

No one could fathom the emotions going through Ye Yu-Yan's heart.

Was it bitterness?

Was it loneliness?

Or was it admiration?

Even Ye Yu-Yan was uncertain.

She keenly sensed many emotions flooding her heart as they intermingled.

Ye Yu-Yan lay prone on the ground and stared at the man as he accepted Hua Ying-Tian's kowtow. Tears tumbled from her eyes, and she was incapable of saying a word.

Ye Yu-Yan recalled how she wanted to beat up Ye Fan.

From the looks of it now, Ye Fan probably thought she was nothing but a fool all along.

Even a formidable martial artist from abroad like Hua Ying-Tian was powerless against Ye Fan, so how could Ye Yu-Yan possibly compare to that?

"Fan!"

The sound of crying came suddenly.

A pretty young lady ran downstairs heedlessly towards Ye Fan with tears in her eyes and lunged into his arms.

"Fan, I was so scared! I was worried you'd get hurt. If you died, what's going to happen to Mu-Cheng and I?"

Lu Wen-Jing was young after all. The blood and violence at the restaurant petrified her so much that she broke into tears.

Her face was all red as she ran over.

Fear still lingered in Lei Ao-Ting's heart after watching their fight, but when he spotted Lu Wen-Jing lunging into Ye Fan's arms, he shook his head and sighed.

In his heart, he felt that Lu Wen-Jing was probably the only person who dared to get close to Ye Fan at a time like this.

Ye Fan patted Lu Wen-Jing's head indulgently. After he consoled her, he lowered his head to look at Hua Ying-Tian kneeling on the ground.

"Hua Ying-Tian, you traveled for miles to kill me. That alone assured death. Considering how young my cousin is, I don't want her to witness such violence, so I will spare you today. Go back to Japan and tell your Sword

God that he has to do it on his own if he wants to kill me. What's the point of sending dumbasses to their deaths?" said Ye Fan as his indifferent voice echoed through the air.

In an instant, Hua Ying-Tian kept kowtowing and thanking Ye Fan nonstop for pardoning him.

Ye Fan ignored him. Then he stepped forward and slowly helped Dong Mei up from the ground.

Although Ye Fan had no feelings for the others, he was particularly thankful to his aunt.

He didn't care about anyone else except Dong Mei.

"Auntie Mei, it's okay. Let me help you up," said Ye Fan gently as he helped Dong Mei up slowly.

Dong Mei was still lingering in fear. She hadn't recovered from the horror and had yet to compose herself.

Her face was pale as she nodded and got up.

Since Dong Mei was alright, Ye Fan turned to leave.

Ye Yu-Yan trembled and spat blood again.

She was the most seriously injured casualty.

Dong Mei ran over anxiously in an instant when she saw her daughter breathing her last breath and hugged her and cried.

Then she turned to Ye Fan and begged, "Fan, is there anything you can do to save Yu-Yan? I know she was bad to you, but it was all my fault. I am her mother, so it was my mistake not teaching her well. I didn't educate her properly. If you are resentful, you can take it out on me. Yu-Yan is still young, and I can't go on without her. Fan, please help your cousin. Please try and help your cousin!"

Dong Mei was at a loss the moment she saw the blood her daughter was drenched in.

Ye Tian and the others were unable to help, so the only person she could count on was Ye Fan.

Tears brimmed from her eyes with her face red as Dong Mei beseeched Ye Fan sadly.

Lu Wen-Jing couldn't help feeling sorry for Dong Mei. She looked so pitiful.

She yanked the corner of Ye Fan's shirt

without saying a word and called for him gently.

Ye Fan remained expressionless and silent.

Ye Fan turned to look at Ye Yu-Yan drenched in blood when Dong Mei begged him.

But Ye Yu-Yan seemed too embarrassed to face Ye Fan and didn't even have the courage to make eye contact with him.

In the end, Ye Fan waved his hand and told Lei Ao-Ting to bring the car over.

Then Ye Fan leaned over and carried the blood-soaked Ye Yu-Yan up to her surprise and placed her in the car.

No one knew about the feelings that surged through Ye Yu-Yan's heart when Ye Fan carried her.

In the past, she would have been repulsed by the thought of being carried by Ye Fan.

