

He had less than two hours.

Ye Fan didn't delay any further and quickly left the house to head for Xishan Garden Hotel.

But he hadn't gone too far when several cars came driving towards him.

There was a screech as a car made a beautiful sharp turn.

There was an ear deafening piercing noise as the tires rubbed against the road.

There was one Maserati sports car and two Audi convertibles that drifted perfectly and trapped Ye Fan in the center of the cars.

Ye Fan's gaze instantly grew cold.

All three car doors opened at almost the same time.

A pair of silver high heels hit the road as Xia Yue appeared in front of Ye Fan again in a black Versace coat and sunglasses.

Besides Xia Yue, there was Situ Feng as well as other people Ye Fan didn't know.

But all these people were very well dressed in expensive clothes, so they were clearly

from wealthy backgrounds.

From the look of these sports cars, these people were probably children of rich families who were on good terms with Fan Zhong-Xian.

"Country bumpkin, we meet again. I told you, you can't hide from us. Nobody whom my Xian wants to meet has ever gotten away." Xia Yue said the word 'Xian' with such admiration and infatuation for him.

This Xia Yue was definitely a fan of Fan Zhong-Xian's.

"I don't have time for you guys. Please move aside," said Ye Fan coldly with a frown.

Xia Yue was amused.

"Punk, just because you say you don't have time, you think you could get away? Not only does Xian want you to go over, even the head of Stun the World School of Boxing wants you to go over. The two heads of the gym have both said so already, so would a country bumpkin like you dare to turn them down?"

Xia Yue looked down at Ye Fan and her eyes were filled with smugness.

She had a deep sense of superiority in those eyes.

It was as if knowing someone like Fan Zhong-Xian was something to be extremely proud of.

"Sis, forget it. He's already scared and knows he's wrong, so there's no need to make things difficult." While Xia Yue was pushy, her twin sister, Xia Xue, started to feel bad for Ye Fan.

She had heard from Situ Feng and the rest about how Ye Fan was of lowly birth, married into his wife's family and had suffered a lot of humiliation and bullying over the years before he finally found his place in Yunzhou.

Since he was already so pitiful, Xia Xue couldn't stand watching her sister and the rest bully this man.

"What? Afraid? He's only scared now? This fellow got Xian and I into such trouble and humiliated us in front of all our classmates. He deserves what he's getting now, so there's no need to pity him! Xue, a useless coward like him is best at acting pitiful, but he's very wicked inside and doesn't deserve your sympathy!" shouted Situ Feng angrily through gritted teeth as he recalled what

happened back at Qiu Mu-Cheng's birthday party.

"But..."

Xia Xue wanted to help Ye Fan but Xia Yue cut her off. "Xue, shut up. If you keep talking, I won't bring you out anymore. Go back into the car!"

Xia Xue was too scared to speak anymore after her sister reprimanded her. She quietly stood at the back and looked at Ye Fan with sympathy and pity.

Xia Xue even felt that Ye Fan was even more pitiful than Maomao back home.

Maomao was their pet dog.

"Situ Feng, what are all of you doing?!" an angry shout suddenly came from afar.

Su Qian happened to be on her way home to get something when she noticed Ye Fan surrounded by these three sports cars, so she stopped the car and walked over anxiously.

Of course Su Qian knew the feud between Ye Fan and Fan Zhong-Xian.

She knew that all these people were

definitely up to no good.

"Qianqian? No worries, Xian just wants to invite Ye Fan over for a cup of tea and to get to know him better, that's all," explained Situ Feng to Su Qian with a smile.

Su Qian was an impatient person, so she snapped back rudely after hearing this, "A cup of tea? Situ Feng, do you take me as an idiot? Who would believe that? I'm warning you, Ye Fan is Qiu Mu-Cheng's husband, so if you dare to do anything to him, Mu-Cheng will hate all of you."

"Go back and tell Fan Zhong-Xian that if he really cares for Mu-Cheng, then stop trying to attack Ye Fan," said Su Qian fiercely.

Of course Situ Feng wasn't going to let Ye Fan off just because of what Su Qian said. He continued to smile and said, "Qianqian, as I said, it's just a cup of tea and we won't make things difficult for him. I promise you that on account of Mu-Cheng, Xian will make sure he comes back with all four limbs intact."

Situ Feng continued saying the same thing but Su Qian wasn't believing any of it.

"Ye Fan, come with me. These people are all Fan Zhong-Xian's buddies and they're all

from rich and powerful families, so you can't afford to offend them." Su Qian tugged on Ye Fan to move away from these people.

"Hey hey hey, Qianqian, you can go anywhere you want, but I won't let you take Ye Fan with you." Situ Feng's tone of voice was getting colder.

"Exactly. Who are you even? Xian specifically wants to see this guy, so how could you take him away?" laughed Xia Yue coldly.

"You...!"

Su Qian's face paled and she could see that they were surrounded by a number of people. This matter wasn't going to end well for sure.

But everything was fine as long as Ye Fan didn't get into their cars. They could just remain like this.

She didn't think these people would kidnap Ye Fan in broad daylight.

"Punk, stop trying to put up a fight. It's too late even if you wanted to escape, and you can't escape anyway. You've offended my Xian, so nobody can save you. If you know what's good for you, get into the car and go with us to the boxing gym to see Xian. If

you've got a good attitude and you kneel down to apologize to Xian as well as lick his shoes, then maybe Xian would be in a good mood and spare you any physical torture. HAHA!"

Xia Yue's words made everyone else laugh loudly.

The ear piercing laughter was filled with disdain and mocking for Ye Fan.

"Ye Fan, don't listen to them. If you go, you'd die horribly. Either you get bashed up, or you offend A LOT of people," Su Qian continued to advise him.

But the look on Ye Fan's face was icy cold.

