

The way he saw it, Heather was the best of women and a goddess among men. With trillions of dollars to her name and the noble blood of the West in her veins, choosing her would be like choosing beauty, riches and status all at once. How could anyone measure up to the heights she had been to? Yun Muqing might be good-looking even by national standards, but ultimately she was just a commoner. Surely a man of sound mind—no, even an idiot would know who to pick, unlike Chu Feng. Heather, though, did not react and simply asked, “You mean I’m supposed to ruin his family?”

Old Henry said without missing a beat, “No, Miss Heather. What you desire should always be yours. It’s not that you’re ruining his family, it’s that this woman has no right to what you desire. Of course, if you don’t want to sully your hands, I can do it for you. I promise I will not leave a single trace.” He smiled delightedly, revelling in his supposed genius.

Unexpectedly, Heather sat and asked again, “Old Henry, how long have you served me?”

Old Henry quickly bowed in the Western way and looked at her with reverence, “Miss Heather, my family has served yours since my grandfather’s generation, for a total of 150 years. I, Old Henry, am honored to be your obedient servant.”

Heather stretched lazily and yawned. “150 years? How loyal of you. Alright, in consideration of this loyalty, I will spare you this time. If you ever harbor

a single thought of betrayal against that Lord, don't blame me when I take your life." Heather shot Old Henry a glare that was as sharp and cold as a steel blade.

Old Henry shuddered and fell to his knees, "Never, never again. I beg your forgiveness." In all his years of serving Heather, this was the first time he'd seen such a murderous aura emanate from her, and it terrified him to no end.

"Here's another reminder for you—that man's powerful enough to turn the Smith family to ash, and he cares about his family more than anything." Heather shot him another apathetic glare, "Do use your brains and avoid offending him."

"What?!" Old Henry gaped, thunderstruck. "T-Turn the family to ash? How is this possible?!" As the Smiths' butler like his father and his father before him, Old Henry was well aware of how rich and powerful this 300 year-old family was. They even had a private armed security force, with the battle power that could compare to that of a small African nation. "W-Who is this man?!"

Heather's expression became nostalgic. "Ashura."

"Ashura? What Ashura?" Old Henry blurted out, then gasped when he caught on to her words. "The Ashura that single-handedly destroyed the Holy Temple and sacked the Western underworld?! The King of Hell, Lord Chu?!"

Three years ago, the Western underworld was

crawling with evil, and the 200 year-old Holy Temple was the biggest threat of all. With a solid foundation and an alleged army of a hundred thousand men, the entire Western world was plunged into chaos and even the state armies had no choice but to bow down. It was then that a legendary man, who called himself Ashura, wiped out over three hundred underworld organisations all by himself in just three months. In the end, he'd even single-handedly defeated the seven kings of the Holy Temple and executed 'Satan', the most powerful villain of the West, and sacked the entire underworld. It was this legendary battle that shook the world and put Ashura's name on the map!

When Old Henry recalled that fiery, casualty-ridden Holy War and the indiscriminate way in which the King of Hell, Lord Chu had cut down his enemies, he shuddered. Everyone in the underworld had feared for their own lives when Chu Feng had drenched the place in blood. How could a measly Smith family be compared to a bloodthirsty god of war like him?

Heather took one glance at him and said again, "That's why you must be respectful the next time you see him."

"Yes, of course. Understood." Old Henry nodded furiously, his arrogance now replaced by fear and terror. "H-He's legendary!"

After leaving Heather's office, Chu Feng played with Duo Duo and Xiao Hu to their hearts' content for a whole afternoon and only packed up to leave after sunset. The two kids seemed happy after saying goodbye to Heather and leaving Happy Valley, but Yun Muqing seemed to have pent up anger and kept avoiding Chu Feng. It was like there was something on her mind, and she might as well have had the words 'I'm unhappy' carved onto her forehead.

