

Young Master 101

Chapter 101: [Life Is More Than The First Meeting]

Ye Fan learned from Su Yuxin's words that because this investment promotion conference was personally hosted by Ye Wenhao, it attracted major enterprises from both inside and outside the province, and many powerful state-owned and foreign enterprises came upon hearing the news, creating quite an impressive scene.

Under such circumstances, after discussion by the government of Jiangnan Province, it was decided to change the venue of the conference to the Hanghu International Conference Center.

Located at the intersection of Jiefang East Road and Zhijiang Road, in the core area of Qiantang New City on the central axis, the Hanghu International Conference Center uses a steel structure similar to that of the Bird's Nest. With an architectural height of 85 meters, the main building consists of a 12-meter elliptical annex and an upper sphere with a diameter of 85 meters.

The center serves as the core for conferences and super five-star hotels. It provides internationally standard comprehensive functions such as meetings, performances, demonstrations, exhibitions, accommodation, leisure, dining, and health services, creating a comfortable and leisurely high-quality international conference environment along the Qiantang River, complementing the Hanghu Grand Theater in a "sun and moon shining together" scene.

At 8:30 in the morning the next day, Ye Fan drove Su Yuxin to the parking lot of the Hanghu International Conference Center. Looking around, the parking lot was packed with predominantly high-end business vehicles that emphasized luxury and comfort. The remaining vehicles, though of lesser brands and quality, had passes next to the windscreen that demanded respect.

The owners of those vehicles were the official cars of the tycoons from major state enterprises and central enterprises!

Due to Ye Wenhao's special status and strong appeal, even monopolistic state-owned and central enterprises dared not put on airs. Either the CEO personally attended, or a senior representative came on their behalf.

When Ye Fan and Su Yuxin stepped out of the parking lot, the entrance of the conference center was already cordoned off, with hundreds of police officers managing security. Not only were ordinary people strictly forbidden to approach, but attendees also had to present their ID cards, which were verified before they were allowed in.

The scrutiny for attendees was so strict that the journalists fortunate enough to enter the venue faced even stricter checks, giving them the feeling of attending a high-end conference in Beijing.

After their identities were verified, Ye Fan and Su Yuxin walked into the conference center and headed to the largest conference hall according to the signs.

Given the importance of the conference, most attendees arrived early. Glancing around, the conference hall was densely packed with people, creating a scene and atmosphere that the Lv Hu Group's annual review meetings could hardly compare with.

Since the fall of the He Family, the Su Family's position in Jiangnan had stabilized considerably, and their Lv Hu Group had firmly taken a seat as the flagbearer for private enterprises in Jiangnan.

Due to the rising status of the Lv Hu Group, the organizers placed representatives Su Yuxin and Ye Fan in the front row, together with representatives from major state enterprises, central enterprises, and well-known foreign enterprises.

Though Su Yuxin had made a name for herself in Jiangnan's business world over the past two years and was currently in the limelight, she had seldom dealt with state-owned, central, or foreign enterprises, and their representatives did not know her. Still, as soon as Ye Fan and Su Yuxin took their seats, the representatives turned their gazes toward them.

Part of this attention was undoubtedly due to Su Yuxin's stunning beauty, but more importantly, it was because Ye Fan and Su Yuxin were too young!

Really... too young!

Given the high-profile nature of today's conference, every invited private enterprise was represented by its head. Finding someone under the age of thirty-five was difficult, let alone someone as young as Ye Fan and Su Yuxin.

Facing the curious gazes, Su Yuxin smiled politely, while Ye Fan simply treated the stares from the representatives of the state-owned, central, and foreign enterprises as though they were air, focusing only on the entrance of the venue.

For him, attending the conference was merely to witness Ye Wenhao's elegance; the corporate tycoons were none of his concern.

The 'arrogant' attitude inadvertently shown by Ye Fan displeased some of the tycoons from state-owned, central, and foreign enterprises, although they did not show it.

Noticing this, Su Yuxin internally sighed. As she sighed, an idea suddenly struck her, and she guessed the motive behind Su Hongyuan sending her and Ye Fan to the conference.

"I'm sorry, I just realized why grandfather sent you and me to this conference," Su Yuxin said hesitantly, full of apologies.

"Why?"

Having focused all his attention on Ye Wenhao without considering the ulterior motives, Ye Fan found it odd upon hearing Su Yuxin's words, especially as he looked around at all the older attendees.

"Grandfather wanted to test your relationship with the Ye Family," Su Yuxin said softly.

"Hmm... So your grandfather thought I was related to the Ye Family?" Ye Fan gave a bitter smile. "Then your grandfather guessed wrong. Although my surname is Ye, I have absolutely no relation to Huaxia's top Ye Family."

"Doctor Ye, my grandfather has been in business his whole life and is too practical. Please don't take it to heart," Su Yuxin whispered, seemingly worried that Ye Fan might be upset.

Hearing Su Yuxin's words, Ye Fan was about to respond when suddenly, he noticed that the vast conference hall had become eerily quiet!

Yes...

Just like that, the entire hall had fallen into silence!

Whoosh!

After a moment of silence, heads began turning.

Under the lights, everyone's gaze involuntarily shifted toward the entrance of the conference hall.

In the focus of everyone's attention, a middle-aged man entered the hall.

Under the lights, it was clear to see that the middle-aged man was not very tall but was well-built, with a typical square face. His appearance was not particularly handsome and was quite ordinary, the type that would go unnoticed in a crowd.

However—

At this moment.

This ordinary face attracted the attention of everyone present.

Indeed, some people, upon seeing him, nervously held their breath!

Because.

His name was Ye Wenhao.

A descendant of the Reds known to everyone within the system.

A legendary figure who had retired from Jianghu, yet left behind legends in Jianghu!

He did not possess the arrogance typical of the third generation successor of the Ye Family, nor did he have the sharp edge he once had as the top of the Qing bang. Instead, what he had was restraint.

A heavy sword without edge.

This was the most fitting description for him.

Facing the gaze of thousands of eyes, his face showed no hint of emotion, just like an ancient well, his steps steady and powerful. Each step seemed measured, astonishingly consistent.

Six bigshots of Jiangnan Officialdom followed behind him, each with heads held high and chests puffed out, their expressions serious, seemingly paying him no heed.

But upon closer observation, it could be seen that all six were looking at his back.

Their eyes held only one emotion: awe!

Ye Fan was somewhat startled to see Ye Wenhao's figure reflected in his eyes.

Startled, not because of Ye Wenhao's 'heavy sword without edge' demeanor, but ... because Ye Wenhao gave him a very familiar feeling!

Yes ...

Familiar!

It felt as though he had seen this man somewhere before but couldn't remember.

As Ye Fan was lost in thought, Ye Wenhao's pupils suddenly dilated, and even his steps hesitated mid-air — he had sensed the Martial Artist aura on Ye Fan and had gauged his strength!

This discovery made him involuntarily glance at Ye Fan out of the corner of his eye.

Just one glance.

But it stirred a tumult in his heart!

An indescribable shock filled his being; he even doubted if he was hallucinating!

As an expert of the Innate Realm, Ye Wenhao possessed strong willpower and control. Although his heart was overwhelmingly shocked, he did not let that shock show on his face, and he did not even alter the frequency of his steps; he walked as if nothing had happened towards the central position on the stage.

Soon, under everyone's watchful eyes, Ye Wenhao was the first to take his seat, with the other six magnates also sitting down in their respective places one after another.

Once everyone was seated, the official in charge of attracting investments picked up the microphone, paused for a moment, and delivered the opening remarks, "Thank you all for taking time out of your busy schedules to attend this investment conference. On behalf of the provincial committee and the provincial government, I express our heartfelt thanks for your presence!"

"Applause ..."

As the words of the official inducing investment fell, what had been a quiet venue erupted into applause like the tide, and the meeting thus began.

Although Ye Fan was not interested in the so-called 'investment attraction', driven by curiosity about Ye Wenhao and that inexplicable sense of familiarity, he listened attentively to Ye Wenhao's speech and pondered hard where he could have previously seen Ye Wenhao.

However —

Even when the meeting concluded, Ye Fan could not find any memories of Ye Wenhao in his mind.

He was certain he had never seen Ye Wenhao in the past twenty years!

This puzzled him greatly.

As the meeting ended, Ye Wenhao left the venue accompanied by several magnates.

"Xiao Wang, after we head back, organize the data for the personnel of Lv Hu Group who attended the conference," Ye Wenhao said to the secretary seated in the passenger seat of the car bearing the number plate of the provincial government, asking for detailed information.

"All right," the secretary Xiao Wang replied immediately, noting it down in his notebook.

Ye Wenhao slightly closed his eyes, seemingly resting, but his thoughts flew back to twenty years ago...

Chapter 102: [The Bells that Toll Must Be Silenced by the Ringer] Asking for First Subscription and Monthly Ticket!

The afternoon sun filtered through the floor-to-ceiling windows into the spacious office on the top floor of Yang Guang Mansion, where Su Hongyuan, the chairman of Lv Hu Group, sat at his grand desk, attentively listening to Su Yuxin reporting on the Jiangnan investment attraction conference for the latter half of the year.

"Yuxin, did Ye Wenhao meet with Ye Fan alone?" Halfway through the report, Su Hongyuan lost his patience, interrupted Su Yuxin, and cut to the chase.

Just as Su Yuxin had predicted, Su Hongyuan had sent her and Ye Fan to the investment conference solely to probe the relationship between Ye Fan, Ye Wenhao, and the Ye Family.

He hoped Ye Fan was part of the Ye Family and was eager for Ye Fan to have ties with them.

Upon hearing this, Su Yuxin couldn't help but sigh secretly before shaking her head and saying, "No."

"Then, did he exhibit any unusual behavior towards Ye Fan? Like eye contact, for example." Although he was prepared mentally, Su Hongyuan still felt a bit disappointed after hearing Su Yuxin's answer, his disappointment mixed with reluctance.

Su Yuxin shook her head again.

"Sigh..."

As Su Yuxin shook her head, the last sliver of hope in Su Hongyuan's heart was crushed. He couldn't help but let out a sigh and then lit a cigarette, silently smoking without a word.

"Grandfather, the Divine Doctor has already helped the Su Family so much. Even if he has no relation to the Ye Family, it doesn't matter," Su Yuxin said, unable to refrain herself.

Obviously... she didn't care at all whether Ye Fan had connections with the Ye Family or not!

"I know."

Su Hongyuan nodded with a wry smile and sighed, "Everyone tends to think of things in the best possible light, and Grandpa is no exception. Grandpa can see you have feelings for Ye Fan, and he feels the same about you..."

"Grandfather..."

Startled by Su Hongyuan's words, Su Yuxin felt as if her private thoughts had been exposed. Immediately, she blushed and interrupted Su Hongyuan.

"Hehe..."

Seeing her reaction, Su Hongyuan couldn't help but laugh, "If Ye Fan were a member of the Ye Family, or related to them in some way, that would be a great boon for you and our Su Family.

This time, Su Yuxin didn't utter a word but hung her head and shyly said, "Grand... Grandfather, my relationship with the Divine Doctor isn't what you think."

"Really not?" Su Hongyuan probed playfully, "Then, later on, I might introduce someone to you."

"No!" Upon hearing Su Hongyuan's comment, Su Yuxin reacted like a cat whose tail had been stepped on—immediately anxious.

"Look at that reaction, you still say there is nothing?" Su Hongyuan teased, his smile tinged with complexity.

In desperation, Su Yuxin explained, "Grand... Grandfather, what I mean is, I'm still young and all my energy is invested in the company affairs. I haven't thought about those things and I don't want to be distracted by them."

"Ding ling ling..."

As Su Yuxin finished speaking, Su Hongyuan was about to say something else when the office phone started ringing.

"Grandfather, I still have things to take care of, so I won't disturb you any further."

Fearing a further discussion about marriage with Su Hongyuan, Su Yuxin grasped the ringing phone like a lifeline. She quickly spoke up, not waiting for Su Hongyuan's response, and swiftly turned and left the office.

Su Hongyuan didn't stop her, but instead picked up the phone. The voice of the receptionist came from the handset: "Chairman, a Mr. Wang who claims to be the Director of the Provincial Office wants to speak with you; should I put him through?"

The Director of the Provincial Office, Mr. Wang?

Su Hongyuan was initially startled, then immediately remembered that the secretary brought by Ye Wenhao to Jiangnan, who was recently appointed as the Director of the Provincial Office, was also surnamed Wang.

Could it be... Had Ye Wenhao deliberately refrained from showing any concern in front of Ye Fan to avoid affecting him?

At this thought, Su Hongyuan's heart began to beat rapidly, and he hurriedly said, "Quick, put him through!"

"Yes, Chairman!" The receptionist said and then transferred the call.

"Hello, may I speak to Director Wang?" As the call connected, Su Hongyuan didn't wait for the other party to speak but took the initiative to greet him, his tone extremely respectful.

"Mr. Su, it's really hard to get a meeting with someone as busy as you," came the cold and sarcastic voice of Wang Zheng, who served as Ye Wenhao's secretary and also as the Director of the Provincial Office.

Whoosh!

