

Invincible Young Master in the City

#Chapter 1 - 1 001 Four Years Apart - Read Invincible Young Master in the City Chapter 1 - 1 001 Four Years Apart

1: Chapter 001: Four Years Apart 1: Chapter 001: Four Years Apart Li Zhaojun, Chairman and CEO of Emali Group, the number one beauty of Hua Hai City, with a net worth of over a billion, was decisive and commanding—quite the queenly presence.

However, when Ye Fan first laid eyes on this woman, a beauty with brains and the woman of countless men's dreams, his mood soured instantly.

"Remember, even though we are legally married, you live your life, and I'll live mine—no interference," Li Zhaojun told Ye Fan.

She sat on the white leather couch, wearing a light-colored business suit, her slender waist and stunningly beautiful face cold as frost.

Ye Fan nodded in total agreement, breathing a sigh of relief as he said, "I couldn't agree more with that suggestion."

As the saying goes, 'A woman three years older than you is like a block of gold,' but when a woman is four years older, it's a different story altogether.

"I live on the second floor, you live on the first, and unless I invite you, you are not to set foot upstairs!" Li Zhaojun stated authoritatively, and without waiting for Ye Fan's response, she rose from the sofa and walked gracefully and elegantly toward the staircase.

Ye Fan watched her silhouette, her long hair curled and cascading over her shoulders, her figure stunningly beautiful from behind.

Snapping out of it, Ye Fan averted his gaze and shook his head in self-mockery.

"If it's just about the hunt, she indeed is a top-notch catch, but as for a wife...

well, I prefer someone a year or two younger than myself."

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At five in the morning, Ye Fan suddenly woke up, flipping out of bed with a gaze sharp as a hawk or a tiger, rapidly scanning his surroundings.

Slap!

He smacked his forehead, relaxing completely, and muttered, "Geez, how could I forget I'm back in the country, not the perilous African continent or the war-torn Middle East.

Sleep, back to sleep."

Saying this, he yawned, threw himself back onto the bed, and closed his eyes, quickly falling back into a dream where he continued to flirt with the beautiful granddaughter of Lord Zhou.

Who would have thought that the fearsome leader of China's Dragon Group and the 'King of Soldier'—Black Dragon—could be so young, just reaching China's legal marriage age of twenty-two, and sleeping so peacefully and quietly at this moment.

He slept soundly, a bit longer than usual; when Ye Fan woke again, it was already past nine in the morning.

Taking his time washing up and after enjoying the hearty breakfast prepared by Aunt Liao, the housekeeper, Ye Fan then remembered that he had to go to work.

Well then, off to work.

Ye Fan drove out of his complex in an old Alto he'd picked up from a second-hand market, his car chugging along like a slow old ox.

He couldn't help but notice the strange looks from the security guards.

No wonder, though.

Yulin Bay was a well-known high-end residential area in Hua Hai City, where every car was either a luxury vehicle or at the very least an Audi Q7 valued at nearly a million.

Even if his Alto had been new, it was worth only a little over fifty thousand, not to mention it was second-hand.

But Ye Fan just smiled faintly, completely indifferent to the odd looks from the guards.

Driving leisurely through the traffic for half an hour, a grand and luxurious building came into view with "Emali Group" written in giant gilded letters—visible from a long distance.

"This woman has quite the head for business, managing to run such a large publicly-traded company," Ye Fan commented indifferently, turning the steering wheel to the

right as he exited the flow of traffic, heading toward the underground parking of Emali Group.

He had been assigned to work in Li Zhaojun's company as arranged by their parents, in an attempt to increase their time together to foster a good marital relationship and, eventually, to have children...

Taking the elevator straight to the sixth floor, where the Administration and Human Resources Department were located.

Soon, he arrived at the sixth floor.

Stepping out of the elevator, Ye Fan turned left, walking down the corridor towards his office.

"Ye Fan, you're late again!" a crisp, sharp reprimand suddenly came from behind.

A lazy smile spread across Ye Fan's face as he leisurely turned around, seeing an angry pretty girl in an OL (office lady) uniform marching towards him.

The girl's eyes were large and bright, and right now, they were shooting an intimidating glare at the lazy smile on Ye Fan's face, with a trace of exasperated anger in her eyes.

"You've only been at work for three days and you've been late every single day—and not just slightly late.

This time I'm reporting it to Manager Cao, no matter what," the girl said angrily.

The first two times, she had given him some well-intentioned advice, seeing that Ye Fan was a veteran who had difficulty finding work, but he had completely disregarded it.

This made her feel as if her kindness was being trampled heartlessly.

Looking at the girl's slightly reddened cute face from being angry, Ye Fan thought she looked adorable when angry, and couldn't help thinking, "If only my wife were her, how great that would be.

Even if she didn't like me to begin with, I would pursue her with all I've got."

"You're still smiling, you're still smiling!" the girl fumed, visibly trembling with rage, "Don't you have any ambition at all?"

Having enjoyed her indignation enough, Ye Fan quickly put away his smile and pleaded, "I'm sorry, Xiaoman.

I didn't mean to be late.

I left the house at six this morning, but just as I was leaving the complex, my car broke down.”

“If your car broke down, couldn’t you take a bus or a taxi to work?” Lu Xiaoman interrogated, “Excuses!”

Ye Fan put on a helpless and frustrated expression and said, “That’s what I thought too.

But the mechanic told me he could fix it in a few minutes.

At the time I thought it was worth the wait, so I waited for the car to be repaired.

But it wasn’t fixed until half-past nine.”

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