

The Beauty 114

Chapter 114 Wanqing is Captured (Part 1)

"Officer Xia, I already told you I don't know. Although Ling Chen is a security personnel hired by the Nanrong Family, we don't have the authority to restrict his freedom. Where he goes is his business," Nanrong Wanqing said indifferently.

"Miss Nanrong, you don't have to tell me, I already know. Did he go to Nanxiang Street?"

At this statement, Liang Zhao Hui's eyebrows slightly raised. His expression changed subtly, but the perceptive Xia Mutong still caught it.

She snorted softly, her delicate, fair cheeks tinged with a trace of anger, "I just received a notification that there has been a shooting incident in the underground parking lot on Nanxiang Street. Several people have died, and Ling Chen too..."

"He's okay, right?" blurted out Su Lin, who was standing behind Nanrong Wanqing, her face full of nervousness and concern.

Xia Mutong looked at her with a meaningfully deep gaze, her lips curving slightly upward with a victorious smile, "Now you finally admit that he went to Nanxiang Street."

Hearing this, Su Lin immediately realized she had slipped up and lowered her head in embarrassment.

Nanrong Wanqing, with slightly furrowed brows, asked, "Officer Xia, I want to know, is Ling Chen safe?"

"Don't worry, he's fine; not only is he fine, but he also killed more than ten people." Xia Mutong practically spat these words out through clenched teeth.

That bastard is too hateful, killing two people is bad enough, at least it was self-defense, but now there's a dozen more bodies to account for to her superiors.

"Miss Nanrong, you'd better call him back immediately to clarify what happened in person. Otherwise, I will have no choice but to detain him according to the law."

Nanrong Wanqing hesitated for a moment before giving Zhong Wei a meaningful look.

Understanding her signal, he quickly took out his phone and walked out.

At this moment, outside the Nanrong family's gate, a police car slowly drove up and stopped at the roadside. Then, the car door opened, and four male police officers in uniform stepped out of the vehicle.

One of the slender officers approached the gate, casually placing his hand on the shoulder of another officer and asked nonchalantly, "Brother, where are those mercenaries detained?"

"In those two vehicles," the other officer pointed and responded, "We're getting ready to take them to the station."

"Thanks."

With that, the slender man gave his companions a look. Quickly, they split into two groups; two went into the Nanrong residence while the other two approached the two police vehicles.

A police officer guarded each of the vehicles. The two men walked up and opened the car door, saying, "We received orders from above to take the criminals back to the station as soon as possible. You guys come with me."

The officers didn't suspect anything and immediately got into the vehicles.

One officer who sat in the passenger seat looked at the driving man and asked, "Brother, you look new here; are you just transferred?"

The man did not respond and instead reached into his jacket.

Pop! Pop!

A few soft noises were heard, and then the officer in the passenger seat slumped down, his head lolling against the car window, as blood slowly seeped into the seat cushion.

The man gave a cold smile and tossed a set of keys to the mercenaries in the back seat.

"Everyone alright? We've got more work to do soon, so brace yourselves."

As the two police vehicles were driven away, the other two men had already entered the Nanrong family's backyard. Despite the number of police in the Nanrong household, no one noticed these two.

Before long, they had arrived at the villa where Nanrong Wanqing lived.

At that moment, Zhong Wei just finished a call and came inside, "Officer Xia, Ling Chen will be back soon, please wait a moment."

Xia Mutong nodded and walked over to sit by the sofa, her beautiful eyes occasionally shifting over Su Lin and Nanrong Wanqing, revealing an undisguisable ardor.

Feeling her gaze, Nanrong Wanqing slightly furrowed her brows. Though they were both women, Xia Mutong's look gave her discomfort—the look wasn't one of simple admiration between women, but a fervent desire akin to that of a man.

While she was pondering this, two tall policemen walked in from outside.

Xia Mutong swept them with her eyes and asked, "What's the matter?"

However, those two policemen did not respond to her, their gaze fixed on Nanrong Wanqing, their expressions stern.

"I'm asking you, did you hear me?" Xia Mutong stood up abruptly, ready to go forward. But as she got up, the two policemen reached towards their waists.

Seeing their actions, Xia Mutong's expression changed, and she instantly realized what was happening. She quickly opened her gun holster, but she was a step too late. Before she could draw her gun, the dark muzzle was already aimed at her head.

"Throw your gun over here."

Xia Mutong coldly said, "Who are you?"

"You don't deserve to ask. Throw your gun over here." The man with thicker lips repeated the command, his finger slightly bent, ready to pull the trigger at any moment.

Xia Mutong stared into the eyes of the thick-lipped man, her willow-leaf eyebrows twisting slightly. She could sense their attitude—if she didn't comply, they surely wouldn't spare the bullets.

With that thought, she took the handgun from its holster with two fingers and threw it in front of them.

"Take the person away."

Hearing the thick-lipped man's order, the other man with tattoos on the back of his hands immediately approached Nanrong Wanqing. But at that moment, Zhong Wei slid in from the side, blocking in front of Nanrong Wanqing.

"If you want to take her, you'll have to get through me first."

The tattooed man scoffed, "Are you not afraid of dying?"

Zhong Wei remained silent, his sharp gaze unyielding.

"Zhong Wei, step back!"

"Chairman..."

"Step back, that's an order," Nanrong Wanqing said indifferently, "Although you were hired by me, there is no need for you to die for me." After speaking, she turned to the tattooed man, "I'll go with you, let the others go."

The tattooed man's mouth curled up, "As long as you cooperate, I promise not to hurt anyone."

"Wanqing," Su Lin bit her lip, her face pale. The sudden change clearly frightened her.

"It's okay."

"Don't waste time, get moving and take her out," the thick-lipped man urged impatiently.

The tattooed man nodded, took over the wheelchair from Su Lin, and began pushing it outside.

Xia Mutong followed a few steps and said coldly, "The outside is full of police, I'd like to see how you plan to escape."

"Escape? Who said we're going to escape." The tattooed man sneered. Then, he took out a necklace resembling a pendant from his pocket and hung it around Nanrong Wanqing's neck. Next, he gently pressed on the four-pointed star-shaped pendant. Immediately, a point of red light flashed from the center of the star.

"Officer, this thing doesn't have much power, but it's still easy to blow somebody's head off. If you don't want her to be in danger, you'd better comply with us." After finishing, the tattooed man reminded Nanrong Wanqing, "Miss Nanrong, don't even think about tearing it off, or else your pretty face is going to turn into a headless beauty."