"Daddy, Mummy's jealous you got so close with Miss Heather and had so much fun talking to her," Duo Duo said matter-of-factly. She was holding the Snow White doll Heather gave her as she rested in Chu Feng's arms. "You've got to make her happy again and stay away from Miss Heather, or I'll get angry too. Hmph!"

Chu Feng pinched her cheeks amusedly. "You heartless rascal. Didn't you just take a present from her and butter her up? What's with this instant betrayal?"

"Yeah, but Miss Heather is still an outsider. I'll always be on Mummy's side. Teehee." The girl smiled mischievously with a look of glee.

Yun Muqing could barely conceal her smile, her frustration significantly relieved as she said, "Let's go home!"

"Whee, we're going home!" Chu Feng lifted his daughter high in the air, the pale moonlight casting three long shadows amidst the girl's joyful

chattering.

“Daddy, why did Miss Heather call you Ashura?”

“That’s a very, very long story. I’ll tell you some other day.” Chu Feng picked up his daughter again. His gaze became nostalgic; the image of two silhouettes on the Xi Ye border appeared in his mind’s eye, an image from three years ago where one was old and the other was young.

“This mission is nothing like what you’ve experienced, boy. The Holy Temple has dominated the Western underworld for more than 200 years, so it has a solid foundation and a hundred-thousand-strong army. Their leader, Demon King Satan, is unpredictably powerful and rumor has it that he’s already godlike. Can you really do it?”

“If he’s Satan, then I’m Ashura, the King of Hell. We’ll see which of us is the more evil one.”

“Ha! Exactly the kind of guts I’d expect from a soldier that I, Qin Shihuang, trained! The day you come back victorious, I’ll set up a celebratory banquet myself and drink ourselves silly!”

“Deal!” The young man stepped toward the sunset in his pristine uniform, facing the howling wind with absolute certainty.

Three months later, a man who called himself Ashura rocked the Western underworld by decimating Satan’s army and then Satan himself with nothing but his own fists and a sword. He

sacked the Holy Temple, drenched the underworld in blood, then disappeared into thin air just a few days after making his name as the legendary Ashura. In the West, his story was a mind-blowing historical legend. At the same time, in the plains of Donghua, the Dragon Soul's God of War emerged in Xi Ye. With three gold stars on his shoulder and millions of men under his command, he became a different legend as a general—that man's name was Chu Feng.

After returning from Happy Valley, Chu Feng enjoyed a few days of precious rest. Every day, he could play with his daughter, cook a little, and lead a generally carefree life. Yun Muqing, though, seemed to keep picking a bone with him and passive-aggressively brought up Heather in almost every conversation they had. She'd even taken the moral high ground and kept calling him 'a wolf in sheep's clothing' and a man who 'put relationships before friendships' and suchlike.

Chu Feng could feel a headache coming on as the situation got more and more awkward with this human bundle of jealousy. At this rate, there was no way Yun Muqing would fully accept him or let him reveal his identity as Duo Duo's biological father; the pressure was suffocating.

On this day, Chu Feng took Duo Duo to kindergarten as usual. And as usual, Xiao Hu was already waiting at the school gates with his backpack, jogging over with a bunch of junk food the moment he saw Duo Duo. "Duo Duo, here's the milk tea, chocolate, and mini cakes you wanted.

Please let me copy your homework.” Xiao Hu begged with pity and a little caution.

Without batting an eye, Duo Duo took the snacks and pouted with an expression of arrogance. “Well, since you look so pitiful, I’ll give it. But promise me this will be the last time.”

“Thank you, Duo Duo. This will be the last time, I promise.” Xiao Hu took the homework with both hands as if he was holding a precious treasure. Chu Feng felt amused watching these two, because Xiao Hu had been making the same promise for a week in a row. Yet here he was, shamelessly bribing his daughter with snacks every day after.

With that, he solemnly patted Xiao Hu’s shoulder. “Young man, as a boy with responsibilities, don’t you feel shame for copying a girl’s homework every day? Besides, the weather’s been chilly lately. What if you catch a cold waiting for Duo Duo everyday like this?”



