

## The 80s 433

### Chapter 433: Ambushed

Chen Zhiquan looked at his only younger brother, with his ears drooping, and could hardly believe his own ears. He had worked hard, hoping to rely on his hands to carve out a good life for himself, but time and again, his brother had ruined it.

Chen Xiaowei had gotten into gambling and accrued debts. It was he who had taken out his wages to pay them off, and President Cheng was even willing to give him an advance on his wages. Such trust, but what was the result?

What on earth was his brother saying, calling him an ingrate? It was utterly heartless; didn't he have any humanity left?

"Big brother..." Chen Xiaowei timidly glanced at his elder brother. He was at his wit's end too. With gambling debts piling up and no way to pay them off, he would lose his hands.

"What do you think, Mr. Chen? It's not like we're asking you to do anything serious, just to switch the bad for the good. There won't be any loss to Joy Soon Loy, just attaching a label, as simple as that," said the man sitting at the table, casually cleaning his ear with an earpick and glancing sidelong at Chen Zhiquan.

"That's impossible!" Chen Zhiquan said through clenched teeth.

To switch the bad for the good was to target Joy Soon Loy; President Cheng was such a good person, caring for his employees. If he were to do this, could he even consider himself human?

Chen Zhiquan glared fiercely at his brother once again.

The man stopped his ear cleaning, then casually resumed and waved his hand: "Then it seems we cannot come to an agreement!"

Someone from behind pulled out a long object wrapped in newspaper from around their waist. As the paper was completely torn away, a watermelon knife with a chilling gleam was revealed.

Chen Zhiquan's expression changed,

"the old rule of the gambling table, if you can't pay your debts, you pay with your hand," said the man with the earpick, in a lazy tone.

Chen Xiaowei let out a wail, "Brother Dong, Brother Dong, my big brother will agree."

Two others twisted and pulled on Chen Xiaowei's hand, pressing it down onto the table with the watermelon knife poised above it.

Chen Zhiquan watched with a pale face, his features filled with shock and terror.

Chen Xiaowei continued to struggle, yelling, "Big brother, big brother, please agree! Otherwise, they'll really chop off my hand, big brother. If you don't save me, our parents will definitely kill you."

Chen Zhiquan's face, which had softened, became cold and hardened once again on hearing these words.

His parents, if it weren't for their blind doting on this younger brother, how would he have gotten into gambling? Over the years, how much money had he forked out because of him? He had barely managed to get into a relationship, and it was also ruined while trying to help him.

Chen Zhiquan turned his face away.

Seeing this, the one called Brother Dong gave a meaningful glance.

The one with the knife seemed to understand and moved his hand slightly: "Let's cut off the little finger first, one by one."

As he spoke, the knife's blade slowly descended onto a finger, lifted again, and fell again. Chen Xiaowei, terrified, screamed at the top of his lungs, "Big brother, save me, save me, ah..." and with a loosening of his trousers, a putrid smell wafted through the air as he wet himself.

The people around scowled in distaste.

Chen Zhiquan also frowned, but inside he was torn. His brother was good for nothing, yet they shared the same mother's milk. On the other side was his boss, who had been kind to him.

"Stop dawdling! Chop it all off!" Brother Dong lost his patience.

As the man with the knife began to move, Chen Zhiquan shouted, "Wait!" He looked at Brother Dong and bit his lip, "Is it really just a label? The goods are just slightly inferior in flavor?"

"Of course," Brother Dong's eyes flashed. "Guaranteed to look exactly the same, unnoticeable to anyone, and no one will know it was you who did it."

"And the debt will be canceled outright?"

"Canceled outright," Brother Dong confirmed.

Chen Zhiquan pressed his lips together: "Fine, I agree, but this has to be done my way."