

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 9: Two Evil Men

In the tea house, a sense of warmth radiated from a fire under a stove. On top of the stove, there were five boiling tea pots that had white smoke coming out of their top; this brought a strong scent of tea to the room.

Xiao Yuer was small in stature, so she was only a little bit taller than the stove. Wearing a worn out apron with her sleeves pulled back, she revealed two small, jade-like, hands; with these delicate hand, she took care of the customers while she made tea.

The small girl was very diligent; her forehead was filled with sweat, and her cute face was red from being next to the stove's fire.

"Xiao Yuer, Uncle Luo wants two cups of Mao Jian; how come they aren't ready?" [1. Mao Jian = Tippy tea]

Old Man Luo rushed Xiao Yu while he cleaned a table.

His head was still covered with bandages; however, because this was his livelihood, he had no choice but to ignore the pain and work.

"Coming! Coming! Two hot Mao Jian are coming right up!!"

Xiao Yuer brought two hot tea cups over, her fingers were red from the heat. She pinched her little ear, and she went back to the stove to continue working.

"Xiao Yu, little boss, checkout. How much money do I owe you?"

Someone teased.

"Two bronze coins; just leave it on the adjacent table! Grandpa go get the money!"

Although Xiao Yuer was busy, without rest, her smile never left her face; it was as if she didn't know what fatigue was.

Feng Feiyun was watching her, and he couldn't help but smile. He slowly walked to the tea house and sat down at a table, and he yelled:

“Xiao Yu, little boss, give me a cold cup of coarse tea!”

“Okay, one cup of...”

Xiao Yuer's voice suddenly stopped; she quickly turned around and saw that the person sitting on the table was Feng Feiyun. She couldn't help but shiver, and the teapot in her hands fell to the floor, breaking into pieces.

Why was it this evil man again?

The rest of the people in the tea shop were also staring at Feng Feiyun; it was like they were staring at a plague god.

“Oh heavens! It was only peaceful for three days. Young Master Feng is about to commit another evil deed!”

“Run, run!”

Everyone was extremely scared; they didn't bother to try and finish their tea, and they all left the shop instantly. The lively shop quickly became desolate.

Only Old Man Luo and Xiao Yuer remained due to fear, and they stood staring at Feng Feiyun with terror in their eyes.

“Damn your mother! Why are you afraid? Hurry up and bring tea to the young master. Do you think I wouldn't destroy your tattered shop right now?”

Feng Ping, who was behind Feng Feiyun, roared thunderously with a fierce look on his face. Feng An was also pulling up his sleeves as if he was ready to beat someone up.

Xiao Yuer bit her lips, and she, with her eyes blinking a little, looked like a lost puppy; she pleaded:

“Young Master Feng, please don’t destroy this tea house. This is our livelihood; without it, we would surely die from hunger.”

Feng Feiyun stared at her pitiful state and in his heart, he was very amused; he replied:

“I want to drink the tea you make; for one cup of tea, you will earn one gold coin. Do you want this business?”

“One gold coin per cup?”

Xiao Yuer opened her eyes wide in disbelief because she couldn’t believe Feiyun’s words. One gold coin to her was like a fast step toward being a rich person; it was enough for them to live for a whole year.

Feng Feiyun wore a smile on his face, and he grabbed a bunch of golden coins from his pocket; each of them weighing around one or two pounds.

“Bang!”

He threw the coins on top of the table, and said:

“As long as you are the one to personally make it, you will earn one gold coin for each cup.”

Xiao Yuer curiously looked at Feng Feiyun. What was this person’s intention?

In the end, her eyes stopped at the money on the table; she paused for a moment, and she then said:

“You cannot change your mind! Also, you cannot bully me or my grandfather!”

“If you dare to tell me the conditions again, do you believe that I will bully you right now?”

Feng Feiyun showed an evil laugh while he rubbed his hands together, gently, to scare the little girl.

Old Man Luo's expression darkened; he was afraid that Xiao Yuer would make Feng Feiyun angry, so he interjected:

"Xiao Yuer, is Young Master Feng someone you can offend? Go brew the tea now!"

Xiao Yuer was shocked. Her mind recalled the events of that night, and she recalled that her hands were sore from over clenching. Then, she couldn't help but cover her chest. There was a cold feeling to her here, and she quickly left to move to the stove, silently. Old Man Luo walked over and apologized to Feng Feiyun, without break.

Feng Feiyun, of course, wasn't really angry with her; he only wanted to play around. This might be influenced by the personality of the old Young Master Feng.