The sneering comment from Wang Zheng hit Su Hongyuan like a blow to the head, instantly evaporating the excitement and anticipation in his heart, and replaced by tension; his face also shifted slightly!

As the wielder of power in the Su Family, Su Hongyuan had weathered many storms and met countless people; his experience dealing with political figures was extensive. He instantly picked up on the hostility in Wang Zheng's tone.

"Director Wang is too kind. Compared to your daily myriad duties, I am nothing but an idle crane," Su Hongyuan cautiously replied. With his status, he would not have lowered his posture so much if the other was merely the Director of the Provincial Office, but Wang was not only the director but also Ye Wenhao's secretary!

In such a scenario, if he offended Wang Zheng, and Wang later whispered in Ye Wenhao's ear, the Su Family would be in big trouble!

After all, with Ye Wenhao's status, it would be as easy to bring down the Su Family as it would be to swat a fly.

"Su Hongyuan, do you think our provincial committee and government are too minor to invite someone of your stature?"

As if to confirm Su Hongyuan's guess, Wang Zheng indeed had ill intentions, and quickly showed his anger, "Or do you think that Governor Ye's influence isn't significant enough?"

"Clank!"

For Su Hongyuan, who had spent a lifetime grappling in the business world, reading people and situations was a basic skill. Hearing Wang Zheng say this, he immediately understood the reason and hurriedly explained, "I'm sorry, Director Wang, it's my fault. I was only thinking of letting my granddaughter experience the grand scene and neglected other considerations."

"Hey! You think a simple oversight can be easily forgiven?" Wang Zheng coldly said, "I'll tell you, Governor Ye is very unhappy about this, so you better figure it out!"

"—Slap!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Wang Zheng didn't wait for Su Hongyuan's response and hung up the phone.

Understanding the intentions of leadership is a skill every secretary must possess.

Although Ye Wenhao had only asked Wang Zheng to send over the information on Su Yuxin and Ye Fan in the morning, Wang Zheng subconsciously believed that Ye Wenhao was dissatisfied with Lv Hu Group sending two young people to the morning meeting.

Due to this subjective judgment, he made the phone call, partly to vent his frustrations through the 'kick the cat effect' and partly to warn Su Hongyuan, making it clear to him that although the Su Family had deep roots in Jiangnan, they should not offend Ye Wenhao!

"Dudu..."

The dial tone echoed in his ear, and cold sweat uncontrollably seeped from Su Hongyuan's forehead, even the hand holding the phone trembled slightly.

He had never dreamed that his cleverness would backfire so badly, inadvertently offending Ye Wenhao!

As Su Hongyuan was in turmoil, Wang Zheng steadied his mind, holding the information of Ye Fan and Su Yuxin, he headed to Ye Wenhao's office.

"Governor Ye, here is the personnel information of the Lv Hu Group who attended this morning's meeting." Entering the office, Wang Zheng, as if worried about being implicated, carefully handed over the information to Ye Wenhao.

Ye Wenhao, holding the documents, indifferently said, "Put them down."

"Okay." Upon hearing this, Wang Zheng hurriedly placed Ye Fan and Su Yuxin's information on the desk and then hesitated before asking, "Do you..."

"It's fine, you can go now." Not letting Wang Zheng finish his sentence, Ye Wenhao interrupted, his tone gentle yet unmistakably decisive.

Hearing this, Wang Zheng dared not waste words and quietly exited the office, pulling the door shut behind him.

Watching Wang Zheng leave, Ye Wenhao quickly set aside the red-headed file in his hands and grabbed the information of Ye Fan and Su Yuxin.

At that moment, as the most likely successor of the third generation of the Ye Family, he was unusually agitated, to the extent that his eyelid muscles twitched crazily as he grabbed the documents.

Because Su Yuxin was Su Hongyuan's granddaughter and the general manager of Lv Hu Group's Jiangnan Company, Wang Zheng had placed her file on the top.

However—

Ye Wenhao had no interest in Su Yuxin's information, not even glancing at it before he directly flipped over, leafing through a dozen pages without finding Ye Fan's information and directly went to the last page, intending to look from back to front.

Huh?

When he reached the last page, Ye Wenhao's pupils dilated, and even his typically expressionless face showed some surprise!

The surprise was because Ye Fan's file was less than a page long, and the information only contained some simple records about him after he had arrived in Hanghu, with only a few sparse lines about him before arriving in Hanghu.

After the surprise, Ye Wenhao read the less than one thousand words of information word by word, then after some thought, took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Lei, help me check someone's information, his name is Ye Fan, currently the deputy general manager of Lv Hu Group's Jiangnan Company." As soon as the phone connected, Ye Wenhao got right to the point. "I'll wait for your news, the sooner the better!"

"Okay."

On the other end of the phone, a big shot from a certain intelligence department in Huaxia didn't ask further but immediately replied and hung up.

An hour later, this intelligence department big shot sent Ye Wenhao detailed information about Ye Fan, which was only slightly more detailed than what Wang Zheng provided, still only about Ye Fan after he had come to Hanghu, and there was no record of Ye Fan killing Wu He, Qu Feng, Qiao Bazhi, and others.

This result made Ye Wenhao even more certain of a certain possibility, and he immediately picked up the phone to dial Chu Ji's number.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is temporarily unreachable."

As the phone connected, the voice of the telephone operator, though melodious, entered Ye Wenhao's ears, causing the usually unflappable man the urge to throw the phone.

Meanwhile, in that courtyard in Yanjing, Chu Ji looked at the phone screen displaying a rejected call, hesitating with words unspoken.

"To untie the bell, the person who tied it must be involved."

Suddenly, Chu Xuanji opened his eyes, his expression complex.

Chapter 103: Lost in the East Corner, Gained in the West?

Compared to the complex adult world, the days of youth are always worth reminiscing about.

In that special period, within that campus brimming with youth, some students liked to compete in studies, some in family background, and some in being bad.

Here, 'bad' could refer to being naughty and troublesome, rebellious, or causing trouble and strife.

For Su Jindi, currently attending Zijin Shan Noble Middle School, there were many who could outdo him in studies, but when it came to family background and 'bad', there weren't too many who could hold a candle to him.

Xie Kun barely counted as one of them.

As the saying goes, when one man achieves enlightenment, his pets ascend to heaven.

Because Xie Yin continuously sent her husband and father-in-law to Yama Palace through 'piston action,' successfully inheriting the vast industry, her brother Xie Kun shot to the sky overnight, directly transitioning from the little brother-in-law of a second-generation rich to a first-generation rich.

This transformation allowed Xie Kun to live the life of a rich young master, residing in upscale noble districts, attending the best noble school, and driving a Koenigsegg worth tens of millions...

However—

This change, marked with the color of a nouveau riche legend, didn't make Xie Kun the leader of the bad students at Zijin Shan Middle School, where rich young masters were a dime a dozen. On the contrary, because of his sister's actions, he became one of the laughingstocks of Zijin Shan Noble Middle School's prodigal circle.

This fact depressed Xie Kun for quite some time!

But... after getting over his depression, Xie Kun turned mockery into motivation. He not only spent a lot of time learning to street race, which the rich young masters favored, but also specifically went to learn combat.

Two years later, today, Xie Kun's Kung Fu was barely entry-level, but his driving skills were quite impressive. He even joined the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, often participating in underground racing competitions...

All of this changed the impression of many prodigal sons at Zijin Shan Noble Middle School about Xie Kun, but it only removed the title of laughingstock. He still could not become a core member of the prodigal circle.

In such a situation, after much thought, Xie Kun decided to challenge Su Jindi, known as the Demon Lord of Mayhem, in the field of street racing.

In Xie Kun's view, Su Jindi was not only the number one prodigal son of Zijin Shan Noble Middle School but also had a far-reaching reputation in the Jiangnan prodigal circle. As long as he could defeat Su Jindi in street racing, he would naturally become famous and thereby become a well-known figure in both Zijin Shan Noble Middle School and the Hanghu snob circle.

Originally, Xie Kun was not sure if he could defeat Su Jindi, also a member of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, in street racing.

But since the start of this term, for some unknown reason, Su Jindi had changed his ways and started to study diligently. He hadn't been to Yunshan to compete in underground racing for a long time.

As the saying goes, practice makes perfect. Similarly, skills become rusty without continuous use.

Although Xie Kun didn't know the reason for Su Jindi's change, he believed that Su Jindi, who hadn't participated in underground racing for a long time, would definitely be out of form and even his driving skills would have declined.

With this thought in mind, Xie Kun mustered the courage to run to Su Jindi's class, Grade 2 Class 8, and in front of all the classmates, he issued a challenge to Su Jindi.

Although Su Jindi had changed his behavior in order to compete for the opportunity to become the Su Family Patriarch, with the help of Ye Fan, his defiant nature hadn't changed much—if Xie Kun challenged him in front of the whole class, he certainly couldn't act like a coward!

Su Jindi's acceptance of the challenge made Xie Kun extremely excited; he couldn't wait to defeat Su Jindi in the street race.

Perhaps due to his strong desire for victory, Xie Kun didn't go to school on the day of the race. Instead, he drove the Koenigsegg given to him by Xie Yin to a famous modified car workshop in the Yangtze River Delta in Donghai to have his beloved car checked.

He wouldn't allow any issues with his car during tonight's race!

When the sun was setting behind the mountains, the staff from the modified car workshop finished checking Xie Kun's Koenigsegg. He drove back to Hanghu.

"Buzz... buzz..."

The car had just hit the highway when the vibration of the phone rang out. Xie Kun slowed down, fished out his phone, and was surprised to see a call from Xie Yin. He answered promptly, "Sister."

"Xiaokun, come to Jiuzhou International Hotel for dinner, I want to introduce you to an elder brother."

In a luxurious private room of the Jiuzhou International Hotel, Xie Yin, dressed in a black long dress, stood by the window talking on the phone with Xie Kun. Meanwhile, Lin Ao Feng was sitting at the main seat directly opposite the room.

"Sister, I have important things to do tonight; I won't be coming over!"

Over the past year or two, Xie Yin had introduced every wealthy young master she met to Xie Kun. He was already accustomed to this and refused outright.

For him, tonight's race would decide if he could rise above Su Jindi and become a prominent figure in both Zijin Shan Noble Middle School and the Hanghu snob circle. Why would he have any interest in going out to eat?

"What do you have?"

Last night, Xie Yin and Lin Ao Feng tumbled in the sheets for a night, both gaining unprecedented pleasure. She also learned about Lin Ao Feng's identity.

It was precisely because of this that she went to such lengths to try to get Xie Kun to have dinner with Lin Ao Feng—if Lin Ao Feng could care for Xie Kun out of consideration for her, then even if Xie Kun was a useless scion, he could be propped up.

"Tonight, I've made an appointment with Su Jindi to race at Yunshan Racing Track." Xie Kun said impatiently, "And I just got on the Shanghai-Hangzhou Highway. Even if I hurry, it will be too late."

"Then forget it." Hearing this, Xie Yin could only drop the matter, planning to find another opportunity another day.

"What? Your brother has something on?" Noticing Xie Yin ending the call, Lin Ao Feng asked casually.

"Young Master Lin, I'm sorry, he has a car race arranged tonight, and he's hurrying back from Donghai. He's afraid he won't make it. Let's just eat, never mind him." Xie Yin walked towards Lin Ao Feng with a swaying waist and a smiling face, feeling slightly anxious inside.

It's no exaggeration to say, with Lin Ao Feng's identity as the Nanhua Crown Prince, the line of people wanting to invite him for a meal could stretch from the south to the north, and now, Lin Ao Feng had reluctantly agreed to dine with her and Xie Kun. But with Xie Kun's absence, how could she not worry?

Upon hearing Xie Yin's words, a flicker of displeasure passed through Lin Ao Feng's eyes. However, considering the unprecedented pleasure he obtained from Xie Yin last night, and the fact that she was a former disciple of the Lan Hua Sect who knew the Dual Cultivation Technique, harnessing yin to nourish yang with an efficacy greater than that of a virgin, his irritation dissipated. He smiled and asked, "Is your brother racing at Yunshan?"

"Yeah."

Seeing that Lin Ao Feng wasn't angry, Xie Yin's heart settled, and she couldn't help feeling proud of her bedroom skills. She nodded coquettishly and said, "Young Master Lin, if I remember correctly, the underground racing track at Yunshan is run by Nanqinghong, isn't it?"

"Indeed," Lin Ao Feng nodded, thought for a moment, and then said, "Since I've got nothing better to do, I'll take you there tonight to check out how good your brother's driving skills are."

"Thank you, Young Master Lin!"

At his words, Xie Yin's face lit up with joy. As a well-known vixen of Hanghu, she knew very well that if a man was willing to take a woman out, particularly in front of his subordinates and friends, it was an acknowledgement of her status.

As if to confirm Xie Yin's judgment, Lin Ao Feng pulled her into his embrace and pinched her Holy Maiden Summit, his tone leaving no room for doubt: "Remember, from last night on, you are my, Lin Ao Feng's, woman, so there's no need for you to thank me."

"Mhm."