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Even if this little rascal had a thick skin to defend against the weather, what about his own poor daughter? “I think you’re right, Uncle.” Xiao Hu nodded sagely, then smiled at Chu Feng. Just as Chu Feng thought he’d gotten through to the boy, Xiao Hu grinned and waved his hand in a grand gesture. “I’ll get my father to build a cafe here tomorrow, so that I can sip on milk tea while waiting for Duo Duo every day without catching a cold.”

Chu Feng became speechless. You cunning brat, did I say anything about a cafe? By the time Chu Feng realized his face had darkened, the two kids were already skipping away.

With a mysterious, but no less delighted look on Xiao Hu’s face, he said, “Duo Duo, I lost sleep last night thinking about how to prank Liu Yaoyao, and I’ve got an idea. It’ll embarrass her in front of the whole class and avenge you as well—”

Duo Duo’s expression stiffened and she lectured him, “Xiao Hu, it’s not right to do this. Our teacher taught us to be generous, kind and forgiving. How could you think of something like this?”

Xiao Hu nodded as if he’d just realized something, looking at her with admiration. “Got it, Duo Duo. You’re such a kind leader, and that’s why I ad—”

“But Liu Yaoyao is the exception!” Duo Duo waved her little fists and smiled maliciously. “Quick, tell me how you plan to prank her?”

Xiao Hu was the speechless one now. No wonder she was the leader in the class; she was so unpredictable.

Chu Feng smiled with relief and watched the two children rush to kindergarten. "That's my daughter, alright. She takes revenge the first chance she gets, like me." After waving her goodbye, Chu Feng left the kindergarten and strolled through the streets, still undecided on how he was going to spend the day.

Just then, the phone rang and when Chu Feng scanned the screen, he realized it was a call from Heather.

"Yes, Heather?"

"My Lord, I have news regarding the antidote for that Mandraka Poison the Holy Temple administered on you, as requested." Heather's voice was still melodious, but it sounded a little tired. Presumably, she'd worked herself to the bone over Chu Feng's request for the past few days.

"News?" Chu Feng felt his heart leap with joy. The poison in his body was the gravest of his concerns because it was like a ticking time bomb. Who knew when he'd succumb to the next fit of aggression? Who knew what he'd do if he accidentally hurt Duo Duo or Yun Muqing?

"Yes, my Lord. Is it alright if you come over? I'd like to tell you the news personally." Heather's tone

was happy, yet slightly bashful.

Chu Feng immediately agreed. "Alright. Where are you? I'll come to you."

"Really? I'll text you my location." Heather internally cheered like a schoolgirl with a crush. Just the thought of being able to see Chu Feng again was enough to lift her mood for the rest of the day.

The Time Cafe was an Italian-style, middle-class cafe that was strategically located within the golden area of Jiangling's inner city circle, surrounded by office buildings and corporate skyscrapers. Its artistic atmosphere, elegantly unique decor and excellent service made the place popular with small business owners, artistically inclined youth and internet celebrities. Naturally, the place was also frequented by good-looking men and women alike. However, the arrival of a certain lady this day instantly made the cafe's clientele look as boring as the background of a movie set; she was attracting everyone's attention as she walked.

This lady was a Western, who had long blonde hair and eyes as deeply blue as the ocean. She wore a simple white jacket with lightly colored jeans hugging the curves in her devilishly perfect figure. As if that wasn't enough, her features contained the gentleness and elegance of Eastern beauty, and the air of youth around her was irresistible. This Western lady, of course, was Heather. And she was waiting for Chu Feng.

Beautiful girls were always surrounded by suitors; this day was no exception.

At the opposite of Heather was a handsome young man that was dressed fashionably, who was praising himself non-stop. Every once in a while, he would strategically flash his sports car's key and the Patek Philippe watch on his wrist that was worth millions; he was silently signalling his lofty status.

