

Earlier, because of Ye Fan's conflict with Sheng Tian, the Hans had been scolding him and his wife. According to Madam Han, Ye Fan had not only ruined her son's and grandson's careers, but had also gotten their whole family into trouble.

But now, the bosses of Jiangdong had come personally to pay their respects to Ye Fan and celebrate Qiu Mu-Cheng's birthday. The King of Jiangdong, Chen Ao, himself was among their number!

This, undoubtedly, was a slap in the face of the Han family.

A few minutes ago, the Hans had been scolding Ye Fan because he had offended one of Chen Ao's underlings. But just now, they learned that even Chen Ao himself had to show respect to Ye Fan.

Irony!

It was such a great irony!

Nobody could understand how the Hans were feeling at this moment.

Earlier, Mo Wen-Xuan, the so-called young master of the Mo family, had been

flaunting his power in front of everybody. But right now, in the presence of the real movers and shakers, he was as meek as a mouse and looked thoroughly defeated.

Ye Fan's angry assertions were still reverberating through the hall.

It was clear that Ye Fan's questions had reached deep into Madam Han's psyche, and rang out as loud as warning bells.

Nobody said anything. They did not dare to. And the Hans had nothing to say anyway.

At this moment, both Han Yu and Han Yue were looking panicky and fearful.

Ye Fan looked at the Hans and then continued speaking. "Grandmother, Mu-Cheng and I traveled a long way from Yunzhou to celebrate your birthday."

"Yes, we did not give you anything valuable, but our gift was a token of our sincerity and regard!"

"Day after day, my mother sweated and toiled to grow those tea leaves. In my eyes, they are the most precious thing in the

world. That was why I brought them to you as a gift.”

“But you, in order to save face for your daughter, you turned falsehood into truth and spoke a lot of nonsense. You sacrificed Mu-Cheng’s and my dignity!”

“Not only that, you also treated the token of our sincerity and the result of my mother’s toil like garbage, and discarded them into a corner.”

“And you know what’s even funnier? Just because I kicked Sheng Tian, you wanted me and my wife to kneel in apology. You even scolded us in front of everybody. What if I told you, not only did I beat up Sheng Tian, I also forced him to kneel in fear and beg for mercy? Are you going to tell my wife and I to kill ourselves to atone for our sin?”

Ye Fan sneered, as self-deprecation and anger filled his eyes.

Meanwhile, Madam Han was trembling all over. Ye Fan’s words had weighed heavily on her.

“Grandmother, have you forgotten that Mu-

Cheng is your granddaughter and I am her husband? Without even bothering to ask for the reason behind my conflict with Sheng Tian, you wanted me and my wife to kneel in apology. And just because you wanted to suck up to an outsider to safeguard your son's and grandson's careers, you decided to sacrifice our dignity and reputation."

"Grandmother, don't you feel the least bit of guilt about that?"

Ye Fan laughed mockingly, and his angry voice reverberated thunderously through the air. His questions had completely overwhelmed Madam Han and left her speechless with a red face.

"Fan, you have misunderstood your grandmother." Just then, even though Han Hai was not looking well, he managed to stammer a response to defend his mother.

"Fan?" Ye Fan smiled and said, "Uncle, if my memory serves me right, this is the first time you have called me that."

"I know. In your eyes, I am just a useless son-in-law. A country bumpkin. You think Mu-Cheng is unmotivated and just

wallowing in degeneration, because she married a good-for-nothing like me. Perhaps, all along, you have been thinking that we are unworthy of attending grandmother's birthday banquet. After all, we will only embarrass you by turning up."

"In that case, my wife and I will not bother you any longer. We wouldn't want to stay and disgust grandmother with our presence."

After he had said this, Ye Fan smiled coldly and looked to the front.

And then he bowed slightly toward Madam Han.

After that, he pulled Qiu Mu-Cheng to his side and said slowly. "Mu-Cheng, wish your grandmother a happy birthday."

Qiu Mu-Cheng had never seen Ye Fan so angry before. Just then, his presence was so overwhelming that she dared not do anything else but listen to him like an obedient wife. And so, she gave Madam Han a respectful bow.

Ye Fan's voice rang out once again.

“Grandmother, I wish you a happy birthday. This is my first and last time wishing you a happy birthday.”