Xie Yin nodded happily, overwhelmed with joy. Becoming Lin Ao Feng's woman meant she no longer had to worry about the side effects of using the Forbidden Technique to harness yang to replenish yin, and it would turn her and her brother Xie Kun's lives in a completely new direction — this was like a pie falling from the sky!

"Ye Fan, oh Ye Fan, you can't even measure up in your dreams. Do you think this Miss would fancy you? I was only interested in your yang energy constitution, planning to absorb your yang energy. You. Your. Mother actually thought of yourself as a delicacy, aren't you afraid you'll laugh your teeth off?"

From the east corner lost, to the mulberry harvested.

As the image of Ye Fan's cold rejection last night surfaced in her mind, Xie Yin sneered unceasingly.

At this moment, in her heart, Ye Fan wasn't even fit to hold Lin Ao Feng's shoes!

...

Ye Fan, however, was unaware of all these developments.

Just like usual, after getting off work, he and Su Yuxin returned to the Su Family's No.2 Villa and had dinner with Mrs. Su and Su Yuxin. Afterward, he went back to his room to play League of Legends with Situ Ruoshui.

Ever since Ye Fan had rescued Situ Ruoshui from Qu Feng and the others, she had clung to him like sticky candy, insisting on playing League of Legends with him every time she logged on.

However... In order to avoid irritating her teammates from the Barbie Team and to prevent Ye Fan from becoming the center of controversy, she always played on a smurf account.

"Brother Ye Fan, when will you come to Donghai?"

After a game ended, Situ Ruoshui asked with anticipation, eager for his visit. If it weren't for Situ Chen's strict orders not to let her leave Donghai, she would have already made an excuse to visit Ye Fan in Hanghu.

Seeing the message displayed on the screen, Ye Fan was just about to respond when his phone vibrated. Picking it up, he saw that it was a call from Su Jindi.

"Brother Ye, I'm going to Yunshan to race tonight. Will you join me?" Once the call connected, Su Jindi's voice came through, filled with anticipation for Ye Fan to join him.

"Didn't your sister forbid you from going? Why are you still going?"

On hearing this, Ye Fan suddenly remembered how Su Jindi mentioned wanting to race with Xie Kun last night at dinner but was sternly prohibited by Su Yuxin.

"Brother Ye, since the start of this semester, I've devoted all my energy to studying and haven't skipped classes or raced at all."

Su Jindi explained, "I had no choice this time—the idiot brother of that vixen Xie Yin challenged me. If I don't show up, everyone will think I'm afraid to race with that idiot, and then I can't hang out at school anymore."

Hearing this, Ye Fan also knew that Su Jindi's veins pulsed with rebellious blood; suddenly turning into an obedient, study-focused kid was unrealistic.

"Brother Ye, come on, it'll be fun." Su Jindi kept pressing for an answer, seeing that Ye Fan was silent.

"Where? What time?"

As far as Ye Fan was concerned, aside from treating Su Yuxin's illness, he also wanted to experience and integrate into ordinary life. He had only heard about underground car racing but had never seen it, so he decided to go check it out.

"At Yunshan, nine o'clock tonight." Hearing Ye Fan asking for the place, Su Jindi realized he would be coming and excitedly said, "I'll drive there to pick you up now!"

"No need, you go ahead. I'll drive myself there."

Ye Fan, realizing that there were voices around Su Jindi, understood that Su Jindi was accompanied by several prodigal sons, and promptly refused Su Jindi's offer to come pick him up.

After hanging up, Ye Fan first informed Situ Ruoshui that he had to go out, then changed his clothes, bid farewell to Su Yuxin, and drove out of the Jiuxi Rose Garden Noble District towards Yunshan.

Meanwhile.

Once known as the top of the Qing bang, now a leading contender for the third-generation successor of the Ye Family, Ye Wenhao silently followed Ye Fan, disappearing into the night like a ghost...

Chapter 104: "The Unworthy Triumphant"

Yun Mountain was located thirty kilometers southeast of Hanghu. It had once been a barren hill but, due to its beautiful scenery, a few years ago it was developed by a wealthy businessman into a tourist attraction. However, the number of visitors coming for sightseeing was not substantial, and it couldn't be compared with West Lake at all.

Because of the sparse number of visitors, the hotels and restaurants in Yun Mountain's tourism area had closed down one after another. The government-funded, high-standard, serpentine mountain road constructed for high speed traffic was left vacant and eventually became a dedicated racing track for the underground racing community of Jiangnan.

Two years ago, after Nanqinghong made a high-profile entrance into Hanghu, they spotted the business opportunity and acquired Yun Mountain's tourist attractions and the hotels and restaurants at the foot of the mountain at a low price. On the surface, they were operating the tourism business, but in reality, they were organizing underground races to rake in a fortune through betting.

In September, although the temperature in Hanghu still remained above thirty degrees, it had entered autumn. By just before 8 p.m., the sky had completely darkened.

At eight o'clock, the Yunjing Hotel at the foot of Yun Mountain was brightly lit, with its parking lot filled with numerous cars, mostly sports cars.

The racing enthusiasts didn't turn off their engines but instead left their headlights on. The lights illuminated the surroundings brightly, as if it were daytime.

Apart from the sports cars, there were also many luxury cars parked there. The owners of these cars were wealthy individuals from Jiangnan and the surrounding provinces. They had only one purpose in coming here: to bet on car races—depending on the odds offered by the bookmaker Nanqinghong, they would place bets on certain racers. If the racer they bet on won, Nanqinghong would pay out according to the odds.

In order to provide top-notch services to these wealthy patrons, Qiao Bazhi, the recently appointed head of Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch, had put a lot of thought into it. He transformed Yunjing Hotel into a club that provided food, accommodation, and company of car models for overnight stays.

Besides that, he had also remodeled the top floor into a grand hall, featuring a huge monitor that would provide the odds for each racer and race information at all times.

The so-called race information meant that the bookmaker had cameras set up in various places along the track, and the betting guests could follow the race progress through the videos recorded by the cameras, deciding whether to continue to place more bets.

This was similar to 'in-play betting' or 'live betting' found in football betting.

"It looks like we'll need to find a way to invite the two racing kings over to make a guest appearance in the race to boost our reputation and attract more wealthy people to come here for gambling on our races."

Inside an office at Yunjing Hotel, Feng Kai, the former manager of CC Bar, looked at the top floor hall's less than half-full occupancy, pondering thoughtfully.

Because he was sufficiently shrewd, Feng Kai had miraculously come out unscathed during the Dong hai Gang's retribution operation, becoming one of the few surviving middle-management members of Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch.

After Lin Ao Feng arrived in Hanghu, he organized a meeting and reassigned him to Yun Mountain, putting him in charge of the underground racing operations, essentially elevating his position and status within Nanqinhong Hanghu Branch—the underground racing at Yun Mountain was one of the most lucrative illegal businesses of the Branch!

In such circumstances, it was only natural that Feng Kai wanted to do something to make a lasting impression on Lin Ao Feng.

"Manager Feng, please rest assured, I will immediately instruct people to manage this matter," replied a woman dressed in a professional suit at once. She had been a car model and was now Feng Kai's assistant and lover.

"Mhm," Feng Kai nodded, then recalling the instructions Lin Ao Feng had given him over the phone, he asked, "Has Xie Kun arrived yet?"

"Beep beep..."

Before Feng Kai's assistant could reply, her walkie-talkie chimed in, and the voice of a staff member from Yunshan Underground Racing Track came through, "Miss Jiang, Mr. Xie has arrived and is expected to reach the parking lot in five minutes."

"Received." The woman, Jiang Li, acknowledged, then told Feng Kai, "Manager Feng, Xie Kun will arrive at the parking lot in five minutes."

"Let's go, follow me down to greet him." Upon hearing this, Feng Kai immediately headed out of the office.

Jiang Li hurried after him, hesitated for a moment, and asked with confusion, "Manager Feng, although Xie Kun might be a fool with lots of money, surely he isn't worth you personally going down to greet him, is he?"

"Remember, from today onwards, Xie Kun will become one of the most important guests of Yunshan Underground Racing Track." Feng Kai paused slightly in his steps and said solemnly, "His sister Xie Yin is now Young Master Lin's woman."

"Eh..."

Hearing Feng Kai's words, Jiang Li was stunned, and then her face showed a mix of envy, jealousy, and resentment.

Even though both Xie Yin and she had taken the 'spread legs' route, it was clear that Xie Yin was on a much higher and classier level than she was.

Five minutes later, as Feng Kai emerged from the hotel with his assistant Jiang Li, Xie Kun arrived at the parking lot in his flamboyant Koenigsegg.

Seeing the Koenigsegg pull up, Feng Kai quickly led his assistant to greet them.

Hmm?

The surrounding racing enthusiasts who witnessed this scene couldn't help but be taken aback.

In their minds, even if Xie Kun was racing against Su Jindi tonight, it didn't justify the new owner of Yunshan Racing Track, Feng Kai, to personally come down with his assistant to welcome him, did it?

After all, in their memory, even core members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club attending a race never received such treatment, and Xie Kun, in terms of driving skill or status, was nothing more than a bottom-rung member in the club!

Inside the Koenigsegg, Xie Kun saw Feng Kai approaching his car with his assistant, and he was beyond excited.

The excitement was because he not only guessed that Feng Kai and his assistant were there to greet him, but he also knew the reason why—on the way here, Xie Yin had texted him, saying she hooked up with a new man named Lin Ao Feng who was very powerful, a veritable Crown Prince of the Southern Huaxia Underground World. The former Hanghu underworld leader Qiao Bazhi didn't even qualify to carry Lin Ao Feng's bag!

Xie Kun didn't understand what the identity of the Crown Prince of the Southern Huaxia Underground World meant, nor how significant it was that someone was too high-status for even Qiao Bazhi to serve.

But he knew one thing: he no longer had to act timidly in front of all the pampered rich kids, including Su Jindi!

At least... not tonight!

At that moment, recalling what his sister Xie Yin had mentioned in her text message and watching Feng Kai and his assistant stand respectfully in front of his car, waiting for him to alight like servants awaiting their master, Xie Kun felt a surge of excitement, almost bursting into triumphant laughter.

Shortly after, amidst the anticipation of Feng Kai and his assistant, and under the puzzled gazes of the surrounding wealthy young heirs, Xie Kun opened the car door and stepped out of the vehicle.

In this moment, she was like a chicken transformed into a phoenix, holding her head high in pride, with lips almost arching to the sky.

"Hello, Mr. Xie, Young Master Lin called to say he'll be coming tonight with Miss Xie to watch your race," Feng Kai said.

Although Xie Kun's smug expression somewhat irked Feng Kai, he was well aware of the saying "when one man prospers, all his friends benefit." Consequently, he kept his disdain hidden and instead bowed slightly to greet Xie Kun, exhibiting extreme deference.

"My sister already told me."

Seeing Feng Kai's subservience, Xie Kun felt an exhilaration that exceeded even that of conquering a woman he desired; he acknowledged Feng Kai's greeting with a slight nod, while smugly observing the wealthy young heirs around him.

Those heirs, who were standing too far away to hear Feng Kai's words, did witness Feng Kai's bow, which left them astonished as if they had seen a ghost in broad daylight, filling their minds with a burning question: Why was Feng Kai so courteous to Xie Kun?

"Mr. Xie, there's still some time before your race. How about you rest in the club for a while?" Feng Kai suggested.

"No need, I'm fine right here," Xie Kun shook his head, unwilling to miss an opportunity to flaunt his newfound status in front of the elites.

Having been seasoned in society for many years, Feng Kai was not only adept at adapting to various roles but also excellent at reading people. He instantly recognized Xie Kun's intentions and smiled, "In that case, Mr. Xie, I'll head back to the club to take care of some things and come back later to accompany you, shall I?"

"Sure."

Xie Kun agreed promptly; after all, having Feng Kai around would somewhat inconvenience his boasting.

Upon Xie Kun's nod, Feng Kai no longer wasted time, promptly taking Jiang Li with him to leave.

Meanwhile, the members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, like cats that had smelled fish, began to gravitate towards Xie Kun.

"Xie Kun, it's been ages since we last met! Who would have thought you would change overnight, now even Manager Feng has to show you great respect," said one of the heirs, teasingly.

"Indeed, I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," another heir chimed in, "Xie Kun, why is Manager Feng so polite to you?"

Whoosh!

The second heir voiced everyone's thoughts, and as his words fell, almost all heirs turned their attention to Xie Kun, awaiting his answer.

Facing all those curious and expectant gazes, Xie Kun couldn't be more thrilled.

He held his head high, scrutinizing the wealthy young heirs who once looked down on him, as if a boss inspecting his inferiors, and said indifferently, "You will find out soon enough."

"Xie Kun, why the big show?"

Seeing Xie Kun putting on airs, a member of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club with close ties to Su Jindi couldn't hide his displeasure and sneered, "If I'm not mistaken, it must be because your sister opened her legs for someone important, right?"

"You better keep your damn mouth shut!" Xie Kun glared at the young heir, uttering each word chillingly, "Otherwise, you might have to leave here horizontally tonight!"

"You..."

The enraged heir surnamed Wang Wei wanted to retort, but recalling Feng Kai's deferential attitude towards Xie Kun earlier, he suspected Xie Kun wasn't bluffing and swallowed his words.