Given the young man's experience, usually, no matter how high a girl's standards were, that would get her attention. Then, she would express intense interest in him and slowly walk into his claws.

But on this day, this gorgeous beauty from the West only smiled faintly. She maintained her posture as she drank her coffee. Her beautiful eyes wandered outside the window, as if he was nothing more than air.

The young man was slightly discouraged as he thought, Maybe she doesn't know Chinese, so she didn't understand what I was saying? Right, that must be it. I, Xu Hai, am talented, young, and rich. There is no way that this girl is not interested in me.

Xu Hai raised his head, increasingly sure of his conviction. At this moment, a shadow appeared and his confidence shattered all over the floor, as if a heavy hammer had smashed into it.

“Heather.” Chu Feng stepped into the coffee shop and immediately saw the dazzling Heather.

“Dear, you are finally here.” Just as the greetings were done, Heather jumped up and cheered. She was like a little deer, hopping and running toward Chu Feng. With a friendly face, she grabbed Chu Feng’s arm, and they looked very intimate.

Then, Heather gave Chu Feng a big hug and the two of them embraced tightly. With her slim body in his arms, Chu Feng could clearly feel the soft parts of her being squashed in their embrace as he smelt a pleasant scent coming from her.

What... just happened?

Chu Feng was astonished, while everybody else there was full of jealousy and envy.

As for Xu Hai, who had been overly self-confident moments ago, had his confidence completely shattered; he looked livid as the edge of his mouth twitched.

To have such a beauty plunge into his arms, flirting with him, Chu Feng was stunned and a little confused.

“My Lord, I’m sorry, please give me a hand,” whispered Heather, who stuck her red lips to Chu Feng’s ears. Her eyes swept across at the gloomy Xu Hai who was sitting there and she rolled her eyes dismally. She said quietly, “That guy kept pestering me. I want to get rid of him but I can’t.”

It's so irritating. I need you to play the role of my boyfriend and help me get rid of him. Hehe."

Chu Feng helplessly shook his head as he smiled.

This was the peril of beauty; all this made sense, for Heather was a true beauty who could ruin cities and destroy nations. No matter which era she was born in, she would always be considered a dangerous beauty.

To begin with, Chu Feng didn't have warm feelings for overconfident rich kids like Xu Hai who took advantage of their family's wealth and pursued pretty girls unscrupulously. So, he nodded and agreed.

"Thank you, my Lord."

Heather was pleased and she smiled. She held on to Chu Feng's arm intimately and smiled sweetly. They looked like a young couple in their honeymoon phase with no tension between them.

Chu Feng was also amused. This high-and-mighty queen that could create Happy Valley that was worth two hundred billion was now behaving like a little girl; it was interesting.

"Sir, my boyfriend is here. Please, may we have the seat? Thank you," Heather said to Xu Hai, who was sitting opposite them with his jaw wide open.

The edge of Xu Hai's mouth twitched as his expression darkened even further.

He never thought that this Western beauty spoke fluent Chinese and had a boyfriend.

That was to say that she understood everything that he said just now. She was treating him like a joke!

Xu Hai threw Chu Feng a dirty glance and he felt very angry. The sum of everything on this guy was worth less than five hundred. He didn't have money nor talent. Besides, his looks were only slightly above average, so how did he get such a high quality girl?

Xu Hai was very jealous and thought that it was a waste. God was unjust!

But Xu Hai was a master in the battlefield of love; he wouldn't give up so easily.

Instantly, he fixed his necktie, stood up, and stuck his hand toward Chu Feng. Confidently and warmly, he said, "Huh, so you are this beautiful girl's boyfriend. How are you? Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Xu Hai. I'm in the foreign trade finance business. The president of Jiangling's Agricultural Bank is my father."



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His mouth hooked upward proudly and he glanced at Chu Feng. "Since we are fated to meet, let's be friends and sit down for a chat. What do you think?"

Xu Hai thought that he was giving Chu Feng a gift. He was the proud son of the bank's president, a person from the high society. Usually, people from the lower society like Chu Feng wouldn't have the chance to come into contact with him.

