

Invincible Young Master in the City #Chapter 11 - 11 007 Rebellious Girl - Read Invincible Young Master in the City Chapter 11 - 11 007 Rebellious Girl

11: Chapter 007: Rebellious Girl 11: Chapter 007: Rebellious Girl Night.

Hua Hai City did not quiet down with the fall of night; instead, it became more clamorous and lively.

Especially since some activities tend to only occur in the late night.

Ye Fan sat in the bar, contentedly sipping his drink.

He had just arrived in Hua Hai not long ago and had nowhere to go at night, not wanting to stay at home facing Li Zhaojun, so he had to turn to the bar.

However, he really enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere of the bar and the comfortable life of an ordinary person.

“Hello, may I sit here?” A sweet, soft voice asked, followed by a whiff of a woman’s fragrance that invaded his nostrils.

Ye Fan looked up and saw a beautiful woman in her mid-twenties standing in front of him, dressed in a slightly conservative white long dress with black long hair draped over her shoulders.

The woman in the white dress was holding a wine glass with her jade hands, painted with pink nail polish, containing just a small sip of dark red liquid left.

While Ye Fan sized her up, the woman in the white dress stood somewhat restrained, waiting for his reply.

“Of course,” Ye Fan said with a faint smile, his mouth curling up.

The woman in the white dress thanked him and placed her wine glass on the table before sitting down gracefully and demurely.

“Is this your first time at a bar?” the woman in the white dress asked, her tone somewhat melancholic, like a woman lamenting her confinement.

Ye Fan replied, “No.”

“Oh,” the woman in the white dress responded, not speaking immediately, as if waiting for Ye Fan to ask her in return.

Unfortunately, Ye Fan's attention had already shifted to the neighboring table.

A girl was sitting at the table to his left.

She appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen, with fair, delicate skin and beautifully delicate features.

However, she sported an almost bald buzz cut, a slender neck adorned with a steel necklace as thick as a little finger, and she wore boys' clothes that seemed too loose on her small frame.

Moreover, she wore a pair of black, clunky men's leather boots.

Clearly, she was a rebellious teenager, especially evident in her large, round, bright eyes full of defiance, and her pink lips always tightly pressed together.

The rebellious girl seemed unhappy as she kept pouring drink after drink for herself.

"Ahem, ahem," the woman in the white dress coughed lightly.

Ye Fan turned his head back and asked indifferently, "Did you want to say something?"

The woman in the white dress was at a loss for a moment but eventually spoke up, her voice laden with sorrow, "Actually, this is my first time at a place like a bar.

I thought you looked kind, so I wanted to chat with you, is that okay?"

Ye Fan nodded noncommittally.

"Sigh," the woman in the white dress sighed deeply, like a woman trapped in seclusion, "Actually, I'm a mistress."

"Huh?" Ye Fan was mildly surprised, showing a bit of interest as he glanced at the woman in the white dress.

"He gives me enough money every month, but he only spends time with me twice a month.

Sometimes when he's busy with business, not even once.

He just leaves me alone in an empty house," the woman in the white dress said with melancholy.

"Actually, before him, I had a boyfriend.

My ex wasn't handsome, even a little ugly, but he was tall and strong like you..."

As she spoke, the woman in the white dress looked at Ye Fan with eyes filled with longing and grievance, then continued, "That man hasn't come to see me for two months now.

I'm about to go crazy staying in that villa, so for the first time, I entered a bar."

Unfortunately, Ye Fan didn't pick up the conversation but just looked at her indifferently, his gaze lingering more on her chest.

Seeing that Ye Fan remained silent, the woman in the white dress went on, "I didn't expect to meet you at the bar.

Do you know?

When I first saw you, I mistook you for my ex-boyfriend.

However, it's clear, while you are as tall and strong as my ex-boyfriend, you are much more handsome than he was."

"Tonight I just want to get drunk, but I forgot to bring money when I left home.

Could you buy me a few drinks?

I prefer XO, and one bottle should be enough to get me drunk." As the woman in the white dress spoke, she gathered the black tresses that fell in front of her face, revealing half of her fair and smooth cheek, her wistful gaze making her irresistibly alluring.

Ye Fan suddenly smiled and said to the woman in the white dress, "Why don't you buy me a glass of Erguotou instead?

I guarantee you'll feel heavenly."

The woman's charming and aggrieved face showed a moment of surprise, and she replied with a colder tone, "What do you mean?

You want to sleep with me, but you're asking me to buy you drinks?

Are you even a man?"

"Heh, of course, I'm a man.

That's why I've been tolerating you for so long," Ye Fan said leisurely with a smile, "One should know when to advance and when to retreat.

You've already cost me many chances with other girls, so stop lingering here and find some other sap."

“What do you mean?”