“After today, I, Ye Fan, will never step into this house again. I wouldn’t want to disgust you with my presence.”

“Grandmother, take care.”

“From now on, let us not meet again!”

Ye Fan’s words resonated with everyone present and cut through them like knives. The listeners were all shaken to their core.

After saying his piece, Ye Fan turned around and left immediately. Together with Qiu Mu-Cheng, he walked angrily toward the exit.

At this moment, Ye Fan’s presence was simply too overpowering. Qiu Mu-Cheng found herself unable to resist him and could do nothing else but go along with him.

Within the hall, it was deathly quiet. Everyone stood there in a daze as they looked at Ye Fan’s retreating back.

In her seat of honor, Madam Han had already turned considerably pale. Meanwhile, Han Hai was panicking while Han Yu and her family were overwhelmed with shock. None of them dared to break the silence.

Clearly, their actions had truly enraged Ye Fan.

From the beginning, Madam Han had been unscrupulously saving face for her daughter. After insisting that the spoiled ginseng was still good, she had proceeded to subject Qiu Mu-Cheng and Ye Fan to various humiliations. Those incidents had piled on top of one another and finally angered Ye Fan.

Anyone would be angry under the circumstances, let alone Ye Fan.

But, in the end, Ye Fan did save some face for the old lady. Before leaving, he had formally addressed her as "grandmother." After all, the old lady was Mu-Cheng's biological grandmother. Ye Fan could disregard anybody, but not his wife.

However, even though Ye Fan had decided to save her some face toward the end, it

did not mean that the others would do the same as well.

Chen Ao and the others had heard Ye Fan's speech and made up their own minds.

Almost immediately, Chen Ao's face darkened. With a sneer on his face, he turned to look at the assembled Hans. "You sure have clout, Madam Han!"

"Your family was extremely fortunate to gain Mr. Chu as a son-in-law. But not only did you not treasure him, you even rallied your family to criticize him. And you actually wanted him to kneel and apologize? The Han family is really something!"

"Mr. Chu is my benefactor. If you insult him, you are insulting me as well."

"Mr. Chu has forgiven you because he is a magnanimous man. But how could I bring myself to forgive you as well?"

"From today onward, the Han family will have no place in Jianghai!"

Boom~

Chen Ao's pronouncement hit the Hans like a bolt of lightning and shook them to their core.

Han Hai and his son turned pale immediately.

Chen Ao's words had not only sounded the death knell for the Han family, but also signalled the end of Han Hai's and Han He's careers.

But on the other hand, Han Yu and her family were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape. Their family was in Jingzhou, not Jianghai.

"Master Ao, that Mo Wen-Xuan is the young master of the Mo family. Just now, he has also subjected Mr. Ye to plenty of humiliations. And that Young Master Lei. He was flaunting his power earlier and called Mr. Ye a poor weakling. He even wanted Mr. Ye to kneel and apologize."

But just as Han Yu and Mo Wen-Xuan were rejoicing at their narrow escape, Shen Fei, who had been spectating, suddenly stepped in to fan the flames of discord.

When they heard him, both Mo Wen-Xuan

Chapter 101 No Place for the Han Family!

and his wife burst into tears.

And Lei Ao-Ting, who had been hiding in a corner, turned pale immediately.

Besides Lei Ao-Ting, Master Lei San also turned pale at the same time!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Lei Ao-Ting! You disobedient brat!”

“Is he telling the truth?”

After hearing what Shen Fei had to say, Lei San paled immediately. And his eyes bulged as he turned to yell at his son.

Lei Ao-Ting was so frightened that he started trembling all over. “Dad, I... I didn’t know that was Mr. Chu. Mo Wen-Xuan and his family told me that he... he was just a useless live-in son-in-law. So I... I...”

Clearly, Lei Ao-Ting knew he was in big trouble. He did not dare to speak as boldly as he had done before. So he just stood there with his head bowed and tried to explain his circumstances in a pained voice.

At this moment, Lei Ao-Ting was feeling rather down in the dumps. He regretted not running away with Chen Hai-Sheng and Liu Zhao-Ran when he had the chance.

If he had gotten away earlier, he would not be getting a scolding right now.

“Disobedient brat!”

“Oh, you disobedient brat~”

“Are you trying to ruin our family?”

