

"You had a first time, there can be a second. Why should I trust you? I warned you before, if you dare retaliate, I'll cripple your other leg. In front of all these brothers, if I break my word, who would take Ling Chen's words seriously?" Saying that, Ling Chen cast a cold glance at him.

Feeling the icy stare, Zhao Zhengxiong shivered and hurriedly begged for mercy: "Chen, I really wouldn't dare anymore. If there's a next time, may lightning strike me. Just let me go, I... I..."

"What would you do?" Ling Chen said teasingly.

"I'll agree to any conditions," Zhao Zhengxiong clenched his teeth, scared of facing such a ruthless man.

"You said that, I didn't force you." Ling Chen grinned and said: "Alright, you can go back now. Jiang Hao will discuss future matters with you."

Seeing that he was let off, Zhao Zhengxiong didn't dare to stay longer, quickly leading his few followers to slink away.

"Chen, we're just going to let him go like that?" Jiang Hao said reluctantly.

"Not let him go? What, really cripple him?" Ling Chen gave him a look: "I'm civilized, all this fighting and killing isn't good. Besides, he brought the stick to your door for you to beat him with; you better seize such a good opportunity."

After that, he glanced at Nanrong Hao next to him and smiled: "Mr. Nanrong, sorry to have kept you so long. Let's continue our meal."

Back in the private room, originally having over a dozen people, now only Ling Chen, Nanrong Hao and Jiang Hao remained. Those underlings had all been injured earlier and were sent by Jiang Hao to see doctors. As for Jiang Hao himself, merely having a dislocated joint, was of no big issue with Ling Chen's help.

The trio had barely sat down when the food and drinks were served one after another.

"Mr. Nanrong, come on, have some dishes, don't be shy." Ling Chen enthusiastically invited him, pouring himself a glass of cold beer. Taking a sip, it was refreshingly satisfying.

A few drinks in, Nanrong Hao didn't seem as frightened of Ling Chen as before. And he could tell that Ling Chen was genuinely courteous, not faking it. As the young master of the Nanrong Family, he still had that bit of judgment.

"Mr. Ling..."

"Don't call me 'Mr.', I'm not used to it, just call me by my name."

"Then... then I'll call you Chen." Nanrong Hao's face flushed with drink, "Chen, your martial arts are so good, you must have been taught by a famous teacher, can you tell me about it?"

Jiang Hao pricked up his ears, seemingly equally interested in the question.

"Famous teacher? I only know some basic moves, all self-taught," Ling Chen dismissed the question and casually asked, "Does Mr. Nanrong also want to learn martial arts?"

Nanrong Hao made a sour face and said, "I want to, but Uncle Liu said I don't have the talent, not cut out for it."

"Psh, what 'talent'? That's just an excuse. The 'Uncle Liu' you're talking about must be that steward Liu Kun, right? He probably doesn't want to teach you because he finds it a hassle. Think about it, he's a steward and you're the young master. He can't hit you or scold you; I wouldn't want to teach you either if I were him."

"Exactly, exactly," Nanrong Hao eagerly nodded, "Chen, you're so right. I always knew it. My sister is a genius; my talents can't be that bad." After saying that, he looked at Ling Chen with an eager gaze, "Chen, you're so good at martial arts, why don't you teach me?"

Ling Chen was taken aback, pointing to his own nose: "Me, teach you? Mr. Nanrong, don't drink so much you forget who your parents are. Don't forget, I'm currently your sister's enemy, if you dare to get mixed up with me, she'll beat you to death."

Hearing him mention Su Lin, Nanrong Hao shuddered as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over him from head to toe, instantly dousing his enthusiasm.

Ling Chen saw his gloomy face and chuckled, patting his shoulder, "It's okay. As long as the misunderstanding between me and your sister is resolved, everything else will be easy to discuss."

"How could that possibly be."

Nanrong Hao muttered to himself. Daring to openly flirt with his cousin, with her personality, she would definitely not let it go easily.

At that moment, in villa number 118 at Wealthy Manor, Su Lin stormed into the house, grumbling non-stop, "Damn Ling Chen, stinking Ling Chen, how dare you bully grandma, just wait and see how I'll deal with you."

"Su Lin, what happened, who's made you angry again?"

Su Lin turned her head to see Nanrong Wanqing in a simple and elegant white dress, coming down the hallway in a wheelchair.

"It's that brat Nanrong Hao. I really want to smack him," Su Lin said irritably.

She didn't dare to mention Ling Chen's affair, she had brought so many people to cause trouble, not only did she fail, but she was also bullied by that thug. If this got out, where would she put her face?

"When will you two ever grow up." Nanrong Wanqing shook her head and, with both hands pushing the wheelchair, said, "Let's go. Grandpa just woke up, come with me to see him."

Upon going upstairs and pushing open the bedroom door, a strong scent of traditional Chinese medicine immediately filled their noses.

Lying on a bed in the southern part of the bedroom was an elderly man in his seventies or eighties. The man had a head full of white hair, a thin face with a sickly pallor, and skin full of wrinkles and age spots.

This elderly man was the pillar of the Nanrong Family, the founder of Hongyu Group, Nanrong Yong.

Next to the bed, as the butler, Liu Kun took the empty bowl for the medicine and placed it on the table, standing silently by the side.

"Grandpa."

"Grandpa."

Seeing his granddaughter and granddaughter-in-law enter, Nanrong Yong's weak face immediately showed a hint of a smile. However, looking at the wheelchair beneath Nanrong Wanqing, his eyes filled with a mix of tenderness, anger, and helplessness.

"Grandpa, you really scared us this time, you must take care of your health from now on," Su Lin said caringly, leaning close to the bed.

"It's nothing," Nanrong Yong laughed heartily, "Your grandpa has fought through tough times for most of my life, what kind of storms haven't I seen? A little sickness, a little pain thinks to take me down, not that easy. It's good that you two girls came, stay and accompany me for a walk later. I've nearly gone mad lying in bed these last few days."

Nanrong Wanqing spoke lightly, "Grandpa, the doctor said that even though you've passed the critical period, you need to rest well and it's best not to get out of bed within a month."

Nanrong Yong dissatisfiedly said, "Those doctors all talk nonsense. With my constitution, what need for a month? One day is enough."

"If the doctor says a month, then it's a month. Not a day less. Uncle Liu, you keep a good eye on Grandpa for me. If he even puts half a foot out of bed, you'll have to answer to me," Nanrong Wanqing's tone was very stern, brooking no refusal.

Liu Kun responded with a wry smile, "Yes, Miss."

After chatting with Nanrong Yong for a while about family matters, Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin left to avoid disturbing the elder's rest.

Seeing the door shut, Nanrong Yong's gently smiling face instantly became serious, exuding an aura of authority that required no anger to impress.