He didn't hide anymore and lifted his head to look at all the people mocking at him. He scoffed, "Fine, I'll go!"



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What?!

“Ye Fan, are you nuts? These are all children of rich and powerful families, so you can’t afford to offend any of them. Come back here! Have you forgotten what Mu-Cheng said to you before?!” Su Qian shouted after him anxiously.

She was both angry and worried at the same time.

Fan Zhong-Xian was calling Ye Fan to go over with ill intentions. If Ye Fan went now, he was walking into Fan Zhong-Xian’s trap and he was definitely going to get thrashed.

And even if Ye Fan was good enough to defeat someone who had boxed for more than a decade like Fan Zhong-Xian, Ye Fan couldn’t bear the consequences of doing that.

After all, every member in Stun the World School of Boxing was either rich or powerful.

If Ye Fan offended them, then there was no way he could deal with the consequences.

He might feel good for a moment, but there was no way he could handle it when they came to seek revenge.



But there was no way Ye Fan would care about what Su Qian was saying.

After deciding to leave with them, Ye Fan got into the car.

Before this, Ye Fan didn't want to waste time on them.

But these idiots kept making trouble for him.

In that case, Ye Fan was going to grant them their wish!

"Since you want to die, I'll make sure all of you die!" There was a slight smile on Ye Fan's lips and a sinister look faintly covered his clean face.

But nobody noticed this change in Ye Fan expression.

Instead, they continued to look smug and arrogant, as if they could already see Ye Fan sprawling on the ground from being bashed up from the moment Ye Fan decided to get into the car with them.

"Ye Fan, come back! Don't go with them! Do you want Mu-Cheng and I to worry to death?" Su Qian continued to shout at Ye Fan as he got into the car and even tried to go over and drag him out of the car.

But Situ Feng blocked her way.

"Qianqian, don't bother wasting your energy. He's chosen to ignore you, so why bother? Don't worry, Xian will take good care of him. Haha!"

Situ Feng laughed loudly and left with the rest of them.

They were all so smug that that they had achieved their aim.

But Su Qian was both angry and worried.

"This stupid idiot! Does he feel uncomfortable if he spends just one day without giving Mu-Cheng trouble?! How did Mu-Cheng marry such a disaster? I have to tell Mu-Cheng about this and get her to stop this nutcase!"

Su Qian was too worried to take her things anymore. She quickly got back into her car and drove back to the office.

Ye Fan had been taken away by Fan Zhong-Xian's buddies.

It didn't take a genius to conclude that there were only two endings to this story.

Either Ye Fan will get beaten up very badly

by Fan Zhong-Xian and the rest...

...or Fan Zhong-Xian gets beaten badly by Ye Fan.

Neither ending was a good sign.

The former was a little better since Ye Fan would be the only one going through some physical pain.

But if Ye Fan went crazy and bashed all those people up instead, then they would all be in big trouble.

While Su Qian was rushing back to Mufan Real Estate, Xia Yue, Situ Feng and the rest had driven Ye Fan to the boxing gym.

Ye Fan alighted and saw the rather showy signboard at the door.

Stun the World School of Boxing!

This name sounded like it was a big deal, but it really was just a kickboxing gym.

Fan Zhong-Xian and other rich young folks like himself hardly worked, so besides indulging in vices and women, their other hobby was to fight.

And so Fan Zhong-Xian called together a

bunch of rich young men to start this gym.

While entertaining themselves, they could also use this as an excuse to settle some personal feuds.

This way, they could cover up their actions in the name of sparring. It was killing two birds with one stone!

"Why are you still standing there? Get your ass inside now!" yelled some of the young men in the other cars.

Xia Yue waved her hands at them and laughed disdainfully, "Let him take a look. He won't have the chance to in a while."

"Haha! You're right! Since he's offended Xian, then this fellow is going to be carried out on a stretcher later and he won't get the chance to see anything."

Even though everyone was laughing mercilessly at him, Ye Fan walked in with them anyway.

On the way in, Xia Xue was quietly advising Ye Fan when nobody was watching.

"Later on, don't argue back regardless of what Xian says. Most importantly, don't fight back. He hates it when people fight back. If

you do that, you will suffer less physical pain. Otherwise, he'd really beat you to death," whispered Xia Xue with a voice filled with sympathy and pity.

Ye Fan turned a little curiously to look at this pretty young lady next to him.

He smiled beautifully at her.

He didn't expect someone among this pile of shit to actually remain untainted by them.

"You're still smiling? You're going to die soon and you're actually still smiling? You've offended Xian, so you won't even get the chance to cry later!"

Xia Yue thought that she would be able to see fear on Ye Fan's face, but to her surprise, Ye Fan was actually smiling at her own younger sister.

This made Xia Yue furious and she yelled at him as a result.

Ye Fan couldn't help but shake his head inside and sighed.

They were twins and carried the same genes, so why were their personalities so different?

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“Xian, I’ve brought that country bumpkin over here. Teehee! How are you going to thank me?”

Xia Yue cast aside the arrogant and bullying aura she had earlier to become a gentle and subservient woman as she spoke coquettishly to Fan Zhong-Xian.

Two men were quietly having tea on high chairs.

One of them was Fan Zhong-Xian, the one who had a feud with Ye Fan.

The other man was handsome with a trendy hairstyle as well as two ear studs on his earlobes. He looked every bit like a teen idol and seemed aloof and detached from the world.

Someone like that would definitely cause many young girls to be infatuated with him if he walked along the streets.

Ye Fan could feel that Xia Xue blushed when she looked at this man.

It was clear that she had a crush on him.

“Haha! Yue’er, don’t worry. Once this whole

thing is over, I'll remember to reward you," said Fan Zhong-Xian as he laughed merrily. He got up from his chair and got ready to enter the boxing ring.