Now, he was willing to sit at the same table as Chu Feng. This was Chu Feng's good fortune. No doubt, he had ulterior motives toward Chu Feng's girlfriend and this was part of his attempt.

However, Xu Hai was full of confidence. He squinted and looked forward to Chu Feng's next move. Would he be flattered? Would he try to get in his good books? Or would he be self-aware and leave on his own, leaving this beautiful girl to Xu Hai? If that was the case, he wouldn't mind keeping this guy as a follower, let him tail behind him, maybe let him have a little of his share of the beauty in front of him.

"I'm not interested, goodbye," Chu Feng replied faintly with a single sentence. He was too lazy to even look at Xu Hai as he put his arm around Heather's waist and left right away.

Xu Hai's extended hand hung midair and the smile on his face was frozen, looking thunderstruck—did this guy actually ignore him?

This guy was a poor loser from the low society, who had no power nor influence, and he dared to trample over Xu Hai's self-esteem?

Xu Hai's face was red with painful shame; his eyes looked like they were about to spurt fire.

At this moment, Chu Feng had no energy to bother with people like Xu Hai. He found a table by the window, ordered some drinks and desserts, and sat down with Heather.

"I wouldn't have thought that your acting skills were so good. Did you see that guy? He was so angry that his face paled." Heather rested her chin on her fair arm and she blinked her beautiful blue eyes; she was in a good mood.

Chu Feng picked up his coffee and said helplessly, "Your acting skills are better. Anyone who didn't know you would have thought that you were really an innocent, adorable, little girl in love."

"Then do you like me like that?" Heather didn't even think before speaking.

Next, she realized that what she said was inappropriate, so she blushed and lowered her head out of embarrassment.

Chu Feng picked up his coffee and said, "Let's talk business."

Only then did Heather's concentration returned. With a red face, she said, "I've gone through large

amounts of information and looked for many experts. As a result, I discovered that the temple's rare poison, the 'Mandraka Flower', originated from a small village in the West. More than two hundred years ago, there was a strange illness in that village. Patterns that looked like flowers appeared on the chests of the villagers. Next, they became aggressive and extreme, just like wild animals."

"The symptoms are very similar to mine."

Just as Chu Feng was thinking quietly, Heather took her laptop out. On it were some information and pictures. She continued her description by saying, "But, later, rumor has it that an eminent monk arrived. He was very skilled at dharma teachings and medicine. He used a special method to cure the villagers, and even promoted the dharma, so that the villagers could worship Buddha and return to their normal lifestyle. To thank the monk, they created a lot of art, calligraphy and paintings, sculptures, murals, divine comedy, and many works. However, more than two hundred years have passed, and time has erased most of the traces left behind."

Chu Feng frowned and glanced at the laptop screen. Those old murals featured the villagers that went crazy as a result of the illness that seemed to be caused by the Mandraka flower. There was also a kind-looking and skinny monk who sat cross-legged, as if delivering a sermon.

These drawings were very old and had been

heavily damaged. One could only roughly see the outline. But given the large amount of information, it should be real—this monk truly existed.

“It’s a pity that we have not found a method to cure one of the poison. We only know about this monk through oral tradition. Other than that, we know nothing about his identity. Besides, it’s been more than two hundred years. This monk should've passed a long time ago.”

Heather sighed helplessly. It was after much difficulty that they caught sight of a glimmer of hope, and yet here they were, back at their starting point. “However, there is a legend that the monk has extraordinary skills. He can catch a tiger with his bare hands and repel a pack of wolves with a thunderous roar. He seems like a practitioner of the martial arts from the Central Plains!”

“He’s a practitioner of the martial arts?!”



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Chu Feng squinted and his eyes shone.

The martial arts was more than Taekwondo, or some sort of self-defense techniques, or any of those techniques in which the so-called 'great masters' would only show off their fancy moves. No, it was proper Chinese martial arts with techniques that could kill.