“What are you trying to say?” the woman in the white dress asked repeatedly, sounding quite angry.

Ye Fan shook his head with a smile, “Do you really need me to spell it out?”

You’re a bar hustler.

If it wasn’t for your big chest and okay face, I couldn’t be bothered listening to your whining.

A bottle of XO, two to three thousand, you really think I’m some big sugar daddy?”

“You’re the hustler, your whole family are hustlers!

Hmph, if you’re not buying me drinks then forget it, there are plenty of others who will!” The woman in the white dress snapped, standing up in anger and storming off.

Once the woman had left, Ye Fan turned to glance at the neighboring table to his left and noticed that the rebellious girl was gone.

“Huh, she left?”

That’s good.

A place like this isn’t where she should be anyway.”

Withdrawing his gaze, Ye Fan slowly sipped his drink, and as his eyes unintentionally glanced towards the direction of the restroom, he saw a girl with an almost bald head stumbling out.

It was the rebellious girl who had been sitting at the table next to him.

The rebellious girl had flushed cheeks, and her steps were unstable—her condition was clearly off.

After bursting out of the restroom, she headed straight for the bar’s exit.

Just as she almost made it to the door, suddenly an arrogant voice called out, “Stop her, she’s my prey!”

The two security guards at the door immediately stretched out their hands to block the rebellious girl, pushing her back inside.

The girl staggered back three or four meters, her figure swaying, nearly falling over.

At that moment, a youth wearing a tank top with one eye walked briskly over, blocking the rebellious girl's path.

Behind him followed three or four punk-looking thugs.

Several men in the bar who seemed inclined to play the hero upon seeing the one-eyed youth and his gang showed hesitation on their faces and sat back down, not daring to meddle further.

"The little Miss is pretty good-looking, and even sports a buzz cut—quite stylish, Dragon Bro likes it!" The one-eyed youth chuckled gleefully, "Come with big brother tonight, and I promise you'll be on cloud nine."

His four punk followers also broke into snickering laughter.

"Get lost!" the rebellious girl shouted defiantly, "I'm a black belt second dan in Taekwondo.

If you don't want to die, back off!"

Unfortunately, her condition made her voice weak and lacking any deterrent power.

"Ha-ha, so you've learned Taekwondo, no wonder your legs are so long, they must feel great wrapped around someone in bed," the one-eyed youth laughed brazenly and moved forward to grab the rebellious girl.

The girl retaliated instantly with a high kick toward the one-eyed youth's head, but due to her weakened state, the kick only reached his chest.

The one-eyed youth neither dodged nor blocked but intentionally stepped forward.

The girl's kick hit the one-eyed youth's chest without affecting him, but she staggered back several steps unsteadily, bumping into the sturdy and broad chest of a man.

Ye Fan caught the rebellious girl in his arms and instantly felt her body burning hot.

Looking at her flushed face as red as blood and her dazed eyes, he realized she must have been drugged.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

12: Chapter 008 "Auntie 12: Chapter 008 "Auntie "Kid, let go of her!" the one-eyed young man threatened as he pointed at Ye Fan.

Ye Fan held the rebellious girl with one arm.

She desperately tried to break free, but couldn't push his arm away at all.

"She bumped into my arms, now she's mine," Ye Fan said calmly, picking up his glass and finishing the last sip of Erguotou.

Enraged, the one-eyed young shouted, "You're seeking death!"

As he shouted, he pulled out a shimmering dagger and fiercely lunged forward.

Ye Fan's eyes turned cold, and he kicked out as fast as lightning, hitting the same spot the rebellious girl had kicked earlier.

"Ah—"

The one-eyed young man screamed in agony, flew sideways, and fell into the dance floor three to four meters away, vomiting a mouthful of blood, unable to get up again.

For a moment, everyone fell silent, mouths agape in disbelief.

The four bleached-blond punks who followed the one-eyed young man didn't dare rush forward and quietly retreated into the crowd.

Holding the rebellious girl, Ye Fan stepped toward the one-eyed young man, his eyes flashing coldly.

He stomped on the hand that had just held the dagger and then forcefully twisted it back and forth.

Ah—

The one-eyed young man screamed hysterically and eventually passed out from the pain.

Ye Fan looked unaffected as he withdrew his foot, revealing the one-eyed young man's mangled, bloodied hand, then carried the rebellious girl and strode out of the bar.

After putting the rebellious girl in the passenger seat, Ye Fan had just sat in the driver's seat when the girl immediately flung herself at him.

The drug was potent, and now that it had fully taken effect, the rebellious girl had lost her sanity, driven by boundless desire.

Ye Fan tried several times to push the girl back onto the passenger seat but failed each time.

Left with no choice, he knocked her out with a chop of his hand, finally bringing some peace.

After properly dressing the girl in her upper clothes, Ye Fan took a deep breath to calm his stirring emotions, then started the car and sped toward Ren Dong Hospital.

