

Following Jiang Hao into the warehouse, Ling Chen immediately saw a man in his thirties, with a scarred face, sitting beside a makeshift table, greasily devouring his late-night snack.

"Chen, that's Zhao Zhengxiong," whispered Jiang Hao.

Ling Chen nodded, then shifted his gaze to see Jiang Hao's brothers kneeling on the ground, their hands on their heads, all bearing wounds, with a dozen burly men holding iron rods, menacingly watching over them.

At that moment, Zhao Zhengxiong lifted his head, glanced at Jiang Hao, and directly ignoring Ling Chen beside him, asked, "Did you bring the money?"

"Xiong..." Jiang Hao initially wanted to address him respectfully as Xiong, but with Ling Chen beside him, his courage swelled, and he retorted boldly, "Zhao Zhengxiong, release my brothers immediately, and take your men out of my territory."

Laughter erupted from those around at these words.

"Jiang, has your brain been damaged? To dare speak to Xiong like that."

"I think this kid is itching for a beating."

Zhao Zhengxiong wiped the grease from his mouth and pointing to the ground by his feet, said, "Kneel down and kowtow three times, call me Grandpa, then I might pretend I didn't hear what you just said."

"Chen..."

"Leave it to me."

Chewing on a toothpick, Ling Chen, with his hands behind his back, walked straight to the table and sat down, opening a beer for himself.

"Xiong, right? Jiang Hao is my buddy, we all live in the Old City, and bump into each other often. Wouldn't it be better to resolve this amiably rather than unpleasantly?"

"Is this kid your backup?" Zhao Zhengxiong sneered, shifting his gaze from Jiang Hao to Ling Chen, disdainfully saying, "Kid, I don't care who you are, disappear from in front of me now, or don't blame my men if their rods aren't gentle."

"Xiong, let's discuss this civilly. We're all civilized people here, why use violence? It harms the atmosphere."

"Wow, fellas, did you hear that? This kid's trying to talk reason with us. Fine, you want to talk reason? Here's your chance. Chao, come here," Zhao Zhengxiong gestured for someone, saying, "Teach him how we talk reason."

"Boss, talking reason is my specialty," Chao said with a sly grin, gripping an iron rod as he walked over. The others around wore gleeful expressions, eagerly anticipating the show.

Raising an eyebrow, Ling Chen spoke, "Brother..."

"Who the hell is your brother?" Chao cursed, swinging his iron rod towards Ling Chen's head.

Bang!

A crisp sound followed.

Before anyone could react, Chao's iron rod dropped to the floor; he clutched his head, blood mixed with beer foam dripping through his fingers.

Beside the table, Ling Chen, holding the broken beer bottle, smirked and said, "Forgot to mention, I excel at discussing things your way. Anyone else want to try?"

Stunned, Zhao Zhengxiong abruptly stood up and roared, "Brothers, teach this kid a proper lesson!"

In an instant, more than a dozen men charged toward him, swinging their iron rods all aiming at Ling Chen.

With an uplifted corner of his mouth, Ling Chen's body moved swiftly like a cheetah, breaking through the encirclement in a blink, charging directly towards Zhao Zhengxiong.

The strategy was clear—capture the leader first; he had no time to play with these fellows.

"You're courting death, kid!"

Zhao Zhengxiong cursed, launching a kick towards him.

Seeing this, Ling Chen reached out his right hand swiftly and accurately, grabbing the opponent's ankle, then twisted gently; a faint sound of bone cracking immediately followed.

"Ow~~"

Zhao Zhengxiong's facial features instantly twisted out of shape, pain causing tears to stream down his face.

"Let go of my boss."

A bunch of underlings, furious and shocked, hurried over.

Ling Chen spat out the toothpick and said calmly, "Whoever dares take another step forward, I'll make sure they spend the rest of their life in a wheelchair."

"Scram, all of you scram."

Zhao Zhengxiong, fearing Ling Chen might get serious, ignored the pain in his leg and quickly stopped his men.

"Bro... brother, let's talk this through. Let go of me first."

Ling Chen curled his lips and said, "How come you're like this? I wanted to talk nicely with you just now, but you insisted on being reasonable. Now I'm being reasonable with you, and you want to talk nicely again. What exactly do you want?"

"It's my fault, brother, my fault." Zhao Zhengxiong hastily begged for mercy.

"Good that you know it's wrong. Now tell me, how are we going to settle today's issue?"

"I promise I won't cause trouble on Hao's turf ever again," Zhao Zhengxiong said with cold sweat from the pain. "And for Hao and their medical expenses, I... I'll cover them all."

Ling Chen nodded, that seemed reasonable. Just as he was about to accept the conditions, Jiang Hao cut in, "And Five Miles Street, from now on, it belongs to me. Xiong, you don't mind, right?"

"This... this..." Zhao Zhengxiong hesitated.

"Do you still want this leg?" Ling Chen timely reminded.

"No, no, I don't want Five Miles Street anymore, alright?" Zhao Zhengxiong gritted his teeth, not only in pain from his foot but also his heart, as Five Miles Street was a prime territory he had struggled hard to snatch.

"Very good."

Ling Chen released his grip, and Zhao Zhengxiong collapsed to the ground with another cry of pain.

"Remember, if you dare to trouble us again, it's not just your leg, haha. Jiang Hao, let's go!"

"Yes yes, I remember." Facing such a fierce man, where could Zhao Zhengxiong dare to talk back, he hurriedly agreed.

"Boss, what do we do now?"

"What do you mean what do we do? Rush me to the hospital already!" Zhao Zhengxiong cursed out loud.

Watching Ling Chen and his group leaving, he gritted his teeth inwardly. Damn, he would reclaim this debt a hundredfold someday.

"Chen, you've worked hard."

On the way back, Jiang Hao said happily, "Let's go to the street food stall and have a feast to celebrate."

"Another day, your brothers are injured. Let's get them to a hospital first, don't leave any internal injuries."

"Alright, we'll make it another day." Jiang Hao now greatly admired Ling Chen. Without Ling Chen's intervention, he wouldn't have been able to rescue his brothers so effortlessly, plus he even gained the control over Five Miles Street.

"Jiang Hao." Ling Chen dropped his usual lighthearted tone and said seriously, "I consider you a friend, so I'm giving you a piece of advice. No matter what you do, it's best to have a bottom line. Being a gangster isn't shameful, but it's about how you walk this path. If you can achieve not making people fear you, but respect you, that's when you're truly successful."

Jiang Hao, puzzled, scratching his head, said, "Chen, I don't quite understand what you're saying."

Ling Chen waved his hand and said, "Think it over yourself, I'm leaving."