"Don't believe me? Just try," Xie Kun stared back menacingly. He wouldn't mind teaching these arrogant heirs a lesson before Su Jindi arrived.

The rebuffed heir left with a look of embarrassment, and although the others disapproved of Xie Kun's smug behavior, they refrained from provoking him until they understood the reason behind his arrogance.

At the same time.

At the doorstep of Yunshan Club, Jiang Li couldn't help but say, "Manager Feng, that Xie Kun is really full of himself, isn't he?"

"When one person gains power, even his pets rise to heaven,"

As Manager Feng looked at Xie Kun surrounded by the heirs like stars around the moon, he said, "As long as Young Master Lin hasn't discarded Xie Yin as a plaything, Xie Kun has every right to be arrogant in Jiangnan and indeed, all of Southern Huaxia."

"Based on what you've said, will Su Family's second young master end up in tragedy tonight?" Jiang Li felt a stirring of interest, remembering the bet between Su Jindi and Xie Kun.

"If the young fellow is willing to play second fiddle to Xie Kun, he'll have no trouble," Feng Kai's eyes flickered with insight, "However... with his defiant nature, I'm afraid that's not going to happen."

"If that's the case, then he's doomed to tragedy,"

As they spoke, a strong mix of envy and jealousy welled up within Jiang Li, considering that if one must be a mistress, then being one for someone like Xie Yin would not be in vain.

Chapter 105: [Bullying Backed by Power]

As the top prodigal of Zijin Shan Noble Middle School and even the entire Hanghu, Su Jindi not only carried the reputation of the Demon Lord of Mayhem but also had a large group of followers.

At 8:40, a convoy consisting of dozens of sports cars grandly drove towards the foot of Yun Mountain, with Su Jindi's Lamborghini, which was not luxurious but had an extremely high cost-performance ratio, leading the way, and the owners of the other sports cars were those followers of Su Jindi.

"Su Jindi is here!"

As the convoy approached from afar, a Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club member with better eyesight spotted Su Jindi's Lamborghini.

Whoosh!

Hearing the club member's words, the prodigals in the parking lot simultaneously turned their gazes toward Xie Kun, trying to gauge his reaction.

"Hey!"

Under everyone's scrutiny, Xie Kun sneered coldly, his gaze fixed intently on Su Jindi's Lamborghini, much like a hungry woman eyeing a strong man, appearing eager and impatient.

Just as a thirsty woman wants to subdue a strong man underneath her, he wanted to crush Su Jindi under his feet!

Realizing this, many prodigals were slightly taken aback.

They all knew that the Su Family was currently the number one commercial clan in Hanghu and even in Jiangnan, and Su Jindi was not only the Su family's descendant but was also valued by the Su Family Patriarch Su Hongyuan, especially since Su Feiyu had been imprisoned.

In such a situation, the posture Xie Kun held, which seemed like he desperately wanted to step on Su Jindi, undoubtedly made the prodigals even more curious about Xie Kun's reliance!

They truly wanted to know, what was Xie Kun's basis for stepping on Su Jindi!

Based on what?

As if to answer their question, Yunshan Underground Racing Track's new person-in-charge, Feng Kai, returned and approached Xie Kun again.

"Mr. Xie, Young Master Lin and Miss Xie will be here soon. Do you want to wait for them to arrive before starting the race, or proceed at the agreed time?" Just like before, Feng Kai not only sought Xie Kun's opinion but also treated him with great respect.

Young Master Lin?!

Hearing Feng Kai's words, the prodigals around instinctively thought it was Lin Ao Feng he spoke of, each one of them shocked, their mouths agape and eyes bulging!

Originally, with their identities, they were not supposed to know who Lin Ao Feng was, but their elders, upon learning that Lin Ao Feng had entered Hanghu, admonished them repeatedly not to offend Lin Ao Feng. Moreover, some of the prodigals' elders even showed Lin Ao Feng's information and photo to some of them, making them aware of their limitations.

All of these actions had spread the name Lin Ao Feng throughout the entire Shanghai-Hangzhou circle of prodigals and the upper echelons of Jiangnan society within a very short time.

One wouldn't die if one didn't court death.

In their view, any prodigal who dared to provoke Lin Ao Feng was courting death!

And now, the latest person Xie Kun relied on was Lin Ao Feng. How could they not be shocked?

Su Jindi was finished!

After the shock subsided, looking at Su Jindi's Lamborghini, which was getting closer, almost all the prodigals had this thought emerge in their minds.

Watching the surrounding prodigals, each one shocked to the point of being dumbfounded, Xie Kun felt incredibly thrilled. He shook his head haughtily and said, "With Su Jindi's driving skills, I can crush him like crushing a dog, no need to wait for my sister and Brother Lin."

"Alright."

Feng Kai had no objections.

Because he was well aware, regardless of whether Su Jindi won tonight's race, it would not change one fact—he would become the stepping stone that made Xie Kun famous throughout Jiangnan!

Su Jindi was unaware of this.

However, when he drove that Lamborghini into the parking lot and suddenly saw Xie Kun, who had once been a laughingstock of Zijin Shan Noble Middle School, standing in front of those Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club members, with Yunshan Underground Racing Track's new person-in-charge Feng Kai standing beside him, deliberately half a step behind, he couldn't help but be stunned!

After a brief moment of distraction, Su Jindi faintly felt something was amiss—regardless of driving skills or identity, Xie Kun was always at the bottom of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, who usually could only act as everyone's tagalong, but now he was standing at the very front!

"Hey, something is off. Why is that idiot Xie Kun standing at the front of the crowd?"

"Yeah, acting like he's the boss or something?"

"Not just that, Feng Kai is actually standing next to him, and he seems very respectful too."

"Yeah, what's going on? Could it be that Xie Kun's slutty sister hooked up with some big shot, making Xie Kun act like the big bad wolf?"

...

As Su Jindi thoughtfully stepped out of his sports car, those prodigals who had followed him had already gotten out of their cars, looking at Xie Kun standing at the front of the crowd and buzzing with chatter.

Seeing Su Jindi getting out of the car, those prodigals stopped discussing, each looking curiously at Su Jindi, as if asking, "Mr. Su, what's going on?"

"Let's go, let's go over and see what medicine Xie Kun is selling in his gourd." Su Jindi couldn't figure it out either and decided to take people over to see for themselves.

Hearing Su Jindi say this, those prodigals who had followed him didn't say anything else; instead, they followed him, walking towards Xie Kun.

Perhaps because he couldn't wait to trample on Su Jindi, Xie Kun couldn't contain himself and took the initiative to meet him with Feng Kai and the members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, stopping two meters away from Su Jindi and his group. He sneered, "Su Jindi, I didn't expect you to really show up. I thought you were too scared to come."

As Xie Kun's arrogant words echoed in his ears, whether it was Su Jindi or the prodigies behind him, their expressions changed immediately. One of the prodigies couldn't help but retort, "Xie Kun, with your driving skills, you dare to compare yourself to Mr. Su. Aren't you afraid of embarrassing yourself?"

"Is it your place to speak?"

On hearing this, Xie Kun frowned and glared at the prodigy, his attitude extremely arrogant.

"You..."

The prodigy was furious, originally wanting to curse all the women in Xie Kun's family, but then he noticed the members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club looking at him as if he were an idiot.

This realization made him swallow the words he had on the tip of his tongue.

Although he was a follower of Su Jindi, he wasn't an idiot. Reason told him that Xie Kun was no longer the same as before.

"Xie Kun, I'm curious, what made you suddenly become so arrogant?" Just then, Su Jindi spoke up, his gaze firmly fixed on Xie Kun, as if trying to see through him.

"Arrogant?"

Hearing Su Jindi accuse him of being arrogant, Xie Kun burst into laughter, then looked down at Su Jindi with a condescending gaze, "Even if I'm arrogant, I'm nowhere near as arrogant as you Su Jindi, right?"

If it had been before, faced with Xie Kun's provocation, Su Jindi would have definitely taught Xie Kun the meaning of regret, but ever since he met Ye Fan, he had learned a lesson—anger doesn't solve problems, it only reduces your IQ, even to zero.

Understanding this, Su Jindi didn't get angry, but instead turned to Wang Wei, who had previously confronted Xie Kun, and asked, "Brother Wang, do you know the inside story?"

"Jin Emperor, his sister is now Lin Ao Feng's woman," said Wang Wei somewhat depressingly.

Lin Ao Feng?!

At the mention of this name, the prodigies behind Su Jindi all panicked and their faces drastically changed.

Even... even Su Jindi himself was shocked, his pupils dilating instantly!

"What? Su Jindi, even you have a day when you're scared?"

Seeing this, Xie Kun felt overjoyed. Looking down at Su Jindi, he said, "I thought you, with your Su family's clout in Hanghu, thought you were above everyone else."

"Hey, I was wondering how you suddenly became so arrogant. Turns out it's all thanks to your sister spreading her legs for someone, huh?"

Although the name Lin Ao Feng had been ringing in Su Jindi's ears over the past few days, seeing Xie Kun so unbearable in his arrogance stirred the defiance innate in Su Jindi, prompting him to respond with a cold sneer.

"Su Jindi, you can eat randomly, but you shouldn't speak carelessly."

Seeing that Su Jindi was not intimidated by the name Lin Ao Feng but instead showed his arrogant side, Feng Kai coldly chimed in from the side.

On one hand, this would earn him favor from Xie Kun and even Xie Yin, to hopefully pass on to Lin Ao Feng through pillow talk and deepen Lin Ao Feng's impression of him. On the other hand, as Lin Ao Feng's underling, and someone insulting his master's woman, he had to stand up, otherwise, he wouldn't be a competent dog!

Huh?

Originally, the prodigies at the scene all thought, as before, that Xie Kun's sister, Xie Yin, was just temporarily in bed with some big shot, but hearing Feng Kai threaten Su Jindi, and seeing the demeanor of Feng Kai's bodyguards, they suddenly realized that Xie Yin's relationship with Lin Ao Feng was closer than they had imagined!

Not only them, Su Jindi also realized this.

This realization dispelled much of the anger in his heart, and for a moment, he didn't retort, and his expression became slightly solemn.

"Su Jindi, it seems you do have some self-awareness," watching Su Jindi be intimidated by Feng Kai, Xie Kun arrogantly said, "To avoid someone saying I'm bullying you with power, I can give you a chance to forfeit. Just admit in front of everyone that you're scared to race me, and today's competition will be called off."

"And if I don't forfeit?"

Su Jindi silently clenched his fists, the defiant one would rather be stabbed than to admit defeat or bow down in front of someone he despised.

"Then you race against me," Xie Kun sneered. "Lose, and you kneel and kowtow three times, calling me 'Grandpa' three times, and from then on, stay as far away from me as possible!"

"What if you lose?" Su Jindi's eyes shimmered with furious light, as though he might explode at any moment.

"Me, lose? What a joke!"

A person long suppressed, once released, displays the exact opposite side; Xie Kun was such a case now. If it were the usual, he would never dare to confront Su Jindi this way, but armed with a powerful 'brother-in-law,' he felt like he had swallowed a legendary pill of courage and became exceedingly arrogant and overly confident.

Upon hearing this, Su Jindi said, seething, his fists cracking with tension, "If you lose, in front of everyone here, shout three times: your sister Xie Yin is a whore, a wanton woman!"

"Fine!"

Xie Kun agreed without hesitation, as if he were certain of victory over Su Jindi.

Seeing Xie Kun even agree to such a bet, Feng Kai internally cursed Xie Kun for being a fool. However... on second thought, he felt relieved— even if Xie Kun lost the race, the bet would not be honored!

Such is the arrogance that comes with power!

Chapter 106: Encounter by Chance

As one of the largest underground racing tracks in the Shanghai-Hangzhou Region, Yunshan Underground Racing Track held races every Friday. Typically, there were three races each night, but occasionally, four would be scheduled when heavyweight racers were invited, with a star racer featuring as the final act.

Generally, the three races were scheduled for 9 PM, 10 PM, and 11 PM, respectively. The race route started at the Yunshan Club, winding up the mountain road, descending from the other side of the peak, then circling back to the Yunshan Club.

By 8:50 PM, the occupancy rate for the top-floor hall of the Yunshan Club exceeded half; wealthy individuals from Jiangnan and surrounding cities were all directing their attention to the LCD screen at

the front of the hall, which displayed the information and betting odds for the first race's four contestants.

Apart from Su Jindi and Xie Kun, the two other racers were from Donghai and were members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, both ranking significantly higher than Su Jindi and Xie Kun within the club.

Accordingly, the odds for the two Donghai drivers were much lower than those for Su Jindi and Xie Kun, with Xie Kun's odds being lower than Su Jindi's.

It must be said, the new owner of Yunshan Underground Racing Track, Feng Kai, was a shrewd man. His arrangement not only preserved Xie Kun's face but also ensured that the bank wouldn't be broken—if he had only arranged for Su Jindi to race against Xie Kun, considering Xie Kun's face, he would have had to lower Xie Kun's odds. As a result, everyone would bet on Su Jindi!