"Zhong-Xian, are you sure you don't need me?" asked the other handsome man.

"He's just a country bumpkin, so I'm enough to teach him a lesson. Liang Bo, you're the second best around here, so you can just sit back and relax. Why bother yourself with this stupid ant?" Fan Zhong-Xian waved his hand.

He got changed, put on his boxing gloves, then leapt into the boxing ring.

He looked down at Ye Fan who was still below the ring, and smiled coldly.

"Punk, you embarrassed me during Mu-Cheng's birthday, so I'm going to make you pay the painful price for doing that. Come up here and prepare to die now!!"

**BOOM!!**

Fan Zhong-Xian's angry shouts echoed through the entire boxing gym.

“So domineering!”

“How authoritative!”

“Brother Xian is amazing! He’s vicious with just a few words!”

The moment Fan Zhong-Xian entered the ring, everyone watching in the gym reached a fever pitch.

Situ Feng and the rest started singing Fan Zhong-Xian’s praises.

Xia Yue’s eyes were filled with infatuation as she went crazy just seeing how cool Fan Zhong-Xian looked in the boxing ring and continued shouting alongside Situ Feng.

“Wow!! Xian, you’re so handsome! Xue, look at my Xiaaaaaan! I really want to have babies with him!” Xia Yue’s heart was filled with nothing but admiration and passion for the arrogant looking Fan Zhong-Xian in the boxing ring.

She had known Fan Zhong-Xian for many years since the Xia and Fan families were friends, so the two of them had grown up together.

Xia Yue had been a great admirer of Fan Zhong-Xian since she was a child and



continued to woo him till today, but Fan Zhong-Xian never accepted her feelings.

But she wasn't discouraged. She believed that someday she would be able to move Fan Zhong-Xian's heart.

"Punk, what the hell are you waiting for? Are you scared? You wanna run? HAHA! It's too late to run now! Get up there and prepare to die!" yelled Situ Feng when he saw that Ye Fan still hadn't entered the ring.

"Why would I be afraid of a bunch of mice?"

Ye Fan shook his head and laughed faintly.

Then he calmly entered the boxing ring.

"Oh my god, this piece of trash seriously dared to enter the ring? Fine, let's watch how he dies! Xian! Beat him to death!" Xia Yue and the rest started shouting excitedly.

Fan Zhong-Xian heard everyone cheering him on and started feeling like he was in the clouds. His ego was greatly satisfied now.

He looked at Ye Fan with disdain and contempt.

"Ye Fan, I thought you would be too afraid to come up. I didn't expect you to be rather

bold after all. Tell me, how do you want to die?"

"I should be asking you this question!" Ye Fan's eyes were cold.

"He's just grasping at straws! This country bumpkin really knows how to talk big! He's going to die soon and he still dares to say such outrageous things? Xian, break one of his legs and show him what you've got!" shouted Xia Yue angrily.

Of course she was angry that Ye Fan had actually dared to argue back to her idol.

But Xia Xue grew anxious when she heard Ye Fan say this.

She had just told him not to argue back no matter what Fan Zhong-Xian said. Why didn't he listen to her?

He was just asking for more trouble this way.

As expected, Ye Fan's words made Fan Zhong-Xian's expression turn icy cold.

"Brat, it looks like you really don't know how amazing I am. I'm one of the three founders of this school. I've been learning how to box since I was seven, and out of the few

hundred members of this school, only two men can hold up in a fight against me. You're just a country bumpkin and you dare to insult me? Ye Fan, even if Shen Fei were here, he wouldn't be able to save you!"

"I initially thought that if you politely beg me for mercy, then I'll let you off with a light lesson. But now, I'm going to bloody break one of your legs!" shouted Fan Zhong-Xian angrily.

Ye Fan nodded. "Sure, I'll break one of your legs then."

"Bloody hell, you're asking to get killed!" Fan Zhong-Xian lost his patience and swung a fist out violently.

BOOM!

The fiery red boxing glove made the air around it surge, and it blew so hard that Xia Yue's hair was a mess.

But this punch from Fan Zhong-Xian hit nothing. Ye Fan had moved to the side and dodged the attack. "Damn it, this country bumpkin got lucky!" fumed Xia Yue.

She thought that her precious Xian would be able to knock this pauper out with one punch, but Ye Fan actually managed to

dodge it instead.

“Yue’er, relax. Your Xian hasn’t shown everything he’s got yet. Remember what’s his nickname in the school?” said the aloof man, Liang Bo, with a quiet scoff.

Xia Yue thought about it. “Stunning King of Kicks?”

“That’s right! Zhong-Xian’s real strength lies in his kicking technique. If I’m not careful enough, even I would have trouble dealing with Zhong-Xian’s kicks,” said Liang Bo with a faint smile.

WOOONG!

Just after Liang Bo said this, Fan Zhong-Xian finally started to launch his kicking technique.

He suddenly shot a kick out like a venomous snake coming out of its pit.

His speed was incredibly quick!

One could even hear the blast of the air as the kick whooshed past Ye Fan’s forehead.

“Oh my god! How beautiful! Xian’s legwork is getting better and better!” Situ Feng and the rest shouted in excitement.

Xia Yue's excited little face was also flushed.

"WOW! Xian, you're so cool! Xian, I'm rooting for you!!"

Fan Zhong-Xian's breathtaking legwork caused everyone to cheer loudly for him.

Xia Yue was even more infatuated with him and shouted arrogantly at Ye Fan, who was still holding up, "Go ahead and dodge him, you little punk! Let's see how long more you can dodge for! Even if Xian doesn't get you with one kick, I'm sure ten or twenty kicks later, you won't get so lucky anymore!"