Master Lei San was so frightened that he walked over and kicked Mo Wen-Xuan to the floor.

“Master San, what are you doing?”

Mo Wen-Xuan was bewildered.

If you want to teach your son a lesson, go ahead! Why did you have to kick me?

“Ah, I kicked the wrong person.”

Lei San had been so worked up that his kick miss its intended target.

And so, after steadying himself, he turned around to slap Lei Ao-Ting. This time, he did not miss.

“You disobedient brat!”

“Are you trying to drive me to an early grave?”

“You incompetent bungler!”

“Mo Wen-Xuan and his family are dumbasses, but why must you be one as well?”

“Our family has prospered for several generations, but it will soon be ruined in your hands!”

Lei San was furious. He had worked so hard to gain Ye Fan’s forgiveness after the foul-up at Sheng Tian Restaurant. But who would have thought that his own son would go offend Ye Fan again.

“Dad... dad, I am sorry. From now on, I will never associate with that idiot, Mo Wen-Xuan.” Lei Ao-Ting was sprawled over the floor and half of his face had swelled up from Lei San’s slaps. Just then, he was feeling shocked and scared. He knew he had caused serious trouble for his family.

At this moment, Lei Ao-Ting wished he could kick Mo Wen-Xuan and his family to death.

If Mo Wen-Xuan had not told him that Ye Fan was just a country bumpkin, he would not have offended Ye Fan and made his father angry.

“Isn’t it a bit late to say that now?”

“Quick, get up. Follow me and go apologize to Mr. Chu!”

Lei San’s body was shaking with anger as he pulled his son up.

Before leaving, Lei San turned around to look at Mo Wen-Xuan and his family. “Back in the day, the old master of the Mo family had a good reputation. But how come his descendants are such assholes?”

“How dare you get my son involved in your reckless acts?”

“From today onward, there will be no place in Jingzhou for the Mo family!”

“Hmph~”

Lei San snorted coldly and left in a huff.

Chen Ao and the others departed together with Lei San. Since Ye Fan had already left, there was no reason for them to stay.

All at once, half of the guests were gone from the hall. Only the ones who had come to support Han He and the other Hans

stayed behind.

They were mostly the directors of small factories, mayors from the neighboring villages and colleagues from Han Hai's company.

"Mayor Han, I have something going on at home. I will take my leave now."

"Mr. Han, I have a sudden toothache, so I have to go now."

.....

"My dog just fell down from the building, so I have to hurry home~"

But who would have thought that, right after Chen Ao's departure, the guests who had come to celebrate Madam Han's birthday all started to make excuses to leave. They were acting as if the Hans had the plague.

After all, Chen Ao had already spoken. The Hans were finished in Jianghai.

Under the circumstances, only those with a death wish would dare to associate with the Hans.

If they got involved with the Hans and suffered the same fate, no one would be able to save them.

In just a short while, all the guests had already fled the hall.

And only the Hans were left inside the huge room. All of them looked pale and had panicked expressions on their faces.

“Father, is it really over for our family?”

Han Fei-Fei’s eyes were red and she looked like she was about to cry. Clearly, the events earlier had caused her to panic.

But no one spoke and no one answered her.

Han Yu and her family were in a daze, while Han Hai looked pained and low-spirited.

And, just then, Madam Han was looking like a lifeless corpse as she sat in her seat of honor.

After a long while, she let out a deep sigh.

“Hai, was I wrong?”

No one other than herself could feel the regret and misery contained in that sigh.

Madam Han only realized just now that Ye Fan, the live-in son-in-law they had all despised, was actually such a powerful VIP.

Even the King of Jiangdong, Chen Ao, had come to pay his respects to him!

If Ye Fan had stayed with them, then their family would definitely become the number one family in Jianghai.

But instead, their family had chased away such a great man.

It was only now that she realized just what sort of opportunity they had missed!

If they had known how things would turn out, then they would rather die than speak a word against Ye Fan.

“I was a blind fool! I have ruined the Han family~”

Within the hall, Madam Han sighed a deep sigh. She sat limply in her chair as the tears streamed down her face.

And the other Hans were also filled with regret.

Han Hai finally understood why Ye Fan had said that Jianghai was just a pittance in his eyes. And why he had declared that he could just hand over Jiangdong to Qiu Mu-Cheng, if she wanted it.