Ye Fan never considered himself a righteous man, but he had his principles and boundaries, such as not taking advantage of someone in a vulnerable state.

After admitting the girl to the hospital and pushing her into the ER, Ye Fan grabbed her phone to check the contacts, planning to call her parents to come and pick her up.

Unfortunately, after scrolling through the contacts twice, he couldn't find any entry labeled 'Dad' or 'Mom.' The closest contact was her aunt.

Having no other option, Ye Fan called the girl's aunt.

The phone rang twice and was quickly answered.

"Yaoyao, what do you need from your auntie?" a dignified and slightly seductive voice answered the phone, sounding quite pleasant.

"Hello, are you this phone's owner's aunt?" Ye Fan asked.

"Who are you?"

"Why do you have Yaoyao's phone?!" the voice immediately became stern and authoritative, such that even through the phone, Ye Fan could feel the imposing presence of the speaker.

However, no matter how menacing the presence, Ye Fan merely took it as a light breeze on his face.

He smirked slightly and responded indifferently, "Who I am doesn't matter.

The important thing is, she's now in Ren Dong Hospital.

You should come and pick her up."

"I'll be right there!" the aunt said quickly.

Within minutes, a black Audi rushed in and screeched to a halt in front of the emergency department.

A woman, who bore a slight resemblance to the rebellious girl, got out.

She was stunning, in her early thirties, with an elegant demeanor.

Tall and shapely, her creamy, fair skin contrasted with her curly hair falling on her fragrant shoulders.

She carried a white LV handbag, wore a sharp black ladies' suit jacket paired with a knee-length skirt, and long, slender legs clothed in flesh-colored stockings finished in a pair of red stilettos.

The woman hurried into the emergency building.

“What a breathtaking woman!

Absolutely exquisite!” Ye Fan swallowed hard and approached her, asking, “Are you ‘Yaoyao’s’ aunt?”

The woman stopped, and her narrow charming phoenix eyes suddenly shot out a sharp glare, instantly showing an aura of authority.

“Are you the one who called me?”

How is Yaoyao?”

“Yes, that was me,” Ye Fan smelled the mature woman’s fragrance which was quite appealing.

He boldly admired ‘the aunt’ for a moment, then added, “As for her condition, you’ll know if you come with me.”

With that, he turned and walked inside.

‘The aunt’ frowned slightly, her eyebrows arching beautifully.

Ye Fan’s casual demeanor reminded her of Yaoyao’s unreliable friends, which was why she had been brusque upon meeting Ye Fan.

Moreover, she anticipated that Yaoyao might be seriously injured, otherwise, Ye Fan wouldn't have called on her behalf.

Suppressing her concerns, she composed herself and followed Ye Fan.

They arrived at an emergency room door, and Ye Fan turned to face "the aunt," pointing at the door, "She's inside.

Oh, she was drugged in the bar."

As he finished speaking, the door to the emergency room opened, and doctors and nurses came out.

They looked at YeFan and "the aunt" and said, "You must be family, right?

She is stable for now, but you need to help push her to Room 302, Bed 65 for observation for a couple of hours."

"The aunt" hurried inside, and Ye Fan followed at a more leisurely pace.

"Yaoyao, how are you?" "The aunt" went up to the mobile bed, asked in a soft voice, and took Yaoyao's small hand.

"Auntie," Yaoyao's voice was weak.

At this point, a nurse already pushing to move on interrupted, "You can talk more in her room.

Please hurry and take her to the room now.”

Once the girl had been admitted to Room 302, Ye Fan hesitated at the door.

Typically, he would not follow inside and would instead quietly slip away.

But, looking at “the aunt’s” enticing back, he decided to go in after all.

Well, getting to know her wouldn’t hurt.

Invincible Young Master in the City #Chapter 13 - 13 009 Revelation - Read Invincible Young Master in the City Chapter 13 - 13 009 Revelation

13: Chapter 009 Revelation 13: Chapter 009 Revelation The rebellious girl had recovered on the hospital bed, when “Auntie” leaned down to speak softly with the rebellious girl, and only then did she realize that Ye Fan wasn’t just some bad influence on her niece but actually the great hero who saved Yaoyao.

Thinking of how she had actually given Ye Fan, the benefactor, a hard look just earlier, her pretty face started to feel a bit feverish.

Standing straight with a voluptuous figure, she turned to face Ye Fan and compensated by giving him an elegantly charming smile.

“Thank you, young man.

If it hadn’t been for your righteous intervention, the consequences would have been unthinkable,” “Auntie” said softly, her voice smooth and elegant, with a sweet resistance and charm that relaxed one completely.

Young man?

Am I that young, or are you that old?

Ye Fan felt a bit downcast, but still chuckled and said, “You’re welcome.”