Xia Yue laughed coldly. Her complacent eyes felt like she could already see Ye Fan kneeling and begging for mercy.

BAM BAM BAM!

Fan Zhong-Xian's second and third kicks were delivered in quick succession.

Fan Zhong-Xian's attacks became wilder and fiercer. Each attack was like a thunderstorm crashing in Ye Fan's direction without stopping at all.

But even though Fan Zhong-Xian was coming so aggressively at him, Ye Fan's expression remained especially calm.

He moved about the boxing ring as if he was just taking a walk in the park. But even though he seemed to be moving leisurely, he still dodged each one of Fan Zhong-Xian's attacks easily.

"This fellow..."

Liang Bo had been watching all this while from his high chair, and the disdain he had earlier was all gone. His handsome face began to look grim now.

BAM BAM BAM!

Fan Zhong-Xian was still making crazy attacks at Ye Fan.

He looked like he had become a mad dog or something, kicking to the front, to the back, to the side, sweeping across the floor or jumping up.

Fan Zhong-Xian was truly the Stunning King of Kicks. His moves were very good for being performed on stage.

All the pretty ladies watching were screaming their lungs out in excitement.

"WOW!! My Xian is simply so cool! My Xian is really the best, and that country bumpkin just keeps getting attacked again and again!"

A piece of trash is just trash after all! He can't fight back at all!" shouted Xia Yue excitedly.

But Liang Bo's eyelids kept twitching.

This stupid Xia Yue was still singing of Fan Zhong-Xian's praises.

Even if nobody else could tell, Liang Bo could.

It looked like Ye Fan was the one who kept getting attacked, but it was obvious that Fan Zhong-Xian had given it everything that he had and was even running out of moves, and he hadn't even touched Ye Fan's clothes.

Under such a situation, once Ye Fan decided to actually fight back, Fan Zhong-Xian was in great danger.

Only an idiot like Xia Yue would continue being fooled by this.

Liang Bo's expression was dark and there was cold sweat slowly appearing on his forehead.

Just then, Xia Yue screamed again, "Xian, that's quite enough, stop teasing that idiot! Break his stupid leg and end the fight!"

Immediately after Xia Yue said that, Ye Fan finally made a move after dodging all this while.

It was as if he had pulled a precious sword from its sheath and the glow of the blade was revealed!

"It's time for the nonsense to end."

This cold and sinister voice sounded like the singing of the grim reaper.

BOOOOOM...



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A blast like the sound of thunder filled the place.

With a mighty blow, the force of a bolt of lightning came crashing down.

Ye Fan's fist collided into Fan Zhong-Xian's oncoming foot.

"AHH!!!" A bloodcurdling scream tore through the air.

After that, Fan Zhong-Xian's cool and manly stance instantly became twisted and bent as his bones broke.

He shrieked loudly as his heavy body flew out like a cannonball and landed outside the ring like a crippled dog.

Just a moment ago, Xia Yue was cheering Fan Zhong-Xian on.

In the next moment, Fan Zhong-Xian's heavy body had come flying over and headed exactly for Xia Yue.

The impact was so heavy that both of them flew out together.

They crashed into several tables and chairs before finally landing on the floor.

PFFT...

Fan Zhong-Xian was severely injured from the punch. His body shuddered after crashing to the floor and he spewed a mouthful of blood all over Xia Yue's face.

Silence.

The whole place was silent.

The entire gym was completely silent.

You could even hear a pin drop.

Everyone was stunned and rooted to the ground. All the mocking and teasing anybody had towards Ye Fan earlier had been smashed to smithereens with this one punch.

Before this, nobody thought that things would end like that.

"AHHH! My leg is broken! It's so painful!!  
AHH! That asshole! He broke my leg!!"  
wailed Fan Zhong-Xian as he clutched his leg. His dog-like howling echoed through the entire gym.

Xia Yue was so frightened that she looked like her soul had left her body. Tears started rolling down her face uncontrollably and

mixed in with the blood.

This couple was no longer arrogant and complacent like before. They were now pitiful and a sad sight to behold.

"Xian!"

"Sis!"

"You little bastard! Ye Fan, how dare you! How dare you hit Xian so hard?! You deserve to die!"

After the initial shock was over, Situ Feng and the rest hurried over to help Fan Zhong-Xian to his feet.

Fan Zhong-Xian's leg had been broken by Ye Fan and he couldn't stand anymore. The pain nearly made him faint too.

"Xian, I'll send you to the hospital," said Situ Feng.

"NO! If I don't get revenge for this, I'm not going to the hospital! Liang Bo! Avenge me! Avenge me, Liang Bo!!" Fan Zhong-Xian roared as his eyes were bloodshot and his face was covered with wickedness and hatred.

Situ Feng and the rest were clearly indignant

about this loss as well, so they all turned and started shouting at Liang Bo, "Bo! Avenge Xian!"

"Take revenge for Xian!"

A few dozen of them were calling out to Liang Bo.

Liang Bo was the vice-president of this place and he was stronger than Fan Zhong-Xian.

Since Fan Zhong-Xian had lost, everyone naturally placed their hopes on Liang Bo.

"Bo, kill that fellow! Take revenge for Xian!" they continued to shout.

Xia Yue wiped away the bloodied tears on her face and shouted angrily, "Liang Bo, take revenge for us!"

Eventually, the silent Liang Bo finally got up from his chair after everyone pleaded with him.

The minute he got up, Xia Xue felt like her little heart was going to leap out from her mouth.

Was the man she admired so much finally going to make a move?

Xia Xue was looking forward to it, but she also felt conflicted.

She admired Liang Bo and was hoping that he could assert his authority and turn the tables.

But that would make Ye Fan pitiful, and she was afraid that he would be beaten up very badly by her idol.

