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Ye Fan, Lu Xiaoman, and Zhao Gang arrived across the street from the Sky Wolf Security Company building.

Zhao Gang pointed at the building opposite and said, “Ye Fan, that’s the Sky Wolf Security Company.”

Ye Fan squinted slightly at the large building in front of him.

The single-story building covered an area of nearly one thousand square meters and rose to twenty stories, its façade clad in dark blue tempered glass.

Brand new, imposing, and modern—these were Ye Fan’s first impressions.

Such a towering building suggested that the Sky Wolf Security Company must have a large staff, at least several thousand people.

Looking at the plaza below the building, about twenty to thirty uniformed, burly men stood rigidly in two rows on guard in front of the entrance.

Each of these burly men had a fierce quality, their eyes vicious, like tigers and wolves, exuding an almost tangible murderous aura.

Lu Xiaoman and Zhao Gang felt their legs go weak at just one glance and dared not enter the Sky Wolf Security Company for negotiations—it was simply a den of dragons and a pit of tigers.

“Let’s go back, Ye Fan,” Zhao Gang said, his face pale, his voice trembling, “Sky Wolf Security Company is too terrifying.

If we go in like this, they’ll probably eat us up without leaving any bones behind.”

Lu Xiaoman chimed in, trying to persuade him as well.

Ye Fan smiled and slowly shook his head, “Haha, what’s there to be afraid of?

These so-called Sky Wolves are nothing but dead dogs in my eyes.

Sister Xiaoman, Captain Zhao, you don’t need to come in.

Just wait for my message outside.”

“You, you’re going in alone?” Lu Xiaoman widened her eyes and asked, “That’s too dangerous.”

Zhao Gang continued to urge, “Yes, Ye Fan, being responsible is good, but you have to consider the situation.

We shouldn’t risk our lives for just a few thousand yuan in salary...”

“I’ve made up my mind!” Ye Fan waved his hand to cut off Zhao Gang, “Sister Xiaoman, Captain Zhao, just wait outside.

If I don’t come out after two hours, then call the police.”

“Though a million foes stand before me, I shall go forth!”

With that, Ye Fan strode boldly towards the Sky Wolf Security Company building.

Watching Ye Fan walk towards the Sky Wolf Security Company building, his tall and upright figure from behind, Lu Xiaoman suddenly felt a sourness in her nose and something spinning in her eyes.

“If it weren’t for me, Ye Fan wouldn’t have had to risk such great danger,” she thought sorrowfully and touchingly in her heart.

Zhao Gang too looked up at Ye Fan’s retreating figure, filled with emotion and shame.

“Xiaoman, Ye Fan was ex-military, right?” he asked.

“Mhm,” Lu Xiaoman nodded, her voice choked up.

“Alas, Ye Fan is impressive, not bringing shame to us ex-military,” Zhao Gang said ashamedly, “It’s just a pity that I, Zhao Gang, have become a disgrace.”

Over ten years after discharge, the bright city life, along with his wife and children, had eroded his fearless passion from his younger days.

Lu Xiaoman didn’t respond; all her attention was fixed on Ye Fan.

She saw Ye Fan finally reaching the front of the building, stepping through the rows of fierce and watchful security guards and into the building.

Her tears blurred her vision and everything around her, but Ye Fan’s figure, bravely entering the danger on her behalf, became even clearer, more majestic in her eyes, burned deep into her heart, never to be forgotten.

As Ye Fan walked past those rows of Sky Wolf security guards, he was nonchalant, even a bit flippant, not taking those guards seriously at all.

Seeing Ye Fan not only unafraid but even contemptuously whistling, the two rows of guards were enraged.

They were accustomed to everyone trying to enter the Sky Wolf Security Company, trembling as they passed them, hardly daring to breathe, some even getting so frightened that they'd collapse halfway.

Now, Ye Fan dared to disregard them completely.

How could they not be furious?

Therefore, the two rows of tiger-like guards were bristling with hostility, their faces vicious, eyes bloodshot, rhythmically slapping their black security batons into their palms with a snap, as if they were about to swing them and tear Ye Fan to shreds the next moment.

Ye Fan smirked.

He had charged through countless bullets and cannons; a mere twenty or thirty pretentious thugs were like playing with mud and sand to him, child's play.

Entering the building, he found a lavishly decorated lobby, with an array of weapons like machetes, clubs, daggers, and swords displayed on either side.

Ye Fan shook his head scornfully.

The Sky Wolf Security Company was nothing special after all, just a bunch of trinkets to scare children.

If they really had any guts, they'd display a couple of AK47s, Uzi submachine guns, and Barrett sniper rifles, the real deal.

At that moment, a vicious-looking, tattooed man who seemed to be a subordinate leader approached him with five or six thug-like security guards.

He tilted his head up, snorted disdainfully at Ye Fan, and barked arrogantly, "Kid, which mall, bar, or company sent you here?"

Ye Fan's glance turned icy, he suddenly stepped forward, and a slap swift as lightning whizzed out.

Slap!

An exceptionally crisp sound echoed as the tattooed leader was immediately sent flying.

The five or six thug-like security guards behind him were taken aback, frozen in place.

They never imagined that someone would have the audacity to come in and strike someone.

Everyone who came here would be submissive, acting more obedient than a grandchild, easily manipulated by them.

For a moment, they couldn't react.

After knocking the tattooed leader away, Ye Fan leisurely dusted off his hands as if the slap had dirtied them.

"Hmph, daring to be arrogant in front of me, they really don't know what death is!" His whole body exuded a presence, a bloody, murderous aura that seemed to crawl out from hell itself, enveloping those five or six thug-like security guards.

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