Based on Feng Kai's judgment, Su Jindi's abilities were likely slightly superior to Xie Kun's.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now about to hold our first race of the evening. Please welcome the four participants to the race track with your enthusiasm!"

While the wealthy bettors started to place their bets, out on the road by the parking lot of the Yunshan Club, a beautiful hostess in a tight minidress appeared on stage at the parking lot entrance, microphone in hand, stirring up the crowd's emotions.

"Awoo~"

Compared to the guests on the top floor of the club, the racing enthusiasts at the starting point had long finished their betting. Hearing the hostess's call—some yelled, some cheered for their favored drivers, others whistled.

In an instant, shouts, cheers, whistles, and the roar of engines merged together, creating a lively atmosphere.

As the mood ignited, Su Jindi, Xie Kun, and the other two contestants drove their performance cars to the starting line one after another.

Among them, Su Jindi's choice was his beloved Lamborghini, while Xie Kun's ride was a seldom-seen Koenigsegg Ghost in the country. The two other competitors drove a Ferrari and a Maserati, respectively.

This meant that in terms of car performance, Xie Kun had a slight edge!

His impressive car was also a significant reason Xie Kun had been able to join the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club before.

"Su Jindi, don't forget our bet from before!" After Xie Kun parked at the starting line and noticed that Su Jindi's car window was open, he rolled down his own window and sneered, "Today, you're definitely going to be the loser!"

"Xie Kun, don't think that just because your sister climbed into bed with Lin Ao Feng by spreading her legs, you're untouchable. I was messing with cars while you were still playing in the mud!" Although Su Jindi had become less impulsive due to Ye Fan's influence, he couldn't help retaliating in the face of Xie Kun's repeated provocations.

"Heh, as if your sister is some paragon of virtue?"

Xie Kun laughed mockingly, "By now, who in Hanghu's high society doesn't know that your sister cured her illness by sleeping with that quack doctor, Ye Fan?"

"What the fuck did you just say?"

A person's reputation is like a shadow cast by a tree.

Because of Lin Ao Feng's formidable reputation, Su Jindi had previously shown considerable restraint when facing Xie Kun's humiliations and provocations. But now... seeing that Xie Kun had started to insult his sister and Ye Fan, he was infuriated!

"I said your sister is nothing but trash!"

If this had been the past, even a hundredfold courage wouldn't have allowed Xie Kun to be so insolent in the face of an angry Su Jindi. But now, not only was he not afraid; he even looked disdainful, saying, "Brother Lin is about to arrive. Try laying a finger on me if you dare?"

"Xie Kun, if you lose the race and don't honor our bet, even if Lin Ao Feng arrives today, I still won't let you off!" Hearing Xie Kun's threat, Su Jindi forcefully suppressed the anger in his heart and gritted his teeth before closing the car window.

Meanwhile, a well-known car model, wearing a bikini and lace-up high heels, sashayed to the front of the four sports cars, with lights constantly shining on her, displaying her enticing body for all to see.

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!"

With the appearance of the female car model, the atmosphere at the scene reached a fever pitch, and the racing enthusiasts at the starting line became rowdy.

As the chants of 'take it off' echoed in her ears, the car model stopped in her tracks, turned her head with a seductive smile, then slowly... very slowly removed her black laced openwork bra from her chest, sniffed it lightly by her nose, and then tossed it into the crowd.

A scuffle broke out in the crowd, and the car model, now baring her Holy Maiden Summit, bent over, and slowly pulled down the T-back stretched between her legs.

With the T-back no longer covering her, the car model revealed a black G-string between her legs. At first glance, it looked like a string holding a piece of cloth, unable to cover the dense forest between her legs.

"Throw it!"

"Throw it!"

"Throw it already!"

As the car model completely removed her T-back, the crowd of racing enthusiasts went into a frenzy.

And the car model, laughing flirtatiously, slowly started twirling the T-back around her right index finger, spinning it gently.

"Swoosh!"

As she spun it around, she suddenly flicked her wrist, and the T-back flew from her hand into the air.

"Vroom... Vroom... Vroom... Vroom!"

The moment the T-back left the car model's hand, the roaring engines of the cars sundered the sky. The four resplendent, flashy sports cars surged forward like roaring steel beasts, tearing madly towards the road ahead.

A car's acceleration and a driver's reaction time were the two main factors determining whether a racer had the advantage at the start of the race.

In terms of acceleration, Su Jindi and the two other Donghai drivers' cars were inferior to Xie Kun's Koenigsegg, but when it came to reaction speed, Su Jindi was faster.

Under such circumstances, when approaching the first curve after a straight-line acceleration, the two Donghai drivers led by nearly half a car length, while Su Jindi's car was almost parallel with Xie Kun's, though Su Jindi was closer to the inside track.

"Zzz~"

Accompanied by a piercing noise, the four sports cars drifted one after another, leaving four clear tire marks on the road and smoothly made it through the first bend.

After the first bend, the order of the four sports cars was officially established, with the Maserati in the lead, the Ferrari following, the Lamborghini in third, and the high-performance Koenigsegg in last place.

This result made Xie Kun, who had wanted to trample Su Jindi underfoot through street racing, so angry his face turned blue. His emotions became agitated, and he pressed the accelerator a bit too hard. Although he closed the gap with Su Jindi, he almost hit the road barrier due to the increased difficulty of drifting at high speed in the second curve.

This frightened Xie Kun into a cold sweat and also sent Feng Kai, who was watching the battle from the top floor of the Yunshan Club, heartsick with worry.

In his view, this was Nanqinghong's territory, and since Lin Ao Feng was coming here later, even if Xie Kun lost the bet and didn't honor the agreement, Su Jindi wouldn't dare to say a word.

But... if Xie Kun died in the race, he would bear an inescapable responsibility and might even face Lin Ao Feng's fury!

And as far as he knew, Lin Ao Feng was infamously ruthless and a genuine cold-blooded killer.

Under such a situation, facing Lin Ao Feng's fury would be tantamount to accompany Xie Kun to the grave!

Perhaps because of the near miss with death, in the following race, not only did Xie Kun not dare to push too hard, but because his emotions were unstable, his performance was off, and Su Jindi pulled further and further ahead.

By the time they were halfway through the course, Su Jindi was leading Xie Kun by nearly ten seconds.

Generally speaking, in Yunshan Underground Racing Track competitions, if two drivers with not much difference in strength lead by ten seconds at the halfway point, as long as there are no issues with the car or major mistakes made by the driver, they can usually maintain the lead until the end.

For fear of Lin Ao Feng, Su Jindi had always kept his anger bottled up, planning to win the race against Xie Kun and make him publicly call out "Xie Yin is a whore, a promiscuous woman" as a way to strike back and vent his anger!

Therefore, for this race, Su Jindi put in 120% of his effort, naturally not making any mistakes, and his car had also been specially checked before the race and found to be problem-free.

Under these circumstances, although Su Jindi crossed the finish line in third place, he was only five seconds behind the first place, three seconds behind the second, while a full fifteen seconds ahead of Xie Kun!

This outcome was somewhat unexpected for the members of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club, so when Su Jindi crossed the finish line, the scene erupted with gasps of surprise.

"Su Jindi's performance today is off the charts!"

"No kidding, this isn't just a stellar performance, it's otherworldly!"

"People tap into their potential when they're backed into a corner. For him, losing the race would mean not only bowing to Xie Kun but also calling him Grandpa. Given his defiant nature, naturally, he wouldn't want any of this to happen."

...

As those racing enthusiasts discussed among themselves, Xie Kun, driving the expensive, high-performance Koenigsegg, was the last to cross the finish line.

"Damn it!"

Inside the Koenigsegg, Xie Kun's expression was extremely ugly. It felt even more frustrating than finding out the beautiful woman he was about to score with was actually a man in disguise!

"Do you think Xie Kun will honor the bet?"

At the same time, a member of the Shanghai-Hangzhou Super Car Club asked curiously.

"Feng Kai has already come out with his people; I don't think Xie Kun will honor the bet," a racing enthusiast with diamond stud earrings spoke up, pointing in the direction of the club.

"That's right, his sister is now Lin Ao Feng's woman. Even if Xie Kun himself is willing to honor the bet, Feng Kai won't let him do so," another bald racing enthusiast nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, other racing enthusiasts turned their attention to Feng Kai, feeling somewhat frustrated for Su Jindi—as if winning was in vain!

"Buzz!"

Just then, inside the Koenigsegg, Xie Kun's phone in his pocket vibrated. His heart stirred, and he quickly hit the brakes, pulled out the phone, and saw a text message.

The message was from Xie Yin: Kun, we're almost there. Has your race started?

"Su Jindi, even if I gave you a hundred guts, you still wouldn't dare to make me honor the bet in front of Lin Ao Feng, right?" Seeing the text message, Xie Kun not only relaxed his eyebrows but also showed a dismissive smile.

As he spoke, he looked up and through the rearview mirror, saw a noble and imposing black extended Rolls-Royce Phantom approaching from the road behind.

Not just Xie Kun, but the racing enthusiasts also turned their attention to the black extended Rolls-Royce Phantom, the epitome of automotive royalty.

At this moment.

No one saw that a kilometre behind the black extended Rolls-Royce Phantom, an inconspicuous Audi A6L was also heading towards the Yunshan Club...

Chapter 107: [The one seeking death is you!] Added for Alliance Hierarch 'Wu Dong Qian Kun'!

In the black extended Rolls-Royce Phantom, Lin Ao Feng sat in the backseat, wrapping his arms around Xie Yin's slender waist while she used her mouth to feed him a cherry.

After gently chewing on the cherry flavored with Xie Yin's lip scent, Lin Ao Feng, with a face full of contentment, asked, "Has your brother's race ended?"

"I don't know, he hasn't gotten back to me."

As Xie Yin spoke truthfully, she then looked up and gazed at the brightly lit Yunshan Club ahead, understanding in her heart that tonight, Xie Kun would undoubtedly give those who had once looked down on him a silent slap in the face due to her and Lin Ao Feng's arrival.

Thinking about this, Xie Yin's sexy red lips slightly curled up, revealing a brilliant and charming smile.

Meanwhile, Su Jindi, Xie Kun, and the two Dong Hai racers turned their cars around, driving toward the entrance of the Yunshan Club parking lot.

Perhaps wanting to witness the development of the situation themselves, the racing enthusiasts all followed behind Feng Kai and four burly men in black, heading for the parking lot entrance.

Shortly after, when the racing enthusiasts followed Feng Kai to the entrance, Su Jindi and the four arrived in their cars one after another.

The Lamborghini's door was the first to open. Su Jindi exited the car with a face full of anger and quickly walked toward Xie Kun's Koenigsegg.

But—

Someone was faster.

Before Su Jindi could get close to the Koenigsegg, Feng Kai, accompanied by the four massive men, stepped in front of the Koenigsegg first, their presence seemingly warning Su Jindi of something.

Seeing this, Su Jindi slightly raised his eyebrows but didn't stop his steps.

For him, he could tolerate Xie Kun acting arrogantly in front of him because Xie Yin clung to Lin Ao Feng, but he could not accept Xie Kun insulting his sister and Ye Fan!

"Xie Kun, if you're man enough, get out of the car and settle the bet!" Soon, Su Jindi stopped less than three meters away from the Koenigsegg, fixating his stare on the front door of the car.

"Su Jindi, I can clearly tell you, that's not going to happen!"

Hearing Su Jindi's words ring in his ears and seeing Su Jindi's determination not to give up, Feng Kai frowned and said, "Also, I advise you to leave now, or it won't be so easy to leave later."

"It seems like you've really made up your mind to play dirty tonight?"

Upon hearing these words, Su Jindi was furious, involuntarily clenching his fists tightly together, his eyes slightly reddened and breathing heavily, like a wild beast ready to burst at any moment.

Clang—

With a light sound, the Koenigsegg's door opened, and Xie Kun slowly walked out from the car.

"Who says we were going to play dirty?"

After getting out, Xie Kun did not look dejected despite losing the race, instead, he held his head high, walking directly up to Feng Kai and the four muscular men, and looked disdainfully at Su Jindi.

Huh?

Could it be...Xie Kun was going to honor the bet?!

Startled by Xie Kun's words, whether it was Feng Kai and his men or the racing enthusiasts, they were all stunned—they had never thought that Xie Kun would honor the bet!

Not only them, but even Su Jindi was slightly taken aback.

"Mr. Xie, you must not!"

Shortly after, Feng Kai was the first to snap out of his daze, frantically trying to stop Xie Kun. Xie Yin was now Lin Ao Feng's woman. If Xie Kun admitted that Xie Yin was a slut, a whore, wouldn't that indirectly humiliate Lin Ao Feng?

"Su Jindi, listen carefully."

Ignoring Feng Kai's attempt to stop him, Xie Kun gazed at Su Jindi as if watching a monkey perform, his face twisted in a sleazy smile, "Su Yuxin might appear pure and innocent, but in reality, she's a slut, a whore!"

"Uh..."

Everyone had been very curious why Xie Kun had chosen to honor the bet, but upon hearing his words, they suddenly realized—Xie Kun was deliberately teasing and humiliating Su Jindi!

After the initial shock, Feng Kai couldn't help but laugh at Xie Kun's dramatic turn. In his eyes, Xie Kun was the epitome of a villain reveling in his moment of victory.

