

BAM!

Just when the man with a tattooed arm picked up the chair to attack Ye Fan, there was a blast behind him.

There were three vans that suddenly appeared and the black car tires screeched to a halt. These vans were like metal monsters that just smashed right into the fence around the restaurant.

Tables and chairs were smashed as bowls and chopsticks went flying.

There was beer everywhere.

This sudden turn of events sent many customers screaming in fright.

Even the hooligans who were about to attack Ye Fan shuddered in fear and sobered up quite a bit.

Those vans had already stopped and 20 burly men with bats in hand hopped out of the vans like water surging from a river.

A man in black was their leader and after scanning the surroundings, his gaze finally landed on Ye Fan.

"That's him! Attack!" shouted the man in black. Once he gave the command, these burly men started dashing towards Ye Fan with metal bats in hand.

When they saw these people coming, Brother Long and the other hooligans were scared witless.

Their faces paled and they trembled as they were about to cry.

"We can have a nice chat, we can speak nicely..."

"Don't just attack us like that..."

"We just wanted to get to know that little girl, I mean, that wonderful young lady! We didn't have any other intentions!"

The hooligans all put their hands together and bowed profusely like they were pleading for their lives. They were so scared that they were about to pee their pants.

They thought that Ye Fan and Lu Wen-Jing were just ordinary folk and didn't expect to offend a big shot.

They hadn't even done anything and they were going to get killed already.

The hooligans clearly thought that Ye Fan had called these men in the vans over to teach them a lesson.

They were filled with terror and kept pleading for their lives and were just short of kneeling on the floor. They even turned to start begging and apologizing to the men coming their way.

"Get lost! You're in the way!"

But contrary to the hooligans' expectations, these men came up and kicked the hooligans to one side before surrounding Ye Fan and Lu Wen-Jing.

The hooligans were stunned for a moment.

"You mean...you mean they're not here to kill us?"

"They're here for those two youngsters?"

"HAHA!"

"HAHAHA!"

The hooligans were more than happy to realize it was a false alarm and they smiled brightly as they climbed to their feet.

For a moment they really thought that they were going to get beaten to death!

But these men weren't after them at all.

"Brother Long, let's just watch and wait. These guys are probably after the dude, so after they're done beating him up, we can take that lolita away," suggested the man with a tattooed arm to Brother Long.

Brother Long nodded and laughed.  
"Alright! We'll sit here and watch the tigers fight!"

"Hoho, Brother Long, we're going to sit here and watch them beat up a dog."

"That punk just looks like an idiot and I think one bat would beat him half to death. I wouldn't call him a tiger."

The hooligans watched from the side coldly as they smiled threateningly.

Ye Fan was already surrounded by all

these men on the other side. Lu Wen-Jing paled even more than before and hugged Ye Fan tightly. She was so scared that her entire body was shaking.

"F-f-fan, I'm very scared, are we going to die? I don't want to die, I haven't gotten married and have children yet..."

The young lady was clearly terribly frightened as she continued to sob in Ye Fan's arms and babbled on. She looked so pitiful as her voice was trembling and tears streamed down her face.

Ye Fan just gently patted Lu Wen-Jing's head and quietly comforted her, "Jingjing, it's going to be ok."

"It's just a bunch of clowns and they won't be enough to kill me," said Ye Fan in a low voice. His tone was calm but it was filled with great ferocity and disdain.

"Little punk, you're Ye Fan? Master Ye?"

The leader in black asked as he held a metal bat in his hands. The murderous look in his eyes made him look like a hungry wolf as he stared coldly at Ye Fan with eagle eyes.

"That's right," replied Ye Fan calmly as his lips curled upwards.

His calm face was abnormally composed. He seemed as calm as the surface of a lake, and it was as if the scene in front of him didn't strike any fear in his heart at all.

He even calmly poured himself a cup of tea and started drinking it as if everything was fine.

"Fuck!"

"This punk is an idiot, right?"

"He's going to die soon and he's still pretending to be calm?"

"I'm going to watch him die!"

"What a stupid show off!"

The hooligans were tickled when they saw how Ye Fan was still pretending to be calm and drinking tea when he was obviously about to meet his doom.

They looked at Ye Fan like they were looking at an idiot.

"I thought he's some big shot guy since he could call on so many men. In the end, he turned out to be a fucking idiot," laughed Brother Long from afar as he shook his head.

Back on the other side, the leader in black scoffed coldly when he saw how calm and nonchalant Ye Fan was.

"You're not bad, you're still able to remain pretty calm. But too bad, you've offended someone and this person wants you dead. Do you have any last words?" asked the leader in black. His cold tone of voice had no emotions in it at all, and sounded like a bunch of rocks getting smashed to pieces.

"Of course," replied Ye Fan with a smile.

The man in black laughed. "Looks like you do know that today will be your last day on earth."

"Since you have some last words, then say them. I'll give you one minute."

"Sure." Ye Fan put the teacup down and got up to look at the fierce looking men around him. He calmly said, "It's very simple. Later when we fight, take note of

the skewers on my table and make sure they don't end up on the floor. I'm bringing them back for my wife and I don't want to waste them, otherwise I'd have to kneel on the washing board again."

"HAHA!"

"This idiot is actually a useless henpecked husband?!"

"HAHA!"

Many of the onlookers were amused by Ye Fan's words.

The hooligans laughed even more merrily.

Even the man in black laughed. "Is that all?"

"I didn't expect you to be a family man. But too bad, you won't get the chance to continue being one, because after tonight, you won't be alive to go home anymore!"

The man in black didn't bother talking anymore. His face suddenly turned cold and a murderous look spewed from his malevolent eyes.



He gave orders, "Attack!"

WHOOSH!

In the next moment, these 20 burly men swung their metal bats and dashed towards Ye Fan.

"AHHH!"

It started to become chaotic and many onlookers started screaming in fright.

"FAN!" Lu Wen-Jing continued to cry because she was so scared. She shut her eyes tightly and continued to cling onto Ye Fan's clothes without letting go.

But just as this bunch of burly men was dashing towards him, Ye Fan didn't remain standing still anymore and finally made a move.

Swoooooosh...

## Chapter 312 Ye Fan's Last Words



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