

The Beauty 103

Chapter 103 Pity for the Poor Person

Pity?

Indeed, when reflecting upon it, this exceptionally beautiful woman was secretly schemed against.

However, Ling Chen was rather surprised to hear such words coming from Nanrong Wanqing's mouth. For in others' eyes, it was Nanrong Wanqing, with her disabled legs, who was seen as the pitiful one. Yet, even Nanrong Wanqing felt sympathy for Liu Xiyao, suggesting that Liu Xiyao's plight was even more sorrowful than her own.

"Chairwoman, you say President Liu is pitiful, there must be a reason, right?"

"She didn't tell you?"

"No."

"Since she herself is unwilling to speak, why should an outsider like me gossip?" Nanrong Wanqing shook her head, clearly disinclined to continue the topic.

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Night fell.

After dinner, Ling Chen drove to see Hu Fei. Hu Fei's injuries were severe, and his mobility was limited; he could only lie in bed all day. As he couldn't eat solid food yet and was limited to liquids, Ling Chen made it a point to prepare the next day's meals every evening to prevent that guy from starving to death.

"Hey, Ling Chen, have you found that bastard Snake King yet?" Hu Fei took a sip of water to moisten his throat before asking.

"Looking for him is your job, I don't have so much time to waste on him."

"How am I supposed to search in my condition?"

"That's not my problem, figure it out yourself." As he spoke, Ling Chen seemed to recall something, "By the way, fatso, there's one more thing, the person who hired Snake King to kill Nanrong Wanqing last time, was it Nanrong Gang?"

Hu Fei immediately shook his head: "I can't say that, it would break the rules."

Ling Chen gave a half-smile: "You're talking about rules to me? Believe it or not, if I don't come tomorrow, you'll starve to death here?"

"You..."

"Cut the crap, just tell me if it was him or not."

"I don't know."

"Hmm?" Ling Chen's gaze skimmed sideways, and Hu Fei quickly added, "I really don't know, the employer hired me anonymously. I provided a bank account, and they directly transferred the money into it. They also used a public phone to contact me and even disguised their voice, so I have no clue who that person is."

Ling Chen nodded, he knew Hu Fei's character well enough, either he would speak or keep silent, he would never deceive him on this matter.

"How about this, help me look into this Nanrong Gang person, probably in his sixties or seventies, should have been a local before."

Hu Fei's eyes rolled, and with a sly laugh, he said, "As the saying goes, even brothers settle accounts clearly, this money..."

Ling Chen replied irritably, "As long as you find the person, money is no object."

"Okay, since you've said so, I'll definitely sort it out for you. The Secret Society may lack in other areas, but our ability to find people is absolutely top-notch."

"I'll await your good news."

Upon returning to the Nanrong home, Ling Chen parked the car, preparing to head inside. However, at this moment, he noticed a silver Mercedes parked at the door. Judging by the license plate, it didn't belong to the Nanrong family—had visitors arrived?

As he approached the villa, he pushed open the door and stepped inside. Suddenly, he saw several people sitting in the living room: Nanrong Wanqing, Su Lin, and a handsome man—Zhu Hong. Besides the three of them, there were also two foreigners with blond hair and blue eyes, dressed in sleek suits, both of imposing stature.

"Oh, we have a guest at home." Ling Chen grinned, "You guys chat, I'll head back to my room and won't disturb you."

Seeing Ling Chen walking towards the bedroom next to the living room, Zhu Hong's face changed instantly, and he turned to say, "Wanqing, he... he lives here?"

"Yup."

"How is that okay? He's a grown man living here; it's so inconvenient for you."

"It's fine," Su Lin took over the conversation, "We've gotten used to it."

Zhu Hong continued to persuade her, "Wanqing, I don't mean anything by it, it's just... after all, he is an outsider, I worry about your safety."

Hearing this, Su Lin couldn't help but retort, "Zhu Hong, I don't like what you just said. Ling Chen has been brought by the Nanrong family to protect us. Could he possibly harm us? Moreover, Ling Chen has saved Wanqing several times."

Nanrong Wanqing spoke indifferently, "It was grandpa's decision for Ling Chen to stay here. I have no right to change it." After speaking, she turned her head to the two foreign men with blonde hair and blue eyes, "You haven't introduced these two gentlemen to me yet."

"Oh, I almost forgot." Zhu Hong stood up with a smile, "Wanqing, let me introduce them to you. This is Mr. Stephen, and this is Mr. Nock. Both of them are medical professors from Boyang Company and authorities in the world of medicine. I invited them over from abroad this time to take a look at your leg injury. Wanqing, I know you've seen many doctors before, but those people are no comparison to these two. I discussed your condition with them over the phone before, and they think you have a sixty percent chance of recovery."

"Really?" Nanrong Wanqing was very calm and did not get excited by Zhu Hong's words.

The greater the hope, the bigger the disappointment. Over the years, too many people had given her hope, only to end in disappointment. Therefore, she didn't want to go through that disappointment again.

Seeing her reaction, how could Zhu Hong not understand her thoughts, he said softly, "Wanqing, I know you've been very disappointed with those quacks domestically, but trust me, there won't be any issues this time. If you don't mind, I can have them take a look for you."

Nanrong Wanqing nodded slightly, "Then I'll trouble the two of you."

Thereupon, with Su Lin's help, Nanrong Wanqing sat down on the sofa, resting her legs flat. Stephen and Nock stood on either side, pinching her calves and occasionally tapping them. During the examination, the two continuously conversed in English, seemingly discussing the treatment plan.

"Miss Nanrong, we need to conduct further examinations on your leg to ascertain the exact condition; if it's convenient, could you go to the hospital tomorrow?" Stephen asked in not so fluent Chinese.

"Okay."

"Wanqing, then have a good rest tonight, I'll accompany you to the hospital tomorrow."

Nanrong Wanqing declined, "There's no need to trouble you."

"How about this, I'll wait for you at the hospital, it's settled then." After speaking, Zhu Hong left with the two doctors towards the door.

Before leaving, he glanced at Ling Chen's bedroom, a shade of coldness fleeting across his eyes.

Leaving the Nanrong Family's house, Zhu Hong and Stephen got into the car, slowly merging onto the road.

"Stephen, are you confident you can cure her?"

"Mr. Zhu, her condition is quite complicated, and with the current medical technology, it's difficult for a complete recovery, but..."

"But what?"

"If we can use the new drug developed by our company, it shouldn't be a problem."

"New drug?" Zhu Hong's eyes sharpened, "You mean... that drug?"

"Yes. Mr. Zhu, you have seen the effects of that drug yourself. If we can get approval for that drug, I am one hundred percent confident. However, I feel that the higher-ups won't permit the use of that medicine on a woman who is unrelated."

Zhu Hong said coldly, "You don't need to worry about that, I will consult with the higher authorities. As long as her legs can be healed, my status in her heart will surely skyrocket. By then, what I want will be well within reach."