The martial arts had a long tradition. Although the arrival of firearms and modern technology caused martial arts to lose popularity, it still had a long tradition that spanned hundreds—if not thousands—of years that was passed down through an orthodoxy of the martial arts.

In the modern world, martial arts experts that managed to proceed into the realms of complete mastery were all rich people with assets worth hundreds of billions; they were the top elites of various countries and were highly-esteemed and outstanding individuals.

They could carry a hundred pounds with both arms, and a single person could fight against ten people. In the world of the martial arts, that was commonplace; it was plain simple for those masters.

There were also masters that could kill with just their aura alone and those that could even replace the force of multiple warriors, all alone.

According to rumors, the most proficient martial arts expert could split a mountain with only one

punch, or make a river flow upstream, or even fly and traverse through the air without a visible form of transport.

“If that eminent monk is from the world of the martial arts, perhaps I would be able to find his heir, and thus find the cure for the Mandraka poison,” Chu Feng muttered to himself. Even though the chances of this happening was rare, it was better than no hope at all.

However, Heather’s beautiful eyes looked worried as she said, “My Lord, I heard that the forces of the world of the martial arts and the military in the Central Plain are at odds.”

Chu Feng had a complicated look in his eyes. In a deep voice, he said, “I’m also worried about this.”

Both the forces of the military and the martial arts had the same origin and they initially complemented each other.

Fifty years ago, there was non-stop fighting. To protect the country, the forces of the martial arts cooperated with the military by sending over a large number of martial arts experts to the military to help; those experts had made many contributions to the country.

The skills, physical training secrets, and warfare strategies that were taught by the martial arts experts had developed a large number of outstanding soldiers, and this had improved the quality of the military.

But as more and more people from the world of the martial arts joined the military, those that tasted power and glamor, and the materialistic aspects of the world, especially the nice cars and women, grew unwilling to return to their hermitage for their arduous training.

As a result of that, those from the world of the martial arts became more and more ambitious and greedy. After the war, they started to disturb the peace within the military force. They also formed factions. Soon, they turned a good old city into a complete mess.

Furthermore, some powerful martial arts experts even took command and became tyrants without holding any regard for the leaders of the cities and the military theaters, thus indirectly forming a country within a country. As such, the conflict between the military force and the force of martial arts experts intensified. It was now worse than ever—the two forces were irreconcilable!

“My Lord, you are the God of War of Xi Ye’s Dragon Soul. You are the pride of the military. However, to the forces of the martial arts, you are a big enemy.” Heather’s beautiful eyes flashed and she said, conflicted, “Even if that monk left his teachings behind, and his heir has the cure of the Mandraka poison, there is no certainty that he will agree to treat you, as you are considered a big enemy to the forces of the martial arts. This is a big problem. Even if he agrees to treat you, would he work with the other martial arts experts to do something sneaky to harm you? This is also an

unknown factor.” Heather felt like a mess. She used her hand to rub the space in between her eyebrows and sighed, saying, “My Lord, it seems that I haven’t been thorough enough on this matter. I’m sorry to have caused you more trouble.”

“There is no harm. However, I’ve never considered the force of the martial arts experts as a great challenge.” Chu Feng picked up his coffee again. Although he sounded indifferent, he was actually full of confidence. “If they show any signs of betraying me, then I’ll level the whole of their force.”

He had brought about the bloodbath in the Holy Temple of the Western Mafia World that had a history of more than 200 years, surely he would not fear those experts that were scattered all over the place.

It was during the three years that Chu Feng spent at the North Pole tending to his wounds that he couldn’t bring himself to care about anything. This gave the unruly ones a chance to spread their influence; they even dared to flaunt themselves even with the military watching them.

Yet, so far, nobody went overboard, nor did they cross Chu Feng’s line.

If these people really had wild ambitions and dared to offend him, he wouldn’t mind giving Xi Ye a reformation by levelling the whole area with the military force!

