

THE SUPREME SOLDIER KING OF THE LADY CEO

Chapter 16 Wang Biao

"You lecherous wolf!" Tang Yao shook off Ye Huan's hand, fleeing in shame and anger.

Ye Huan chuckled lightly, finished his coffee in one gulp, and left the café as well.

Suddenly, Brother Huan's expression darkened.

The five hundred yuan "extorted" from Zhang Song was almost gone, certainly not enough for a hotel stay.

Could it be he has to sleep under the overpass again?

Damn it!

Forget it, if I have to sleep under the bridge, so be it.

Hmm?

Ye Huan's brow furrowed slightly, sensing keenly that someone was watching him, but there was no hostility or ill will in that gaze.

Could it be a beauty has set her eyes on me? Being handsome is such a hassle!

Brother Huan clamped a toothpick in his mouth, and headed toward the overpass.

"Is it... an illusion..."

Inside the Rolls-Royce, Liu Tianyun frowned, as she had been waiting for Ye Huan to walk out of the café.

In fact, at first glance, she felt Ye Huan looked somewhat familiar.

It wasn't until Ye Huan's figure disappeared that her brow finally relaxed.

Maybe they just passed each other on some street, and that's why she had this illusion...

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Celestial Sea City, Crown Entertainment Club, top-tier private box.

Zhao Yongle looked furious, saying, "Uncle, you can't just stand by and do nothing, please step in and fire that kid directly!"

The man on the opposite sofa, with two women in his arms, did not respond.

The two women served the man drinks and snacks, while he behaved unscrupulously, causing the women to giggle continuously.

The man was Zhao Yongle's uncle, the head of the human resources department at Tianyun International—Zhao Zhenhai.

After a long while, Zhao Zhenhai still wore a smiling face, but showed no intention of responding to Zhao Yongle.

"Uncle!" Zhao Yongle's brow furrowed slightly, his voice low.

"Bang!"

Seeing Zhao Zhenhai still not responding, Zhao Yongle slammed the table in anger, startling the two ladies, making them shiver.

The private box fell into an eerie silence.

Eventually, under Zhao Zhenhai's now so dark it could drip with water expression, Zhao Yongle broke the silence, took a deep breath, and apologized: "I'm sorry."

Zhao Zhenhai's face remained indifferent as he peeled a walnut and fed it to the lady beside him.

"Speak, what's going on."

"I can't swallow this! That kid dared to hit me in public and humiliate me!"
Zhao Yongle's face was full of anger.

"I know, but I heard he has connections with Secretary Tang. How can I fire him? I can't dare to confront the president's office at the moment," Zhao Zhenhai said flatly.

Zhao Yongle let out a light laugh, saying, "Uncle, don't worry, according to my speculation, he doesn't have ties with Secretary Tang, but with Secretary Tang's good friend—Su Qingqing."

"Oh?" Zhao Yongle nodded with interest, "Tell me more."

Zhao Yongle fully revealed his speculations to Zhao Zhenhai.

He witnessed Ye Huan and Su Qingqing in close relations that very morning and even engaged in such activities in the office.

In his view, the reason Secretary Tang intervened was because Su Qingqing did not want Ye Huan to make a fool of himself, yet she was too embarrassed to intervene herself, so she contacted her best friend Tang Yao.

Also, the cooperation with Finske was not only being negotiated by him but also by Su Qingqing. However, her progress was not as good as his, and she managed to overtake him through other means, securing the contract for this collaboration first, then giving the credit to Ye Huan.

This is how Ye Huan completed that 20 million sales target.

Listening to Zhao Yongle's analysis, Zhao Zhenhai nodded approvingly, saying, "Your analysis makes sense, but Yongle, we are at a critical phase of our plan now, we can't alert the enemy prematurely."

"Uncle, what do you mean by this!" Zhao Yongle's face turned anxious, "This guy just has Su Qingqing as his backing, you're the head of HR, way more powerful than Su Qingqing, what are you afraid of!"

He was infuriated, believing that Zhao Zhenhai was growing more cowardly with age, actually fearing a young punk.

"Stop babbling!" Zhao Zhenhai looked impatient and said, "This is the crucial stage of our plan, not a single mishap can happen. I won't abuse the power I have, or else I'll easily get caught."

"But—"

"But what, if the plan goes wrong, Young Master Bai will be angry, can you bear the consequences?"

Zhao Zhenhai said coldly, causing Zhao Yongle to shiver immediately, evidently very afraid of this "Young Master Bai" he mentioned.

Zhao Zhenhai took a sip of his drink, saying indifferently, "Wu De'an's side had some problems, and Young Master Bai is very displeased with him now. But this doesn't affect the bigger picture, within three months, Tianyun will belong to the Bai family, and then we, uncle and nephew, will be heroes!"

