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“Lin Feng, arrange a Tianzi box for me, I want to entertain the distinguished guests!”

People didn't even see it, so the voice came over first, completely in a commanding tone, full of domineering and arrogance. After the voice fell, a few young people with blatant expressions walked in. Among them, the first one was the second. A fat man in his teens, with fat head and big ears, white and white, his face is full of majestic expressions, and his eyes are about to grow up to his forehead.

When Lin Feng saw this fat man, his face immediately changed, and some irritability and jealousy flashed through. He obviously hated this fat man, but he didn't dare to show it.

“Tang Chenghong?” Lin Ziming frowned slightly when he saw the fat man, and recognized the identity of the other party.

Lin Feng quickly glanced at Lin Ziming, and said in a low voice, “Second Young Master, you should avoid it first. Tang Chenghong is now a big red man in front of Young Master, so it's not easy to provoke him.”

It was Lin Zihao who beat the young master, and Tang Chenghong himself was Lin Zihao's cousin. Before Lin Ziming was expelled from the Lin family, people like Tang Chenghong did not dare to make mistakes in front of Lin Ziming.

But now the situation is different. Lin Ziming has been expelled from the Lin family, and Tang Chenghong will not be afraid of Lin Ziming, not to mention that Lin Zihao is behind Tang Chenghong.

Lin Feng was from grandpa Lin Changtian, and his heart was still on Lin Ziming's side, so he kindly asked Lin Ziming to avoid it.

But will Lin Ziming avoid it? Obviously it is impossible. When he returned to the Lin family this time, he wanted to declare war on Lin Zihao. How could he be afraid of a little Tang Chenghong? In other words, if he can't even deal with Tang Chenghong, then he is not worthy to fight Lin Zihao.

“Nothing, since I chose to come back, there is no reason to avoid it.” Lin Ziming smiled faintly.

Lin Feng's mouth moved, and he wanted to say something, but Tang Chenghong and a group of people had already walked in front of him.

Tang Chenghong is not tall, less than 1.7 meters tall, he is fat, like a ball, a full head shorter than Lin Ziming, because now Lin Ziming's aura is too low-key, and he wears ordinary clothes. The previous image was totally inconsistent, so Tang Chenghong didn't even notice Lin Ziming for a while. He just glanced at Lin Ziming lightly and then looked away, thinking that Lin Ziming was a waiter or something, so he didn't even care about it. in.

Lin Feng said with some embarrassment: “Young Master Tang, the Tianzi box has been fixed, or I will open a ground box for you.”

The ground-size box, the grade is only under the Tianzi box, and it is not accessible to ordinary members. It has almost everything in it, and it can also meet many 'excessive' requirements, but it is still compared with the Tianzi box different. For example, in the local box, only second-tier stars can be invited to sing, and only some food that is cheaper than the Tianzi box can be eaten, etc...

Generally speaking, the local box is enough to meet the needs of most people. However, for Tang Chenghong, even if it was only a little difference, he could not be satisfied. This time he brought a friend to listen to Fengting, just to come here to pretend to be forced, how could he be satisfied with a box of a local size?

So he immediately tightened his eyebrows and said, "You are really kidding me. The Tianzihao box is the highest level of treatment at Tingfeng Pavilion. It is only open to the top guests. Recently, no big people have come here. My cousin didn't come here either, you fucking said he was fixed?"

He pointed to Lin Feng's nose to speak, arrogant and domineering, his mouth frothed and splashed on Lin Feng's face, giving Lin Feng no face. Anyhow, Lin Feng is also an executive of Tingfengting. He has been operating Tingfengting for many years, and his status in the circle is not low. Many big-faced people will be polite when they see him. Now Tang Chenghong, the second generation ancestor, is pointing to him like this, and he doesn't save him any face when he speaks. No matter how good his temper, Lin Feng's face is also pulled down.