Xi Ye's border patrol's cavalry had previously conquered seven nations, so if even seven nations had no way of stopping them, what could these few martial arts clans do?

"Yes, my Lord."



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Heather's gaze was filled with the admiration and respect of a schoolgirl. This was the intimidating Ashura she knew, the savior who'd rescued her. Meanwhile, Chu Feng copied the information and pictures on Heather's laptop onto his own phone, then said, "Anyway, this wasn't all for naught. Even if the chances of finding this legendary monk is slim, at least I have something to work on instead of stumbling around like a headless chicken. Thank you, Heather."

Chu Feng was never the type to lament his misfortunes. After joining the army at the tender age of 15, he'd had countless near-death experiences by now. What was a measly Mandraka Poison to him? In Qin Shihuang's words, he was so resilient that even the actual Lord of Hell himself wouldn't dare collect his soul.

"Don't thank me, my Lord. It is my duty. My men will continue to search for leads, and see if there are alternative antidotes to this poison." Heather breathed a sigh of relief, smiled sweetly, then started chatting with Chu Feng. After years apart, the two of them had much to catch up on and before long, it was sunset when Chu Feng glanced at his wristwatch. "It's almost five. I need to pick Duo Duo up from school."

"Alright, then. I'll send you off." Heather was reluctant, but she said goodbye anyway. She was a little envious of Yun Muqing for being able to make Chu Feng, a godlike man, settle down as a husband and a father for a peaceful life where all he had to do was to look after them. For countless

rich girls in the West, this achievement was unattainable to them.

However, just as Heather signalled for the bill, Xu Hai took the opportunity to emerge from the corner he'd stayed in. "How can a seven-foot tall man like you let the girl settle the bill? Have you no shame? No generosity?" He shamelessly started to lecture Chu Feng. After being ignored by him, Xu Hai was already itching for a chance to mock Chu Feng. Now that he had his chance to both mock Chu Feng and impress Heather, there was no way he'd pass it up.

"Forgive my bluntness, milady, but this weak excuse of a man cannot measure up to you at all if he won't even pay for his own coffee. What can you even expect of him?" Xu Hai cast a dismissive look at Chu Feng, wishing he could stamp the man into the ground.

"Talk like a loose cannon one more time and you'll suffer the consequences." Heather's expression instantly turned frigid, the coldness apparent even in her gaze. In the West, anyone who dared to insult Chu Feng like Xu Hai did would already be a dead man.

Xu Hai felt an inexplicable shudder. He was a little surprised that this Western lady had such an intimidating persona, but that only added fuel to the fire of his greed and desire; he liked the sense of achievement that came from conquering a difficult lady. At that moment, Chu Feng glanced at Xu Hai dismissively and said, "From what I can tell,

you seem to be really confident in yourself? You think you're better than me? More suited to her than I am?"

Xu Hai scoffed with arrogance, "Of course! I'm the son of the Agricultural Bank of China's local branch manager! I've got both the looks and the talent, so what makes you think you can compete? Once she becomes my girl, I wouldn't just be able to buy her coffee. I can buy her this entire cafe, and afford to let her shower in the stuff every day too!" Xu Hai waved his hand in a grand gesture that made countless girls in the cafe swoon, wishing they could leap into his arms right then and there.

"Alright, you said it yourself." Chu Feng nodded, then called for the manager, saying, "This young man wants to buy your cafe. Can you calculate how much he'd need to do that?"

The manager froze, but didn't dare offend Xu Hai when she noticed he was dressed like a wealthy and powerful person. So, she smiled and nodded before she began calculating. Five minutes later, she smiled and nodded again. "Sir, if you include the cost of rental, overhead and equipment and the patent on our techniques, the total would be twenty million."

Chu Feng lifted his cup of coffee and glanced at Xu Hai. "Twenty million, hmm? Cash, or credit card?"

Xu Hai stiffened immediately and started

stuttering as beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. His father may be the manager of a bank, but that didn't mean he actually owned it! Even a spendthrift like him only had an annual allowance of four or five million, and that was only enough to get a sports car when he wanted to show off in front of girls. How the heck was he going to raise twenty million?!