While Xia Xue was still struggling inside, Liang Bo had already entered the ring.

Ye Fan was standing proudly inside with his hands behind his back.

His clean face was calm and emotionless.

"Your name is Ye Fan?" asked Liang Bo after he entered the ring. He stuffed his hands into his pant pockets and raised an eyebrow to make himself look aloof.

Ye Fan ignored him.

Liang Bo became even more displeased. "If you go over and kowtow to Zhong-Xian as an apology, I'll let you off today."

Ye Fan was amused. "Let me off? Do you think you're qualified to say that?"

"Excellent, simply excellent. You know, I'm not the kind of person who bullies weaker people, but since you have no idea what's good for you, then..."

"I'm sorry, I don't know." Liang Bo was still pretending to act cool and calm, but before he could finish his sentence, Ye Fan cut him off with a response that made Liang Bo so stunned that he was speechless.

"You!" Liang Bo was going to die from getting so angry.

Good god!

How was there such an idiot in this world?!

"Liang Bo, don't bother wasting time talking to him. Get it over and done with quickly! Maim him with three punches. I want both his legs broken so he'll kneel before me and beg me for mercy!" shouted Fan Zhong-Xian maliciously.

Ye Fan listened to these words and nodded. "Alright, we'll go with what he said. I'll get it over and done with quickly so that you'll kneel down and beg me for mercy," said Ye Fan calmly.

What the hell...

"I wasn't bloody talking to you!" yelled Fan Zhong-Xian angrily. He was on the verge of crying from being so pissed.

"Bo! Finish him off with one move! This country bumpkin is too audacious!" shouted the rest.

Liang Bo looked at everyone and nodded to show that he was going to teach Ye Fan a lesson.

He looked towards Ye Fan. "You can make the first move. Otherwise, I'm afraid you won't get the chance to."

"Sure." Ye Fan nodded and didn't bother being polite at all. He lazily started walking towards Liang Bo.

His distracted expression didn't look like he was about to fight. He looked more like he was going for a walk.

"One's attitude is the most important when it comes to sparring. Look at how flippant he looks! He's going to lose for sure! Xian, just watch! Bo is definitely going to take revenge for you!" said Situ Feng with a cold smile.

The rest had disdainful expressions on their faces too.

"I think this idiot realizes he's no match for Bo and he's just giving up now."

"We can't let him continue doing whatever he wants. Stun the World School of Boxing has so many good fighters, so I'm sure we'll kill him today!"

Just when everyone was chortling away, Ye Fan stopped strolling and suddenly gave a kick.

WOOONG!

His long leg was like a whip and was as fast as lightning.

It was so fast that one could literally hear it blast through the air.

Just like that, Ye Fan's leg carried an unstoppable energy and delivered a mighty kick.

"This..."

Liang Bo was initially confident before this, but now his eyes immediately widened.

Before he realized what was going on, he felt a terrible pain.

BAM!



Liang Bo went flying out of the boxing ring.

He flew out like a kite whose string was broken and landed with a loud crash. His head was facing down and fit into the large vase at the side.

PIANG!

The vase broke and the crash filled the air.

One kick!

Just one kick.

And the match was over.

Liang Bo couldn't get up at all while Ye Fan still stood upright.

"Anybody else?! If you want to fight, come here and fight."

Booom...

Ye Fan's angry voice echoed through the place like a mad rush of wind.

The entire place was silent.

All the chortling was instantly silenced.

Everyone's eyes were huge and they all

looked like chickens that had their necks squeezed. They almost forgot how to breathe because they were so shocked.

Situ Feng was terrified beyond words.

Fan Zhong-Xian was as stunned as a wooden sculpture.

Xia Yue's face was so red, it was as if Ye Fan had slapped her across her face.

Her younger sister's looked even more horrified.

She suddenly felt that the glorious and magnificent image she had of Liang Bo for so many years had shattered with that one kick.

Her eyes now only reflected that domineering and arrogant face that stood in the boxing ring and looked down at everyone else!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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HUUU...

It was nearly evening time.

A cold and strong wind blew noisily outside like a ghosts were sweeping by.

The boxing gym was in a mess.

Fan Zhong-Xian and Liang Bo were both on the floor and Ye Fan was the only one left standing in the entire place.

Everyone looked at the thin but authoritative figure and couldn't help but shudder.

There were nearly a hundred of them, but nobody dared to come forward even though Ye Fan shouted for the next person to fight him.

"What a bunch of cowards. There are so many of you, so how could you be scared of one country bumpkin? Even if he can fight one or two off, don't tell me you think he can fight all of you?" Xia Yue's hateful voice rang out from the crowd after a long period of shock.

Her words had motivated the crowd.

"She's right! There are so many of us, so how could we be afraid of one stupid country

bumpkin? Let's all go up there together and thrash that fellow hard! We must take revenge for Xian and Bo!" Situ Feng started fanning the flames as well.

In no time, all the rich young men in the crowd looked at one another and nodded. They started to look coldly towards Ye Fan now.

"Ye Fan, did you think that just because you defeated myself and Liang Bo, you don't have to be afraid of the Stun the World School of Boxing? We have a few hundred members, mind you. Even though not all of them are here today, we've got at least 70 or 80 of us. Even if both of us couldn't fight you, I'm sure so many of us can do this together!" said Fan Zhong-Xian fiercely as he tried to endure the pain.

"Oh, really? Since you're so confident, then give it a shot. What other trump cards do you have? Show them now. I don't have a lot of time left to waste on you, so I want to settle this once and for all," replied Ye Fan coldly.

He really didn't want to bother about people like Fan Zhong-Xian.

But they refused to go away and kept harassing him.

Even the nicest person in the world could get angry, so what more Ye Fan, the man who had conquered Jiangdong and Yanjing?

