

## Beautiful 18

### Chapter 18: Dogshit Villain

Hu Ch exited the trance of the Massage shop and stretched his waist lazily. Dressed in lavish bustling clothes and earrings, he smiled through the thick translucent glass.

Imagining many young girls in awe and fear of himself felt pretty good. Which women weren't strong at first but had to succumb to his power. The proprietress of this shop didn't dare to object and allowed him to do whatever he wanted.

He liked watching the women cry out in agony when he humiliated them. Most of them, although unwilling initially, fell under the power of money. The method of coercion and candy was fully applied.

What could they do even if they were reluctant, apart from lamenting their bad luck?

Every day he couldn't go on without a woman. This time, he and the beautiful proprietress rolled the sheets together. Fucking the mature and charming woman had a different taste, compared to the young sweet one.

He could already create a picture of proprietress crying afterward and the distinct aftertaste was what made him addicted. This was already the fifth time with her. Hu Ch loved seeing her hidden furious eyes while her mouth begged for mercy later.

Didn't this proprietress refuse him at first? Even under his flaunting wealth, nothing changed. His violence became the final straw. Now, what's the difference? She had to kneel under his crotch. People had to bow down under pressure.

Her husband couldn't express any disapproval as he was currently lying in wheelchair, powerless and the process of humiliating his wife in front of him felt good.

Hu Ch had asked some of his subordinates to destroy him and break his bones. If they had submitted willingly, of these results could've occurred. He hated anyone going against his will. Was he powerful? Sure! But the most powerful man in the group wasn't him.

All of these weren't his power but his father's. Hu Ch's family turned the public's eye as real estate business. Their wealth was ranked amongst the top in Province N.

Of course, their wealth didn't originate from legal funds; Hu family originally were gangsters, a group of desperadoes, who would do anything for money. Like a typical underworld group, their businesses were related to gambling and prostitution.

Any illegal activities they had done so and their family's name was imprinted on the lists. Why was there no official intervention? Hu family had a firm grasp of these officials' lifeline and their bad deeds were all recorded.

Removal and reinstating the officials were at least not hard for Hu group. That was also a reason why Hu Ch was rampant. But he controlled the proportion of his mess in order to not spread and attract the attention of the central government.

If the central authority was deemed in cracking them down, they were also at the mercy of others. Beside provincial authorities were their people and covered them under the smoke.

The Hu gang was known to everyone, although they lay low. Many citizens also complained but with very rare actual results. Even if the police arrested the culprits, they would be released again after the commotion passed. And the whistle-blowers were in trouble instead.

Naturally, the Hu gang never stretched their claws at those families with power and great strength. They only messed with people they could afford to offend. Many people in power ignored them as a result.

Hu Chong bent his waist forward by putting pressure with his hands on the back. Satisfying cracks reverberated across his spine. He also cracked his neck and stepped toward his car. A yellow Lamborghini.

Taking out the car keys and pressing the button, he started the vehicle and started the engine. His eyes went into deep thought as he pitied himself. Not being able to taste a real strong woman was his regret.

'Ling Qingyu, Ling Qingyu. Why does a woman like to be strong instead of spreading her legs obediently?'

It was an inner statement and he didn't dare express his thoughts. Even his father had to treat Ling Qingyu politely no matter what his inner emotions were.

When someone bought their group to assassinate Ling Qingyu, his hand shook with excitement. He initially dreamed of kidnapping and turning her into a sex slave. With her support, he would increase his prestige among his group.

Although he was also a second-generation young master, his reputation stank in the upper echelon. Those who flattered him were from the low tier.

However, it was harder to implement his idea than directly staging an accident and killing Ling Qingyu in the process. Rationality threw away his impossible ideas.

He turned on the music and shook his body in rhythm. The Lamborghini flew away from the parking spot leaving dust and its fuming engine sound. The musical beats quivered the surroundings as it passed by.

Hu Ch, unaware of the coming danger, was still complacent of himself as he attracted everyone's dissatisfaction but were willing to become the early bird.

He showed everyone a middle finger as he drove away. The others sighed in exasperation and reluctantly resumed their business.

In the corner of the road and under the big trees, a shadow obscured a black luxurious sedan. It swerved out of the parking spot and joined the lane, rushing over to pursue its target.

From the sky, the yellow racing car and the black sedan had no connection whatsoever. But every path, the yellow took would soon be followed by the black. Hu Ch never knew his days of living were under countdown.

Yet hell would soon sue as he realized perhaps death was also a mercy.