

"Chen, don't worry, I've got this under control."

"Hao, Chen, we've got trouble!"

At this moment, a lackey hastily ran into the private room, urgently saying, "Zhao Zhengxiong is here, and he's brought a few guests with him to dine in the lobby downstairs."

Jiang Hao frowned and said, "That guy must have the audacity of a bear and the guts of a leopard to dare come to my turf. Chen, you sit tight, I'll take the boys and have a look."

"Be careful. If they're just here to eat, there's no need to make a big deal out of it."

"I know. Brothers, follow me."

Bang!

Clatter!

In less than a few minutes, a series of chaotic noises came from outside the private room, as though something was smashed to the ground.

Ling Chen raised his eyebrows, put down the teacup in his hand, glanced at Nanrong Hao who was sitting upright beside him, and said with a slight smile, "Young Master Nanrong, would you be interested in joining me to take a look?"

"Sure." Nanrong Hao dared not refuse and nodded hastily.

Upon leaving the private room, Ling Chen, leading Nanrong Hao, walked straight to the lobby. Immediately they saw several people lying on the smooth floor of the lobby, all of Jiang Hao's lackeys, each one holding their injured parts, faces twisting in pain.

Beside them, Jiang Hao was kneeling on one leg on the ground, holding a beer bottle in his left hand, and his right arm seeming dislocated, dangling weakly, with cold sweat streaming down his forehead.

Seeing this, Ling Chen approached and helped him up, then gently twisted his right arm. With a 'crack,' Jiang Hao's mouth opened wide, almost crying out in pain.

"Chen..."

"You go and rest for a bit; leave this to me." Having said this, Ling Chen turned his gaze toward the round table in the middle of the lobby.

Around the table sat seven or eight people, leading them was Zhao Zhengxiong. There was a cane next to him, it seemed that his injured leg had not fully healed. What attracted Ling Chen's attention were two of the men: one tall and skinny, with a pointed mouth and monkey cheeks, with white and slender hands. The other of ordinary build, in his thirties, wearing traditional Chinese clothing, with his temples slightly bulging.

"Interesting."

Ling Chen casually took a toothpick from the table and put it in his mouth; Zhao Zhengxiong had actually invited two martial artists, no wonder he dared to bring his men back to Five Miles Street to act recklessly.

"Both of you, it's this kid."

Zhao Zhengxiong stared coldly at Ling Chen, a silent resentment in his heart. Having seen Ling Chen's abilities at the warehouse last time, and knowing

how formidable he was, he specially spent a lot of money to hire two experts to help him regain face.

The man with monkey cheeks looked disdainfully at Ling Chen and said in a sharp voice, "Boss Zhao, do you want this kid's legs crippled or his hands?"

Zhao Zhengxiong seemed to think of something and said with a cold look, "Just two legs is too few, help me cripple his third leg too."

The pointy-faced man was startled, then showed a knowing smirk, "No problem."

Hearing their conversation that discounted his presence, Ling Chen shrugged helplessly. He always wanted to be a civilized man, but unfortunately, these guys didn't give him the chance.

At this point, the sharp-mouthed man got up and approached him, looking down at him with an arrogant attitude and said, "Kid, my name is Gao Wei. Remember it, so you'll know who defeated you."

As soon as his words fell, he suddenly raised his hands, like two venomous snakes, swiftly striking before Ling Chen had a chance to speak.

With two gusts of wind coming at him, Ling Chen's body leaned slightly backward, his right hand swinging instinctively to fend off the other's hands. But the opponent's movements were quick and agile, easily breaking through his block and closing in on him, aiming straight for his eyes.

Ling Chen's heart sank, a flash of cold light crossing Mo Che's pupils.

The man was striking hard, going for the vitals. He'd intended to deal with these two individuals easily, but their actions fueled his silent anger.

Fighting, too, must have its rules.

As Gao Wei's fingertips quickly approached, Ling Chen twisted his toes, swiftly altering his body position, avoiding the attacker's assault. Then, he stretched out both hands, entwining Gao Wei's, and steadily advanced.

"Hm?"

Gao Wei was first taken aback, then overwhelmed with shock. He discovered that his hands seemed to be glued by Ling Chen's pushing hands, unable to break free no matter what.

While he was horrified, a bone-piercing pain suddenly hit him, as if all of his fingers were broken, limp and unable to be lifted.

"You... You dare to break my fingers!" Gao Wei's face turned pale. His martial arts relied on his two hands; with broken fingers, his martial arts would be ruined.

Ling Chen spoke indifferently, "It's better to not learn this Snake-Shaped Hand to avoid harming others and oneself."

"What impressive martial arts, my friend."

At this moment, the man in the Chinese tunic suit who had been sitting at the table stood up, his face somber as he gazed at Ling Chen.

"Who is your master? Didn't he teach you that crippling someone's martial arts is a taboo?"

Ling Chen, biting a toothpick, retorted, "One should learn morality before martial arts. Equally taboo is striking with the intent to harm others. Hasn't your master taught you that?"

"Sharp-tongued, I see. I would like to witness for myself if your skills are as formidable as your mouth."

As the man in the tunic approached, Ling Chen spat out the toothpick stick with a 'ptui', which flew straight toward the man's face.

Without a word, the tunic-clad man swung his hand in an attempt to deflect the toothpick. But in that moment, Ling Chen's legs powered up, and he suddenly charged at his opponent, reaching him in the blink of an eye.

Seeing Ling Chen launch an unexpected attack, the man in the tunic exclaimed angrily, "You..."

"What 'you'? Scram!"

Ling Chen cut him off, throwing a punch that was both rapid and ruthless, slamming heavily into the man's abdomen.

Before the tunic-clad man could fully react, he felt a burst of intense pain, stumbling backwards, his internal organs feeling as if they had been displaced, unbearably uncomfortable.

"You... you don't follow the rules," the man groaned through clenched teeth, enduring the pain.

Ling Chen curled his lip.

When it came to fighting, rules mattered, but that depended on the opponent. Against guys like these, he never cared for playing by the rules.

"I'll count to three, if you don't disappear from my sight, then you can forget about leaving, stay and I'll take good care of you."

The man in the tunic turned an iron blue, "Fine. I, Song Yi, will remember today's offense, and I will pay it back a hundredfold. Junior Brother, let's go!"

"Don't... Mr. Song, Mr. Gao, what about me if you leave?" Zhao Zhengxiong was desperate, and quickly called out, would have followed if not hindered by his sluggish movements.

Song Yi didn't even turn his head, coldly responding, "I can't sort this out for you. You better ask someone else."

"But you already took the money..." Zhao Zhengxiong grumbled reluctantly.

Song Yi ignored him and directly exited the restaurant.

"Xiong."

After Song Yi and Gao Wei left, Ling Chen, smiling, walked over and sat next to Zhao Zhengxiong, casually draping an arm over his shoulder.

"Do you still remember what I told you last time?"

"I..." Zhao Zhengxiong opened his mouth, streaming with cold sweat and stammering, "Lin... no, Chen, you are magnanimous, please give me another chance, I swear I won't dare again."