Today, he wasn't only going to teach Fan Zhong-Xian a lesson. He was going to use this opportunity to completely destroy every bit of arrogance in Fan Zhong-Xian's heart.

He was going to make sure all these people lived in fear of him.

"You're really audacious! Since you'd rather die, then don't blame me for getting nasty! All the members of Stun the World School of Boxing, listen to me! I, Fan Zhong-Xian, orders all of you to gather together and unite as one to kill this bloody country bumpkin!" commanded Fan Zhong-Xian.

After that, Situ Feng led the men forward and they made a mad rush towards Ye Fan.

They were really going to surround and beat Ye Fan up!

"Be careful! Run!"

It was already too late to stop the men from charging forward.

Xia Xue's face was pale as she yelled out worriedly at Ye Fan.

But Ye Fan remained standing in the boxing ring with his hands behind his back. "Run? Whatever for? Power is my hands! You may be many in number, but you're just a bunch of breakable ceramic pots."

His arrogant and cold laughter echoed throughout the gym.

Ye Fan's aura filled the entire place.

"What an idiot! You're going to die soon and you're still trying to show off? Breakable ceramic pots? Go to hell! I'll wait to see how you go about bragging once you've been beaten up!" yelled Fan Zhong-Xian furiously.

Xia Yue was glaring even more ferociously at her own sister.

"You betrayer! I'll teach you a lesson when we get home!"

But while Xia Yue was still shouting angrily, Ye Fan had leapt into the air.

His body was like a shadow as it dashed into the crowd in an instant.

**BAM!**

Ye Fan gave a violent kick.

It was as quick as lightning.

Ye Fan's leg was targeted straight at the leader of the pack, Situ Feng!

"What? He's so fast?!" Situ Feng was stunned when he saw how Ye Fan had appeared in front of him in the blink of an eye.

His eyes nearly popped out of his head.

In his shock, Situ Feng grit his teeth and sent a leg towards Ye Fan as well.

"Asshole, I'm going to fight you to the very end!"

BAM!

There was a terrible blast.

Situ Feng's leg broke and it hung limply like a strand of noodles.

Then with another blast, he went flying.

After crashing seven or eight other guys in the process, he finally crashed to the floor where he clutched his leg and cried miserably.

"Situ Feng!"

“You bastard, go to hell!”

Situ Feng’s defeat made the rest of them even wilder than before.

They all started shouting as they charged towards Ye Fan.

But Ye Fan wasn’t afraid of them at all.

He stepped forward and took seven steps in total.

BAM BAM BAM...

The 20 or 30 guys within the few meter radius of Ye Fan were kicked and sent flying.

Ye Fan wasn’t weakened by this at all and unleashed his incredible strength on them again.

He continued to attack with both fists and legs.

Ye Fan was now like the swordsman in Li Bai’s poem.

He killed one man with every ten steps, and nobody was left behind after he walked for a thousand miles.

Nobody was left standing in any place where



Ye Fan's fists and legs passed through.

In just a few seconds, everyone was lying on the floor.

Ye Fan had easily swept through all the men and shocked them once again.

The huge boxing gym was covered in silence yet again.

HUUU...

The cold wind howled outside and sent the fallen leaves flying.

Ye Fan continued to stand tall.

His deep and authoritative eyes scanned the place.

Then he shouted angrily, "Kneel down!"

BOOM!

His voice was like thunder and the moment he said these words, the terrible pressure of his authority gushed out in all directions like a tidal wave.

In that moment, everyone felt like a mountain was weighing on them and there was a tremendous pressure in the air.

Besides those who had been beaten unconscious, the rest were really forced to kneel after Ye Fan had shouted this command.

“AHH! You asshole! You’re just a country bumpkin but you’re really bold! How dare you make me kneel?! Just you wait! Once Uncle He gets here, he’ll make sure to break your bones and turn you into dust!”

Fan Zhong-Xian was kneeling painfully on the floor. His leg was already misaligned from the impact earlier, so the physical pain and the insult he felt made him almost go crazy.

He was the young master of the Fan family, but now he had been forced by a useless coward to kneel. This was a terrible humiliation to Fan Zhong-Xian and he found it difficult to accept.

So he continued to roar and yell indignantly.

“Sure! There’s no need to wait, call him and tell him to come over now. Who else are you still relying on? Tell all of them to come! You want to play? I’ll play with you. I’ll play with you until the very end!” replied Ye Fan domineeringly with a cold laugh.

His confident aura stunned everyone in the

gym for a few moments.

“Ye Fan, that’s what you said. If you’ve got guts, don’t go anywhere and just wait here. I’m going to call the Boxing King of the Stun the World School of Boxing to come here right now!” said Fan Zhong-Xian threateningly.

Ye Fan stood with his hands behind his back and replied calmly, “Sure, I’ll be waiting here.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Ye Fan's arrogant words continued to echo in the boxing gym.

Fan Zhong-Xian ignored the pain on his body and made a phone call.

"Hello? Uncle He? Where are you now? Come over to the gym for a while. Someone has threatened us and both Bo and I have been beaten up. Uncle He, you have to quickly come over and teach this bastard a lesson!" Fan Zhong-Xian sounded miserable and hateful.

Then he hung up quickly after that.

"Ye Fan, just you wait! Uncle He is the champion of Yunzhou's martial arts competition! One punch from him can knock a bull out and he's the head of this school! Once Uncle He arrives, you can just wait to die!" said Fan Zhong-Xian nastily to Ye Fan as he knelt on the floor while his leg was still bleeding.

Everyone else was also filled with great hatred in their eyes.

The terrible pain searing through their bodies intensified their hate for Ye Fan.

It was clear that besides Fan Zhong-Xian, Situ Feng, Xia Yue and everyone else was

pinning all their hopes of getting revenge on this Uncle He.

