

The Beauty 111

Chapter 111 Mercenaries (Part 2)

He was surprised to discover that the pistol didn't fire bullets, but anesthetic darts.

These mercenaries had infiltrated the Nanrong Family's domain with the intention of harming Nanrong Wanqing, yet they used anesthetic darts, indicating they didn't want to kill her on the spot, but to take her away.

"Kidnapping?"

The moment this thought emerged, several anesthetic darts had already pierced the mercenary standing in front of him.

Without time to think further, he quickly retreated, continuously pulling the trigger. Although they were anesthetic darts, they could still subdue the mercenaries.

Out of seven mercenaries, Ling Chen killed two on the spot and the remaining five attempted to counterattack. But as Ling Chen had a human shield, the anesthetic darts couldn't penetrate.

Furthermore, the surroundings were just lawns, with no cover. In less than half a minute, the five mercenaries succumbed to the effects of the anesthetic and collapsed to the ground.

Seeing this, Ling Chen breathed a sigh of relief, pushing the dead mercenary in front of him to the ground, then took out a walkie-talkie to contact Zhong Wei and the others.

Shortly after, Zhong Wei, Liang Zhao Hui, Zhou Qing, and Tang Yuan arrived one after another.

Ling Chen pointed at the two dead mercenaries and said, "Take these two guys aside, and tie up the others."

While speaking, Tang Yuan went up to one of the mercenaries and rolled up his sleeves. Suddenly, a skull tattoo was visible on the man's arm, alongside the letters B and R.

"They're from Black Riders Mercenary Group."

"Black Riders? The world's ninth-ranked mercenary organization. Aren't those guys specialized in government contracts? Why are they taking private jobs now?" Ling Chen was somewhat puzzled.

"The information you have is outdated. Few mercenary groups that deal with governments end up well. Last month, Black Riders were ambushed by the government, losing most of their members. Even their leader was assassinated—for knowing too much. Now, the former deputy leader runs Black Riders, and they have already fallen out of the top ten. If they don't take private jobs, how would they survive?"

Ling Chen nodded, he truly did not know about these events.

"Ling Chen, what should we do with these people?" asked Zhong Wei, approaching.

"Lock those five up separately. I have questions for them."

"Alright, I'll get right on it."

"Old Tang, don't just stand idly, hurry up and help," Ling Chen said, then returned alone to the white villa.

Reaching the second floor, he knocked on the door of a bedroom on the left side of the hallway. But at that moment, Su Lin popped her head out from a bedroom on the right, "Ling Chen, Wanqing is over here."

Upon entering the bedroom, he saw Nanrong Wanqing sitting in a wheelchair, holding a volume of literature.

As he entered, Nanrong Wanqing slowly lifted her head to meet his gaze and said indifferently, "What happened outside?"

"Nothing much, a few unwise guys broke in, but I've dealt with them." After speaking, Ling Chen hesitated for a moment before tentatively asking, "Um... Madam Chairman, do you live here?"

"Of course Wanqing lives here, where else did you think she'd stay?" retorted Su Lin.

Ling Chen rubbed his nose, still remembering the last time Nanrong Wanqing and Su Lin went on a hunger strike, he had brought them egg noodles for two consecutive nights, leaving the food in front of their door, and only one of them ate it. He had always assumed Su Lin ate his egg noodles, and that Nanrong Wanqing did not touch them because at that time Nanrong Wanqing was quite resistant to him, and he didn't believe she would eat the noodles he provided.

Because of this, he thought Nanrong Wanqing lived in the bedroom on the left.

But now it appeared the situation wasn't as he assumed. It was actually Nanrong Wanqing who ate the noodles, not Su Lin.

Thinking of this, his gaze toward Nanrong Wanqing took on a peculiar tinge.

Sensing the shift in his gaze, Nanrong Wanqing appeared to have guessed his thoughts. Her lifted chin now slightly drooped, and a faint blush emerged on her fair cheeks, like melting snow or the rising sun - ineffably beautiful, leaving Ling Chen momentarily stunned.

Standing inside the room, Su Lin noticed the subtle changes in their expressions, feeling incredibly surprised. Especially the flush of embarrassment on Nanrong Wanqing's face, which she found absolutely unfathomable.

What... what exactly is happening?

"Wanqing."

Hearing the call, Nanrong Wanqing had yet to react when Ling Chen already snapped back to reality.

He cleared his throat softly, masking his own lapse, and said, "Well... I'll go get busy first, you guys rest."

Exiting the room, Ling Chen let out a long sigh. Despite Nanrong Wanqing's usual cold demeanor, the unintentional charm she exuded was irresistible.

As he left the villa, Ling Chen went straight to the Nanrong Hao residence.

"Chen."

Nanrong Hao hurried over to meet him, showing concern, "Are you alright?"

"What could be wrong with me, where are they?"

"They are all in the basement."

"Stay up here, don't go down."

"Why?"

Ling Chen shot him a glance, said irritably, "You're young; it's better to avoid bloody scenes." Saying that, he opened the door to the basement and walked down.

Coming to a storeroom, he saw a mercenary tied to an iron chair, still unconscious.

"Liang, Zhou, both of you, go out first. Stand guard outside."

"Alright."

Liang Zhao Hui and Zhou Qing didn't dare to disobey Ling Chen's words, now respectful to Ling Chen after witnessing his methods.

Taking on seven alone, and killing two, was not something an ordinary person could do. Their admiration was not for anything else but Ling Chen's ruthlessness and decisiveness. Especially after Ling Chen had killed, he could still exhibit such composure, as if killing two people was just an everyday occurrence to him.

"Old Tang." Ling Chen gestured with his mouth toward the mercenary.

The latter understood, picked up a bucket of water already prepared, and poured it directly over the other's head. Instantly, the mercenary shuddered and snapped awake from slumber.

Upon seeing Ling Chen and two others before him, the mercenary immediately shouted in English, exhibiting a fearless demeanor.

Ling Chen casually pulled over a chair and took a seat.

"Old Tang, you're the best at this kind of thing, I'll leave it to you. When he's ready to talk, I'll come back to ask questions."

"OK!" Tang Yuan gave a gesture and then took out a small leather pouch from his pocket. Opening the pouch, it revealed more than a dozen silver tools lined up neatly, quite compact.

"Buddy, if you don't want to suffer, you'd better tell us what we want to know. Otherwise, I don't mind loosening your muscles for you." As he spoke, he shook the items in the small leather pouch in front of the mercenary, "See, this is the latest interrogation tool developed by the Central Intelligence Agency. If you have a bit of knowledge, you should recognize this toy. No need for bloodshed; it can still make you wish for death."