Seeing Xie Kun not only fail to uphold the bet but also repeatedly insult his sister, Su Jindi's face turned pale with rage, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at Xie Kun, his fists cracking with tension.

"What? You want to hit me? Come on, hit me right here."

Seeing Su Jindi's uncontrollable rage, Xie Kun was not frightened in the slightest; on the contrary, he provocatively stretched out his neck, lightly slapping his own face, as if taunting, "Try touching me and see what happens!"

Dare he?

Witnessing this scene, almost all the car enthusiasts silently questioned themselves.

"Fuck your mother!"

Su Jindi responded with a roar!

That roar, like the voice of Su Jindi's heart, contained boundless anger and was deafening.

After the roar, Su Jindi, like a beast gone mad, charged straight at Xie Kun.

Perhaps because he had not expected Su Jindi to actually dare to strike, or perhaps because the sheer force of Su Jindi's roar was so overwhelming, Xie Kun was momentarily paralyzed.

"Stop him!"

Xie Kun was stunned, but Feng Kai was not; instead, he instantly commanded four strong men.

Too late!

Just as the four men were about to follow Feng Kai's order to block Su Jindi, Su Jindi had already reached Xie Kun, his right fist swinging, smashing with all his might towards Xie Kun's stupid face.

This punch was delivered with Su Jindi's greatest strength.

This punch contained all of Su Jindi's anger!

"Bang—"

"Crack—"

In a flash of lightning.

The sound of flesh colliding and bones breaking filled the air as Su Jindi's punch broke Xie Kun's nasal bones.

The sudden heavy blow caused Xie Kun to lose his balance, stumbling backward, crashing onto the front hood of the Koenigsegg with a sharp clang.

With the punch landed, Su Jindi did not pause. Like a man possessed, he pressed Xie Kun against the car hood, grabbing the collar of Xie Kun's shirt with his left hand, and swinging his right fist again, smashing down at Xie Kun's blood-stained face!

"Smack—"

This time, before Su Jindi could swing his fist, a Great Han arrived in time, slapping him across the head so hard that his head jerked to the side, stars bursting in his vision.

"Bang—"

Immediately after, another Great Han arrived, kicking Su Jindi in the waist. Su Jindi, losing his balance, fell to the side.

However...

He still tightly grasped Xie Kun's shirt collar, dragging Xie Kun down with him.

"Let go of Mr. Xie!"

A third Great Han stepped forward, grabbed Su Jindi's hair, and signaled for him to let go.

"Bang—"

The response from the Great Han was a heavy punch!

Not only did Su Jindi not let go, but he also took advantage of the moment the Great Han did not react to punch Xie Kun in the face again.

"Ah!"

That punch landed right on Xie Kun's eye, eliciting a cry of pain from him as he said in full panic, "Get him off me! Get him off!!"

"Quick Motherfucker, let go!"

Seeing that Su Jindi not only refused to let go but also continued to brutally punch Xie Kun, all four Great Hans became enraged, one of them shouting furiously.

Pitter-patter!

Upon the shout, the four Great Hans unleashed a savage beating on Su Jindi.

Although Su Jindi had practiced martial arts in a dojo for three years, he had learned only fancy moves that could handle ordinary punks; against professional thugs, he had no chance.

Thus, facing the violent assault from the four Great Hans, he was not only powerless to fight back but was also beaten from side to side, resembling a grass swayed by gusts in a field, on the verge of collapse at any moment.

Besides, under the lights, one could clearly see his face, seething in anger, was completely blood-stained.

Yet—

His eyes were even redder!

They were like those of a battle-frenzied warrior, spurting out murderous aura!

That's right...

It was a murderous aura!

At that moment, he wanted to kill Xie Kun!

Seemingly sensing Su Jindi's murderous intent, the four Great Hans were shocked; startled, they struck even harder, knocking Su Jindi to the ground.

Facing an even more ferocious beating, Su Jindi still did not block; he only clutched Xie Kun's shirt collar.

Clinging to it tightly...

"Crack—"

Seeing that Su Jindi was still tightly holding on, one of the Great Hans, eyes fierce, grabbed Su Jindi's wrist and twisted it forcefully!

Upon twisting, the wrist broke, and only then did Su Jindi's left hand let go of Xie Kun's shirt collar.

Seeing this, the four Great Hans did not stop. They dragged Su Jindi aside like dragging a dead dog, while Feng Kai hurriedly stepped forward to support the bloodied Xie Kun, asking concernedly, "Mr. Xie, are you alright?"

Without responding, Xie Kun merely gazed in fear at the bloodied Su Jindi, recalling the deadly intent he had seen in him just moments earlier.

"It looks like it's little Kun!"

Meanwhile, a black elongated Rolls-Royce Phantom arrived. Xie Yin, seeing the blood-covered Xie Kun, was startled and swiftly got out of the car.

Quick Blade Wang Dong turned his head to look at Lin Ao Feng, as if asking whether to go down and help.

"It's just kids fighting, it's unworthy of your intervention, Quick Blade Wang Dong," Lin Ao Feng said nonchalantly, holding a glass of red wine.

Upon hearing these words, Wang Dong withdrew his gaze, remaining silent.

Meanwhile, Xie Yin quickly ran up to Xie Kun, urgently asking, "Little Kun, how are you?"

"Gulp!"

Hearing the familiar call, Xie Kun turned his head, noticed the arrival was his sister, swallowed, and then his emotions surged, "Sister, Su Jindi the bastard wants to kill me! He wants to kill me!!"

"What... what happened?"

Hearing this, Xie Yin was momentarily stunned, then her expression turned icy. As a former disciple of Lan Hua Sect and Hanghu's top vixen, she was never soft-hearted. Otherwise, she wouldn't have managed to send her husband and father-in-law to Yama Palace consecutively just to lay claim to a massive inheritance.

"Su Jindi the bastard, he made me call you a whore, a slut before so many people. I didn't do it, so he hit me. The men from Brother Feng tried to stop him, but he didn't cease and instead tried to kill me... tried to kill me!!" Xie Kun replied, highly agitated.

"Little Kun, wipe the blood off your face. I'll handle this," Xie Yin said, pulling out a wet wipe from her purse and handing it to Xie Kun to clean his face.

After finishing, she slowly stood up and walked straight towards the severely injured Su Jindi.

"Clack! Clack!"

For a moment, only the sound of Xie Yin's high heels striking the ground could be heard at the parking lot entrance. Everyone's gaze turned to Xie Yin, not noticing an A6 driving past.

Under everyone's gaze, Xie Yin quickly reached Su Jindi.

"A piece of Su Family trash, daring to touch my brother?"

Under the lights, Xie Yin stepped onto the blood-stained face of Su Jindi, looking down and asking, "Are you looking to die?"

"I think the one looking to die is you!"

Just as Xie Yin's arrogant words fell, a deep and dangerous voice suddenly erupted!

Chapter 108: Pay the Bill!

Hmm?

This sudden low growl, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, shocked everyone to the core.

In an instant.

Almost everyone turned their gaze towards the source of the sound, only to see an Audi A6L that had appeared at the entrance of the Yunshan Club parking lot.

Woosh—

Shortly after, before everyone could recover from their shock, the door of the Audi A6L opened, and Ye Fan, expressionless, stepped out of the car.

Who is this guy?

Although Ye Fan had become famous throughout the Jiangnan Real Estate Industry for helping the Su Family secure the 'Binhe New District Phase One Project' and exposing the traitor Xu Weize, and was even hotly discussed in Jiangnan high society for a while, most people had only heard of him and had not seen him in person.

In such a situation, with Ye Fan's unfamiliar face before them, nearly everyone was asking themselves.

And that familiar voice of Ye Fan, upon reaching Su Jindi's ears, caused his blood-stained, horrendous face to instantly show a flicker of excitement. He laboriously moved his head, trying to see if the person was indeed Ye Fan.

"Gee gee... I thought I was dealing with someone bold, and it turns out it's just Su Yuxin's kept man."

Seeing Ye Fan's face, which she once loathed to the bone, Xie Yin burst into laughter instead of anger. It felt like the funniest joke in the world to her, laughing uncontrollably, her smile filled with mockery and disdain, "A mere kept man daring to say I'm courting death, could it be that today's sun rose from the west?"

'So it's Su Yuxin's doctor.'

Hearing Xie Yin say this, the surrounding street racers suddenly realized and then looked at Ye Fan as if they were looking at an idiot, believing that Ye Fan was courting death!

Courting death?

Su Jindi painfully turned his head and saw that familiar figure of Ye Fan; his blood-covered face filled with excitement, mixed with a trace of frustration!

Courting death?

Feng Kai thought about Ye Fan crippling Gou Wei at the entrance of the CC Bar, feeling a chill in his heart, but... when he saw the black stretch Rolls Royce Phantom in front, he calmed down quite a bit.

"I think you're looking to join this Su Family trash in burial,"

Seeing that Ye Fan remained silent, Xie Yin spoke again with an air of invincibility, feeling as if killing Ye Fan would be simpler than squishing an ant.

Burial?

Ye Fan answered with his actions!

Under everyone's watchful eyes, he suddenly exerted power from his feet, his body flickering like a phantom, and appeared right in front of Xie Yin.

Coming to a halt, Ye Fan's right hand swung instinctively, striking towards Xie Yin's charming and arrogant face.

"Slap—"

The slap landed, and the immense force instantly fractured Xie Yin's jawbone with a crisp crack, sending her soaring like a struck baseball.

"Ah!"

In mid-air, half of Xie Yin's face collapsed, bloody and mangled, causing her to emit a painful scream.

"Uh..."

This unexpected scene momentarily short-circuited everyone's thought processes; they stared with wide eyes and open mouths, shocked, standing still like living fossils.

Because, aside from Su Jindi, no one expected Ye Fan to strike!

To those street racers, Ye Fan was merely Su Yuxin's doctor, while Xie Yin was a top-tier vixen of Hanghu, and also Lin Ao Feng's woman!

It can be said without exaggeration that even if Xie Yin wasn't Lin Ao Feng's woman, Ye Fan shouldn't have dared to lay a finger on her!

Although Feng Kai had witnessed Ye Fan's ruthlessness, with 'a man's reputation is like a tree's shadow,' he wouldn't believe that Ye Fan dared to provoke Lin Ao Feng!

Compared to Feng Kai and those street racers, the shock in Xie Kun's heart was beyond description.

He stared at Ye Fan with a ghost-seeing expression, as if asking: How... how is this possible?

Possible?

"Bang—"

As if to answer Xie Kun, after a brief flight, Xie Yin, under the pull of gravity, crashed heavily to the ground with a dull sound.

Under the lights, her body curled up, shaking violently, her onced charming face no longer held any trace of superiority, but was instead grotesquely mangled, somewhat frightening at a first glance.

"Hiss~"

The sound of Xie Yin's crash pulled everyone back to reality. The street racers gasped and uncontrollably turned their eyes towards Ye Fan, filled with confusion: How... how dare he hit Xie Yin? Doesn't he know that Xie Yin is currently Lin Ao Feng's woman??

It must be so!

Doubts arose, and many street racers were certain in their hearts.

Not just them, even Feng Kai thought that Ye Fan didn't know about the fact that Xie Yin had become Lin Ao Feng's woman; otherwise, even if given a hundred guts, he absolutely wouldn't dare to touch a hair on Xie Yin!

Upon thinking this, Feng Kai couldn't help but glance at the black stretch Rolls Royce Phantom ahead, only to see that Lin Ao Feng and Quick Blade Wang Dong had already alighted from the car and were walking this way.

Under the illumination of the lamp, Feng Kai distinctly saw Quick Blade Wang Dong's indifferent expression, his gaze towards Ye Fan was as if he was looking at a dead man.

Lin Ao Feng's expression darkened to the extreme, his ominous gaze seemed intent on devouring someone alive.

Seeing this scene, Feng Kai couldn't help but shudder, then, spurred by a sudden thought, he shouted at his four subordinates, "What the fuck are you standing there for? Get him!"

There was no response.

The four burly men, as if treating Feng Kai's command as thin air, simply stared at Ye Fan with faces full of fear.

They hadn't even seen how Ye Fan had made his move, and now to confront him was like a mouse licking a cat's behind — a suicide mission!

"Jin Emperor, how do you feel?"

Ye Fan ignored Feng Kai's clamor. He squatted down, helped Su Jindi up, and while asking, he examined Su Jindi's injuries.

"Ye... Brother Ye, I'm fine," Su Jindi pursed his lips and gently shook his head, his face covered in blood, wholly dominated by excitement.

As Su Jindi finished speaking, Ye Fan concluded his examination and found that Su Jindi had only sustained external injuries, with the most severe being a broken wrist. Although it looked terrifying, there was no threat to his life.

With this result, Ye Fan breathed a slight sigh of relief, then asked, "What happened? Who did this to you?"

"I had arranged a race with Xie Kun, but he became arrogant because his sister, Xie Yin, became Lin Ao Feng's woman. He repeatedly insulted me, and even said if I lost, I would have to kneel and kowtow, calling him 'grandpa,' and keep my distance whenever I saw him after!"