They were all waiting for this Uncle He to come and avenge them.

But Ye Fan didn't seem afraid at all and he looked strangely calm.

He just stood there and waited quietly.

Xia Xue's face was filled with worry as she whispered to Ye Fan, "Hey...I think you'd better leave. Uncle He is really good. He's the Boxing King of Yunzhou and both Xian and Bo together can't fight him at all. You'd better leave before Uncle He gets here. There's no need to stay here and risk your life..."

Xia Xue continued to persuade him anxiously.

Xia Yue almost had a fit when she heard these words.

"Xue, whose side are you on?! You bloody traitor!" shrieked Xia Yue in anger.

The sound of a car could be heard outside.

Someone was here.

"Oho! It's Uncle He's car! Uncle He is here! You stupid country bumpkin! Wait to die!" laughed Fan Zhong-Xian with a threatening smile.

Situ Feng roared through gritted teeth as well, "Ye Fan, you're doomed! Uncle He is the highly skilled fighter that Xian and the rest hired to keep the peace in this place and he's the Boxing King. How could a farmer like you fight against him? You're definitely doomed!"

"Wait to die!" yelled Xia Yue venomously.

DOONG.

Footsteps came in from outside while they were all hurling threats at Ye Fan.

Ye Fan stood with his hands behind his back and watched the figure slowly walk through the door.

Finally.

A middle aged man in a suit pushed the door open and walked into the gym.

His steps were steady and his breathing was regular.

His well-built body was extremely muscular, and it was clear that he was someone who

had practiced martial arts for a long time.

When he appeared, Ye Fan smiled.

“Uncle He, you’re finally here! It’s that bastard over there! He threatened the school and forced all of us to kneel! He broke my leg and he’s injured Liang Bo severely too. Uncle He, you have to take revenge for us and restore the reputation of our school!”

Fan Zhong-Xian behaved like someone who had fallen into the water and was clinging onto the last blade of grass that could stop him from being swept away.

He looked at the middle aged man and spoke pitifully and respectfully as he pleaded with the man to teach Ye Fan a lesson.

Fan Zhong-Xian’s words were like a huge rock falling into the ocean, causing a tsunami to rise.

Everyone behind him started begging this man together. All these ill-disciplined rich youngsters suddenly became respectful as they started pleading with the man.

“Uncle He, avenge us!”

“Uncle He, avenge us!”

Xia Yue was shouting desperately while Situ Feng was pleading pitifully.

Their respectful voices soon merged into a river that gushed onto the land.

Everyone had placed their hope on this one man.

"Oh no, oh no...Uncle He is here, Ye Fan's going to really suffer now," Xia Xue groaned inwardly with a pale face and a worried heart as she also started grumbling at Ye Fan.

"I told you to leave just now but you refused. Look, now you can't get away anymore. You're going to get thrashed," snapped Xia Xue.

But Ye Fan didn't say anything even though the whole place was in an uproar.

His skinny frame continued to stand there quietly.

He was as straight as a spear.

No matter how heavy or strong the winds and rain outside were, they would be unable to move Ye Fan!

Ye Fan continued to remain as calm as ever.



In fact, there was even a strange smile on his lips.

"Punk! How dare you even smile?! Uncle He is here, so you'd better beg him to finish you off quickly!" shouted Fan Zhong-Xian angrily.

Ye Fan just shook his head and laughed. "Beg him to finish me off quickly? That depends on whether he dares to or not."

Ye Fan's faint laughter echoed in the gym and it made everyone even angrier.

"You're simply too audacious and you don't know what's good for you! You're going to die but you still want to show off? What an idiot! When Uncle He beats you so badly that you end up begging him for mercy, I'll see if you can still brag!" Fan Zhong-Xian and the others shouted angrily at Ye Fan.

Fan Zhong-Xian didn't waste any more time. He looked back at the middle aged man. "Uncle He, don't hesitate anymore and strike him. Maim this bastard here!" said Fan Zhong-Xian with respect.

But there was no response.

That muscular body continued to stand there without moving.

“Uncle He? Why are you still standing there? Beat him up!” shouted Xia Yue.

But he still didn't move.

Fan Zhong-Xian started getting anxious.

“Uncle He, attack him! What the hell?! I don't spend a few million on you every year just for you to stand around, you know?! I'm ordering you to beat that asshole to death right now! Go beat him up RIGHT NOW!” Fan Zhong-Xian roared furiously.

BAM!

A thunderous blast was heard.

Just one moment ago, Fan Zhong-Xian was shouting orders. In the next moment, the middle aged man gave a kick and sent Fan Zhong-Xian screaming and flying out. He crashed into the wall and broke a few teeth from the impact.

This scene shocked all of them.

Xia Yue was completely bewildered and asked anxiously, “Uncle He, are you nuts? Xian told you to beat up that country bumpkin! How dare you beat Xian instead?! You're really bold...”

PAK!

A slap was delivered this time.

The slap sent Xia Yue flying out like a shooting star. She crashed into tables and chairs, rolled on the floor for several meters before finally puking blood and broken teeth all over the floor.

After the man was done with these two, he quickly ran forward as his heart was filled with great terror and fear. He used the most humble voice he had ever used in his entire life to kneel and bow fearfully towards Ye Fan. "Esteemed sir, please accept this bow from me, Zheng He!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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"Everything that happened today was planned by Fan Zhong-Xian and the rest, it has nothing to do with me. I just happened to be passing by and I did not intend to offend you at all. I hope you will treat this situation with fairness."

Zheng He knelt before Ye Fan with great terror in his heart as he apologized and pleaded for mercy.

His humble and respectful voice echoed in the gym.

Situ Feng and the rest were all confused.

The entire place fell completely silent.

