

# MY WIFE 38

## Chapter 38: Ruined Door

Seeing Chen Feng faint and curl up like a fetus, and the indistinct pile of flesh on his lower half, Yang Chen then stopped, eyes turning to the side to look at the delinquent girl whose face was pale from fright. He once again revealed a harmless and warm smile, "Don't be afraid, I'm not here to kill you."

Laughing, Yang Chen almost made the delinquent girl, who nearly fainted from fright, lose control of her bladder.

"I beg...I beg of you to spare me..." She couldn't find any other words to say.

"Don't be afraid, I already said I wouldn't kill you." Yang Chen knitted his brows as he asked, "Being the case that you have had some relations with Chen Feng, do you know where Chen Dehai currently is?"

Only after seeing that Yang Chen truly would not kill her did the delinquent girl calm down. With a small voice, she answered, "I....I am not too sure, usually Master Chen would be in the study on the top floor."

"Ahh... it seems like those idiots did not lie to me." Yang Chen mumbled to himself as he started walking out the door.

Seeing this, the delinquent girl asked in surprise, "You aren't fleeing?"

"Fleeing? Why?" Yang Chen answered back.

"Those sounds from a moment ago probably alerted the thugs who will charge up here soon!", the delinquent anxiously said, even though she was still bound by the stockings.

Yang Chen indifferently laughed, "It would be best if Chen Dehai personally came here." Upon finishing, he left, closing the door on the way.

According to his memory, Chen Dehai's study was located in the center of the top floor, which was also the middle zone of the 4th-storey. After Yang Chen entered the hallway, he directly walked towards the staircase.

Sure enough, after walking a few steps, quite a number of people came charging in front of the stairs, all of them wearing the same black attire of the henchmen at the door. However, there were weapons already in their hands ranging from tasers to brass knuckles.

Yang Chen wouldn't be so naive to believe that the men under Chen Dehai wouldn't carry guns, but after all, being in China, the government's control on firearms could be considered one of the strictest in the world. It wasn't possible for every man under him to be armed with a gun so only a few of his elite men would be carrying them.

Towards these useless soldiers in front of him, Yang Chen did not bother to just kick them down the stairs. After all, he has not fought for a long time, and seeing 20-30 men charging up to him, he felt rather cheery.

As the enraged henchmen attempted to beat up the leisurely idling youngster, they quickly found out that they simply could not grab hold of the target!

Yang Chen's footwork was as quick as lightning, with every movement like it came from a movie's special effects—an afterimage.

With what seemed to be a simple movement, Yang Chen's body perfectly passed by more than 10 men while under attack from all sides. Every time he momentarily paused, a hand would grab onto one of the henchmen's weapon holding hand, then forcibly utilize that henchman's hands to beat up the colleague closest to him. The lucky ones were hit on the arms and legs, while the unlucky ones had a rod directly smashed onto their heads!

With no specific order or pattern, entirely based on high-speed movements, precise calculations, it was a simple and effective tactic that was not the slightest bit sloppy!

With a 20-30 square metres sized corridor turn into a total mess, everyone present could only see a black figure appearing back and forth, and simply didn't have the guts to swing the stun rods in their hands at him. Because if they make a mistake they might end up crippling the people of their own side.

Blood-curdling screams sounded off in quick succession in the corridor, and in less than a minute, among the 30 and more henchmen that rushed over, only a mere 4 or 5 were left, hiding in the corner in fear. Everybody else sprawled on the ground in pain, too afraid to stand back up.

Yang Chen clapped his hands, and with an expression of a smile yet not a smile, he looked towards the 5 henchmen that did not dare to come forward, "Aren't you guys coming over to play?"

The 5 men hurriedly shook their heads, and tried currying favor by revealing smiles that were uglier than cries.

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After going up to the 4th-storey without anymore obstructions, Yang Chen easily located at the center the entrance of the study, the door was actually a reinforced steel door. If nothing unexpected happens, this could also block bullets.

Yang Chen glanced at the hallway's surveillance camera, and showed a somewhat bored smile.

Chen Dehai was indeed an old fox, he had long known that I have entered the apartment building, yet he didn't rush to get rid of me, and instead dispatched 30 and more henchmen to first test and wear me down. Right now as he hides in this steel box of a room, it can be assumed that an inescapable trap has already been laid inside.

To be honest, if it wasn't me, this maneuver of his is correct, but he definitely doesn't know my true strength, otherwise he would have made the wise decision of fleeing long ago.

The steel plated door in front of him looked as if it was indestructible, but Yang Chen didn't let it weigh on his heart.

If it were me from two years ago, perhaps more effort would need to be spent to forcibly open it. But today's me, with the transformation by the strange martial arts I learned, a fortification such as this is no longer a big deal.

Taking in a deep breath, Yang Chen's leg moved like lightning as it directly kicked onto the thick steel plated door!

"Bam!"

After an immense slamming sound went off in the corridor, the steel door that was directly kicked caved in. The wall, made of marble, was shocked to the point that cracks appeared, with fragmented crumbs falling onto the ground!

Yang Chen withdrew his leg with satisfaction, walked up to the door, and lightly pushed.....

"Boom!!!"

A cloud of dust rose, the steel door fell into the room, it was actually forcibly opened just like this!

Inside the brightly lit study room in front, there were as expected more than a few people standing.

"Little brother has great skills." An unswervingly calm yet gloomy and hoarse voice sounded, it came from the man that sat behind a large oakwood table in the study.

Yang Chen only needed a moment to recognize that this man was Chen Dehai, because other than the man's ash-gray hair, the shape and appearance of his face were very similar to his son, Chen Feng. His physique wasn't tall or big, but he had a scheming and seasoned appearance.

Behind Chen Dehai, stood a line of more than 10 bodyguards in suits, at that moment every single one of them had serious expressions, with their hand in their jackets, evidently prepared to take a life by drawing out something like a pistol.

What made Yang Chen a little surprised was, the man standing closest to Chen Dehai was the robust Baldy he came across in the bar that one time. At this moment he was already one of Chen Dehai's most trusted henchmen, closely protecting Chen Dehai's safety.

When the Baldy saw Yang Chen, he too felt fright and disbelief, but did not display it.

"I'm sorry, I ruined your door." Yang Chen smiled with the corners of his mouth raised up, and took his time, slowly walking into the study.

Chen Dehai's smiled with his skin but not his flesh as he said, "Not a big deal, if the old don't leave the new can't enter, it doesn't matter that the door broke if someone compensates for it."

"What if I don't compensate?"

"Then would little brother please tell me why you came to my apartment building, then I will make my decision." Chen Dehai seemingly withered and skinny hand slammed onto the office table, calmed and composed he said, "I, Chen Dehai have stayed in Zhong Hai's underworld for twenty, thirty years, and I'm not the type that doesn't speak reason. Little brother has extraordinary skills, if possible I would like us to be friends instead of enemies."

Yang Chen indifferently nodded, and glanced at his surroundings. In Chen Dehai's study, large bookshelves filled the four walls, all kinds of collectibles, domestic and international publications

included. On top of a small case, there were even the four treasures of the study, it was actually used for calligraphy.

“Looks like you’ve read quite a number of books, and have pretty good education.” Yang Chen replied with a totally irrelevant answer.

Chen Dehai creased his eyebrows, “Even those who enter the underworld, cannot completely rely on bravery to succeed in this generation.” He did not seem to understand what Yang Chen was trying to say with those words.

Yang Chen, with a profound look nodded, “I’m trying to say, if your son Chen Feng had half your intelligence, then you wouldn’t need to die today.” Said Yang Chen with a brilliant smile.