At this point, Su Jindi's emotions flared, his breathing grew heavy, and his tone filled with anger, "Not only that, but he also insulted my sister and you, Brother Ye! I endured it all until I won the race. However, after the race, he not only refused to honor the bet but also insulted my sister by calling her trash, and he dared me to hit him. I couldn't hold back any longer and made my move, then they jumped me until that bitch Xie Yin arrived and they stopped hitting me..."

"Can you stand up?"

After listening to Su Jindi's explanation, Ye Fan tore off his own shirt and handed it to Su Jindi, saying, "If you can, stand up and wipe the blood from your face. If you can't stand, lie down after you've cleaned your face. I'll handle what comes next."

"Mm."

Su Jindi took Ye Fan's white shirt, wiped the blood off his face, and then with Ye Fan's help, hobbled to his feet.

Seeing this, Ye Fan let go, turned around, and then saw the grim-faced Lin Ao Feng and the indifferent Wang Dong standing like two wrathful deities about five meters in front of him, while Feng Kai and his four subordinates stood to one side, heads bowed, not daring to even breathe loudly.

As if he had already sensed the presence of Lin Ao Feng and Wang Dong, when he saw them, Ye Fan's face showed no sign of emotion; instead, it was like a dry well, offering a sense of deathly stillness.

"Trash!"

Lin Ao Feng glanced at Feng Kai as if looking at garbage.

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

"Thud!"

At Lin Ao Feng's words, Feng Kai and his four subordinates, terrified, collapsed to their knees, their knees slamming heavily onto the concrete pavement.

"I'm sorry, Young Master Lin, we failed to protect Miss Xie," Feng Kai, not minding the severe pain in his knees, laid on the ground trembling, admitting his mistake.

"I'm curious, who gave you the courage to lay hands even on my woman?"

Ignoring the pleas of Feng Kai and his men, Lin Ao Feng's chilling gaze fixed on Ye Fan like a beast eyeing its prey, flickering with a cold and sinister light.

Whoosh!

As Lin Ao Feng's icy words reached his ears, sensing the cold chill in his tone, the racing enthusiasts all turned their attention to Ye Fan, curious to see how he would respond.

"Lin Ao Feng, the son of Lin Tianyi, the boss of Nanqinghong?" Amid everyone's gaze, Ye Fan slowly began to speak, his resolute face showing no hint of fear.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan's casual words were like water splashed into a boiling pot, immediately stirring up a commotion, agitating the crowd.

"He knows Young Master Lin's identity and still dares to make a move?"

"Yeah, isn't he afraid of Young Master Lin's retaliation? Or does he think the Su Family can stand against Nanqinghong?"

"Maybe he has some trump card, or maybe he's really badass."

"Do you think a badass person would condescend to be a doctor for Su Yuxin? Nonsense!"

...

For a time, the racing enthusiasts were abuzz, all eyes locked on Ye Fan, seemingly eager to understand what gave him the confidence to confront Lin Ao Feng without fear.

"Who are you?"

Initially, like everyone else, Lin Ao Feng thought Ye Fan did not know that Xie Yin had become his woman and had dared to slap her away. Now, upon hearing Ye Fan openly stating his name and identity, Lin Ao Feng felt a mix of surprise and a deeper chill in his gaze.

"Who I am doesn't matter."

Ye Fan stared at Lin Ao Feng expressionlessly, his tone leaving no room for doubt: "What matters is, you all will pay for today's events!"

Chapter 109: [Utter Defeat!]

"Uh..."

Seeing Ye Fan's 'shocking statement', those car racing enthusiasts were once again stunned and speechless.

At that moment,

they even doubted their own ears!

However—

When they saw Ye Fan's calm and composed expression, reason told them that their ears were fine—Ye Fan wasn't joking!

This left them very perplexed.

They really wanted to know, on what basis did Ye Fan dare to behave so arrogantly in front of Nanqinhong Crown Prince, Lin Ao Feng!

As those car enthusiasts were shocked and puzzled, Quick Blade Wang Dong's indifferent eyes were tightly fixed on Ye Fan, filled with murderous intent.

It was certain that the moment Lin Ao Feng gave the command, he would strike at Ye Fan without hesitation.

"Haha..."

Lin Ao Feng did not give any instructions but couldn't help laughing.

He laughed uproariously as if he had heard the coldest joke in the world, laughing unrestrainedly.

At that moment, he even thought that Ye Fan's brain must have been squeezed by a door!

Because...

In the past over twenty years, no young person had ever dared to be so arrogant in his presence once they knew his identity!

Never!!

"Lin... Young Master Lin."

Just as Lin Ao Feng's laughter was gradually subsiding, Xie Yin, not far away, struggled to get up, calling out to Lin Ao Feng in a pitiful and aggrieved tone, trying to have him avenge her.

As Hanghu's top vixen, she had always played men around, but she was defeated by Ye Fan and she had finally clung to Lin Ao Feng's coattails, only for Ye Fan to slap her away right in front of Lin Ao Feng...

All this escalated her hatred for Ye Fan to a terrifying degree, feeling an immediate urge to tear Ye Fan into pieces.

"Young Master Lin, his name is Ye Fan, a wild doctor who has become the deputy general manager of Lv Hu Group Jiangnan Company under the Su Family after treating Su Yuxin. Aside from this, he caused trouble at the entrance of CC Bar a month ago and crippled a wealthy young man."

Hearing Xie Yin speak, Feng Kai, who had been kneeling on the ground, hesitated before tremblingly saying, "Another one called Su Jindi, is Su Yuxin's younger brother."

"Su Yuxin?"

As Feng Kai's words echoed in his ears, Lin Ao Feng's mind instantly flashed with Su Yuxin's breathtaking photo, his eyes flickering with a licentious light, then he looked at Ye Fan as if gazing at a dead man, and said, "Su Yuxin is the woman I have reserved for myself, so I might spare her brother, but... not you!"

"Young Master Lin!"

Hearing that Lin Ao Feng had reserved Su Yuxin and was even planning to spare Su Jindi, Xie Yin immediately became anxious.

"Of course, since you healed Su Yuxin, enabling me to enjoy her fragrance, I can let you die swiftly."

Ignoring what Xie Yin said, Lin Ao Feng, like a judge delivering a verdict, spoke unhurriedly, "Kneel down, kowtow three times, and call me 'grandpa' three times. I will leave your body intact, otherwise, I will make your life worse than death!"

"Uh..."

Hearing Lin Ao Feng say this, Xie Yin swallowed her subsequent words.

Because... for her at that moment, her hatred towards Ye Fan had reached an unprecedented peak, and all she thought about was tearing Ye Fan to pieces.

Thus, as long as Ye Fan could be killed, whether or not she taught Su Jindi a lesson had become irrelevant to her.

Meanwhile, those car racing enthusiasts, as well as some wealthy people who had hastily come upon hearing the news, all turned their gaze toward Ye Fan, eager to see what he would do.

Without responding, Ye Fan simply started walking towards Lin Ao Feng with large strides.

"Wang Dong!"

Seeing Ye Fan disregarding his words, Lin Ao Feng's face turned cold, and he bellowed.

"Whoosh!"

At Lin Ao Feng's command, Wang Dong shot out like an arrow off its bow, hurtling toward Ye Fan with terrifying speed that caused a breaking sound in the air.

A five-meter distance was like just one step to Wang Dong.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Ye Fan, his right hand suddenly swung out, transforming his hand into a blade, slashing fiercely at Ye Fan's head!

"Zzzt~"

With the hand blade swung, it was as if the air had been cut open, emitting a crisp sound.

The fierce blade wind hit Ye Fan's face, causing all his pores to stand on end and his face to ache, and even... his eyes were stung.

Although Wang Dong didn't use an actual knife, but transformed his hand into one, the potency was not less than an ordinary Postnatal Perfection expert using a real knife.

The speed was even faster!

At that moment, only Lin Ao Feng could barely see Wang Dong's attack clearly. When he saw Wang Dong's hand blade swiftly slashing towards Ye Fan's head, the corners of his mouth couldn't help but reveal a devilish grin.

He was well aware of Wang Dong's strength, in his view, if Wang Dong's hand blade struck, Ye Fan's head would be split open just like a watermelon!

As if to confirm Lin Ao Feng's estimation, almost before Ye Fan could react, Wang Dong's hand blade had already reached atop Ye Fan's head.

Facing Wang Dong's lethal hand blade, Ye Fan's eyes narrowed slightly, his consciousness moved, and the power stored in his nine acupoints surged crazily to his right hand as if summoned.

Power arrived, Iron Fist swung!

Pitter-patter—

At that moment, sounds akin to steel colliding rang through Ye Fan's body, his arm suddenly thickened, his right fist clenched, and swung upwards like a cannon, ferociously smashing towards Wang Dong's hand blade!

With this strike, Ye Fan chose to meet force with force!

"Pop! Pop! Pop!"

As the punch struck out, the inner and outer unity of Ye Fan's organs and muscles burst forth with strength, the punch seeming to contain explosive power, instantly blasting open the air above and abruptly dispersing Wang Dong's blade wind.

As the saying goes, a master's move shows if they've got it or not.

Seeing Ye Fan's thunderous punch, Lin Ao Feng's pupils suddenly dilated.

At that moment, Wang Dong's heart suddenly tightened, regretting that he had underestimated his opponent and had failed to use his Short Knife.

However—

There is no such thing as a regret medicine in this world!

"Bang—"

In a spark of electric flint, Ye Fan's right fist collided with Wang Dong's Hand Blade, unleashing power, clashing and neutralizing each other like the bursting of firecrackers, emitting a series of 'crackling' noises.

Whoosh!

Wang Dong's face suddenly changed, feeling as if he had chopped his Hand Blade onto a volcano. Not only did his palm feel a fiery pain, but his arm also became numb, his internal qi and blood churned, and he lost his balance, involuntarily stepping back two steps.

In contrast, Ye Fan's expression remained unchanged, his feet firmly planted on the ground, immovable.

With this move, the strong and weak were immediately distinguished!

After breaking through Wang Dong's Hand Blade with a punch, Ye Fan did not pause; shifting from defense to attack, he took a quick step forward, suddenly loosened his right fist, and transformed his hand into a blade, slashing fiercely with his Hand Blade.

Using the opponent's move against them!

Ye Fan launched a ferocious counterattack with a Hand Blade!

This Hand Blade, in terms of speed, strength, and momentum, surpassed Wang Dong's earlier Hand Blade as if even a mountain ahead could be split open!

Caught off-guard for not using his Short Knife earlier, Wang Dong was now destabilized, his internal qi and blood were unstable. Just as he was about to steady himself, he saw Ye Fan's vicious Hand Blade slicing towards him and had no choice but to dodge its sharp edge, retreating explosively!

Rustle—

The Hand Blade almost grazed Wang Dong's face as it chopped down, the fierce wind not only painfully whipping his face but also scraping blood from the tiny vessels in Wang Dong's nose, causing blood to instantly spurt out.

Wang Dong felt a chill in his heart; he felt like he had just taken a walk by the gates of the afterlife.

As the Hand Blade missed, Ye Fan did not pause; seizing the momentum, he launched forward like a whirlwind, determined to strike down Wang Dong!

Seeing Ye Fan's fierce approach, Wang Dong, still in retreat, steeled his heart and suddenly reached towards his waist with his left hand.

"Clang!"

Suddenly, a crisp sound was heard, and a Short Knife appeared in Wang Dong's hand, its blade cold and white, refracting the light, dazzling to behold.

With the Short Knife drawn, Wang Dong reversed from retreat to advance, his left hand wielding the blade, swinging it forward fiercely as it stabbed towards Ye Fan's abdomen!

Quick Blade, Quick Blade, Wang Dong's saber technique was the famous 'Wang Family's Saber Technique' from last century in the Martial Arts World of Huaxia, known for its speed.

And moreover... very few knew that Wang Dong was even more terrifying when wielding the blade with his left hand!

This was also the reason he was able to defeat opponents repeatedly!

This strike, he executed at his utmost speed, the cold white blade shot towards Ye Fan like a bolt of lightning!

There is no denying that as one of the Eight Great Kings under Lin Tianyi, Wang Dong had tremendous combat experience. At the critical moment, he chose to draw his blade, using the blade's reflection of light to distract Ye Fan, simultaneously switching from defense to attack, catching Ye Fan completely off guard.

Hmm?

In the distance, hidden in the darkness, Ye Wenhao watching this strange strike, suddenly narrowed his pupils and tightened his consciousness!

Even if he wanted to help, it was too late.

Simultaneously, Ye Fan seemed to be startled by this unpredictable strike, pausing abruptly.

Noticing this, a cold smile spread across Wang Dong's lips.

Clearly... in his perspective, given such a short distance and under the premise that Ye Fan was fully pursuing him, it was impossible to dodge this strike!

Not just him, the onlooking Lin Ao Feng also heaved a sigh of relief.

From observing the earlier exchanges between Wang Dong and Ye Fan, he had realized that Ye Fan had the upper hand, but seeing Wang Dong's strange and well-timed strike, it seemed impossible to evade, allowing him to completely relax.

Whew!