Everyone just stared in disbelief at what they were seeing.

Fan Zhong-Xian lay on the floor after getting kicked and he was even more shocked than anybody else.

"This...this...how...how is this possible? Uncle He...why is he kneeling before that useless coward?!" Fan Zhong-Xian was rooted to the floor in shock.

Xia Yue looked up and she was also alarmed.

Even Liang Bo, who had been sent flying by Ye Fan with just one kick earlier, stared with wide eyes at this.

Everyone could feel tumultuous waves in their hearts.

They all thought that Zheng He would definitely come and teach Ye Fan a really good lesson.

But nobody expected the person they placed their last hope in to actually kneel before Ye Fan without saying or doing anything.

This was like a slap in their faces.

What an irony!

What a terribly irony.

But Zheng He didn't care about the reactions of Fan Zhong-Xian and the rest.

Zheng He continued to kneel fearfully before Ye Fan and he was about to pee his pants soon. He even felt like killing Fan Zhong-Xian too.

When he got the call earlier, he thought it was someone ordinary who had come to pick a fight, so he quickly rushed over.

After all, he was supposedly the head of this school and was paid more than a million a year, so it was only right for him to do something when necessary.

But Zheng He never imagined that Fan Zhong-Xian was actually asking him to deal with Mr Chu.

When he stepped in and saw Ye Fan, Zheng He was instantly rooted to the spot.

He was both terrified and mortified.

Fan Zhong-Xian was getting him into trouble this way!

Zheng He just offended Ye Fan the night before and Ye Fan spared him on account of the Li family.

But now, Fan Zhong-Xian had called him over to beat Ye Fan up.

This was like pushing him over a cliff!

Of course Zheng He was petrified.

In his fear, he immediately fell to his knees to bow before Ye Fan.

He could only hope that Ye Fan would spare him again since he was so sincere in

apologizing.

"Oh, you're just passing by?" Ye Fan looked down at him and smiled faintly. "So why did I heard from Fan Zhong-Xian that you're the honorary head of this school and you're coming to deal with me?"

Zheng He's face immediately paled and he started explaining, "Sir, don't listen to his nonsense! Fan Zhong-Xian is a fool, an idiot! I don't know him at all, so why would I come out and deal with you for him? Sir, if you don't believe me, I'll question that Fan Zhong-Xian right now!"

Zheng He ran over and carried Fan Zhong-Xian over to fling him at Ye Fan's feet.

"Say it! Do you know me?!" asked Zheng He in a fierce voice in front of Ye Fan.

"Uncle He, I..."

"Who the hell is Uncle He?!" Zheng He slapped Fan Zhong-Xian across the mouth the moment he spoke.

Fan Zhong-Xian's nose started bleeding from the impact.

"Enough of this nonsense. Do you know me or not?" asked Zheng He again.

"I..."

PAK!

Fan Zhong-Xian just opened his mouth to speak and Zheng He slapped him again.

Fan Zhong-Xian started crying.

What the hell?!

He had barely said anything and he got slapped?

"Say it! Do you know me or not? Yes or no?" asked Zheng He angrily.

Of course Fan Zhong-Xian didn't dare to say that he knew Zheng He anymore.

His expression looked miserable as he shook his head. "No...no, I don't."

Zheng He looked at Ye Fan and grinned. "Sir, see? I don't know them at all and I happened to pass by, that's all."

Zheng He ran over to another table to pour Ye Fan a cup of tea.

"Sir, please have some tea."

Zheng He was behaving especially



respectfully right now. He was very subservient, as if he was just one of Ye Fan's lackeys.

After all, Zheng He knew very well who this person was.

Even Master Li Er was only one of his dogs.

Being able to serve Mr Chu with tea was Zheng He's great honor.

But the rest of them just watched on in shock.

Xia Xue in particular, had her hands over her mouth from shock. Her pretty eyes were filled with disbelief.

She suddenly felt that this Ye Fan was really mysterious now.

"I've seen a lot of people all these years, but out of all these people, you're the one who knows how to behave the best," said Ye Fan as he took the tea, then laughed and patted Zheng He's shoulder.

He didn't make things difficult for Zheng He and let Zheng He leave with the wave of his hand.

Zheng He looked like he had just survived a

major crisis as he quickly turned and made a run for it.

By the time he ran out, Zheng He realized that the back of his shirt was drenched in sweat.

Even though he had only seen Ye Fan for a few minutes, it felt like a century.

After Zheng He left, the gym became quiet again.

Ye Fan continued to stand in the boxing ring proudly.

He looked around and laughed coldly.

“What now, Young Master Fan? Do you still have anybody to fall back on?”

Ye Fan tilted his head back and drank the tea in the cup down with one mouthful.

Then he flung the cup onto the floor and it smashed to pieces.

Nobody responded to Ye Fan's shout.

Everyone kept their heads bowed as they continued to bow and didn't dare to speak anymore.

The entire Stun the World School of Boxing had clearly been trampled upon by one foot of Ye Fan's!

There was no reason for Ye Fan to stay anymore, so he turned to leave.

When he got to the door, Ye Fan noticed the large signboard that read 'Stun the World School of Boxing'. He scoffed, then sent a kick its way.

"Ye Fan, no!" Qiu Mu-Cheng's worried voice called out from afar.

But she was too late.

**BAM!**

That gigantic signboard fell apart immediately with a low crash.

Qiu Mu-Cheng had come too late and she was filled with terror.

She looked at the mess on the floor as well as Fan Zhong-Xian and the rest who were still kneeling inside, and her eyes turned red immediately.

The one thing she was most worried about had happened after all.

She turned and looked at Ye Fan as she shouted at him in an upset voice, "Ye Fan, why? Why won't you listen to my advice? Why do you always just ignore what I say?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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