Huan calmly walked toward Wang Biao, raising his hand.

"Pa!!"

The loud slap resounded, and Wang Biao felt a burning pain on his face, yet he could only bow and endure it, not daring to utter a word of complaint.

The gangsters, however, were furious, cursing and raising their fists.

"Stop!"

Wang Biao sternly yelled, then walked up and gave a thug a slap, erupting in anger: "Dare to act tough with Ye Huan, do you have a death wish?"

After delivering the slap, he lowered his head with a fawning expression.

His performance rendered everyone silent on the spot.

The onlookers were dumbfounded, looking at Ye Huan in sheer astonishment!

What... what was this situation?

The vicious, lawless Wang Biao not only endured a slap from this young man but did so with a face full of respect?

This young man could actually make Wang Biao so afraid?

This... This couldn't be!

The onlookers were shocked, eyes wide open, unable to believe what was happening before them.

Ye Huan helped up the dumbfounded Zhang Huimin, brushing off the dust on her clothes.

"Light a cigarette."

Huan Ge's voice was very calm, but Wang Biao dared not hesitate; he pulled out a treasured box of cigars, grabbed one, placed it in Ye Huan's mouth, and lit it with a fawning face.

"Hoo~"

Ye Huan exhaled a thick smoke ring, speaking lightly: "Royal Panda?"

"Yes, yes, Ye Huan, you've got such a sharp eye. I was lucky to get a pack before." Wang Biao looked fawning, thoroughly convinced of Ye Huan's identity.

Royal Panda is a brand of cigars from Britain, exclusively for the royal family and high-ranking officials; less than 10,000 packs circulate worldwide each year. Truly the gold standard among cigars, each piece fetches up to 50,000 on the black market!

He had stolen this cigar from a wealthy family back when he was a petty thief, and discovering the brand's value had shocked even him.

Without some influence, one couldn't possibly know about it.

"Hand it over." Ye Huan extended his hand, saying coldly.

"Hand... hand what..."

Ye Huan didn't answer, his hand still outstretched in the air.

Wang Biao displayed a bitter expression, taking out the Royal Panda and handing it over. He had only intended to test Ye Huan but ended up with nothing, losing both wife and troops!

Ye Huan took the cigar box with satisfaction, blowing a puff of thick smoke into Wang Biao's face.

"The cigars are nice, but Wang Biao..."

"Messing with my woman isn't something that a box of cigars can settle, don't you agree?"