“Young man, what’s your name?” “Auntie” asked with a smile, “Uh, my name is Tantai Wanrong, you can call me Aunt Wanrong.

Here’s my business card.”

She clearly placed herself above Ye Fan in terms of seniority.

As she spoke, she took out a business card from her LV bag and handed it to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan took the business card and glanced at it, realizing that it was simple yet not so simple.

The card had only Tantai Wanrong’s name and phone number on it and lacked any other information such as a company position or title.

However, the material of the card was exceptional gold-leaf paper.

Such cards were often used by people of extraordinary status or those with sensitive identities when making friends in private.

“My name is Ye Fan, the ‘Ye’ from Ye Gucheng and the ‘Fan’ from ‘extraordinary,’” Ye Fan said, puffing out his chest, his stance neither servile nor overbearing as he opened his hands and continued, “However, I don’t have a business card to give you.”

Tantai Wanrong raised a mesmerizing smile on her beautiful face and said, “Ye Fan?

That’s a nice name.”

Then she turned to the girl and said, “Yaoyao, aren’t you going to thank Brother Ye for saving you?”

Before the girl could speak, Ye Fan couldn’t help but interject, “Call me Uncle Ye.”

He felt he needed to assert himself, not to be placed a generation below Tantai Wanrong.

Unexpectedly, the girl’s pretty face showed apparent unwillingness, her attitude rebelliously snorting, “Pfft, you’re only a few years older than me, why should I call you uncle?!”

“Eh?” Ye Fan was taken aback, Is this how one treats a benefactor?

If he had known earlier, he might have let those gangsters take you away for a round of bullying.

“What’s the matter?

Got nothing to say now?" The girl, seeing Ye Fan didn't immediately retort, proudly pouted her pretty pink lips.

Tantai Wanrong's beautiful eyebrows furrowed slightly as she gently scolded, "Yaoyao, what kind of attitude is that?"

"Hehe, it's okay, Sister Wanrong," Ye Fan snapped back to his senses, adopting an attitude of a grown-up not stooping to a child's level, then smiled at the girl, "There's a gulf of difference every three years, a river's spread every six.

You must be sixteen or seventeen years old now, right?

Your Uncle Ye here is definitely six or seven years older than you.

Calling me uncle won't wrong you."

Alright, he shamelessly added an extra year to his age.

Before Yaoyao could retort, Tantai Wanrong on the side couldn't help but giggle, covering her enticing red lips with her fair, delicate hand, truly a jade-like beauty.

Ye Fan stared until his eyes nearly popped, but not daring to look too long, he quickly averted his gaze.

Then Tantai Wanrong said with a smile, "I'm even more than seven years older than you, so why do you insist on calling me sister?"

After saying this, she held a corner of her mouth, her eyes filled with allure as they seemed to laugh but not laugh at Ye Fan, as if peering through Ye Fan's eyes and seeing right through his little schemes.

Feeling scrutinized by Tantai Wanrong, Ye Fan couldn't help but become anxious, his usually thick-skinned face heating up involuntarily.

"Ahem, ahem," Ye Fan coughed awkwardly, quickly following up with an exaggerated tone, "No way!

You're so young, how could you possibly be seven years older than me?

At most, you're two or three years older!"

"Giggle giggle giggle..." Tantai Wanrong let out a delighted laugh.

Ye Fan thought he had successfully defused the awkwardness when suddenly Yaoyao exclaimed loudly, "I get it now!"

Both Ye Fan and Tantai Wanrong jumped in surprise, instinctively turning their heads to look at Yaoyao.

Yaoyao looked at Ye Fan and humphed twice, pointing at him and saying, “You want to hit on my aunt!”

“Humph, don’t you even look in the mirror—do you think you’re worthy of my beautiful and noble aunt?!” Her pretty face was full of disdain and contempt before she even finished speaking.

Dressed in cheap street clothes, similar to a construction worker, Ye Fan’s image was admittedly rather shabby.

Aside Tantai Wanrong, he indeed painted a picture akin to a flower next to cow dung, or a toad alongside a white swan.

Having his little schemes pointed out so bluntly by a young girl, Ye Fan felt his usually thick skin wasn’t quite up to par this time, his old face flushing red.

“Yaoyao, don’t talk nonsense,” Tantai Wanrong, ever the empath, came to his rescue.

Her pretty face showed no surprise; she obviously had sensed it long ago.

In fact, recognizing Ye Fan’s intentions wasn’t hard for her because too many men, regardless of age, would seek to develop something with her upon meeting her.

“Ha ha, you’re right, kid,” Ye Fan suddenly burst out laughing, slipping back into his carefree demeanor, and then turned to directly gaze into Tantai Wanrong’s maturely charming face, “Tantai Wanrong, you’re very beautiful and enchanting, and I do have some thoughts about you.