But now, she was touched, fearful, and even somewhat embarrassed!

Ye Yu-Yan even felt that the man's embrace was warm and secure when he carried her.

It was as though a fragile flower had found

its harbor.

The subliminal image of Ye Fan defeating Hua Ying-Tian, and trampling the Japanese martial arts expert at his feet surface before her eyes once again.

Ye Fan would never dream that so many emotions flooded Ye Yu-Yan's heart when he carried her into the car.

But Ye Fan remained calm.

Ye Fan didn't hate or feel any familial ties to Ye Yu-Yan.

Ye Yu-Yan was just a small fry in Ye Fan's eyes and was no different to the countless passersby in his life.

Ye Fan didn't think much of Ye Yu-Yan's opinion of him.

He was burdened with too many things and couldn't be bothered to fight with these kids for the limelight.

Would an elephant give a hoot about the ants crawling by his feet?

Certainly not!

He merely helped to save them on account

of his Auntie Mei.

Since Ye Yu-Yan was his aunt's only child, Ye Fan couldn't sit by and watch her bleed to death.

Dong Mei went to the hospital with Ye Yu-Yan. Then the audience at the restaurant left one after another.

Ye Fan didn't stay either and turned to leave.

"Fan! Don't go, Fan! Save us too! We are your uncles!" said his second uncle in agony when he saw Ye Fan leaving.

Even though Hua Ying-Tian only kicked them once, Ye Tian and Ye Ya were badly injured.

But a kick from a martial artist was far stronger.

So even if Hua Ying-Tian kicked them casually, Ye Fan's uncles would probably be in too much pain even to walk.

Ye Fan laughed coldly and replied when he heard them, "Uncle Ya, I told you to leave the restaurant out of the kindness of my heart, but you refused to listen and even insulted and scolded me. Who else can you blame after getting beaten up like this? You asked for it!"

Ye Fan coldly spoke before he waved his hand and left.

Before Ye Fan left, he turned to add, "Don't worry, I've called for the ambulance already and it will probably be here soon. That's enough to fulfil my duty as a nephew, right?"

"Fan, don't go!" shouted Ye Ya, but Ye Fan had already gone.

Only Ye Ya lay on the ground sadly, while Ye Tian was livid.



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"This asshole is simply unfilial! He didn't even bother to ask after we got beaten and just left like that! What ambulance? Ambulance, my foot! As if we can't call for an ambulance on our own!" said Ye Ya furiously. He was so triggered when Ye Fan left that he almost vomited blood, and his face was utterly livid.

Ye Jian ran over to help them up and seat them on chairs.

"Humph. A daughter's son is still not as good as a son's son," sneered Ye Tian coldly while he sat in the chair and looked upset.

He was clearly upset about Ye Fan dumping them here without considering why Ye Fan was so cold to them.

"Tian, that goes without saying! Even though Ye Fan changed his surname to Ye, he is not a Ye and won't be buried in the same ancestral graves as us. Only the kids bearing the Ye surname are true family," chimed Ye Ya.

"Also, Tian. Ye Fan is unbelievable. He didn't help right away, even though he is such a highly skilled martial artist. He must have done that on purpose to laugh at us! That animal harbors such dreadful intentions! Fortunately, Ye Fan is a live-in husband

without any accomplishment. If he ended up being successful, he might even treat us treacherously," continued Ye Ya coldly.

Even though Ye Fan did help them today, Ye Ya wasn't the least bit grateful. Instead, he grew even more hateful and displeased with him.

Ye Jian instantly felt fortunate as he listened to his father.

Yes, so what if Ye Fan was an incredible fighter? It couldn't change the fact he was a live-in husband.

They were living in modern times, so what use was it to be a good fighter?

At best, Ye Fan could be a bodyguard.

The most important thing in society was power, status, and wealth.

Since Ye Fan had none of the above, he was still a good-for-nothing regardless of his skills.

Ye Jian's fear for Ye Fan swiftly disappeared.

"Dad, Uncle Tian, he's just a live-in husband. What's the point of getting upset with the likes of him? Come, let me take you to the

hospital," said Ye Jian with a smile. Then he helped Ye Tian and Ye Ya into the car.