At that time, he had thought that those words were just youthful bravado. But now, Han Hai realized that Ye Fan had been telling the truth.

Even VIPs like Master Li Er and Chen Ao have to curry favor with you. Ye Fan, you do have the might to back up your words.

Han Hai smiled ruefully, as a look of self-deprecation and bitterness came over his face.

“Mu-Cheng, you go shopping with Chen Nan first. I have something to discuss with Mr. Chen and the others. It will just take a moment.”

Just then, Ye Fan had already arrived at Sheng Tian Restaurant.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was still looking dazed. Clearly, today's events had affected her deeply. Even now, she still had not recovered her wits.

Just then, Chen Ao turned to his daughter and said, "Nan-Nan, you must take good care of Madam Chu. You must not let anything happen to her. Do you hear me?"

"Dad. Ye Fan. Please do not worry. I will take good care of Mu-Cheng." Once she removed the mask she wore for the workplace, Chen Nan looked just like any other nineteen year old teenage girl. At this moment, her pretty face was filled with youthful exuberance as she smiled at Ye Fan.

"Ye Fan~"

But, just as Ye Fan was about to go upstairs into the restaurant, Qiu Mu-Cheng suddenly reached out and grabbed his hand. And then, like a panicked kitten, she looked at the average-looking man standing before her.

"Are you... still Ye Fan?"

Chapter 102 Are You Still Ye Fan?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Are you... still Ye Fan?”

Outside the restaurant, by the roadside, Qiu Mu-Cheng was holding on to Ye Fan’s arm. Her eyes were filled with panic and uncertainty as she looked dazedly at the man standing before her.

She did not know why, but Qiu Mu-Cheng suddenly felt that Ye Fan had turned into a stranger. Right now, he was nothing like the submissive live-in son-in-law whom everybody had despised.

If she had to use metaphors to describe the change, then she would liken the old Ye Fan to a spark of fire. His light had been too weak to be noticed in this vast world.

But right now, Ye Fan was like a sun; his light was radiant and far-reaching.

Ye Fan was taken aback when he heard the question. And then, he broke into a smile.

With his lips slightly curled up, Ye Fan looked at his wife and said, “Isn’t it obvious?”

“As long as I am still your husband, then I

am still Ye Fan.”

Amidst the sound of laughter, and under the escort of the Jiangdong leaders, Ye Fan headed into the restaurant.

Meanwhile, the intoxicating beauty was left behind, with a dazed expression on her face and the flowing sound of her husband’s laughter ringing in her ears.

After a brief moment, she burst out laughing as a look came over her intoxicatingly beautiful face; a look that was part joy and part gratification.

Following the burst of laughter, a sudden memory came to her and she took out her phone to send Ye Fan a text message.

You jerk. Don’t forget we are going back to Yunzhou on the 3 o’clock train. I will wait for you downstairs at 2. We will go to the station together.

If you get there first, wait for me. But if I get there before you, then you will be in trouble!!!

After sending the text message, Qiu Mu-Cheng left right away with Chen Nan to go shopping.

Sheng Tian Restaurant, VIP Lounge.

Lei San, Chen Ao and the other leaders had already taken their seats. And the seat of honor was naturally occupied by Ye Fan.

Meanwhile, Lei Ao-Ting was kneeling on the floor before Ye Fan. Clearly, he was doing this to atone for the mistake he had made at Madam Han's birthday banquet.

"Mister... Mister... Mister..." At his moment, Lei Ao-Ting was completely frightened out of his wits. His whole body was shivering as he knelt on the floor and, even though his mouth had been open for a long while, he could only keep repeating one word over and over again.

And then Li Er, who had already gotten impatient, suddenly slapped the young man in the face. "Speak properly! Stop stammering!"

Lei San's eyes bulged in shock.

Li Er, you bastard! How dare you hit my son?

But Ye Fan was just right in front of him, so Lei San kept these words to himself.

Li Er, however, smiled at Lei San and said, "San, I got impatient at his stammering just now. So I stepped in to teach him a lesson on your behalf. I trust you are fine with that?"

"It doesn't bother me. This disobedient brat had a death wish. He actually went and offended Mr. Chu. He deserves to be beaten to death." But although Lei San said he was not bothered by the slap, he was inwardly cursing away at Li Er and his entire family.

