

THE BEAUTY CEO'S PERSONAL EXPERT

Chapter 11: The Sound of Heaven

Snake King nodded and said, "After the mission is completed, I will give you a ten percent commission."

"Great, working with you is straightforward," the chubby man grinned and said, "The equipment you requested is already on its way. Customs have been strict recently, so there might be a delay of a day or two."

"No rush, I'm just here to scout the area this time. The actual action will take place later."

"Alright then, I'm going to leave now. I'll inform you when the equipment arrives," the chubby man said, standing up ready to leave.

"Wait."

"Anything else?"

"You specialize in trading information, and you have the most reliable sources. I want to confirm something with you."

"Go ahead."

Snake King spoke gravely, "Is Blood Wolf really dead?"

The chubby man smiled and held up a finger, "That information will cost you a million."

"Okay." Snake King did not hesitate.

"He's dead. This conclusion has been confirmed by the two largest intelligence organizations in the world; there's no mistake." Earning a million just from one sentence made the chubby man's eyes nearly squint into a slit.

"What a pity."

"Indeed, it's a pity. A legendary figure was killed by a bomb placed secretly in a hotel. Alas, who told him to offend so many people. Snake King, although Blood Wolf's death is regrettable, it is a good thing for you guys. Previously, he monopolized all the big deals in the mercenary and assassin worlds, leaving everyone else starving. Now that he's dead, it means more work for people like you, isn't that a good thing?"

Snake King nodded and turned back to continue looking out the glass window.

Seeing that he was silent, the chubby man tactfully pushed the door open and walked out.

In the hall, as Lu Yao finished singing a few songs, the audience's atmosphere was pushed to a climax.

"Brother Ling, do you think she sings well?"

"It's mediocre, not as good as you."

He was telling the truth; Tang Shiyun's sweet voice was much better than the one on stage.

"I'm not as good as you say, others are much more professional than me."

Tang Shiyun said modestly, but the joy was evident on her radiant face; anyone would be pleased to be complimented.

"I'm stating the facts. Rather than paying 180 to listen to her sing, I'd prefer listening to you."

"Pfft!"

Just then, a dissatisfied voice chimed in, "Bro, there's no need to put down my goddess just to please your girlfriend. My Lu Yao sings so well, keep your judgments to yourself if you can't appreciate it."

Ling Chen glanced at the man with a pockmarked face.

"She's your goddess, not mine. Don't tell me what to say."

"Why are you being so unreasonable?"

"Did I ask for your reasoning? I said what I said; you are the one who poked your nose into it unnecessarily."

Pockface got agitated, rolled up his sleeves, and pointing at Ling Chen, shouted, "Are you asking for a beating?"

"I..."

"Ling, let's drop it," Tang Shiyun interceded, tugging his sleeve.

Seeing the pleading look in Tang Shiyun's eyes, Ling Chen shook his head helplessly.

Forget it, no point in arguing with this guy.

Seeing him shut up, instead of backing down, Pockface smugly said, "You're not even fully matured and you're trying to compete with me, hmph! This young lady must be blind to fall for a low-quality guy like you."

Hearing this, rage surged in Ling Chen, and he grabbed Pockface by the collar, raising an eyebrow, "What low quality, and who are you to interfere? What did you just say about someone being blind? Say it again if you dare."

Daring to insult Tang Shiyun was something he, as a man, could not tolerate.

You could insult him... but not Tang Shiyun.

"Both of you, please give way to each other a bit. Don't cause unnecessary trouble, so as not to affect other audience members."

The voice came from the speakers, and all eyes suddenly focused on Ling Chen and the pockmarked faced guy.

Ling Chen turned his head, only to see Lu Yao looking in this direction on stage.

"Ling, stop making a scene."

Being watched by so many people, Ling Chen didn't really mind, but Tang Shiyun felt somewhat embarrassed and her face was flushed.

This guy got off cheap.

Ling Chen unhappily let go of his hand and released the pockmarked face.

"Kid, for the sake of my goddess, I won't hold this against you for now."

The pockmarked face left a harsh comment, which Ling Chen ignored altogether.

Seeing that their dispute had ceased, Lu Yao turned her attention to the audience and sweetly said: "Thank you all for being here today. For the next song, I would like to invite a fan to come up and sing with me. Who would like to join me?"

Instantly, a large group from the audience raised their hands, including Tang Shiyun.

"Goddess, pick her. This guy just now arrogantly said that she sings better than you, let her try."

The pockmarked face pointed at Tang Shiyun and called out loudly, immediately attracting the attention of the surrounding audience.

"I've seen people who care about their image, but I've never seen someone so shameless as to dare compare themselves to our goddess."

"That's right, she really doesn't know her own limits."

"Why not let her sing one, maybe she really has the talent."

"Come on, young lady, go up and sing one."

Hearing those cheering from the audience, Tang Shiyun bit her lip, her cheeks burning, tightly holding on to Ling Chen's hand.

"Ling, maybe... maybe we should just leave."

"What are you talking about leaving? Since they want to hear you sing, then sing a few lines for them. Besides, weren't you the one who wanted to go on stage just now?"

"I... I'm afraid I won't sing well."

Tang Shiyun was nervous. She initially wanted to go on stage because no one cared whether she sang well or not, but it's different now— if she doesn't sing well, she'd definitely be ridiculed, and she didn't want to embarrass Ling.

Ling Chen patted her hand, encouraging her: "Go ahead, don't be afraid, I believe in you."

"Little sister, everyone is cheering for you, don't let everyone down."

Seeing Lu Yao's gaze upon her, Tang Shiyun calmed her nervous heart and mustered up the courage to walk onto the stage.

Taking the microphone, she stood in the center of the stage, lowering her head, not daring to look at the audience, only glancing at Ling Chen from the corner of her eye.

Seeing Ling's encouraging smile, her nervousness gradually eased.

At this moment, Lu Yao cradled the guitar, her delicate fingers gently strumming the strings. Immediately, a beautiful melody slowly flowed from the speakers.

Listening to the accompanying music flowing beside her ears, Tang Shiyun closed her eyes slightly, as if her whole being was immersed in the music.

Her teeth gently parted, her sweet voice like a clear spring, flowing into the audience's ears.

The wind blows, leaving no trace.

Our love, like a gust of wind, blew away.

The wind blows, free from worries.

You left, I left, henceforth we are strangers.

...

The heaven-like sweet song quietly flowed through the hall, as if a breeze from nature gently brushed over the hearts of the audience, bringing a hint of coolness in the summer.

Ling Chen watched the amazed expressions of the audience, and couldn't help but smile with satisfaction.

His taste was definitely not off; some people practice singing for more than a decade and still can't match those naturally endowed with a sweet voice.

Tang Shiyun was one of the latter.