But now that the cat’s out of the bag by a little girl, any further interactions would be just awkward, so let’s forget it.”

“I’m leaving, goodbye.”

With that, Ye Fan left the hospital room nonchalantly.

Suddenly remembering something, Tantai Wanrong called out from behind him, “Wait, you haven’t given me your phone number yet!

You saved Yaoyao, I should at least take you out for a meal to show my gratitude.”

Ye Fan stopped in his tracks, but didn’t turn back.

He raised his right hand, waving over his shoulder at Tantai Wanrong, saying coolly, "No need.

I'm Lei Feng, devoted to serving the people without asking for anything in return."

With that, he exited the hospital room.

"Don't go," Tantai Wanrong called out, wanting to chase after Ye Fan, but she was held back by the young Yaoyao.

"Auntie, why bother with him?

He clearly has dubious intentions towards you," complained young Yaoyao, pouting.

"This trick of his is 'playing hard to get.' I've seen it a lot.

Don't believe me?

He's definitely still lingering by the door waiting for you to chase after him."

Tantai Wanrong responded seriously, "Yaoyao, how can you talk like that?

He's your savior.

Instead of thinking of a way to repay him, you mock and scorn him.

Is this how your aunt has taught you?!"

At the end of her scolding, Tantai Wanrong's tone had become fierce.

Girl Yaoyao let go of Tantai Wanrong's hand, bowed her head in shame, and murmured softly, "I know I'm wrong."

Without further admonishing the young Yaoyao, Tantai Wanrong quickly left the hospital room in search of Ye Fan.

However, there was no sign of him to be found.

Sitting in his second-hand Alto, Ye Fan buckled his seatbelt and took out Tantai Wanrong's business card to look at it.

He shook his head in self-mockery, tore the card into pieces, and, without any civic-mindedness, threw it out of the car window.

He did have a slight interest in Tantai Wanrong, but it was just that—slight.

His legal wife, Li Zhaojun, was in no way inferior to Tantai Wanrong.

His departure wasn't out of spite, but because he didn't like the awkward atmosphere.

He only enjoyed light-hearted, pressure-free relationships.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Invincible Young Master in the City #Chapter 14 - 14 010 Ancient Martial Arts Practice - Read Invincible Young Master in the City Chapter 14 - 14 010 Ancient Martial Arts Practice

14: Chapter 010 Ancient Martial Arts Practice 14: Chapter 010 Ancient Martial Arts Practice The night was deep, and the hustle and bustle of Hua Hai city had slightly subsided, but it was far from gone.

Hua Hai's prosperity destined it to be a city that never sleeps.

The Imperial Bay Villa community was a haven of tranquility.

In his spacious bedroom, Ye Fan stood with a solemn face, in a strange stance that resembled a dragon ascending to the heavens.

A powerful aura emanated from his body, faintly accompanied by the sound of dragon chants.

Had any ancient martial arts masters seen this, they would have been shocked, for Ye Fan was practicing the long-lost Rising Dragon Stance.

Ye Fan was fully concentrated, circulating his mental technique.

His strong Qi-Blood followed a predetermined route, his blood as dense as mercury rushing through his veins like the mighty Yangtze River, the sound of its flow merging into a chorus like the droning of dragons.

After a full two hours of training, Ye Fan stopped.

Feet together, he lowered his palms slowly to the height of his eyebrows, then down to his navel.

Opening his mouth, he exhaled a long stream of white breath which shot out, yet did not disperse, extending two meters away.

Feeling his Qi-Blood had become more vigorous, Ye Fan cracked a smile and said to himself, "Right now, my cultivation is at the mid-phase of 'Hidden Strength'.

I should kick it up a notch and strive to enter the late phase of 'Hidden Strength' within this year, and then reach 'Transformed Strength' within three years."

Ancient martial arts cultivation was divided into four levels: 'Visible Strength', 'Hidden Strength', 'Transformed Strength', and 'Dan Strength'.

The most obvious sign of 'Visible Strength' was the ability to twist all the muscles in the body into a single force.

With each punch and kick, one could explode the air and produce an audible crack akin to firecrackers, possessing the strength to tear apart tigers and leopards.

As for 'Hidden Strength', its hallmark was cultivating the legendary Inner Strength.

Cultivating ancient martial arts required immense talent, comprehension, and perseverance.

Those lacking in talent and comprehension, no matter how diligently they practiced, could never reach 'Visible Strength'.

Many ancient martial arts experts spent their whole lives practicing without advancing past 'Visible Strength'.

Only a few with exceptional talent, comprehension, and the necessary perseverance might reach 'Hidden Strength'.

As for 'Transformed Strength', perhaps one in dozens of 'Hidden Strength' masters might achieve it after painstaking cultivation.

