

R Woman 30

Chapter 30: Old Friend

Wang Zhen, although silent, had his face turn deathly pale.

His whole body was trembling slightly.

The incidents of the past few days, like scenes from a movie, flowed one after another before his eyes.

His wrinkled forehead was now covered with cold sweat, from fear.

After a moment, Wang Zhen regained his composure and looked at Chu Jin. He opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something but swallowed his words at the last second.

She was just a teenage girl, after all. What could she understand?

At this time, the Wang family's driver walked over and said very respectfully, "Elder, it's time for us to return."

Wang Zhen nodded, then turned to Chu Jin, "Little girl, thanks for your kindness. I'm leaving first."

Chu Jin did not say much more, knowing that she might not be convincing at the moment, and simply said, "Grandpa Wang, feel free to come to me if you need anything."

By now, there were hardly any guests left in the banquet hall. Those who should leave had almost all gone, leaving only a handful of staff cleaning up.

Outside the hotel, Chu Jin saw that Zhao Shendong and his family had already driven away.

Zhao Hai had also disappeared without a trace.

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips, it seemed she would have to walk back tonight.

Those Zhao family members were really unkind. On one hand, they coveted the Chu Group, and on the other, they were finding various ways to trouble her.

It was nearing midnight, with moonlight and city lights interwoven peacefully and serenely.

Chu Jin strolled leisurely along the roadside.

In the alley across the street, about seven or eight men holding steel pipes stood around listlessly.

Upon noticing Chu Jin approaching, one of the sharp-eyed young men quickly tossed away his cigarette butt and instantly became alert, saying, "Here she comes, here she comes!"

Hearing this, the others all became vigilant, and the previous laziness disappeared in an instant; it looked like they had been waiting for quite a while.

One middle-aged man with a scarred face, eyeing the approaching young girl, saw a lecherous gleam in his eyes and licked his lips, "Hey, and she's a beauty."

Under the moonlight, the young girl walked with an air of tranquility. A gentle breeze would occasionally cause her hair to flutter and her dress to billow, adding an ethereal quality to her presence, like a delicate orchid or a fairy stepping on moonlight.

The men couldn't take their eyes off her, and after a long moment, they remembered their mission.

In Purple Thunder Space, Zi crossed her legs and said with a serious face, "Jin, the danger level ahead has reached 100%. Should we take a different route?"

Chu Jin's mouth curled upward slightly, "Is there a need?"

That shallow, indifferent curve seemed to carry an air of devil-may-care no matter how one looked at it.

Purple Thunder Space's Zi shivered, "..." Why did he feel Jin was drifting further and further away from the one he knew?

In the midst of their conversation, a tall figure stood in front of Chu Jin. It was the man with the scarred face, holding a steel pipe and adopting a threatening demeanor. He sneered at Chu Jin, "Yo, pretty girl, all alone so late at night? Want us brothers to escort you?"

After saying this, he burst into crude laughter, his eyes gleaming with lust.

"Yeah, pretty girl, it's boring to walk by yourself, right? Why don't you let our boss give you a ride? Maybe we can discuss life..." Another underling behind the man with the scarred face sneered as well.

At the same time, a black Rolls-Royce slowly came to a stop not far from them.

From inside the car, the view was clear enough to see everything happening at the mouth of the opposite alley.

The driver was Li Hanjiang.

At that moment, he was staring intently at the slender figure with her back to him.

Pink dress, long hair...

Li Hanjiang frowned slightly. Why did he feel that this silhouette was excessively familiar?

At that moment, he envisioned the agile figure and a fleeting glimpse of black hair in his mind.

With that thought, Li Hanjiang shook his head. How could it be her? When he left, the Zhao family had already departed, and by now, that little girl should have made it home. The Zhao family had no reason to abandon her alone.

No matter who that silhouette belonged to, he wouldn't stand by idly in such a situation.

Although he was a businessman, he still possessed a sense of justice that had to be upheld.

With that in mind, Li Hanjiang reached out to pull open the car door.

Just then, a cool and detached voice resounded in the silent cabin, "No need."

Li Hanjiang turned with confusion, "General Mo?"

The man's overly austere features were hidden in the darkness, only a rough outline was visible, rendering the entire figure both noble and aloof.

Even shrouded in darkness, the man's powerful presence commanded awe.

Such a person, wherever he went, was a king.

After a moment, he slowly said, "Even ten more wouldn't be a match for her."

His voice was as cold as ever.

Li Hanjiang was slightly stunned, and the hand that was reaching for the car door withdrew.

He glanced curiously ahead, questioning the truth of General Mo's recent claim.

This silhouette, from any direction, appeared slender and vulnerable. Could she really be as formidable as General Mo said?

"Pretty little thing, don't make me force you to drink. I'll take good care of you..." The man with a scarred face threw the steel pipe to his subordinate and reached out with his rough right hand to grab Chu Jin's chin.

Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze, her clear eyes filled with a sharp cold light that combined with the silvery moonlight. Her entire being seemed pure yet harmless. A breeze picked up in the silent alley, lifting swathes of her black hair, fluttering across her jade-like face in a striking contrast of black and white, a captivating beauty.

Seeing this, the scarred man couldn't help but swallow hard. Damn, she was too beautiful; this deal was worth it!

"Click," suddenly such an abrupt sound cut through the silence of the night.

"Thump—thump—thump—" followed by several sounds of heavy objects hitting the ground,

Then came several moans of agony; the once arrogant scarred face instantly collapsed to the ground.

He was clutching his right hand with his left, contorting in pain.

Clearly, that crisp 'click' had been the sound of bone breaking.

His hand was now useless.

Li Hanjiang sat in the car, watching the unfolding scene in disbelief. Her speed was too fast; in her swift action, he had almost seen just a blur. The entire ordeal took less than three minutes, and these men were all laid out on the ground by her.

Chu Jin lowered her eyes to the men sprawled on the ground, stepping on the scarred face's hand, her lips curling slightly, "Speak, who sent you?"

Clearly, this was not an accident, but a premeditated setup by someone.

As soon as she spoke, a hooligan with dyed yellow hair slowly lifted his head.

Upon seeing her, his face turned pale, and he stammered, "Jin, Jin, Jin, Jin... Brother Jin?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Chu Jin also lifted her gaze towards him, teasingly saying, "Oh, an old friend."