

“S-sir...I’m sorry, I wasn’t careful, I’ll get out now, I’ll move aside now.”

Brother Long was clearly terrified, but since Ye Fan didn’t pursue the matter of him coveting Ye Fan’s little girlfriend, then he didn’t think Ye Fan would make things too difficult for him since he only banged into the table by accident.

So he just apologized with a grin and turned to run.

But this Brother Long hadn’t noticed how cold and icy Ye Fan’s eyes had become.

The next thing everybody heard was a loud bang as Brother Long’s 100 kilogram body went flying more than 10 meters out from Ye Fan’s kick. He smashed a car’s window and collapsed on the ground. He couldn’t get up again because he just fainted on the spot.

“Stupid blind bat, how dare you knock over the kebabs that I was bringing home for my wife? Are you tired of living?” cursed Ye Fan angrily. He bent over to pick up the kebabs that had fallen to the floor and checked if they could still be eaten or not.

It was deathly silent right now.

The entire stall was quiet.

Han Dong-Min and his son were rooted to the ground and were still in a daze from what just happened.

“This...this...”

“So vicious!”

Many felt their eyes twitch hard when they looked at the unmoving man on the ground who was just sent flying by Ye Fan.

Nobody expected Ye Fan to blow up because he had merely knocked a tray of kebabs over.

That guy was probably going to be in hospital for half a year or become crippled because of this kick.

Ye Fan’s sudden act of violence frightened everyone around him.

The other hooligans with him all shuddered.

They didn’t care about being brothers or

anything like that anymore. After seeing how their Brother Long was sent flying, the rest of them didn't look back and tried to make a run for it.

“Stop right there.”

Ye Fan's voice was as cold as ice and it sounded rather angry too as it rang out quietly against the heavy night sky.

And what sort of fury could make Ye Fan speak so icily?

The hooligans weren't the only one who froze over. Even Han Dong-Min and Han Shao-Jie shuddered uncontrollably.

Was Master Ye going to kill them?

While Han Dong-Min and his son were still feeling fearful, the hooligans were too scared to move anymore and they fell to their knees with a thud.

Ye Fan was already walking towards the hooligans.

Just when everyone thought that Ye Fan was going to direct his fury onto these men who followed Brother Long, Ye Fan

threw the soiled kebabs onto the floor and shouted two words coldly.

“Compensate me!”

The whole place fell silent.

Deathly silent.

At this moment, all of Lehua BBQ had fallen silent.

Only Ye Fan’s cold voice reverberated.

Many watching felt their eyelids twitch involuntarily.

Han Dong-Min and his son couldn’t believe it.

Master Ye was really one of a kind. After he had pent up his emotions for so long and finally unleashed this tremendous amount of murderous violence into the air, all he wanted was for them to compensate him?

How much did these kebabs cost? Did he really have to flare up like this?

The hooligans were also stunned by this.

They thought that they were definitely going to suffer physical harm this time, but in the end, Ye Fan just wanted them to compensate him. They were more than happy to do this.

They immediately took out all the money on themselves and turned to run after handing it to Ye Fan.

“Stop right there!”

But just when they were about to take off, Ye Fan’s voice called out after them again.

The man with the tattooed arm was on the verge of tears.

Couldn’t Ye Fan just tell them directly if he wanted to kill them or slice them?

Ye Fan was scaring them half to death by doing this!

“This entire tray is only about \$50 in total, so take the excess before leaving,” said Ye Fan calmly. The hooligans froze on the spot.

“Please don’t do this to us! Take the excess as our way of showing respect to

you, we don't want it back, we don't!" stammered the hooligans with a heart filled with terror. They had given Ye Fan too much money in total and Ye Fan wanted them to take the excess back, but of course they didn't dare to take it at all.

"Hmm?" Ye Fan glared hard at them and the hooligans immediately surrendered.

They didn't dare to go against Ye Fan's instructions anymore. They grabbed the excess money and turned to run again.

But just after they took a few steps, Ye Fan's voice rang out behind them once more.

"Stop right there."

"Sir, please, I beg you, don't troll us anymore and let us go, please?" The hooligans were about to cry soon. This guy was taking them for a ride and having fun with it, but the hooligans weren't enjoying this ride at all.

"If you're leaving, then bring your Brother Long along. I can't stand the sight of him," replied Ye Fan coldly.

The hooligans immediately nodded and felt like their entire body was covered with cold sweat.

This time, Ye Fan didn't hold them back anymore. They carried off the unconscious Brother Long and ran without looking back like a bunch of frightened rabbits.

It was getting late and Ye Fan wanted to go home.

Before leaving, Ye Fan turned to Han Dong-Min and his son, who were both still reeling from the shock earlier. He said, "Mayor Han, thanks for your concern."

"But I don't think I need you to send any bodyguards to protect me like what you mentioned earlier. I'm just an ordinary person and I'm really not worth such special treatment."

Han Dong-Min took a long time to finally say 'ok' after Ye Fan spoke about this so calmly.

Then again, if Ye Fan could defeat more than a dozen strong men by himself, why would he need bodyguards?

“Master...Master Ye, have...have a pleasant evening.” Han Dong-Min and his son waved to bid Ye Fan farewell.

Han Dong-Min was still shaken as he watched Ye Fan walk away. The shock and terror in his heart had not dissipated fully yet and his voice trembled when he spoke to Ye Fan.

After a really long time, Han Dong-Min finally took in a deep breath of cold air. His heaving emotions finally calmed down.

His gaze was intense as he looked at his son. “Shao-Jie, you must make sure you get into Master Ye’s good books no matter how much it costs.”

“I have a feeling that in less than ten years, this young man is going to make it big. He might even become famous throughout all of China!”

Han Shao-Jie was surprised by his father’s opinion of Ye Fan.

“Dad, aren’t you praising Mr Ye a little too much?”

“Mr Ye is impressive in both fighting and

rock gambling, but these are nothing to wow about. These things might make him famous within a small circle, but it won't be enough for him to become famous throughout China and to hold a high position of utmost power, right?"

To Han Shao-Jie, anyone who wanted to be truly outstanding had to have their own career. You could go down the corporate route and become rich enough to rival that of a country.

Or you could go down the political route and hold tremendous power and influence.

But Ye Fan didn't have his own business or career, neither was he involved with any powerful people and was an unknown chap. He was just a man who married into the Qiu family and stayed at home all day. Someone like that had a limited future already, and while he might become a little well-known within one or two circles, it was hard for him to achieve anything great in the future.

"No, Shao-Jie. Did you think that Master Ye's achievements are only in rock gambling and fighting? What if everything we've seen is just the tip of the iceberg?"

Chapter 317 Compensate Me!



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