'Dan Strength' was a mysterious and unpredictable realm, referred to as the presence of earthly immortals.

Throughout the ancient martial world's many years, the total number of individuals who had achieved 'Dan Strength' could be counted on two hands.

Ye Fan, merely twenty-two, had already reached the mid-phase of 'Hidden Strength', which could be said to be a genius among geniuses in the ancient martial world.

The next morning, close to ten o'clock, Ye Fan leisurely drove his used Alto to the Email Group building.

As he stepped out of the elevator, a slender and graceful figure in the hallway to his left hurried towards him.

“Ye Fan, how could you be late again?” Lu Xiaoman called out in a suppressed voice, iron not turning into steel, her tone laced with anxiety.

Ye Fan spread his hands in a helpless gesture and feigned a sigh, “No way around it, I got stuck in traffic.”

Lu Xiaoman obviously wasn’t in the mood to dispute the validity of Ye Fan’s excuse.

She said with a face full of worry and urgency, “He Jiaqiang knows you’re late.

He’s waiting for you in our office right now.

You offended him yesterday, and he’ll definitely take this opportunity to fire you.”

“Hehe, no worries,” Ye Fan replied with a relaxed smile.

While walking, he said, “He Jiaqiang really stooped low, not only did he not take a detour around us, but he also came straight to our office.”

“Ye Fan!” Lu Xiaoman suddenly called out in anger.

Startled, Ye Fan halted in his steps and turned to look at Lu Xiaoman.

He saw anger spread across Lu Xiaoman’s pretty face, her beautiful eyes wide open, her nostrils flared—she was clearly very angry.

“What’s wrong?” Ye Fan replied, restoring his nonchalant grin, with a teasing tone, “Who has upset our beautiful and adorable Sister Xiaoman?”

Lu Xiaoman looked at Ye Fan’s carefree smile and felt a surge of grievance, angrily saying, “Why do you always look so lackadaisical?

I’ve been worried sick about you, yet you don’t seem to care at all!”

Speaking these words, her beautiful eyes brimmed with tears.

Ye Fan was deeply moved and sincerely apologized, “I’m sorry, I...thank you for your concern.”

“Who’s concerned about you?

I couldn’t care less.

It would be best if you got fired!” After saying this, Lu Xiaoman forcefully turned her pretty face away so that Ye Fan wouldn’t see her crying, and she sniffled.

Seeing Lu Xiaoman's petulant and sad expression, Ye Fan felt his heart being tenderly struck.

He stepped forward, reached out with both hands to grasp Lu Xiaoman's shoulders, so they were face-to-face, and then softly said, "I'm sorry, it's my fault for making you worry and angry.

I'll never be late for work again, okay?"

Pausing, he continued, "As for He Jiaqiang finding out I was late, it's really not a big deal.

The labor contract law doesn't allow an employee to be fired for being late just once."

Upon hearing Ye Fan's sincere apology, Lu Xiaoman's anger had already dissipated by half.

Her heart was still tense for Ye Fan.

She quickly wiped away her tears, turned her head, and said with concern, "But you're still on probation, not a formal employee.

The group can fire you at any time."

"Heh, who said I'm a trainee?"

I signed a full-time employee contract with no probation period," Ye Fan said with a smile.

"You're saying you're already a full-time employee now?" Lu Xiaoman asked in mild surprise.

Ye Fan nodded with a smile.

Lu Xiaoman visibly relaxed, then lightly punched Ye Fan's chest with some reproach, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

You had me worried for nothing."

"Heh, sorry about that," Ye Fan replied with a laugh, retracting his hands, "To show my apology, how about I take you out for dinner tonight, okay?"

Feeling Ye Fan's hands leave her shoulders, Lu Xiaoman couldn't help but feel a tinge of loss inside.

However, upon hearing his offer to take her out for dinner, she immediately brightened up, “Okay, I’ll give you a chance to apologize!”

After speaking, she felt her cheeks warm, wondering if she had agreed a bit too eagerly.

At that moment, Ye Fan, with a joyous laugh, gestured forward as if a general leading his troops into battle, and said exuberantly, “Haha, let’s go and meet He Jiaqiang—no, I mean Qiang Jiahe!”

Lu Xiaoman followed to Ye Fan’s left and behind, looking at his upright posture as he walked forward and the firm lines of his profile, her eyes filled with a layer of infatuation and fantasy as if seeing the scene from yesterday when Ye Fan single-handedly faced the Sky Wolf Security Company for her.

Pushing open the office door, Ye Fan saw the portly He Jiaqiang sitting in his office chair, squeezing the poor chair until it creaked and groaned.

“Hey, Qiang Jiahe, you’re so bulky; you must weigh at least a few tons.

You’re going to break my chair,” Ye Fan strode into the office and called out to He Jiaqiang without any courtesy.

