

THE BEAUTY CEO'S PERSONAL EXPERT

Chapter 1: Sending a Clock

"This damn sun, I swear I'm gonna turn into an African soon."

Ling Chen was riding an electric tricycle at a snail's pace on a spacious street in East Sea City, grumbling from time to time.

There were four big characters adhered to the back of the tricycle: Dongcheng Express.

If it wasn't for the fact that next month's rent was still up in the air, Ling Chen would have really liked to quit this job. How nice would it be to stay home in this scorching heat, enjoying the fan and sipping on ice-cold beer.

"Wealthy Manor, here we are."

Looking at the address, Ling Chen signaled to change lanes.

Beep! Beep beep!

Suddenly, a series of rapid car horns sounded. Ling Chen glanced from the corner of his eye, as a white Maserati zoomed past his lane at high speed, nearly skimming past the front of his tricycle and causing him to break out in a cold sweat. Lucky for his quick reaction, he braked in time. Otherwise, it would have been a fatal crash.

Watching the Maserati leave a trail of exhaust behind as it sped into the manor, Ling Chen was filled with rage. His life almost ended and not even an apology was offered.

"Dammit, think you're so great just because you're rich!" He cursed resentfully, wishing that the driver would give birth to a son without an asshole.

"Wealthy Manor, 118... Yes, that's the place."

Ling Chen checked the number on the villa's gate, stopped the electric tricycle, and carried a meter-long cardboard box out of the trunk, walking straight towards the villa.

Passing by the entrance, he saw several million-dollar luxury cars parked outside, among which a white Maserati was particularly conspicuous.

"Isn't this the car that almost hit me just now?"

Ling Chen recognized the license plate of that Maserati immediately. Talk about a narrow escape, he was determined to have a good talk with the owner later.

"Ding dong!"

The doorbell rang, and the villa's door was opened by a man in his fifties.

"What is it?" The man's face was tight, his tone not very pleasant, as if someone owed him money.

"Does Nanrong Yong live here? There's a delivery that needs to be signed for."

Nanrong is a rare compound surname.

"Give me the item."

"Are you Nanrong Yong?"

"I am Mr. Nanrong's butler."

Ling Chen shook his head, "That won't do, the client specifically instructed that this is a valuable item and it must be opened in the presence of the addressee himself."

The middle-aged man hesitated a bit, then stepped aside, "Then come in."

Once inside the door, Ling Chen saw that the living room was filled with people, both men and women, gathered in groups discussing animatedly, all wearing grim expressions.

"Uncle Liu, who is this person?"

A pleasant voice came through. Ling Chen turned to look at the approaching lady, his eyes lighting up instantly.

The woman had a melon-seed shaped face, fair and smooth skin, black shiny hair, wearing a white blouse that faintly revealed the black bra underneath, paired with a denim miniskirt, highlighting a pair of long shapely legs.

Those legs could be hailed as the golden ratio, crystal clear and fair, perhaps even surpassing top leg models.

Tsk tsk, a real beauty!

Feeling Ling Chen's scrutinizing gaze, the long-legged beauty's face immediately turned cold, her eyes showing disdain. She hated it when people stared at her with such lecherous eyes.

"Miss Nanrong, he says he has an important delivery that must be opened in person by the old master," the butler replied.

The long-legged beauty discontentedly said, "You know well enough about grandpa's condition, how can he see outsiders now?" Having said this, she looked towards Ling Chen. "Everyone here is my grandpa's family; just open it."

Ling Chen didn't mind; after all, they were all Nangong Yong's family members, and he figured that his client wouldn't have any objections. With that thought, he tore off the tape on the cardboard box and took out the item inside.

After removing the plastic wrapping, an ancient clock immediately presented itself to everyone's eyes.

Ling Chen was momentarily stunned. He hadn't expected this thing to be inside.

To give a clock... it hints at the end of life!

This is despicable, isn't it cursing someone to die?

Regaining his composure, Ling Chen glanced around. As expected, the faces of the people in the room darkened with fury, seething with rage.

"Which bastard sent this?" A crew-cut youth glared furiously at Ling Chen.

"How would I know? I'm just responsible for the delivery," Ling Chen said innocently.

Right then, a doctor in a white coat hurried down from the stairs and said in a grave tone, "The old master's condition has worsened again."

The expressions of everyone present abruptly changed.

"It's all your fault, you bastard," the crew-cut youth cursed loudly, swinging his fist to smash it into Ling Chen's face, directing all his anger onto him.

"What the hell?" Ling Chen was speechless. This thing wasn't even sent by him.

As the fist came hurtling towards him, he sidestepped and deftly grabbed the youth's wrist. With a gentle pull, the crew-cut youth lost his balance and tumbled onto the sofa.

"You dare to hit someone?" The surrounding people glared furiously.

"He's the one who started it. This matter has nothing to do with me; why take it out on me?"

"You're to blame, you SOB! Come on, beat him to death," the crew-cut youth, having picked himself up, bellowed furiously.

Instantly, seven or eight burly bodyguards charged out from the inner room.

Ling Chen really wanted to turn around and leave, but this package was cash on delivery, and he hadn't received the money yet. If he went back empty-handed, his boss would definitely deduct it from his wages.

Why should he take a loss over something unrelated to him? Besides, Ling Chen was never one to suffer losses.

Seeing several bodyguards approach menacingly, Ling Chen touched his nose, not taking any of them seriously.

"Beat him!"

Two bodyguards cooperated and reached out to grab Ling Chen's arms from both sides, aiming to make him unable to resist.

Without even looking, Ling Chen simply kicked out. He moved so fast that the bodyguards couldn't even react in time.

"Ow!"

Accompanied by a cry of pain, the bodyguard immediately clutched his stomach and knelt on the ground, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"Let's all go at once."

After witnessing Ling Chen's prowess, the bodyguards didn't dare to be careless and immediately joined forces to attack.

Ling Chen shrugged; these men were too weak, hardly inciting him to get hands-on.

In just a moment, all the bodyguards were laid out on the ground.

The others in the living room found it hard to believe; eight against one and they had lost.

"Anyone else?" Ling Chen looked at the dazed crowd, took out a delivery note nonchalantly, and said, "If there's no one else, please sign here, and pay the delivery fee. It's a total of one hundred and sixty yuan... huh?"

Before he could finish speaking, his eyebrows raised as he suddenly felt a gust of wind coming at him. With a sidelong glance, he saw the butler who had opened the door for him earlier stretching out five fingers and swiftly reaching towards him.

As the wind brushed his face, Ling Chen didn't utter another word. He threw a punch in response. Suddenly, a powerful surge of inner strength welled up through his fist, forcing him back two steps.