

The middle-aged butler chastised coldly, "Young man, there's always someone better out there, don't think you can run wild just because you've learned a bit of martial arts."

Twisting his wrist, Ling Chen sized up his opponent, feeling quite surprised in his heart, not expecting there to be such a hidden expert here.

"Want to try again?" he provocatively said.

It had been a long time since he'd come across someone capable of exchanging a few moves with him. If it weren't for his carelessness just now, and the opponent's surprise attack, he would not have let him take advantage.

"Uncle Liu, teach him a good lesson, let this kid remember this," the crew-cut young man exclaimed excitedly.

Everyone present was fully aware that Uncle Liu was not only Nanrong Yong's butler but also responsible for his safety, having practiced martial arts for decades, possessing impressive skills.

Seeing Ling Chen taking the initiative to ask for a fight, everyone thought this young man was out of his depth. However, they were indeed eager to see him make a fool of himself.

Daring to be presumptuous in the Nanrong Family's presence, truly foolhardy.

The middle-aged butler snorted softly, sank into a horse stance, and his right arm swung out, his fingers turning into a tiger claw, bearing down with imposing momentum towards Ling Chen's head.

Watching his opponent's move, a smile curled on Ling Chen's lips. Standing his ground, his sharp gaze locked onto the other's actions. Suddenly, he leaned forward, tilting his head to the right, adeptly dodging the middle-aged man's tiger claw, then taking advantage of the situation to close in, his iron fist thundering out.

The middle-aged butler reacted extremely quickly, sensing danger and immediately turning to evade, attempting to dodge Ling Chen's punch. But he quickly realized that as he stepped back, Ling Chen's fist advanced, unable to shake it off.

After retreating several steps, the middle-aged butler suddenly felt blocked by a hard object—there was a wall behind him. With no way back, the only option was to attack. Thereupon, he clenched his tiger claw and struck towards Ling Chen's fist.

Having practiced martial arts for decades, the middle-aged butler had a lot of confidence in himself.

As their fists collided, the middle-aged butler's face suddenly darkened, a hint of shock flashing in his eyes. His opponent was standing firm, not taking a single step back.

"Is this all you've got?"

Ling Chen sneered, his accumulated punch power suddenly erupting.

In an instant, the middle-aged butler felt a fierce dark force assail him, his entire arm throbbing painfully, dangling limply.

Although neither had moved, it was clear to everyone that Uncle Liu was at a disadvantage against the young man.

"Still want to teach me a lesson, are you worthy?"

The sound of Ling Chen's voice reached them, and the middle-aged butler's face shifted between shades of purple and red, utterly humiliated.

"Uncle Liu, what are you daydreaming about, keep hitting him!" a group of people egged him on from the side, with the crew-cut young man shouting the loudest.

"That's enough."

Just then, a young woman in a wheelchair was carried down from upstairs.

As soon as the young woman appeared, everyone in the living room promptly behaved, all standing up straight and not daring to speak.

Ling Chen took in the sight of the young woman, his expression suddenly startled, feeling almost breathless, his eyes filled with admiration.

The woman looked to be in her twenties, her skin slightly pale, dressed in a simple and clean gown, her figure graceful.

Above the gown was a breathtakingly beautiful face; skin more radiant than snow, smooth and silky, a pair of cool and lunar-like eyes, slender eyebrows, and thin lips, pale as jade, with a hint of fragile delicacy due to illness.

Beautiful, stunningly beautiful.

The tall beauty he had just seen was already exceptional, but the woman before him was even more so. It was not about appearance, but an indescribable aura.

Tsk tsk, this world indeed holds such unearthly beauties.

Ling Chen's heart delighted silently, feeling that seeing such a beauty was worth it even if he didn't make any money from this trip.

"Cousin, why did you come down?" The long-legged beauty hurriedly walked over to the young woman's side, taking over the wheelchair handles.

"How could I not come down with all the commotion going on below?" After speaking, the woman glanced at the antique clock placed in the living room, her beautiful eyes suddenly hardened, and she said icily: "Nanrong Hao, what's the meaning of this?"

"Sister, it's like this..." Nanrong Hao, the crew-cut youth, quickly recounted what had just happened.

"Why are you picking on someone who's just responsible for delivering goods?"

"I..." Nanrong Hao was at a loss for words.

The woman said coldly: "Apologize."

"Yes, Sister." Nanrong Hao seemed to be very afraid of this sister. Although he was reluctant, he obediently walked over to Ling Chen and whispered an apology.

"It's no big deal." Ling Chen said in a lecturing tone: "Young people are impulsive. I understand, just be more careful in the future."

Nanrong Hao felt so infuriated inside. Who the hell are you to lecture me! But just the thought of the big sister behind him made him deflate immediately, and he backed away feeling depressed.

"Uncle Liu?"

The middle-aged housekeeper saw the eldest daughter speak up and promptly gave a fist and palm salute: "I am Liu Kun, young man. I'm sorry for any offense caused earlier, please don't take it to heart."

"No problem, no problem." Ling Chen's gaze shifted, looking at the woman in the wheelchair and said: "Since you're the one in charge here, please sign here and settle the delivery fee."

The woman nodded lightly, reaching out to take the delivery note from Ling Chen and signed her name.

"Nanrong Wanqing." Ling Chen glanced at the elegant handwriting on the delivery note, silently reading it in his mind.

After collecting the delivery fee, under everyone's gaze, Ling Chen turned around to lift up the antique clock, grinning and saying: "You guys probably wouldn't want to keep this thing, let me take care of it for you."

"Thank you." Nanrong Wanqing's lips parted lightly.

"You're welcome."

At the doorway, Ling Chen seemed to remember something, turned back and asked, "Whose Maserati is that outside?"

"Mine." The long-legged beauty said.

"You?" Ling Chen said irritably: "Do you realize you almost hit me with your car earlier? If I hadn't reacted quickly, I'd be lying in the mortuary right now."

"Su Lin, what's going on?"

Upon hearing Nanrong Wanqing's question, Su Lin pouted, feeling aggrieved: "I heard grandpa's condition was critical, so I rushed over, which is why I was driving a bit fast."

"Over a hundred miles per hour is 'a bit' fast?"

Su Lin retorted unhappily: "I didn't hit you, what's with all the complaints?"

"From what you're saying, do I have to get hit by you before I'm entitled to speak up? What kind of logic is that, did you not graduate from elementary school?" Ling Chen said displeased.

This woman was too unreasonable.

Nanrong Wanqing slightly furrowed her brows: "Su Lin, you're in the wrong here. Won't you hurry and apologize?"

"I won't." Su Lin pursed her lips slightly and turned her head away.

"Tch, with that attitude, I might not even accept your apology if you offered it," Ling Chen sneered: "A good man doesn't argue with women, I won't stoop to your level. Beware, with your unyielding demeanor, you might end up with a son who lacks manners. I'm leaving; no need to see me off."

Hearing his last remark, Su Lin felt her anger welling up, outraged by his curse.

"Wanqing, did you hear that, this jerk actually..."