The next moment, amidst Wang Dong's and Lin Ao Feng's sinister smiles, under Ye Wenhao's anxious gaze, Ye Fan's body, like a boneless spirit snake, suddenly swerved aside, causing Wang Dong's strike to miss.

Click!

This sudden change, not only shook Wang Dong's heart but also brought an extremely dangerous omen!

His instincts and reason told him that Ye Fan would not miss this perfect opportunity to counterattack!

As if to confirm Wang Dong's guess, having narrowly dodged Wang Dong's lethal strike, Ye Fan did not wait for Wang Dong to retract his blade. Instead, he transformed his hand into a palm and slapped fiercely at Wang Dong's blade-holding left wrist—

—Ba Gua Palm!

This strike, Ye Fan used the Ba Gua Palm, renowned throughout the Martial Arts World.

"Slap—"

The palm strike hit directly on Wang Dong's left wrist.

"Crack—"

The force exploded, the terrifying power instantly breaking Wang Dong's wrist, and the Short Knife flew from his hand, shooting into the ground like a streak of white light.

With his left hand disabled, Wang Dong's internal qi and blood were completely disordered, his breath unstable, and his reactions slowed.

Seizing this chance, Ye Fan suddenly swung his left hand, gripping Wang Dong's neck from behind like a tiger's claw, pressing down forcefully while his right leg lifted, the knee raising to strike at Wang Dong's chest.

—Knee Strike!

This knee strike, though seemingly simple, contained the essence of the Iron Mountain Leaning technique.

Unmovable as a mountain, striking as thunder!

"Bang—"

"Crack—"

In an instant, the sounds of a dull thump and breaking bones followed successively; under the powerful blow, Wang Dong's ribs shattered inch by inch, his chest caved in completely, and his body flew backward.

In mid-air, Wang Dong looked like a kite with its string cut, tottering, his face deathly pale, blood gushing ceaselessly from his mouth.

The scene froze there.

Within five moves, Wang Dong was utterly defeated!

Chapter 110: [This is Not a Dream!]

"Defeated?"

At the entrance to the parking lot, except for Lin Ao Feng, the others looked at Wang Dong, who was sent flying out, with faces full of shock, their minds completely filled with this confusion.

They couldn't see clearly the fight scene just now, which was even more exaggerated than a movie; they could only catch glimpses of Ye Fan and Wang Dong's figures flashing before, and then saw Wang Dong sent flying.

And... the whole process took less than five seconds!

This gave them the illusion of being transported to a martial arts world.

Just as everyone was in shock, Lin Ao Feng's pupils suddenly dilated to their maximum, and the charming smile on his face instantly froze!

In his view, with the ferocity of Wang Dong's knife, Ye Fan would either die or be injured.

But now, not only had Ye Fan dodged Wang Dong's lethal knife, but he also disabled Wang Dong with just two moves after avoiding it!

This sudden turn of events made Lin Ao Feng feel like he had fallen from heaven into hell—if not for the sight of Wang Dong's mouth spraying blood in his eyes, he would even doubt his own vision!

"Bang——"

Soon, under the gaze of everyone, Wang Dong's body heavily fell to the ground, not only spitting out two more mouthfuls of blood, but also with his broken ribs instantly piercing through his flesh, staining the blood and presenting it in everyone's line of sight.

"Ah——"

Seeing such a bloody scene, some street racing enthusiasts who were close screamed and ran away, while the others felt a tingling on their scalps.

Xie Yin and his sister Xie Kun were directly scared witless!

It was already shocking enough to them that Ye Fan dared to challenge Lin Ao Feng's authority, but now Ye Fan had quickly and efficiently crippled Lin Ao Feng's trusted lieutenant, and one could imagine the shock this brought them!

As for... Feng Kai was nearly scared to the point of fainting!

Although he had witnessed Ye Fan's ruthless methods at the entrance of CC Bar, he had never dreamed that Ye Fan's strength would be so formidable.

Seeing Wang Dong's miserable state, Lin Ao Feng knew well that even if Wang Dong were lucky enough to survive, he would probably become a crippled person in the future.

That made Lin Ao Feng's heart sink to the bottom, and his face could no longer find even a hint of arrogance and pride, what was left was only solemnity.

Unprecedented solemnity!

At this moment, he completely forgot the brave words he had said earlier about making Ye Fan kneel and kowtow and leaving his body intact; instead, he stared solemnly at Ye Fan and asked, "Are you from the Ba Gua Sect?"

Without answering, Ye Fan's gaze drifted towards a dark area in the distance.

Just now, when Wang Dong drew his knife for that stab, the reason why Ye Fan's figure paused was not because Wang Dong had caught him off guard—with the combat experience accumulated from mission after mission over the past two years, he was no less inferior to Wang Dong!

He paused because, in that instant, he felt an overwhelmingly powerful presence that he couldn't contend with!

"My father, Lin Tianyi, has a good private relationship with the Sect Leader of the Ba Gua Sect, Yang Qi. Today's incident is a misunderstanding; let's just let bygones be bygones, shall we?"

Seeing that Ye Fan didn't speak, Lin Ao Feng practically confirmed that Ye Fan was from the Ba Gua Sect, and, seizing the opportunity, he not only brought up his father Lin Tianyi but also lied, claiming that Lin Tianyi had a good relationship with the Sect Leader of the Ba Gua Sect, Yang Qi.

In fact, Lin Tianyi had no relationship with the Sect Leader of the Ba Gua Sect, Yang Qi. Lin Ao Feng did this because he knew full well that he was no match for Ye Fan and intended to downplay the incident.

Misunderstanding?

Upon hearing Lin Ao Feng's words, Ye Fan reined in his consciousness, lips curling into an icy smile.

Having experienced numerous life-and-death battles, he knew very well that if he had been weaker than Wang Dong, he would have been slain by Wang Dong's blade long ago. What misunderstanding could there be?

It was nothing but the law of the jungle!

"Brother Ye, today's incident is my fault. I apologize to you here and hope we can let bygones be bygones." Seeing the icy smile on Ye Fan's lips, Lin Ao Feng's heart sank again, and he had no choice but to lower his stance even further.

Watching Lin Ao Feng lower his stance, Ye Fan understood that the person with the terrifying aura hiding in the distance was definitely not one of Lin Ao Feng's, otherwise Lin Ao Feng wouldn't be so humble and submissive.

Could it be someone from the Yanhuang Organization?

Or could it be Ye Wenhao himself?

Ye Fan suddenly recalled what Situ Chen had told him earlier: Ye Wenhao didn't allow Jianghu People to act recklessly within his jurisdiction. At that moment, he felt that it was very likely to be Ye Wenhao himself.

"Surely Uncle Yang wouldn't want to see us escalate a minor misunderstanding into a fight, which could deteriorate the relationship between the Ba Gua Sect and Nanqinghong, would he?" The silence of Ye Fan made Lin Ao Feng feel uneasy. With no other choice, he had to mention Nanqinghong again, trying to exert both soft and hard tactics.

"I've said that you will pay for today's incident."

Even though he deduced that Ye Wenhao was likely hiding around, Ye Fan did not want to let Lin Ao Feng, Xie Yin, and the siblings Xie Kun off easily. Instead, he stated his stance firmly while pondering a solution that would satisfy all parties.

He wanted to teach Lin Ao Feng and others a lesson without offending Ye Wenhao.

"His injuries may look scary, but they're just superficial wounds, nothing serious."

Upon hearing this, Lin Ao Feng's face went through a series of changes, pointing at Su Jindi, he argued, "But my man has been completely crippled by you, even with his life at risk, I think the punishment should be enough."

"Every debt has its debtor, and the one who injured Jin Emperor wasn't him," Ye Fan said expressionlessly.

Startled by Ye Fan's words, Feng Kai's heart skipped a beat, his body convulsing violently as if he had been electrocuted.

Initially, despite having witnessed Ye Fan's ruthless methods, Feng Kai believed that with Lin Ao Feng present, Ye Fan would have to lie low, curled up like a dragon or a crouching tiger. But now, Lin Ao Feng was completely at a disadvantage, even sacrificing his pride repeatedly in humble concessions.

In such a situation, he didn't believe Lin Ao Feng would risk his life in a fight to the death with Ye Fan for him—a dispensable pawn.

"You're saying them?"

As Feng Kai was caught in terror, Lin Ao Feng pointed a hand towards Feng Kai and the other four, frightening them so much they nearly passed out.

"Not just them," Ye Fan shook his head and said, "But also the instigator."

"Uh..."

Not far away, Xie Yin heard Ye Fan's words and understood that he was going to dig to the root of the matter, her legs giving way in fear, nearly toppling to the ground.

Although she didn't know why Ye Fan's Combat Power was so abnormal, she could clearly see the current situation—Lin Ao Feng wouldn't dare to confront Ye Fan head-on!

"Young Master Lin... Young Master Lin!"

In her shock, Xie Yin sought help from Lin Ao Feng in fear, desperately clutching at straws.

Although Lin Ao Feng was currently at a disadvantage, if even he couldn't save her, then she was doomed regardless.

"Good!"

Lin Ao Feng completely ignored Xie Yin's plea for help and agreed to Ye Fan's demand without hesitation, making it seem as though Xie Yin and the others were mere toys to him, easily discarded at any time.

"Young Master Lin!"

Despite guessing that Lin Ao Feng might agree to Ye Fan's demand to save his own skin, seeing him agree so decisively made both Feng Kai and Xie Yin anxious.

Lin Ao Feng remained unmoved, with only the flames of anger flickering deep within his eyes.

In the past twenty-some years, he had never suffered such humiliation, but as the son of the crafty Lin Tianyi, he had an endurance beyond ordinary people's capacity and knew well the principle that one must bow their head under someone else's roof. Therefore, he didn't show his anger on his face.

Nevertheless, amidst his anger, Lin Ao Feng sneered inwardly.

He sneered because he knew that in recent years, Ye Wenhao would never allow Jianghu People to run amok in his territory, especially forbidding harm to commoners!

In such a situation, if Ye Fan laid a hand on Xie Yin, the Xie Kun siblings, and Feng Kai, that would be tantamount to challenging Ye Wenhao's authority, surely incurring Ye Wenhao's wrath!

Trading the legs of Xie Yin, Xie Kun, and Feng Kai for Ye Fan's head was a deal that Lin Ao Feng found very worthwhile!

Ideals are plump, reality is skeletal.

"You break their legs yourself and make them kowtow to Jin Emperor and admit their mistakes!"

Just as Lin Ao Feng was calculating his advantage, Ye Fan spoke again, his tone still leaving no room for doubt.

"You..."

Upon hearing this, Lin Ao Feng was so angered he almost fainted.

"You can choose not to do it," said Ye Fan coldly, cutting off Lin Ao Feng. "But I assure you, your end will be worse than theirs!"

As he spoke, Ye Fan pointed towards the dying Wang Dong.

Lin Ao Feng swallowed back the words he wanted to say with a face full of indignation, his expression fluctuating.

The no-nonsense tone of Ye Fan made Lin Ao Feng certain—if he did not do as Ye Fan said, Ye Fan would not hesitate to take action.

At the same time, he also knew that if he did so, he might very well incur Ye Wenhao's fury!

But there was a premise—that Xie Yin, Xie Kun, and Feng Kai would report this matter to the police or even to the Yanhuang Organization!

"I can agree,"

After pondering, Lin Ao Feng agreed with a sullen expression, "However, as you said, debts have their debtors, and grievances their proper place. Once I break their legs, this matter will be closed!"

"Agreed," Ye Fan nodded expressionlessly.

A ruthless person, once a decision is made, will never hesitate!

Lin Ao Feng was just such a person.

Having decided, he wasted no more words, and with a single leap, he suddenly appeared in front of Xie Kun.

"No... no... please no!"

Seeing this, Xie Kun was so terrified he collapsed on the floor, as a yellow liquid uncontrollably streamed from between his legs.

It felt as if, at this very moment, Lin Ao Feng, who was once seen as his support, had become a devil from Hell!

Under the light, his hands pressed to the ground, he kept retreating.

He just wanted to get farther away from Lin Ao Feng... even farther!

"Young... Young Master Lin, please don't..."

Just as Lin Ao Feng was about to take action, Xie Yin screamed in shock, her usually enchanting eyes no longer alluring or disdainful, but filled with terror!

"Crack—"

The next moment.

Amidst Xie Yin's terrified pleas, Lin Ao Feng emotionlessly broke Xie Kun's shin, the sound of snapping bones like the wails of a demon, sending chills down one's spine.

"Ahhh!!"

Xie Kun let out a pained wail, passing out from the agony.

"Why is this happening?"

On the other side, Xie Yin collapsed to the ground, her gaze drifting towards Ye Fan, her eyes filled with disbelief.

It seemed, up until this moment, she still couldn't believe that the young man she once thought unworthy of even carrying Lin Ao Feng's shoes, could suddenly become a powerful presence before whom Lin Ao Feng had to bow!

It was as if she were in a dream.

"Crack—"

"Ahhh—"

The sound of breaking bones echoed again, intense pain spreading rapidly from the shin to Xie Yin's entire body, causing her to scream in heart-wrenching torment.

This was no dream.

The pain had dragged her back to reality!