"Then... about Su Qingqing..."

"Heh! You're only concerned about such trivial matters. When the time comes, you can do whatever you want with Su Qingqing."

Hearing Zhao Zhenhai's words, Zhao Yongle's face turned quite vivid, he nodded, thanked him, and left the private box.

As soon as he stepped out of the private room, his gaze turned maniacal.

Su Qingqing, you're not far from death. Let's see if I don't play you to death when the time comes!

Downstairs at the club, Zhao Yongle dialed a number.

"Wang Biao, how's it going?"

"I'll have it sent over within an hour," said the voice on the other end.

Zhao Yongle hung up, a sinister smile creeping across his lips.

Zhang Huimin, don't you like to resist?

If you dare, try resisting again!

...

"Such a pity for a girl so pretty..."

"What's to pity? She's so good-looking, daring to go out alone at night, it's like asking for death."

"This young woman is in big trouble. What a shame, falling into Wang Biao's hands, she's done for!"

By the river, strollers gathered, pointing under the bridge. Some watched with schadenfreude, others with pity.

But one thing was shared among them, a flicker of fear in their eyes, keeping them from stepping forward, only daring to watch from afar.

The woman was cornered under the bridge, shivering.

Standing directly opposite her was a group of gangsters with tattooed arms, eyes shining with wicked desires.

Their eyes didn't hide their hunger, grinning wickedly, using flashlights to illuminate and scrutinize the woman intently.

The thug with sunglasses was clearly the leader, one foot propped on the railing, on a call.

"Hey old man, what's going on here?"

From the back of the crowd, Ye Huan tugged at an old man's sleeve, asking.

Originally, he planned to spend the night here, and upon seeing the crowd, he got stuck outside, unaware of the situation under the bridge.

"Hmm?"

The old man turned his head, eyes wary as he glanced around. Once he confirmed the thugs weren't looking, he breathed a sigh of relief and whispered, "Young man, there's a pretty girl cornered by Wang Biao and his gang. She probably won't escape misfortune tonight."

Ye Huan frowned slightly, asking, "Wang Biao? Who's he?"

The old man's eyes showed deep fear, as he quietly said, "Young man, you're not from around here, are you? Wang Biao is the most notorious thug on Golden Sand Street. Backed by a dozen men, he's always collecting protection fees, smashing stores, harassing women, and brawling."

"Couldn't they arrest him?" Ye Huan asked in surprise.

"Arrest him, but it's useless. His crimes aren't serious. He gets detained for ten days, half a month, then comes out to wreak havoc again." The old man sighed helplessly.

Ye Huan nodded. Such incorrigible hoodlums are indeed the worst, unafraid of being confined in detention.

At this time, Wang Biao finished his call, put down his phone, and lit a cigarette.

"Mr... Mr. Wang, could... could you give me a few more days? I promise I can... can pay the money back." The woman pleaded desperately.

After the call ended, Wang Biao exhaled a smoke ring, looking troubled, "Xiao Zhang, this puts me in a tough spot..."

"I'll definitely pay the money back as soon as possible, please give me a few more days."

"Xiao Zhang, given Strong Z's connection with me, I'll allow you a bit of leniency, naturally."

Hearing this, the woman's face lit up with joy, "Thank you, Mr. Wang, thank you!"

"Xiao Zhang, you've been alone for so many years, it must be difficult..."

"Mr. Wang, you... what do you mean by this?" The woman looked panicked, crossing her arms around herself.

Wang Biao blew another smoke ring, feigning earnest concern.

"Xiao Zhang, I believe, Strong Z's spirit would want you to be happy, not constantly chased for debts, right?"

"I've found you a good man. I'll take you to meet him now. As long as you both hit it off, as a nuptial gift, I won't ask you to repay Strong Z's debts."

"The man is deeply in love with you, Xiao Zhang, don't let him down."

The woman shivered, her voice trembling, "Mr... Mr. Wang, that's... that's unnecessary, I'll... I'll pay the money back..."

"Ah, just listen to yourself," Wang Biao said, snuffing out the cigarette butt, hands on his hips, "Xiao Zhang, haven't you had enough being a widow all these years? Out of goodwill, I'm connecting you with this opportunity, and that man isn't a stranger to you."

"Who... who is he..."

"Someone from your company, your department even. Wanna guess?" Wang Biao said with insinuation.

The woman instinctively took two steps back, appearing panicked.

"Come on, Xiao Zhang, guess who it is."

At this moment, a voice swore from the crowd...

"Guess-what-the-hell!"