"Old Man Luo, how long are you gonna take to pay this month's fee?"

From outside of the tea house, a cold voice rang.

Feng Feiyun remained seated at a table. He slightly glanced with the corner of his eyes, and he saw that there were five or six men outside; they were all wearing dark red belts and possessed vicious hawk eyes.

There was a man with a large stature, with tanned skin; he was extremely muscular. It was as if he was filled with explosive power; it felt like one punch from this person could split a man's head open.

This was the gangster organization in Spirit State City named Eagle Claw, and their boss was named Wu.

In his hand was a chain as thick as an arm and around two meters long. The end of the chain was wrapped around a fierce lion's head; the fierce lion's

body was as big as an elephant, and it seemed as though it possessed astonishing power.

Its legs were as big as pillars, and both of its eyes were red like burning flames. One hit of its head would be enough to bring down a five meter thick wall.

This was a Red Eyed Golden Lion; Boss Wu had spent a large amount of money to buy it from the “Beast Master Camp.” This great beast, alone, was enough for him to dominate Spirit State City; all of the store owners had to pay his protection fees.

“Rawr!”

The Red Eyed Golden Lion arched its back, and it let out a fierce roar; the roar itself resonated through half of Spirit State City. Even the ground shook a little bit, and the teacups in the shop shattered.

Hearing the beast’s roar, everyone knew Boss Wu had arrived. The whole street was instantly devoid of pedestrians; however, there were still some curious souls that stuck around to peek at the commotion. It was not normal for Boss Wu to personally come to collect protection fees.

Old Man Luo, in his heart, was lamenting his fate; why was it that the two most evil bullies of Spirit State City were both here, today? He was so unlucky!

Old Man Luo ran outside of the shop; he reached inside his shirt pocket for a pouch of coins, and he respectfully gave it to Boss Wu. He smiled:

“It has already been prepared, it has already been prepared! Three hundred bronze coins; not one coin is missing! There is not even one coin left out!”

Old Man Luo peeked at the fierce beast, and he couldn’t help but feel a shiver throughout his whole body; its mouth was big enough to eat him alive in one

gulp. It frightened him down to his very soul with its cold aura, and Old Man Luo couldn't help but take two steps backward.

Boss Wu took the pouch, and he threw the coins inside the bag to the ground; he created a commotion:

“Why is there so little? Old Man Luo, you must have eaten some bear's guts if you think you can chase me away with this amount. Do you think I'm a beggar?”

Boss Wu loudly yelled.

It was like someone had just rang a bell, and that “bell” almost rendered Old Man Luo unconscious.

Sweating profusely, on his forehead, Old Man Luo shakingly responded:

“Last month was also three hundred coins; I didn't leave out a single coin.”

Boss Wu smirked and said:

“This week is San Ye's birthday; every household has to pay an extra five hundred coins as gifts. Old Man Luo, you are an honest man. You should be reasonable and pay the extra five hundred; I won't make life hard for you.”

Old Man Luo and Xiao Yuer's tea shop was just a small business and each month, they only made around one thousand coins. Three hundreds was already given to Boss Wu, and the remaining was barely enough for them to get by.

However, he wanted five hundred extra coins this month? How could they survive?

Feng Fui Yen gently tapped on his Crimson Dragon sabre on the table, and he smiled:

“Who is this San Ye character? Is his reputation so great that his birthday would require all households to pay extra money?”

Feng Ping replied:

“San Ye is very mysterious. He is the number one gangster in Spirit State City; he specializes in the black market, the slave trade, the brothels, the casinos, and assassinations as well. Many people are afraid of him.”

“There is a saying in our city: “Anger Young Master Feng, wife will be gone and daughter will disappear; anger San Ye, the family will be broken and decimated.”

Feng An added.

Young Master Feng and San Ye were the two big evil doers in Spirit State City; one lusts after women and the other after life.

Feng Feiyun was surprised; he didn't know that he was so notorious in the city!

Two big evil doers? How interesting!

Feng Ping continued:

“This Boss Wu character is the number one henchman for San Ye. He is the boss of the Eagle Claw gang, and he has a few thousand members; there is nothing that he wouldn't do.”

“Isn't that just like me?”

Feng Feiyun said.

“He can't compare to young master. When you play with women, you are at least merciful; when he plays with women, it is not just him; it is him and a whole group of people until the girls are dead.”

Feng Ping replied.

Feiyun thought that he was already a bastard, but this Boss Wu and his group made him seem like a saint, in comparison.