"Alright. Since you and your son have both apologized so sincerely, I will let bygones be bygones."

"Take him home and discipline him properly. If there is a next time, I shall punish him severely!"

"Also, Lei Ao-Ting? As you go about your daily life, it is better to be low-key and courteous. You should learn to be a calm and kind person. Like me. And remember this. Always keep a smile on your face."

Ye Fan looked at Lei Ao-Ting and said nonchalantly, "Do you understand?"

"Under... Under... Under..." But the latter was still stammering, and he could not get the word out.

Once again, Li Er got impatient and slapped Lei Ao-Ting. Lei San was so angry that he jumped up from his seat and readied himself to kick Li Er.

Screw you!

Do you like hitting my son so much?

"San, calm down. Mr. Chu has already said that we should be calm, kind and always have a smile on our face. You are a father so you should lead by example," Li Er said with a chuckle.

"You~You~" Lei San was so furious that he nearly choked to death!

"Stop it. Both of you, be quiet. Let us get down to business?"

"You have invited me here to talk about Wu He-Rong, I presume?"

Ye Fan abruptly changed the topic. Clearly, he did not want to waste time on an inconsequential person. So after telling everyone to be quiet, he got down to business.

As he was speaking, Ye Fan picked up a cup to pour himself some tea. Lei San, who was standing nearby, walked over to give his son a kick and a scolding.

“You silly brat! Don’t you know how to read the room? Can’t you see that Mr. Chu wants some tea? Quick! Go pour him some tea!”

Lei Ao-Ting dared not make a sound. There was no trace left of the haughtiness and majesty he had displayed at the Han’s family house. Right now, he looked just like a servant as he poured the tea for Ye Fan.

When the Jiangdong leaders heard this, they blushed with shame and turned around to look at each other. One of them smiled awkwardly and said, “Since Mr. Chu is so forthright, there is no need for us to beat around the bush.”

“We won’t lie to you. We have indeed invited you here to talk about Wu He-

Rong.”

“As you already know, because of Wu He-Rong, the entire Jiangdong has been thrown into chaos. In order to deal with him, we spent an enormous amount of money to hire the Boxing King, Huo Dun, from South East Asia. We had such high hopes for him.”

“But who knew he would turn out to be such a joke?”

“Last night, through our ignorance, we have offended you. We hope Mr. Chu will be magnanimous enough to forgive us.”

Lei San smiled ingratiatingly as he asked Ye Fan for forgiveness.

Both Chen Ao and Li Er looked embarrassed when they recalled last night’s fiasco. They had ignored Ye Fan when he volunteered to help them. But now, things had come full circle and they found themselves begging him for help.

Ye Fan laughed and said, “How could you call yourselves the leaders of Jiangdong? Look at you. You people are so contemptible. Last night, you ignored me

when I offered to help you. But today, you people are begging slavishly for my help. Tell me. Don't you all deserve my contempt?"

"Yes yes yes. You are right, Mr. Chu."

In the face of Ye Fan's scolding, Chen Ao and the other leaders merely kept nodding their heads in agreement. None of them dared to offer a retort.

Lei Ao-Ting, who was serving drinks at the table, became dumbfounded when he saw this.

Aren't they supposed to be the most powerful leaders in Jiangdong?

Aren't they supposed to be the richest nobility in Jiangdong?

Before today, Lei Ao-Ting would never have thought that a proud and majestic person like his father, or Chen Ao, would act so subserviently in front of a younger man. They were all so afraid of offending Ye Fan that they dared not make any unnecessary sound.

It was rare for Lei Ao-Ting to admire

another person. But at this moment, he had nothing but the utmost admiration for Ye Fan!

Mr. Chu, you are truly awesome.

Ignoring Lei Ao-Ting's gaze, Ye Fan continued to speak.

"At first, after last night's humiliation, I did not want to help you at all."

"But since you all have apologized so sincerely, I shall forgive you. Alright, I will help you this time."

"Tell me the time and location."

"And I will be there."

Both Chen Ao and Li Er were his subordinates, so there was no way Ye Fan would just let them die without doing anything to help.

And that they had shown such sincerity, it gave Ye Fan the opening to offer his help again without looking embarrassed.

