

Before the blink of an eye, a week had passed.

Ling Chen was exactly the same as always, going to work every day, then back home for beer and braised snacks, never changing. Until one morning, a phone call startled him awake from his sleep.

"Boss, I'm taking the day off today, I won't be coming to work, you..."

"You better roll over here right now. If you don't show up, my store's about to get torn apart."

Hearing his boss speak so urgently, Ling Chen didn't dare to delay; his livelihood was at stake. He rushed to wash his face without even brushing his teeth and headed straight to the company.

The courier company he worked for was located in the Old City area, not far from where he lived. It was just a ten-minute walk away.

Arriving at the company's entrance, Ling Chen was stunned before he even got inside. He saw more than thirty men in suits surrounding the place, each with a stern face and an imposing air.

"Where did all these bodyguards come from?" he muttered to himself, his gaze darting around. Suddenly, his eyes fixed on a white Maserati parked on the roadside.

"So it's her!"

Ling Chen immediately understood that the leggy lass had come here to cause trouble. She was really persistent... no, more like bearing a grudge.

Women are indeed creatures that hold grudges.

"You've finally shown up."

Hearing that voice, grinding her teeth, Ling Chen didn't need to think twice to know who it was. He turned his head to see Su Lin emerging from the company, and he greeted her with a smile: "Isn't this Miss Su."

As he finished speaking, he sized up the young man with a crew cut standing next to Su Lin and said, "If I remember correctly, you're called Nanrong Hao."

"You have a good memory." Su Lin said coldly: "Then you should also remember what you said to me that day."

Ling Chen pretended to be contemplative: "I said many things that day; I don't know which one you're referring to. Why don't you remind me?"

Nanrong Hao blurted out: "You said my cousin won't have..."

"Shut up!" Su Lin glared viciously at Nanrong Hao. If it weren't for the fact that he was her cousin, she would've slapped him; what a fool he was.

Feeling his cousin's murderous gaze, Nanrong Hao shrank his shoulders and quickly looked away. Whether it's a Sister or a cousin, both were people he couldn't afford to provoke.

"Miss Su, you're being too narrow-minded. It was just a remark; there's no need to take it so seriously. Besides, you were the one in the wrong at the start, and now you're coming to trouble me; where am I supposed to reason with this?"

"You dare say I'm narrow-minded?" Su Lin fumed, obviously this scoundrel's words were too malicious, daring to curse her. No one had ever dared to say such things to her from childhood until now.

Ling Chen stared lustfully at her full chest, and said deadpan: "Your chest isn't narrow, but whether your heart is, I wouldn't know. Only by taking it off will I find out."

This guy... Nanrong Hao's mouth fell open as he watched Ling Chen daring to openly tease his own cousin. With her fiery temper, she's probably going to lose it.

"You..." Su Lin pointed at Ling Chen, her cheeks flushed with anger, struggling to even speak coherently.

Catching her breath, she gritted her teeth and declared: "Ling Chen, you thug, you think you're so tough. I brought so many people today, if you're capable, knock them all down."

Ling Chen shrugged; it's not surprising that she could find him here following the courier's delivery slip and know his name.

Looking at the dozens of bodyguards closing in on him, he felt rather helpless. He really didn't want to fight with these people, it was time-consuming and exhausting.

"Gentlemen, we are all civilized people, let's talk this over," he tried to force out a smile as amiable as possible.

"Cut the crap!" Su Lin coldly said: "Today, either you go down, or they go down, you don't have a choice."

"You all gang up on me alone, isn't that a bit unfair?"

"I'm going to bully the few with the many, what's it to you? Got a problem with that?" Su Lin thought Ling Chen was scared and immediately felt smug.

Nanrong Hao was secretly snickering, watching Ling Chen with an 'you're dead meat' expression.

Dare to flirt with his cousin, that's digging your own grave, courting death!

"What a bustling morning, what's everyone crowding around for? Eh, Brother Chen, what are you doing here?"

Ling Chen turned his head, only to see Jiang Hao walking over with a few underlings through the crowd.

"What are you doing here?"

Jiang Hao laughed: "Brother Chen, did you forget? This street is now under my control."

Ling Chen slapped his forehead, almost forgetting about it. Last time, Jiang Hao took over Five Miles Street from Zhao Zhengxiong, wasn't it this very street?

No wonder he hadn't seen anyone around these past few days, they were busy here.

"Brother Chen, what are these people here for?" Jiang Hao couldn't help asking when he saw the bodyguards, one after another, with a menacing and ill-intentioned look.

Ling Chen said with a wronged face: "These guys are here to cause me trouble, and they even want to gang up on me."

"Ganging up?" Jiang Hao's mouth curled up smirkingly, looking at those thirty-something bodyguards, he coldly laughed: "You've got some nerve, daring to trouble my Brother Chen. You want to gang up? Fine, I'll let you see what's called ganging up. Brothers, come out!"

At the command, dozens of people immediately surged out from the nearby pool hall and game rooms, plus the ones Jiang Hao brought along, totaling seventy or eighty people. Those with weapons grabbed their weapons, and those without grabbed bricks, surrounding the group of bodyguards.

Su Lin and Nanrong Hao were stunned on the spot.

This... plot reversal was too sudden.

Nanrong Hao wanted to cry without tears, had he known it would turn out like this, he really shouldn't have followed his cousin to join in the excitement.

"What's there to be afraid of?" Su Lin angrily said: "You're all professionals that I've hired with good money, are you telling me you can't even handle these punks?"

The bodyguards were speechless. With their bare hands against those who had the numerical advantage and were armed with weapons and bricks, they knew they would be at a disadvantage if a fight really broke out.

"Miss Su, we're all civilized people here, let's sit down and talk things over, let's not start a needless conflict, that's no good for anyone." Ling Chen said with a smiling face.

Hearing his words, a few of Jiang Hao's men snickered endlessly.

Having followed Ling Chen for a while, they understood his character rather well; despite always talking about being civilized, when it actually comes to fighting, he's more ruthless than anyone else.

Seeing her own hired bodyguards looking cowardly, Su Lin knew she wouldn't gain any advantage today and could only walk away disgruntled.

"Ling Chen, don't get too happy just yet, I'll make you pay sooner or later." She dropped a harsh line, holding back her anger, she turned and walked toward her car.

Nanrong Hao quickly said: "Cousin, don't leave me here."

"Take a taxi back yourself." Su Lin squeezed out a few words through clenched teeth, slammed the car door shut, leaving a bewildered Nanrong Hao behind as she drove off.

"Poor thing, your sister just abandoned you like that." Ling Chen walked over to him, shaking his head and sighing.

Nanrong Hao anxiously said: "What... what do you want to do? I'm warning you, if you dare touch a hair on me, my Sister will never let you go."

n 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."