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After Ye Fan left the restaurant, he went to the nearby park for a walk.

Lei Ao-Ting was out sending Dong Mei and her daughter to the hospital. Ye Fan made plans with Lei Ao-Ting to meet here.

Ye Fan wasn't worried about his uncles.

They merely suffered a kick and weren't in critical condition.

Ye Fan clearly left them to their own devices to teach them a lesson.

He wanted them to keep this episode in mind and treat his mother better.

"Mr Chu?" came a voice suddenly while Ye Fan took a walk in the park with Lu Wen-Jing.

Ye Fan glanced and spotted an old man with a lot of wounds. He had surprisingly dragged himself and followed behind them.

Lu Wen-Jing got a scare, and Ye Fan raised his brow.

Ye Fan had seen the old man before.

He was none other than Lu Tian-He, whom Hua Ying-Tian had beaten to a pulp at Guangyue Restaurant earlier.

Since Lu Tian-He practiced martial arts, he was very hale and hearty. Despite having suffered multiple sword wounds, he persisted in chasing after them.

“Looks like I was right. You are Mr Chu, the one who turned the tables and killed Hua Ying-Long at Yanqi Lake and took over as the leader of Yanjing!” said Lu Tian-He when Ye Fan turned back. Then Lu Tian-He’s pale face instantly broke into a smile.

Lu Tian-He finally verified Ye Fan’s identity.

But a cold wind suddenly gusted, and the old man’s eyes twitched as he said, “Sir, be careful!”

A light quickly flashed behind Ye Fan as Lu Tian-He shouted in shock.

Then a sharp sword with a threatening gleam swiftly cut down towards Ye Fan’s head.

SLAAASH!

The sword plunged into his body.

A spray of blood spurted into the air.

The ground was awash with crimson blood.

Then the sword hit the ground.

Hua Ying-Tian's ruptured body landed on the ground.

A long sword was sticking out from his throat.

"How dare a loser like you make an attempt on my life? It's such a wild dream," said Ye Fan. He turned and stood before Lu Wen-Jing and looked down at Hua Ying-Tian.

Hua Ying-Tian was indignant about losing and was hoping to launch a sneak attack on Ye Fan.

But Ye Fan had already detected his presence. So how could Hua Ying-Tian succeed?

Ye Fan hit the sword with the back of his hand when Hua Ying-Tian's sword first came down on him before jamming the sword into Hua Ying-Tian's throat.

"I could forgive you if you had no choice. But

you brought it upon yourself, so you have to die! You didn't fight me head-on but chose to launch a surprise attack. You don't have the slightest martial arts character in you. I didn't expect such an iconic Japanese martial artist to accept the likes of you as a disciple," laughed Ye Fan gently. His words brimmed with contempt.

How could Hua Ying-Tian say a word with a sword in his throat?

He parted his lips after Ye Fan finished his words, but all that came out was blood.

Then he crumpled loudly to the ground.

Ye Fan slaughtered the top disciple of Sword Shrine, Hua Ying-Tian, near the Jingzhou city walls.

Lu Tian-He trembled in shock!

After some time, he finally inhaled and commended Ye Fan, "You are such a talented youth. I was very impressed by the way you killed Hua Ying-Long at Yanqi Lake previously. Now that I got to witness your prowess again, I'm even more awestruck! I hope you can do me the honor of letting me buy you dinner to thank you for saving my life."

"I'll pass. I'm not even good enough to dine with Ye Yu-Yan let alone her teacher," interrupted Ye Fan before Lu Tian-He could finish. Then he sneered coldly and rejected him.

"Mr Chu, please reconsider. I'm very sincere about buying you dinner," persuaded Lu Tian-He.

But Ye Fan ignored him.

"Since you have a student who is as rude and arrogant as Ye Yu-Yan, you probably have questionable conduct. I don't make dealings with unrighteous folks, so leave. But if you want to thank me, you can help take care of this body."

Ye Fan had already left.

Only his deep voice rang from up ahead.

Lu Tian-He looked into the distance disappointedly. There were still many things he wanted to say, but everything transformed into a single sigh.

"Sigh. How on earth did that stupid Ye Yu-Yan offend Mr Chu? Now my plans are ruined."