He Jiaqiang had thought he caught Ye Fan on a sore spot with the tardiness issue, waiting just to lash out at Ye Fan with a torrent of scolding the moment he entered the office to avenge the previous day’s humiliation.

He hadn’t expected Ye Fan to show zero shame about his tardiness, and before he could open his mouth, Ye Fan had already belittled his weight, accused him of breaking the chair, and dared to reverse the syllables of his name.

He Jiaqiang’s well-thought-out tirade and the momentum he had mustered were instantly thrown off, leaving him red-faced with rage and managing only to scold, “Ye Fan, you have no respect for leadership!

You, you...”

In an attempt to bolster the force of his scolding, he pressed his hands onto the arms of the chair and violently attempted to stand, continuing his tirade.

Whether it was because he was simply too heavy or the chair’s quality was lacking, as he tried to rise forcefully, the chair collapsed with a snap.

The unfortunate He Jiaqiang let out a pained cry as he toppled backward onto the hard floor.

“Hahaha...” Ye Fan hadn’t expected He Jiaqiang to actually break the chair, and after a moment of astonishment, he burst into boisterous laughter, “Serves you right!

Ahahaha...”

Lu Xiaoman couldn’t help but cover her mouth to hide her giggles, secretly reveling in schadenfreude.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Invincible Young Master in the City #Chapter 15 - 15 011 Trap - Read Invincible Young Master in the City Chapter 15 - 15 011 Trap

15: Chapter 011 Trap 15: Chapter 011 Trap He Jiaqiang fell to the ground from a broken chair, and the pain in his buttocks was one thing, but the major issue was the embarrassment in front of Ye Fan and Lu Xiaoman—it would be even harder to maintain his authority as a leader now.

Not to mention the far-reaching implications, the immediate effect of his outburst at Ye Fan for being late was hugely discounted.

He clumsily struggled to his feet, his chubby face red and purpling, while the laughter of Ye Fan and Lu Xiaoman reached his ears, grating like a slap to his face.

“Shut up!

Don’t laugh!” he bellowed in fury.

However, because he screamed too high-pitched, his voice cracked on the last word, and his imposing manner drastically decreased.

Lu Xiaoman was so frightened that she quickly stopped laughing.

Ye Fan, on the other hand, didn’t care and continued laughing while innocently saying, “I don’t want to laugh, but it’s just too funny, hahaha... Laughing can’t be held back; otherwise, it could kill you.

You do not want us to laugh; are you trying to murder us?

Hahaha...”

Enraged, He Jiaqiang’s face contorted horribly.

His eyes, filled with hatred and resentment, were fixed on Ye Fan.

Were it not for Ye Fan's tall and robust stature, being an ex-soldier, he would have pounced on him and torn him apart.

After a while, Ye Fan's laughter eventually subsided.

"Ye Fan, you were late for work..." He Jiaqiang said through gritted teeth.

Ye Fan interrupted him, nonchalantly saying, "I know, you don't need to tell me that."

"You!" Stopped in his tracks, He Jiaqiang was flustered again, and it took him a while to regain his composure and bitterly said, "You have just started working and you're already late.

I'm going to write a report to fire you!"

Ye Fan chuckled, pulled over a chair, sat down, crossed his legs in a carefree manner, and spread his hands, "Then go write that report."

"I... Humph!" Seeing that Ye Fan was not scared, He Jiaqiang huffed loudly.

He knew in his heart that just being late once wouldn't be enough to fire Ye Fan, especially since Ye Fan had accomplished a significant feat for the corporation yesterday, although he believed it was only due to Ye Fan's good luck, like a blind cat finding a dead rat.

He Jiaqiang took a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm himself down.

He couldn't believe he, a prominent leader, couldn't handle a new employee.

"Ye Fan, you have been at the job for several days now and are familiar with the workflow.

Now it's time to officially start working for the corporation.

You can't just take your salary and do nothing," He Jiaqiang steadied himself and put on an official air, "Now I have an important recruitment task for you, and you must handle it well!"

Lu Xiaoman panicked when she heard He Jiaqiang assigning Ye Fan a task, because in the few days since Ye Fan had joined the corporation, half of the time he was either late or left early.

He had also visited the Sky Wolf Security Company yesterday and hardly spent any time learning the workflow with her.

Especially since He Jiaqiang was giving Ye Fan a task now, it was definitely a tough one.

“Manager He, Ye Fan is still not familiar with the work processes,” she said.

“It’s my fault for being preoccupied with my own tasks and not teaching him properly.”

He Jiaqiang glared at Lu Xiaoman displeasably and scolded, “When a leader is speaking, why are you interrupting?”

He’s been in the corporation for four days now; how could he still not learn such simple work processes?

If he is that incompetent, he should just get out of the company.

We don’t entertain deadbeats here!”