"What, you can't afford it? There's no shame in admitting that, you know," Chu Feng said calmly with a pointed look in his eyes. Heather, meanwhile, lifted a hand to conceal her amused smile; it was showtime.



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“C-Cut the crap! Can you toss out twenty million like it’s waste paper to you? Even the richest man in Jiangling can’t do that,” Xu Hai ranted. He was frustrated by the knowledge that he’d been set up. “You buy this place if you’re so rich!”

“I’m sorry, but twenty million is in fact like waste paper to me.” Chu Feng shook his head and tossed out a credit card with a wave. “Forty million. I’m buying this cafe.” His words were said in a calm way, but the reactions it elicited certainly weren’t; everyone’s eyes went wide, and someone even choked on their coffee.

“S-Sir, are you sure you want to buy our cafe for forty million?” the manager said with confusion and disbelief. Her price of twenty million was already an overestimate, but Chu Feng’s price was already enough to buy two of the same cafes. Heather was the only one who remained calm and smiling. For a man of Chu Feng’s caliber, forty million was practically nothing.

“Ha! You immature people actually take him seriously?!” Xu Hai burst out laughing after two seconds’ worth of hesitation, his expression full of condescension and dismissal. “Look at him! He looks like he doesn’t even have four hundred on him, let alone forty million. This is hilarious!” The manager’s face reddened, feeling like she’d been fooled.

Then, Chu Feng casually tossed out yet another credit card that froze the smile on Xu Hai’s face. As if he’d seen a ghost, Xu Hai took one look of

disbelief at the card and exclaimed, "A Citibank black card? The minimum savings amount for this one is a billion!" As the son of an ABC branch manager, it was inevitable that he recognized this card, but what really shocked him was how a peasant like Chu Feng could have this card? What right did he have to get it? Unless... the card was a fake? Yes, it had to be! It must be fake! Xu Hai consoled himself internally like this.

"O-One moment please, sir. I need to consult the general manager." The manager found herself stupefied. But since Chu Feng seemed completely serious, she didn't dare delay and immediately called her superior on the phone.

Ten minutes later, a tall thirty-year-old woman drove up to the cafe in a BMW and respectfully handed over a contract. "Congratulations, Mr. Chu. The cafe is now yours." A twenty-million profit for no reason? There was no way she wouldn't take this deal! She was rich!

Xu Hai's expression worsened as he was overwhelmed with shock; this man actually spent forty million on this place?

"I'll let you have this cafe. You can rest here if you're feeling bored in the future," Chu Feng said. He then held Heather's hand, making the latter blush with gratitude like a cherry blossom tree in full bloom. This cafe was nothing to her as the founder of Happy Valley, but it was especially precious because it was a gift from Chu Feng. "Also, I'd like to impose a ban on phonies like him.

They disgust me,” Chu Feng added casually. Throwing a glare toward the shocked Xu Hai, he then strode out with an arm around Heather’s slender waist, under the respectful gazes of the employees.

Once again, he left the scene without making a fuss or taking credit. Meanwhile, the cafe went wild with gossip. “Whoa, that was so cool and so bad*ss! Forty million in one go! His girl must be really lucky!”

“I’m so jealous! Can’t I be his mistress? Aww...”

“Hmph, keep dreaming! Didn’t you see how gorgeous that Western lady looked? Why would he go for ugly ducklings like us?”

“Huh, why’s this guy still here? Does he know no shame? Causing trouble everywhere without the competence to fix it. He’s probably feeling like he just got slapped.”

“I know, right? He’s dressed like some slick heir to a family fortune, but turns out he’s just a phony. Disgusting!”

Xu Hai’s lips were twitching non-stop as his face turned more and more pale. The gossiping around him were like slaps to his face, smacking him over and over again without mercy; he’d never wanted to crawl in a hole so badly.



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