Chen Ao and the other leaders were overjoyed. They kept thanking Ye Fan and,

afterward, they handed him the letter of challenge from Wu He-Rong.

Ye Fan lowered his head and looked at the majestic gold-stamped characters that were etched deep into the parchment.

“Fifteenth of August, on top of Mount Tai. I, Wu He-Rong, challenge all of Jiangdong to a duel!”

Ye Fan shook his head and smiled. “This Wu He-Rong. He sure loves to brag.”

“But he does have the might to back up his words.”

Ye Fan had seen Wu He-Rong’s fist print before.

In the whole of Jiangdong, besides Ye Fan himself, Wu He-Rong was probably the only other martial artist with such a powerful punch.

“Mr. Chu, why don’t you look at the video footage again? It would be good to understand your opponent before the fight.” And Chen Ao instructed his employees to play the video clip of the Niu family massacre.

Although the recording was blurry, the audience was still affected by the violent and blood-soaked atmosphere emanating from the screen.

Toward the end of the recording, they saw a black-robed man throwing a punch.

Bang~

A sound, like that of an explosion, rang out.

The punch was so strong that it blew away a bullet and killed Niu Chao-Yang instantly! As the Niu family head collapsed onto the ground, blood spurted copiously from his wound.

When he saw this, Ye Fan jumped up from his seat. There was a never-before-seen look of sombreness on his face. It seemed that he had just realized something dreadful.

Chen Ao and Lei San were so frightened by Ye Fan's sudden movement that they started trembling. Everyone else at the table stood up one after another, their faces pale with worry. "Mr. .. Mr. Chu, what... what's wrong?"

Chapter 103 The Panicking Ye Fan



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Mr... Mr. Chu, are you alright?”

Just then, the whole room was quiet.

Everyone held their breath.

After all, Ye Fan was skilled enough to kill Wu He-Rong’s fellow disciple with a single slap. The Jiangdong leaders had no doubt that he was a prodigious martial artist.

Therefore, in their opinion, something dreadful must have happened to send him into this tailspin of panic and sombreness.

Did Mr. Chu realize some terrible truth while watching the video clip?

Or perhaps, Mr. Chu has sensed the presence of Wu He-Rong?

When they considered this possibility, Lei San and Li Er paled immediately. They hurriedly turned around to look out of the window.

Boom~

A violent gust swept past the restaurant and blew open the windows.

And the cold wind rushed into the room through the openings.

At this moment, the Jiangdong leaders were frightened out of their wits and overwhelmed with panic. Li Er, who was more cowardly than the others, trembled so badly that he collapsed right onto the floor.

Clearly, the intrusion by Wu He-Rong's fellow disciple had left a scar on their psyche. So when they saw the open windows and Ye Fan's look of panic, the Jiangdong leaders immediately assumed the worst.

Could it be that Wu He-Rong is already here?

But just as everyone was reeling from the shock, Ye Fan's voice rang out in the room.

"Shit!"

"I am in deep shit! I am in deep shit!"

"It's two thirty! My wife must be getting impatient!"

"Can't stay and chat anymore. I have to go

now.”

Ye Fan was panicking. After saying what he had to say, he dashed downstairs in a hurry, without even bothering to finish his tea.

Meanwhile, the dumbfounded Jiangdong leaders were left behind in the room.

Dead quiet!

The silence went on for a long time.

Long after Ye Fan’s departure, the room remained silent.

Finally, Chen Ao and company managed to recover from their bewilderment.

The Jiangdong leaders were speechless. Chen Ao’s eye kept twitching and Lei San had turned an ugly shade of green. As for Li Er, who was sprawled on the floor, the corner of his mouth was twitching uncontrollably while his face was flushed red. He kept trying to speak but, in the end, he only managed to say a single word.

“Damn!”

Li Er was nearly mad with anger.

Ye Fan's earlier panic had not been due to Wu He-Rong's awe-inspiring strength or the horrible death of the Niu family head. He had lost his cool only because he was afraid that his wife might be angry at being kept waiting.

"Ah, damn it!"

"To think that I was so frightened that I nearly pissed myself. I thought we were all going to die."

"In the end, it was because of something like that?"

Li Er's face was full of bitterness as he picked himself off the floor.

The other leaders were still feeling bewildered. Finally, they turned around to look at each other and then smiled awkwardly.