“But...” Lu Xiaoman said anxiously.

At this, Ye Fan waved his hand to Lu Xiaoman, “Don’t worry, Sister Man,” then turned to He Jiaqiang, “What’s the recruitment task?”

He Jiaqiang snatched a folder from the desk and tossed it to Ye Fan, but unfortunately, his aim and strength were off, and it landed far away.

However, Ye Fan reached out and effortlessly caught the folder, then opened it to check the documents inside.

Lu Xiaoman also came over to look.

“This talent is urgently needed by our corporation for important recruitment; it relates to the future development plans of the corporation.

Our HR department has already had several deep conversations with him, and he is very willing to jump ship to our corporation, just missing the official signing of the contract,” He Jiaqiang said.

“Your task is to go and get him to sign the contract.

I have already arranged to meet with him at noon today at Kai De Coffee House on Tianyuan Road.

The corporate seal and HR department seal have already been applied on the contract, just waiting for his signature.”

“You can’t mess up such a simple errand job,” He Jiaqiang said.

“Remember, this person is extremely important.

If you screw it up, the group will definitely fire you!”

“Is it really that simple?” Ye Fan asked incredulously.

He Jiaqiang glared with his small eyes, slightly angered, “How dare you question the leader’s words?”

Ye Fan waved his hand nonchalantly and said casually, “Alright, stop putting on airs in front of me.

I’ll take the task.

Anyway, I know you’re up to no good.”

“Hmph!” He Jiaqiang huffed loudly but said no more, walking out of the office.

He indeed had ill intentions.

The recruitment task he had given Ye Fan was a vicious plan he had come up with the night before.

Ye Fan had not only talked back but had also embarrassed him and, worst of all, had interfered with his plans.

If it weren’t for Ye Fan, he might have already had his way with Lu Xiaoman, who he had long coveted, last night.

Thus, Ye Fan was a thorn in his side, one that needed to be removed promptly.

The talent He Jiaqiang had asked Ye Fan to contact was named Gao Feng, indeed an important talent urgently needed by the Emali Group.

He had previously been in touch with Gao Feng, using every trick in the book, but had never managed to seal the deal; Gao Feng didn’t even want to switch jobs.

To set a trap for Ye Fan, he had deliberately called Gao Feng last night, saying some harsh words and setting up a final negotiation.

Gao Feng, annoyed by his persistence, agreed to one last talk.

One could imagine, with negotiations already unsuccessful, and now setting up one final talk but He Jiaqiang himself failing to show up, sending a mere junior staff instead, Gao Feng would undoubtedly be furious, and talks would certainly break down.

After He Jiaqiang left, Lu Xiaoman said worriedly, "Ye Fan, the task He Jiaqiang has given you is definitely not that simple."

She knew all too well how sinister He Jiaqiang was.

"Heh, that's for sure."

"I'll just roll with the punches," Ye Fan said with a relaxed expression, "After all, I've been working here for a few days now; it's time to do some real work."

Lu Xiaoman, still very concerned, said, "But He Jiaqiang is clearly looking for an excuse to fire you."

"How about I go with you at noon?"

Ye Fan felt a warmth in his heart from Lu Xiaoman's consideration.

Just as he was about to agree, the office door was suddenly pushed open, and He Jiaqiang returned.

He Jiaqiang, portly and assertive, walked into the office and directly said to Lu Xiaoman, "Lu Xiaoman, around eleven o'clock this afternoon, teachers and students from Hua Hai University will come to our group for an inspection."

"You are to accompany them."

"You need to start preparing immediately."

"Hua Hai University is our group's main source of talent."

"If there are any slip-ups, well, you know the consequences!"

Originally, Lu Xiaoman was not supposed to receive the teachers and students from Hua Hai University, but just as He Jiaqiang was heading back to his office, he suddenly thought Lu Xiaoman might help Ye Fan.

To eliminate any chance for Ye Fan to complete his task, he immediately came back and assigned this last-minute task to Lu Xiaoman.

"I understand, I'll prepare thoroughly," Lu Xiaoman replied nervously.

Seeing Lu Xiaoman's pretty face filled with nervousness and seriousness, her eyes hiding a "respect" for him, He Jiaqiang felt very satisfied inside.

His gaze unintentionally drifted down, lingering on Lu Xiaoman's exquisite figure.

“Hey, Qiang Jiahe, what are you leering at Manman for?” Ye Fan’s lax voice rang out inappropriately.

Lu Xiaoman let out a small shriek, crossing her arms over her chest and stepping back.

He Jiaqiang withdrew his gaze and turned to glare fiercely at Ye Fan.

Ye Fan, fearless, met He Jiaqiang’s gaze with a lazy smile.

“Hmph!” He Jiaqiang huffed heavily and turned to slam the door as he left.

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