"To think that Mr. Chu is such a family-oriented man," said Chen Ao with a chuckle as he tried to break the ice.

It had just been a false alarm. So the

assembled leaders returned to their seats and drank some tea to relieve their feeling of embarrassment. Inwardly, however, they were thinking that Mr. Chu was definitely not a family-oriented man. He was just a henpecked husband!

Just then, they could not help but worry. Was it really fine to hand over the fate of Jiangdong to a henpecked husband?

Just then, Lei Ao-Ting fell into a long moment of surprise. As he looked at the swiftly retreating back of Ye Fan, the corner of his mouth twitched a little.

“He is a man like the wind!” he exclaimed.

Just for the sake of keeping an appointment with his wife, Ye Fan had abruptly ended a meeting with the leaders of the province and left them behind at the restaurant. In the whole of Jiangdong, only he would be so bold.

Of course, Ye Fan knew nothing about the reaction of the Jiangdong leaders. But even if he did know, he would pay it no mind.

In Ye Fan's eyes, none of the Jiangdong leaders could measure up to his wife. After all, they could neither sleep with him nor bear his children.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was already waiting for Ye Fan when he reached the first floor. Chen Nan was sitting beside her, and both of them were drinking milk tea as they waited.

Ye Fan scratched his head and chuckled. "You see, Mu-Cheng. Isn't the weather fine today?"

Chen Nan lifted her head to look at the sky. And then she said doubtfully, "Ye Fan, the sky is overcast. I think it will rain tonight?"

Ye Fan: "....."

Ye Fan was rendered speechless. He wondered if Chen Nan was undermining him on purpose.

Just then, Qiu Mu-Cheng turned to look at Ye Fan with a smile on her face. "You are early. It's only two-thirty. I was wondering if you were planning to sleep here tonight."

"I heard the service here is really good.

Also, the waitresses are all sexy, gentle and considerate. Why don't I go home by myself and you just stay here tonight?"

"No way! I can't do that!" Ye Fan looked embarrassed and was smiling awkwardly. He kept on apologizing to his wife and, after much persuasion, finally got her to forgive him.

"Let's go!"

"I will settle the score with you once we get home."

Qiu Mu-Cheng glared angrily at Ye Fan. And after saying goodbye to Chen Nan, both husband and wife left for the station in a taxi.

As Ye Fan and Qiu Mu-Cheng went further and further away, Chen Nan felt an inexplicable sense of loss.

"Ai, if only I had met you first." Chen Nan shook her head and sighed. Afterward, she did not loiter but headed straight back to the restaurant to look for her father.

A short while later, Ye Fan and Qiu Mu-Cheng got on the Yunzhou-bound train.

On the way home, Qiu Mu-Cheng spent the time quietly listening to music and looking distantly out of the window. After their stay in Jianghai, an inexplicable yet blissful smile had been lingering on her lips. But perhaps, even she herself had not noticed this.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan was lost in his thoughts as he stared at her face.

As expected, a woman looks her best when she is smiling.

Just then, Qiu Mu-Cheng noticed her husband's gaze. "What's wrong? Do I have something on my face?" she asked uncertainly.

Ye Fan shook his head with a laugh. "Nothing. Even if something is there, it can only be your peerless beauty."

When she heard this, Qiu Mu-Cheng blushed and glared at Ye Fan. "Don't think I will forgive you for being late just because you said something nice."

But Ye Fan ignored his wife's response and suddenly changed the subject.

“Mu-Cheng, don’t you have anything to ask me?” He spoke softly but his tone was serious.

Qiu Mu-Cheng was slightly taken aback, and then an intoxicating smile appeared on her face. “Didn’t I already ask you?”

Ye Fan smiled when he heard the answer. “That’s right, you did. Sorry, I have said too much.”

Earlier, in front of Sheng Tian Restaurant, Qiu Mu-Cheng had already gotten her answer.

And she had not asked about the other matters.

She did not care about Ye Fan’s secrets. She only wanted to know if her husband was still the same Ye Fan as before. That was the only thing important to her.

She was an understanding woman. If Ye Fan wanted to keep certain things a secret, then she would not ask about them. After all, everyone had a past they did not want others to know about.

Chapter 104 A Man Like the Wind



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